E
BIBLIOTHECA
SPENCERIANA.

15396

One Leaf of the Table, and 12 Leaves
of the Work wanting.

Inc 23 E. 18

The correct collation of the volume is as follows.

$\cdot^{6}:^{8}$ 14 leaves (1-14) Prologue + Index. a-s alternate 8+6

$t,v^{8}.A\text{-}C^{6},D\text{-}H^{8},1\text{-}V^{6}.X^{4}.Y,\mathfrak{A}\text{-}\mathfrak{C}^{6}$; 312 u(15-326). = 326 leaves.

The present copy wants leaves. 1.4.5.6 of the* first quire. Leaf 1 of the second quire. a3. r1, r7, E3. E4. E5. E6. T5. Y.3. Y4. $\mathfrak{B}$1. $\mathfrak{B}$3, $\mathfrak{B}$4. $\mathfrak{C}$6 $\mathfrak{D}$1. $\mathfrak{E}$2 $\mathfrak{E}$6. Altogether twenty one (22) leaves, of which the last was blank. E.G.D.

* The remaining leaves of the first quire are misbound, and are inserted between the end of the second quire and the commencement of the text.

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¶ How syr Mador apechid the quene of treson. & therẽ was no knyght wold fyght for her at the fyrst tyme .iiij.

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¶ How syr Launcelot foughte ayenst syr Mador for the quene/& how he ouercame syr Mador and dyschargyd the quene .vij.

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¶ How syre Launcelot was delyuered out of prysoy by a lady & toke a whyte courser & came for to kepe his daye Capl'm .viij.
¶ How syr Launcelot came the same tyme that syre Mellyagraunce abode hym in the felde & dressyd hym in bataylle .ix.
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¶ How after that kynge Arthur had tidynges he returned & came to Douer where syr Mordred mette hym to lett his londynge/ and of the deth of syre Gawayne .ij.
¶ How after syr Gawayns ghost ap peryd to kynge Arthur: and warned

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Prologus

After that I had acomplyshed & fynyshyd dyuers hystoryes as well of contemplacyon as of other historiall & worldly actes of grete conquerours & prynces/and also certeyne bokes of enlamples & doctrine: Many noble & dyuers gentylmen of thys reame of Englonde/came/& demaunded me many & ofte tymes/ wherfore that I haue not do made/ & enprynte the noble history of the Sangreall.& of the most renōmed cristen kyng.fyrste/& cheyf.of the thre beste cristen and worthy.kyng Arthur/whyche oughte moost to be remembred amonge vs englyshmen/tofore al other cristen kynges. For it is notoirly knowen thrugh the vnyuersall worlde/ that there ben .ix. worthy/and the beste that euer were/ That is to wyte/thre Paynyms/ thre Jewes/& thre Cristen men. As fore the Paynyms/ they were tofore the Incarnacōn of Crist/ Whyche were namyd.the fyrste Hector of Troye/ of whom the history is comen.both in balade & in prose' The seconde/Alysaunder the grete.And the thyrde/Julius Cezar Emperoure of Rome / of whom the hystories ben well knowen & had.And as for the thre Jewes.whiche also were tofore the Incarnacyon of oure lorde/of whom.the fyrste was duke Josue/whiche broughte the chyldren of Israhel in to the londe of byheste. The seconde/ Dauid kynge of Jherusalem. And the thyrde Judas Machabeus.Of thise thre/the Byble rehercyth.all ther noble hystories & actes.And syth the sayd Incarnacōn.haue ben thre noble Cristen men/stalled & amytted thrugh the vnyuersal worlde.in to the nombre of the.ix.best and worthy. Of whom was fyrst the noble Arthur/whose noble actes I purpose.to wryte in this present boke herē folowyng. The second was Charlemayn.or Charles the grete/ of whom the history is had in many places/both in frenssh.& englyssh . And the thyrde & laste was Godefray of Bolayn/ Of whose actes & lyf.I made a boke vn: to the excellent prynce.& kynge of noble memory/kynge Edwarde the fourth : The sayd noble gentylmen Instauntly requyred me. to enprynte the story of the sayd noble kynge & Conquerour kyng Arthur/& of his knyghtes.wyth the history of the Sangreall/ and of the deth & endynge of the sayd Arthur. Affermynge that I ought rather to enprynte.his actes & noble feates/than of Godefray of Bolayn/or ony of the other. viij.consyderyng that he was a man born wythin this reame and kyng/& Emperour of the same. And that there ben in frenssh dyuerse & many noble volumes of his actes.& also of his knyghtes. To whom I haue answerde / that dyuerse men holde opynyon/that ther was no suche Arthur/ and that all suche bokes as ben made of hym/ be but feyned & fables by cause that some cronycles make of hym noo mencyon, ne remembre hym no thyng ne of his knyghtes. Wherto they answerde/ and one in specyall sayd That in hym/ that sholde saye or thynke/ that there was neuer suche a kynge callyd Arthur/myghte be well axcttyd grete foly and blyndnesse. For he sayd / that there were many eupdence of the contrary. Fyrst ye may se his sepulture in the monestery of Glastynburye . And also in Policronycon in

the.v.bok the.vi.chappter/and in the seuenth boke the.xxiij.chappter/ wher̄ his body was buryed/ & after founde & translated in to the sayd monestery ¶Ye shall se also in the histori of Bochas in his boke De casu principum/ parte of his noble actes/& also of hys falle.¶Also Galfridus in his Brutysh boke recountyth his lyf/& in dyuers places of Englonde/many remēbraunces bey yet of hym/& shal remayn perpetuelly of him/and also of his knyghtes. Fyrst in the abbay of Westmestre at sayne Edwardes shryne re/mayneth the poynte of his seale in red wexe closed in beryl/in whyche is writeyn Patrici⁹ Arthurus britannie/gallie/germanie/dacie Imperator) Also in the castel of Douer ye maye se Gawayns shulle/& Cradoks mantel/ At Wynchestre the rounde table. In other places Launcelots swerde/and many other thyngs: Thenne all thise thynges considre/there can no man reasonably gaynsaye/ but there was a kynge of this lond namyd Arthur. For in al places crysten & hethen/ he is reputyd & taken for one of the.ix.worthy/and the fyrste of the thre crysten men. And also he is more spoken of beyonde the see/moo bokes made of his noble actes than there ben in Englonde/ as well in Duche/Italyen/Spanysh & Grekysh: as in Frenssh. And yet of record remayne in wytnesse of him in Walys in the towne of Camelot the grete stones & merueyllous werkes of prey lyenge vnder the grounde/& ryal vautes whyche dyuerse now haue seen.: / Wherfore it is a merueylle: why he is no more renōmed in his owne countre sauf oñly it accordeth to the worde of god/whyche sayth That noo man is accepte for a prophete in hys owne coūtree.¶Thenne all thyse thynges forsayd alledged/I cowde not well denye but that there was suche a noble kynge namyd Arthur/& reputyd one of ꝑ ix.worthy/and fyrst & cheyf of the crysten men. And many noble volumes ben made of hym & of his noble knyghtes in frenssh / whyche I haue seen & redde beyonde the see/whyche ben not had in oure maternall tonge. But in walssh ben many/ & also in frenssh/& some in englysh/but nowhere nyghe alle. Wherfore suche as haue ben late drawen oute brefly in to englysh/I haue after my symple cunnynge that god hath sent to me/ vnder the fauour & correcōn of all noble lordes & gentylmen enprysed to enprynt a boke of the noble hystoryes of the sayd kynge Arthur/and of certeyn of his knightes after a copy vnto me delyuerde/ Whyche copi syr Thomas Malory toke oute of certeyn bokes of frenssh and reduced it in to englysh. And I accordyng to my copi haue doon set it in enprynt To the entent that noble men maye/se & rede the noble actes of chyualry / the gentyll & vertuous dedes that some knyghtes vsyd in those dayes / by whyche they came to honoure/& how they that were vicyous were punyshed and oft put to shame & rebuke. Humbly beseechynge all noble lordes & ladies/wyth all other estates/or comynalte / of what estate or degree they ben of/that shall se and rede in this same boke and werke. That they take and entende to the gode and honeste actes in theyr remembrannce/and to folow those same/ Where in they shall welle

fynde many Joyous and pleysaunte hystoryes/ and the noble & renōmed actes of humanyte.gentylnesse.& chyualries. For here in may be seen noble chiualrye.curteysye/humanyte.frendly/nesse.hardynesse.loue frendshyp.cowardyse.Murdre.hate.vertue.& synne/ Doo after the good.and leue the euyl And it shall bryng you to good fame & renōmee. And for to passe the tyme this boke shall be pleysaunt to red in. But for to geue faythe & beleue/that al is true that is conteyned therin: Ye be at youre lyberte. But all is wryten for our doctryne/& for to beware ꝑ we fall not to vyce ne synne. But to exercyse & folowe vertue / by whyche. we may come & ateyne to gode fame and renōme in this lyf. And after this short & transytory lyf: to come vnto euerlastyng blysse in heuen. The whyche he graunt vs that regneth in heuen ꝑ blessyd Trynyte. Amen.

Thenne to procede forth in this sayd boke. whiche I dyrect vnto alle noble prynces. lordes & ladyes. gentylmen or geutylwymen/ that desyre to rede/ or here redde of the noble & Joyous hystory of the grete conquerour & excellent kynge Arthur/ somtyme kyng of this noble reame/ thenne called Bretayne. I Wyllyam Caxton symple persone prelent this boke folowyng/ whyche I haue enpryled to enprynt. And treateth of the noble actes feates of armys of chyualry. prowesse hardinesse/ humanyte/ louecurteysy. & very gentylnesse. wyth many wonderfull hystoryes & aduentures. And for to vnderstonde breyfly the content of this volume / I haue deuyded it in to. xxi. bokes/ And euery boke chapytred. as here after shall bi goddys grace folowe.

¶ The fyrst boke shall entreate. how Vterpendragon gat the noble & myghty conquerour kynge Arthur. and conteyneth .xxviij. chapytres

¶ The seconde boke treatyth of Balyn the noble and valyaunt knyghte. and conteyneth .xix. chapytres

¶ The thyrde boke treteth of the mariage of kynge Arthur to quene Guenuer/ wyth other materes. and conteyneth .xv. chapytres

¶ The fourth boke how Merlyn was assottid. & of werre made to kyng Arthur/ & conteyneth .xxix. chapiters

¶ The fyfthe booke treatyth of the conquest of Lucius the emperour. and conteyneth .xij. chapytres

¶ The sixth boke treatyth of syr Launcelot & syr Lyonel/ & meruelous aduentures. & conteyne xviij. chapiters

¶ The seuenth boke treatyth of a noble knyghte callyd syr Gareth/ & named by syr Kay Beaumayns. & conteyneth .xxxvi. chapyters

¶ The eyght boke treateth of the byrthe of syr Tristram the noble knyght/ and of his knyghtly actes. and conteyneth .xli. chapyters

¶ The nynthe boke treteth of a knyghte named by syr Kay Le cote male tayle/ and also of syr Tristram. & conteyneth .xliij. chapyters

¶ The tenth boke tretith of syr Tristram & other merueylous aduentures & conteyneth .lxxxviij. chapyters

¶ The enleuenth boke treatyth of syr Launcelot & syr Galahad. and conteyneth .xiij. chapyters

¶ The twelfth boke treatyth of syre

Launcelot and his madnesse. And con
teyneth .xiiij.chappters
¶ The thyrteenth boke treatyth how
syr Galahad came fyrste to kyng Ar
thurs court. and how the queste of the
Sangreall was begonne. And con/
teyneth .xx. chappters
¶ The fourteenth boke treatith of the
queste of the Sangreall/ & specyally
of the actes of syr Percyuale de Ga/
lys in the queste of the Sangreall. &
conteyneth .x.chappters
¶ The fyfteenth boke treatyth of syre
Launcelot in the queste of the Sanc/
greall. & conteyneth .vi.chappters
¶ The sixteenth boke treatyth of syr
Gawayne. syre Ector de Marys. syre
Bors & syre Lyonell his brother. And
conteyneth .xvij̃.chappters
¶ The seuententh boke treatith of sy
re Galahad in the quest of the Sanc
greall. & conteyneth .xxiij̃.chappters
¶ The eyghtenth boke treatyth of sy
re Launcelot & of quene Gueneuer. &
conteyneth .xxv.chappters
¶ The nyntenth boke treatith of que
ne Gueneuer & of syr Launcelot. and
conteyneth .xij̃.chappters
¶ The twenty boke treateth of the pi
teous deth of kynge Arthur. and con/
teyneth .xxij̃.chappters
¶ The one & twenty boke treatith of
his laste departynge/ & how syr Laun
celot came to reuenge his dethe. And
conteyneth .xij̃.chappters

¶ The sõme of this present volume
is.xxi.bokes/ whyche conteyne the sõ:
ne of.v.hundred & .vij̃. chappters/ as
more playnly shall folowe here after
by the helpe of Crist

¶ Explicit prologus.

Here begynneth the fyrst boke of the noble kyng . Kyng Arthur . somtyme kynge of Englonde and of his noble actes and feates of armes of chyualrye & his noble knyghtes & table roũde. and is deuyded in to .xxi. bookes.

BRITISH MUSEUM

How Otherpendragon sent for the duke of Cornewayll and Igrayne his wyf/and of theyr departynge sodaynly agayne. Capl'm primũ.

It befell in the dayes of Otherpendragon / whan he was kyng of all Englonde/and so regned that there was a myghty duke in Cornewayll that helde warre ayenst hym longe tyme . And the duke was called the duke of Tyntagyll / & so by meanes kynge Other sende for this duke/ chargynge hym to brynge his wyfe w̃ hym/for she was called a fayre lady/ & a passynge wyse/and hyr name was called Igrayne . So whan the duke & his wyf were comen vnto the kyng by meanes of grete lordes they were accorded both/the kyng lyked & loued this lady well/& he made them grete chere out of mesure / & desyred to haue lyen

by her. But she was a passynge good woman/& wolde not assente vnto the kyng. And thenne she tolde the duke her husbonde and sayd. I suppose that we were sent for ꝑ I sholde be dyshonoured/wherfore husbonde I coũseyll you ꝑ we departe from hens sodaynly that we may ryde all nyght vnto our owne castel/& in lyke wyse as she sayd so they departed/that neyther ꝑ kyng nor none of his coũseyll were ware of theyr departynge. Also soone as kyng Uther knewe of theyr departynge soo sodaynly/he was wonderly wrothe. Thenne he called to hym his preuy coũseyll/& tolde them of the sodayne departynge of the duke and his wyfe. ¶ Thenne they aduysed the kynge to sende for the duke & his wyf by a grete charge. And yf he wyll not come at your cõmaũdement/thenne may ye do your best/thenne haue ye cause to make myghty warre vpon hym. So that was done & the messagers hadde theyr answers. And ꝑ was this shortly/that neyther he nor his wyf wolde not come at hym. ¶ Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth. And thenne the kyng sent hym playne worde agayne/and badde hym be redy & stuffe hym & garnysshe hym/for within .xl. dayes he wolde fetche hym out of the byggest castell that he hath. ¶ Whan the duke hadde this warnyng/anone he went & furnysshed and garnysshed two stronge castels of his/of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagyll/& ꝑ other castell hyght Terrabyll. Soo his wyf Dame Igrayne he put in the castell of Tyntagyl/& hym self he put in the castell of Terrabyll the whiche had many yssues & posternes out. Thene in all hast came Uther with a grete hoost/& leyd a syege about the castell of Terrabyll. And there he pyght many pauelyons/& there was grete warre made on both partyes/and moche people slayne. Thenne for pure angre & for grete loue of fayr Igrayne the kyng Uther felle seke. So came to the kyng Uther Syre Ulfius a noble knyght/& asked the kyng why he was seke. I shall telle the sayd ꝑ kyng I am seke for angre & for loue of fayr Igrayne that I may not be hole/wel my lorde sayd Syre Ulfius. I shall seke Merlyn/& he shall do you remedye ꝑ your herte shall be pleased. So Ulfius departed/& by aduenture he mette Merlyn in a beggars araye/and there Merlyn asked Ulfius whom he sought & he sayd he had lytell ado to tell hym well sayd Merlyn. I knowe whome ye seke/for thou seke Merlyn/therfore seke no ferther/for I am he/& yf kyng Uther wyll well rewarde me/and be sworne vnto me to fulfyll my desyre ꝑ shall be his honour and profyte more than myn/for I shall cause hym to haue all his desyre. All this wyll I vndertake sayd Ulfius that ther shall be no thynge reasonable/but ye shalt haue thy desyre/well sayd Merlyn/he shall haue his entent & desyre. And therfore sayd Merlyn/ryde on your waye/for I wyll not be longe behynde.

¶ How Utherpendragon made warre on the duke of Cornewayll/& how by the meane of Merlyn he laye by ye duchesse & gate Arthur. La.ij.

Thenne Ulfius was glad & rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to kyng Utherpendragon/and

tolde hym he had mette with Merlyn where is he layd ꝑ kyng/syr layd Vlfi⁹ he wyl not tarye longe/therwithal Vlfius was ware where Merlyn stode at the porche of the pauelyons dore. And thenne Merlyn was boũden to come to the kyng/whan the kyng Vther sawe him he layd he was welcome/syr layd Merlyn I knowe all your herte euery dele/so ye wyll be sworn vnto me as ye be a true kyng enoynted to fulfyl my delyre ye shall haue your delyre/than ꝑ kyng was sworne vpon the. iiij. euãgelystes. Syr layd Merlyn this is my delyre/the fyrst nyght ꝑ ye shall lye by Igrayne ye shall gete a childe on her/& whan ꝑ it is borne ꝑ it shall be delyuerd to me for to nourysshe there as I wyll haue it/for it shall be your worshyp & ꝑ childes auayle as moche as ꝑ childe is worth. I wyl wel layd ꝑ kyng as ꝑ wylt haue it. Now make you redy layd Merlyn this nyght ye shal lye wꝭ Igrayne in the castel of Tyntagyl/& ye shall be lyke the duke hir husbonde Vlfius shall be lyke syr Bralans a knyght of ꝑ dukes/& I wyll be lyke a knyght ꝑ hyght syr Jordan⁹ a knyght of ꝑ dukes. But beware ye make not many questyons with her nor her men but saye ye are dyseased & so hye you to bedde/& vyse not on ꝑ morne tyll I come to you/for the castell of Tyntagyll is but .x. myle hens/soo this was done as they deuysed. But the duke of Tyntagyl aspyed how the kyng rode fro ꝑ syege of Terrabyll/& therfore ꝑ nyght he yssued out of ꝑ castel at a posterne for to haue dystressed ꝑ kynges hoost. And so thorugh his owne yssue the duke hymself was slayne or euer ꝑ kyng came at the castel of Tyntagyl

so after ꝑ deth of the duke kyng Vther laye wꝭ Igrayne more than thre houres after his deth/& begate on her Arthur ꝑ same nyght/& or daye cam Merlyn cam to the kyng & bad hym make hym redy/& so he kyst ꝑ lady Igrayne & departed in all hast. But whan the lady herde telle of the duke her husbonde & by al recorde he was deed or euer kyng Vther cam to her/thenne she meruayled who ꝑ myght be ꝑ laye with her in lykenes of her lorde/so she morned pryuely & held hyr peas. Thenne all the barons by one assent prayed ꝑ kyng of accorde betwix the lady Igrayne & hym the kyng gaf hem leue/for fayne wolde he haue ben accorded with her. So the kyng put all the trust in Vlfius to entreate betwene them/so by ꝑ entrete at the last ꝑ kyng & she mette togyder. Now wyl we do wel layd Vlfius/our kyng is a lusty knyght & wyueles/& my lady Igrayne is a passynge fayre lady/it were grete Joye vnto vs all & it myght please the kyng to make her his quene/vnto ꝑ they were all well accorded & meued it to the kyng. And anone lyke a lusty knyght/he assented therto with good wyll/& so in all hast they were maryed in a mornynge wꝭ grete myrth & Joye. And kyng Lott of Lowthayn & of Orkenay thenne wedded Margawse ꝑ was Gawayns moder. And kyng Nentres of ꝑ londe of Garlot wedded Elayn. All this was done at the request of kyng Vther. And the thyrde syster Morgan le fey was put to scole in a nonery/& there she lerned so moche ꝑ she was a grete clerke of Nygromancy/& after she was wedded to kyng Vryence of ꝑ londe of gore ꝑ was syr Ewayns le blaũche maynys fad.

¶ Of the byrthe of kyng Arthur & of his nourture/and of the deth of kyng Uther pendragon/& how Arthur was chosen kyng / and of wondres & merueylles of a swerde taken out of a stone by the sayd Arthur. ca.iij.iiij.v.

Thenne quene Igrayne waxed dayly gretter and gretter/so it befel after within half a yere as kyng Uther lay by his quene he axed hyr by the fayth she ought to hym whos was the childe within her body/thenne was she sore abasshed to gyue answer. Fere ye not sayd the kyng but telle me the trouth/& I shall loue you ꝑ better by the fayth of my body. Syr sayd she I shall tell you ꝑ trouth/the same nyght ꝑ my lorde was deed the houre of his deth as his knyghtꝭ recorde/ther came in to my castell of Tyntagyll a man lyke my lorde in speche & coũtenaunce & two knyghtꝭ with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtꝭ Brastias & Jordanus & so I went to bed w̃ hym as I ought to do with my lorde / & ꝑ same nyght as I shall answer vnto god this childe was begoten vpon me / that is trouth sayd the kyng as ye saye/for it was I my self ꝑ cam in his lykenes/& therfore fere ye not for I am fader to ꝑ childe/& there he tolde her all ꝑ cause how it was by Merlyns coũseyll/thene the quene made grete Joye whan she knewe who was the fader of her childe. Soone come Merlyn vnto the kyng & sayd/syr ye muste purueye you for the nourysshynge of your childe/as ꝑ wolt sayd the kyng be it/well sayd Merlyn I knowe a lorde of yours in this londe ꝑ is a passynge true man & a faythfull/& he shall haue the nourysshynge of your childe/& his name is syr Ector & he is a lorde of fayr lyuelode in many partes in Englonde & Wales/and this lorde syr Ector lete hym be sente for/for to come & speke w̃ you/& delyre hym your self as he loueth you ꝑ he wyl put his owne childe to nourysshyñge to any other woman/& ꝑ his wyf nourysshe yours . And whan the childe is born lete it be delyuerd to me at yond preuy posterne vncrystned. So lyke as Merlyn deuysed so it was done . And whan syr Ector was come / he made fayaũce to ꝑ kyng for to nourysshe the childe lyke as the kyng desyred/& therũ the kyng graũted syr Ector grete rewardes . Thenne whan the lady was delyuerd ꝑ kyng cõmaũded two knyghtes & two ladyes to take ꝑ childe boũde in a clothe of golde/& ꝑ ye delyuer hym to what poore man ye mete at ꝑ posterne yate of ꝑ castell. So the childe was delyuerd vnto Merlyn/& so he bare it forth vnto syr Ector / & made an holy man to crysten hym/& named hym Arthur/& so syr Ectors wyf nourysshed hy̆ w̃ her owe pappe. Thenne within two yeres kyng Uther felle sycke of a grete maladye. And in ꝑ meane whyle his enemyes vsurped vpon hym/& dyde a grete batayll vpon his men & slewe many of his people. Syr sayd Merlyn ye may not lye soo as ye do/for ye must to the felde though ye ryde on an hors lyttar/for ye shall neuer haue ꝑ better of your enemyes but yf your persone be there/& thene shall ye haue ꝑ victory. So it was done as Merlyn had deuysed/& they caryed the kyng forth in an hors lyttar w̃ a grete hoost towarde his enemyes. And at saynt Albons ther mette with ꝑ kyng

the swerde with all his myght/but it wolde not be. Now shall ye assay sayd syr Ector to Arthur. I wyll well sayd Arthur and pulled it out easely. And there withall syr Ector kneled downe to the erthe & syr Kay. Alas sayd Arthur myn owne dere fader & brother/ why knele ye to me. Nay nay my lorde Arthur/it is not so. I was neuer your fader nor of your blood / but I wote well ye are of an hygher blood than I wende ye were. And thenne syr Ector tolde hym all how he was bytaken hym for to nourysshe hym/& by whoos cõmaũdement/and by Merlyns delyueraũce. ¶ Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he understode þ syr Ector was not his fader. Syre sayd Ector vnto Arthur / wolde ye be my good & gracyous lorde whan ye are kyng / elles were I to blame sayd Arthur / for ye are the man in the worlde þ I am moost beholdynge to/& my good lady & moder your wyf that as well as her owne hath fostred me & kepte. And yf euer it be goddes wyll þ I be kyng as ye saye/ye shall desyre of me what I may do/& I shall not fayle you/god forbede I sholde fayle you. Syre sayd syr Ector. I wyll aske no more of you but that ye wyll make my sone your forster brother syr Kay Sencyall of all your londes. That shall be done sayd Arthur / & more by the fayth of my body þ neuer man shall haue that offyce but he whyle he & I lyue. Therwithall they wente vnto the Archebysshop & tolde hym how the swerde was encheued/and by whome. And on the twelfth daye all þ barons cam thyder & to assay to take the swerde who that wolde assay. But there afore them all there myght none take it out but Arthur/wherfore ther were many lordes wrothe/& sayd it was grete shame vnto them all & the reame to be ouer gouerned with a boye of no hyghe blood borne/& so they fell out at þ tyme that it was put of tyll Candelmasse. And thenne all þ barons sholde mete there agayne / but alwaye the .x. knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the swerde daye & nyght/& so they set a pauelyon ouer the stone & the swerde & fyue alwayes watched. Soo at Candelmasse many moo grete lordes came thyder for to haue wonne the swerde/but ther myght none preuayle. And ryght as Arthur dyde at Crystmasse/he dyd at Candelmasse & pulled out the swerde easely/wherof the barons were sore agreued & put it of in delay tyll the hye feste of Ester. And as Arthur spedde afore/so dyde he at Ester/yet ther were some of the grete lordes had Indygnacyon þ Arthur sholde be kyng & put it of in a delay tyll the feste of Pentecoste. Thenne tharchebysshop of Cantorbury by Merlyns prouydence lete purueye thenne of the best knyghtes þ they myght gete/& suche knyghtes as Vtherpendragon loued beste & moost trusted in his dayes. And suche knyghtes were put about Arthur as syr Bawdewyn of Bretayne/syr Kay/syr Ulfius/syr Brastias. All these with many other were alwayes about Arthur daye & nyght tyll þ fest of Pentecost.

¶ How kyng Arthur was crowned & how he made offycers. ca. vij.

And at the feste of Pentecost all maner of men assayed to pulle

at the swerde that wolde assaye / but none myght preuayle but Arthur/and pulled it out afore all the lordes & cōmyns that were there/wherfore al the comyns cryed at ones we wyl haue Arthur vnto our kyng/we wyll put hym no more in delay/for we all se that it is goddes wyll þ he shall be our kyng and who that holdeth ayenst it we wyl slee hym. And therwith al they kneled at ones both ryche & poore/and cryed Arthur mercy by cause they hadde delayed hym so longe/and Arthur forgaue it hem/& toke the swerde betwene bothe his handes & offred it vp on the awter where þ Archebysshop was & so was he made knyght of the beste man þ was there. And so anone was the coronacyon made. And there was he sworne vnto his lordes and the cōmyns for to be a true kyng to stande with true Justyce fro thens forth the dayes of his lyf. Also thenne he made all lordes that helde of the crowne to come in & to do seruyce as they ought to doo. And many complayntes were made vnto syr Arthur of grete wronges that were done sythen the deth of kyng Uther/of many londes that were bereued/lordes/knyghtes/ladyes/& gentylmen. Wherfore kyng Arthur made the londes to be gyuen agayne vnto them that ought hem. ¶ Whan this was done that the kyng had stablyshed all þ coūtrees about London thenne he lete make syr Kay Sencyal of Englonde/and syr Baudewyn of Bretayne was made Constable/& syr Ulfius was made Chamberlayn/and syr Brastias was made Wardeyn to wayte vpon the north fro Trent forwardes/for it was þ tyme the moost parte the kynges enemyes. But within fewe yeres after Arthur wanne all the North. Scotlonde/and all that were vnder theyr obeyssaunce. Also Wales a parte of it helde ayenst Arthur/ but he ouercame hem all as he dyde þ remenaunt thorugh the noble prowesse of hymself and his knyghtes of the rounde table.

¶ How kyng Arthur helde in Wales at a Pentecost a grete feste. And what kynges and lordes came to his feste. Capl'm .viij.

Thenne the kyng remeued in to Wales/& lete crye a grete feste that it sholde be holden at Pentecoste after the Incoronacyon of hym at the Cyte of Carlyon/vnto the feste come kyng Lott of Lowthean & of Dyneuadan with fyue hondred knyghtes with hym. Also ther come to the feste kyng Uryence of Gore with foure hondred knyghtes with hym. Also there come to þ feeste kyng Nentres of Garloth with .vij. hondred knyghtes with hym Also ther come to the feste the kyng of Scotlonde with .vi. hondred knyghtes with hym/& he was but a ponge man Also ther cam to the feste a kyng that was called the kyng with the hondred knyghtes/but he & his men were passynge well belene at all poyntes. Also there came the kyng of Cardos with .v. hondred knyghtes. And kyng Arthur was glad of theyr comynge / for he wende that all the kynges & knyghtes had come for grete loue/and to haue done hȳ worshyp at his feste/wherfore the kyng made grete Joye/& lent the kynges and knyghtes grete presen

tes. But the kynges wolde none receyue/but rebuked the messagers shamefully/and sayd they had no Joye to receyue no gyftes of a beedles boye that was come of lowe blood/& sente hym worde/they wolde none of his gyftes. But that they were come to gyue hȳ gyftes with harde swerdes betwixt the necke and the sholders / and therfore they came thyder/soo they tolde to the messagers playnly. For it was grete shame to all them to see suche a boye to haue a rule of so noble a reame as this londe was. With this answer the messagers departed and tolde to kyng Arthur this answer / wherfore by the aduyse of his barons he tooke hym to a stronge toure with .v. hondred good men with hym. And all the kynges afore sayd in a maner leyde a syege tofore hym / but kyng Arthur was well vytaylled. Annd within .xv. dayes ther cam Merlyn amonge hem in to the cyte of Carlyon / thenne all the kynges were passynge gladde of Merlyn/and asked him for what cause is that boye Arthur made your kyng. Syres sayd Merlyn. I shall tell you the cause/for he is kyng Uther pendragons sone borne in wedlock gotten on Igrayne ỹ dukes wyf of Tyntagyll/thenne is he a bastarde they sayd all/nay sayd Merlyn. After the deth of the duke more than thre houres was Arthur begotten and .xiij. dayes after kyng Uther wedded Igrayne / & therfore I preue hym he is no bastarde. And who sayd nay/ he shall be kyng and ouercome all his enemyes/& or he dye he shal be longe kyng of all Englonde/and haue vnder his obeysaunce Wales. Yrlonde & Scotlonde / and moo reames than I wyll now reherce. Some of the kynges hadde meruaylle of Merlyns wordes and demed well that it sholde be as he sayd. And some of hem lough hym to scorne/as kyng Lott/and mo other called hym a wytche. But thenne were they accorded with Merlyn that kyng Arthur sholde come out and speke with the kynges / and for to come sauf and to goo sauf / suche surraunce there was made. Soo Merlyn wente vnto kyng Arthur and tolde hym how that he hadde done / and badde hym fere not but come out boldely and speke with them / and spare them not/ but answere them as their kyng and chyuetayn/for ye shall ouercome them all whether they wyll or wyll not.

¶ Of the fyrste warre that kyng Arthur hadde / and how he wanne the feldc. Ca. ix.

Thenne kyng Arthur came out of his toure / & had vnder his gowne a Jesseraunte of double mayle/and there wente with hym the Archebysshop of Caunterbury / and syr Baudewyn of Bretayne / and Syre Kay/and syr Bedias/thyse were the men of moost worshyp that were with hym. And whan they were mette togyder / there was noo mekenesse but stoute and harde wordes on bothe the sydes. But alwayes kyng Arthur answerd them and sayd/he wolde make them to bowe & he lyued/wherfore they departed with wrathe/and kyng Arthur badde kepe hem well/and they badde the kyng kepe hym well. So the

kyng retorned hym to the toure agayne & armed hym & all his knyghtes/ what wyl ye do sayd Merlyn to ꝑ kyngs ye were better for to stynte/for ye shal not here preuayle though ye were.x.tymes so many/be we well auysed to be aferde of a dreme reder sayd kyng Lot with ꝑ Merlyn vanysshed awaye & came to kyng Arthur/& bad hym set on hem eyerlly/& in ꝑ meane whyle ther were thre hondred good men of ꝑ best ꝑ were with the kynges ꝑ went straycte vnto kyng Arthur/& ꝑ comforted him gretely. Syr sayd Merlyn to Arthur/ fyght not with the swerde ꝑ ye had by myracle/tyll ꝑ ye se ye go vnto ꝑ worle chefie drawe it out & do your best. So forth withall kyng Arthur sette vpon hem in theyr lodgynge. And syr Baudewyn syr Kay & syr Brastias slewe on the ryght honde & on ꝑ lyfte honde ꝑ it was meruayle/& alwaye kyng Arthur on horsbake leyde on w̄ a swerde & dyde meruayllous dedes of armes ꝑ many of the kynges had grete Joye of his dedes & hardynesse. Thenne kyng Lott brake out on the backe syde/& the kyng w̄ the hondred knyghtꝫ & kyng Carados & set on Arthur eyerlely behynde hym/with ꝑ syr Arthur torned with his knyghtꝫ/& smote behynde & before/& euer syr Arthur was in ꝑ formest prees tyll his hors was slayne vnderneth hy̅. And therwith kyng Lott smote doun kyng Arthur/ with ꝑ his four knyghtꝫ receyued hym & set hym on horsbake. Thē he drewe his swerde Excalybur/but it was so bryght in his enemyes eyen/ ꝑ it gaaf lyght lyke xxx. torches. And therwith he put hem on backe/& slewe moche people. And thenne the comyns of Carlyon arose with clubbes & staues and slewe many knyghtes/but all ꝑ kynges helde them togyder with her knyghtes ꝑ were left on lyue/and so fledde & departed. And Merlyn come vnto Arthur & coũseyled hym to folowe hem no further.

¶ How Merlyn coũseylled kyng Arthur to sende for kyng Ban & kyng Bors/and of theyr coũseyll taken for the warre. Ca.x.

So after the feste and Journeye kyng Arthur drewe hym vnto London/& so by ꝑ coũseyll of Merlyn the kyng lete calle his barons to coũseyll/for Merlyn had tolde the kyng ꝑ the sixe kynges ꝑ made warre vpon hy̅ wolde in all haste be awroke on hym & on his londes/wherfore the kyng asked coũseyll at hem all/they coude no coũseyl gyue but sayd they were bygge ynough. Ye saye well sayd Arthur. I thanke you for your good courage/but wyll ye all that loueth me speke with Merlyn ye knowe well ꝑ he hath done moche for me/and he knoweth many thyngꝫ/& whan he is afore you. I wolde ꝑ ye prayed hym hertely of his best auyse. All the barons sayd they wolde praye hym & desyre hym. So Merlyn was sent for & fayre desyred of al the barons to gyue them best counseyll. I shall telle you sayd Merlyn. I warne you all/ your enemyes are passynge stronge for you/ & they are good men of armes as ben on lyue/ and by this tyme they haue goten vnto them four kynges mo and a myghty duke/ and onlesse that our kynge haue more chyualrye with hym than he may make within the boũdes of his owne reame/

& he fyght with hem in batayll he shal be ouercome & slayne/what were beste to do in this cause sayd all the barons I shall tell you sayd Merlyn myn adu yse/there are two brethern beyonde ỹ see/& they be kynges both & merueylous good men of her hondes/& ỹ one hyght kyng Ban of Benwych/& that other hyght kyng Bors of Gaule ỹ is fraũce. And on thyse two kyngs warreth a myghty man of men the kyng Claudas/and stryueth with hem for a castell/& grete warre is betwixt them/ but this Claudas is so myghty of goodes wherof he geteth good knyghtes ỹ he putteth thyse two kyngs moost parte to the worse/wherfore this is my coũseyll ỹ our kyng & souerayne lorde sende vnto ỹ kyngs Ban & Bors by two trusty knyghtes with letters well deuysed/that & they wyll come & see kyng Arthur & his courte/& so helpe hym in his warres that he wyll be sworn vnto them to helpe them in theyr warres ayenst kyng Claudas. Now what saye ye vnto this coũseyll sayd Merlyn/this is well coũseylled sayd the kyng & all the barons/ryght so in all haste there were ordeyned to go two knyghtes on the message vnto the two kynges. So were there made letters in the plesaũt wyse accordynge vnto kyng Arthurs desyre. Vlfius & Brastias were made the messagers/& so rode forth wel horsed & wel armed/and as the gyse was that tyme & so passed ỹ see & rode towarde the cyte of Benwych / & there besydes were .viij. knyghtes ỹ aspyed them . And at a strayte passage they mette with Vlfius & Brastias/& wolde haue taken hem prysoners/so they prayed hem that they myght passe/for they were messagers vnto kyng Ban & Bors sent from kyng Arthur/therfore sayd the .viij. knyghtes ye shall deye or be prysoners/for we ben knyghtes of kyng Claudas . And therwith two of them dressed theyr speres / and Vlfius and Brastias dressed theyr speres & rãne togydre with grete raũdon And Claudas knyghtes brake theyr speres/and the other hylde & bare the two knyghtes out of her sadels to the erthe/& so lefte hem lyenge & rode her wayes. And the other .vi. knyghtes rode afore to a passage to mette wt hem agayne/& so Vlfius & Brastias smote other two down/and so past on her wayes. And at the thyrde passage smote other two down . And at the fourth passage there mette two for two / and bothe were layde vnto ỹ erthe/so ther was none of the .viij. knyghts but he was sore hurte or bryled . And whan they cam to Benwych it fortuned there were both kyngs Ban & Bors/& whan it was tolde ỹ kynges ỹ there were come messagers/ther were sent vnto thẽ two knyghts of worshyp/ỹ one hyght Lyonses lorde of ỹ coũtree of Payarne & lyr Pharyaũce a worshypful knyght Anone they asked from whens they came/and they sayd from kyng Arthur kyng of Englonde/so they toke them in theyr armes & made grete Joye eche of other. But anone as the two kyngs wyst they were messages of Arthurs/ ther was made no taryenge/but forth they spake with the knyghtes & welcomed hem in the faythfullest wyse/and sayd / they were moost welcome vnto them before all the kynges on lyuynge/and therwith they kyste the lytters & delyuerd hem. And whan kyng Ban

and Bors vnderstode the letteis/theñe were they more welcome than they were before. And after the hast of the letter/they gaaf hem this answer þ they wolde fulfyl þ desyre of kyng Arthurs wryttynge/& Ulfius & Brastias taryed there as longe as they wolde/they shulde haue suche chere as myght be made them in tho marchys. Thenne Ulfius & Brastias tolde þ kyngs of the aduenture of theyr passages of þ.v. knyghtes. Ha ha sayd Ban & Bors they were my good frendes. I wolde I had wyst of them they sholde not haue escaped so. So Ulfius and Brastias had good chere & grete gyftes as moche as they myght bere awaye/& had ther answer by mouth and by wrytynge þ tho two kyngs wolde come vnto Arthur in all þ hast þ they myght. So þ two knyghtes rode on afore/& passed the see/& come to theyr lorde & tolde hym how they had spedde/wherof kyng Arthur was passynge gladde. At what tyme suppose ye the two kyngs wolde be here. Syr sayd they afore al halowmasse. Theñe the kyng lete purueye for a grete feest & lete crye a grete Justes. And by all halowmasse the two kyngs were come ouer the see w̄ thre hondred knyghtes well arayed both for the peas & for the warre. And kyng Arthur mette with them .x. myle out of London/& there was grete Joye as coude be thought or made. And on all halowmasse at the grete feest sate in the halle þ thre kynges / & syr Kay sencyall serued in the halle / & syr Lucas the botteler þ was duke Corneus sone / & syr Gryflet þ was the sone of Cardoll / thyse thre knyghtes had the rule of all þ seruyce that serued the kynges. And anone as they had washen & ryden/all knyghtes that wolde Juste made hem redy / by than they were redy on horsbake there were .vij. hondred knyghtes. And Arthur Ban & Bors with the Archebysshop of Cāterbury & syr Ector Kays fader they were in a place couerd with clothe of golde lyke an halle w̄ ladyes and gentylwymen for to beholde who dyde best & theron to gyue Jugement.

¶ Of a grete tornoye made by kyng Arthur & the two kyngs Ban & Bors & how they went ouer the see. ca.xi.

Kynge Arthur & the two kyngs lete departe the .vij. hondred knyghtes in two partyes/& there were thre hondred knyghtes of þ reame of Benwyck & of Gaule tourned on the other syde/than they dressyd her shyldes & began to couche her speres many good knyghts/so Gryflet was the fyrste þ mette with a knyght one Ladynas & they mette so egerly that all men had wonder. And they faught so that her sheldes felle to ppeces/& hors and man felle to the erthe/and bothe the frenshe knyght and the Englysshe knyght laye so longe that all men wende they hadde ben deed. Whan Lucas the botteler sawe Gryflet so lye/he horsed hym agayne anone / & they two dyde meruellous dedes of armes with many bachelers. Also syr Kay came out of enbusshement with fyue knyghtes with hym / and they sixe smote other sixe downe. But syr Kay dyde that daye meruellous dedes of armes / that there was none that dyde soo well as he that daye. theñe ther come Ladynas & Brastias

ewo knyghtes of fraũce/& dyde pal-
lynge well that all man prayled them
Theñe come thet̄ syr Placidas a good
knyght & mette with syr Kay & smote
hym doun hors and man/wherfore syr
Gryflet was wroth & mette with syr
Placidas so harde ꝑ hors & man felle
to the erthe. But whan ꝑ fyue knyghtꝭ
wyste ꝑ syr Kay had a falle they were
wroth out of wytte/& therwith eche of
them fyue bare doun a knyght. Whan
kyng Arthur & the two kynges sawe
hem begyn waxe wroth on bothe par-
tyes/they lepte on smale hakeneys / &
lete crye ꝑ all men sholde departe vnto
theyr lodgynge/& so they wente home
& vnarmed them and so to euensonge
and souper. And after the thre kyngꝭ
wente in to a gardyn/& gaf the pryce
vnto syr Kay & to Lucas the botteler/
& vnto syr Gryflet. And thenne they
wente vnto coũseyll/& w̄ hem Gwen-
baus the brother vnto syr Ban and
Bors a wyse clerke/and thyder wente
Ulfius & Brastias & Merlyn. And af-
ter they had ben in coũseyll/they wente
vnto bedde. And on ꝑ morne they her
de masse & to dyner/& so to theyr coũ-
seyll & made many argumentes what
were best to do. At the laste they were
concluded/that Merlyn sholde go w̄ a
token of kyng Ban & ꝑ was a ryngе
vnto his men & kyng Bors / & Gra-
cian & Placidas sholde goo agayne &
kepe theyr castels and her coũtrees/as
for kyng Ban of Benwyck & kyng
Bors of Gaules had ordeyned hem/&
so passed the see & came to Benwyck.
And whan ꝑ people sawe kyng Bans
ryngе & Gracian and Placidas they
were glad/& asked how ꝑ kynges fer-
de/& made grete Joye of theyr welfare
& cordynge/& accordynge vnto the so-
uerayne lordes desyre/the men of war-
re made hem redy in all hast possyble/
so ꝑ they were .xv.M. on hors and on
foot/& they had grete plente of vytay-
le w̄ hem by Merlyns prouysyon. But
Gracian & Placidas were lefte to fur-
nysshe & garnysshe ꝑ castels for drede
of kyng Claudas/ryght soo Merlyn
passed the see well vytaylled bothe by
water & by londe. And whan he came
to the see/he sente home the foot men
agayne & toke no more with hym but
.x.M. men on horsbake the moost par-
te men of armes & so shypped & passed
the see in to Englonde/and londed at
Douer/& thorugh ꝑ wytte of Merlyn
he lad the hoost Northwarde the pry-
uyest waye ꝑ coude be thought vnto ꝑ
forest of Bedegrayne/& there in a va-
ley he lodged them secretely. Thenne
rode Merlyn vnto Arthur & the two
kynges & tolde hem how he had spedꝭ
wherof they had grete merueyll ꝑ man
on erthe myght spede so soone/and go
& come. So Merlyn tolde them .x.M.
were in the forest of Bedegrayne well
armed at all poyntes/theñe was there
no more to saye/but to horsbake went
all the hoost as Arthur had afore pur-
ueyed. Soo with .xx.M. he passed by
nyght & daye/but ther was made su-
che an ordynaunce afore by Merlyn ꝑ
ther sholde no man of warre rydy nor
go in no countree on this syde Trent
water / but yf he hadde a token from
kyng Arthur / where the kynges ene-
myes durst not ryde as they dyde tofo
re to alyye.

¶ How .xi. kynges gadred a grete
hoost ayenst kyng Arthur. ca.xij.

And so within a lytel space the thre kyngs came vnto ye castell of Bedegrayne/& foũde ther a passyn ge fayr felaushyp & well belene/whe/ re of they had grete Joye/and vytayle they wanted none. This was the cau se of the Northeren hoost ye they were rered for the delpyte & rebuke ye the six kynges had at Carlyon. And tho six kynges by her meanes gate vnto hem fyue other kynges/& thus they began to gadre theyr people. And how they swore ye for weele nor woo they sholde not leue other tyll they had destroyed Arthur/& thenne they made an othe. The fyrste ye began the othe was the duke of Candebenet/ye he wolde bryn ge with hym .v.M. men of armes the whiche were redy on horsbake. Theñe swore kyng Brandegorys of strang/ gore ye he wolde brynge .v.M. men of armes on horsbak. Theñe swore kyng Claryaũce of Northũberlonde he wol de brynge .iij.M. men of armes/theñe swore the kyng of the hondred knygh/ tes that was a passynge good man & a ponge ye he wolde brynge .iiij.M. men on horsbake/thenne there swore kyng Lott a passynge good knyght and syr Gawyns fader ye he wolde brynge .v. .M. men of armes on horsbake. Also there swore kyng Dryence ye was syr Dwayns fader of the londe of Gore & he wolde brynge .vi.M. men of armes on horsbake. Also there swore kynge Jores of Cornewayll ye he wolde bryn ge .v.M. men of armes on horsbake/ Also ther swore kyng Cardelmans to brynge .v.M. men on horsbake. Also ther swore kyng Agwysaũce of Irlon de to brynge .v.M. men of armes on horsbake. Also ther swore kyng Nen/ tres to brynge .v.M. men of armes on horsbake/also ther swore kyng Cara/ dos to brynge .v.M. men of armes on horsbake. Soo her hoole hoost was of clene men of armes on horsbake .l.M. and a foot .x.M. of good mennes bo/ dyes/thenne were they soone redy and mounted vpon hors & sent forth theyr fore rydars/for thele .xi. kyngs in her wayes leyde a syege vnto the castell of Bedegrayne/& so they departed & dre/ we towarde Arthur & lefte fewe to a/ byde at the syege for the castell of Be/ degrayne was holden of kyng Arthur & the men ye were therin were Arthurs

¶ Of a dreme of the kynge with the hondred knyghtes. Capl'm.xiij.

So by Merlyns aduyse ther we/ re sente fore rydars to shumme the coũtree / & the mette with the fore rydars of ye North & made hem to tell whiche waye ye hoost cam/& than they tolde it to Arthur / & by kyng Ban & Bors coũseyll they lete brenne and de stroye all the coũtree afore them there they sholde ryde. The kyng w the hon dred knyghtes mette a wonder dreme two nyghtes afore the batayle/ye ther blewe a grete wynde & blewe doun her castels & her townes/& after ye came a water & bare hit all awaye. All ye her/ de of ye sweuen sayd/it was a token of grete batayll. Thenne by counseyll of Merlyn whan they wyst whiche waye ye .xi. kyngs wolde ryde & lodge ye nyght At mydnyght they sette vpon them as they were in theyr pauelyons/but the scoute watche by her hoost cryed / lor/ des at armes for here be your enemyes at your honde.

How the.xi. kynges with theyr hoost fought ayenst Arthur & his hoost and many grete feates of ỹ warre. ca.xiiij

Thenne kyng Arthur and kyng Ban and kyng Bors with her good & trusty knyghtes set on hem soo fyersly that he made them ouer throwe her pauelyons on her hedes/but the.xi. kynges by manly prowesse of armes to ke a fayre champayne / but there was slayne that morowe tyde .x.M. good mennes bodyes. And so they had afore hem a stronge passage yet were they.l. .M. hardy men. Thenne it drewe toward daye/now shall ye doo by myn aduyse sayd Merlyn vnto the thre kynges. I wolde that kynge Ban & kyng Bors w̃ her felyshyp of.x.M.men were put in a wood here besyde in an enbusshement & kepe them preuy/& that the be leyde or the lyght of the daye come/& that they styre not tyll ye & your knyghtes haue fought with hem longe And whan it is daye lyght dresse your batayll euen afore them & the passage ỹ they may se all your hoost. For thenne wyll they be the more hardy when they see you but about .xx.M. & cause hem to be the gladder to suffre you & your hoost to come ouer the passage. All the thre kynges & the hoole barons sayd/ that Merlyn sayd passynge well / & it was done anone as Merlyn had deuysed. So on the morn whan eyther hoost sawe other/the hoost of the North was comforted. Thenne to Vlfius & delyuered .iij.M. men lette on them fyersly & slewe on the ryght hande that it was Whan that the .xi. kynges sawe that there was so fewe a felyshyp & dyde suche dedes of armes they were ashamed & sette on hem agayne fyersly/& there was syr Vlfius hors slayne vnd̃ hym/but he dyde merueyllously well on foote. But the duke Eustace of Lambenet & kyng Clarys aunce of Northumberlonde were alwaye greuous on Vlfius/thenne Brastias sawe his felawe ferde so withall/ he smote the duke with a spere ỹ hors and man fell downe/that sawe kyng Claryaũce & retorned vnto Brastias/ & eyther smote other so ỹ hors & man went to the erthe/& so they laye longe astonyed/and theyr hors knees brast to the harde bone. Thenne cam syr Kay the sencyall with sixe felawes with hȳ & dyde passynge well/with that came the .xi. kynges/& there was Gryflet put to the erth hors & man/and Lucas the botteler hors & man by kyng Bãdegorys & kyng Jores & kyng Agwysaũce/thenne waxed the medle passynge harde on bothe partyes/whan syre Kay sawe Gryflet on foote/he rode on kyng Nentres & smote hym downe/& lad his hors vnto syr Gryflet & horsed hym agayne. Also syr Kay with the same spere smote downe kyng Lott/and hurt hym passynge sore/that sawe the kyng with the hondred knyghtꝭ & ran vnto syre Kay & smote hym downe & toke his hors & gaaf hym kyng Lott/ wherof he sayd gramercy / whan syre Gryflet sawe syr Kay and Lucas the botteler a foote/he toke a sharpe spere grete & square / and rode to Pynell a good man of armes/and smote hors & man downe. And thenne he toke his hors & gaaf hym to syr Kay. Thenne kyng Lott sawe kyng Nentres on foote

he rãne vnto Melot de la roche/& smo
te hym doun hors & man & gaaf kyng
Nentres the hors & horsed hym agayn
Also the kyng of the hondred knyghtz
sawe kyng Jores on foot/theñe he ran
vnto Guympart de bloy & smote hym
doun hors & man and gaf kyng Jores
the hors & horsed hym agayne/& kyng
Lott smote doun Clarvaũce de la fo⁊
reyst saueage & gaf the hors vnto duke
Eustace. And so whan they had horsed
the kynges agayne they drewe hem all
.xi. kynges togydre & sayd they wolde
be reuenged of the dõmage ꝑ they had
taken that daye. The meane whyle ca
me in syr Ector with an egyr counte⁊
naũce/& foũde Dlfius & Brastias on
foote in grete peryll of deth that were
foule defoyled vnder hors feet. Theñe
Arthur as a lyon ran vnto kyng Cra⁊
delment of North walys/& smote him
thorugh the lyfte syde that the hors &
the kyng fyll doun. And thenne he to⁊
ke the hors by the rayne/& lad hym vn
to Dlfius & sayd / haue this hors myn
olde frende/for grete nede hast thou of
hors/gramercy sayd Dlfius/theñe syr
Arthur dyd so merueyllously in armes
that all men had wonder . Whan the
kyng w̃ ꝑ hondred knyghtz sawe kyng
Cradelment on foot/he rãne vnto syr
Ector that was well horsed syr Bayes
fader/& smote hors and man doun / &
gaaf the hors vnto the kyng/& horsed
hym agayne. And whan kyng Arthur
sawe the kyng ryde on syr Ectors hors
he was wroth and with his swerde he
smote the kyng on the helme ꝑ a quar
ter of the helme & shelde fylle doun/&
so the swerde carf doun vnto the hors
necke/& so the kyng and the hors fylle
doun to the groũde. Thenne syr Bay
cam vnto syr Morganore sencyal with
the kyng of the hondred knyghtz and
smote hym doun hors & man/and lad
ꝑ hors vnto his fader syr Ector/theñe
syr Ector ranne vnto a knyght hyght
Lardans/& smote hors and man doun
& lad the hors vnto syr Brastias that
grete nede had of an hors & was grete
ly defoyled/whan Brastias behelde Lu
cas the botteler ꝑ laye lyke a deed man
vnder the hors feet/& euer syr Gryflet
dyde merueyllously for to relcowe hym/
& there were alwayes .xiiij. knyghtz on
syr Lucas/and thenne Brastias smote
one of hem on the helme/that it wente
to the teeth/& he rode to an other and
smote hym that ꝑ arme flewe in to the
felde. Thenne he wente to the thyrde
& smote hym on the sholder that shol⁊
der & arme flewe in ꝑ felde. And whan
Gryflet sawe relcowes / he smote a
knyght on the tempils that heed & hel⁊
me went to the erthe / & Gryflet toke
the hors of that knyght & lad hym vn
to syr Lucas/& bad hym moũte vpon
the hors & reuenge his hurtz. For Brai
stias had slayne a knyght tofore & hor
sed Gryflet.

¶ Yet of the same batayle. Ca.xv.

Theñe Lucas sawe kyng Agwy
sauce ꝑ late had slayne Morys
de la roche/& Lucas rãne to hym with
a short spere ꝑ was grete/that he gaf
hym suche a falle ꝑ the hors felle doun
to the erthe. Also Lucas fo[illegible]
foote Bloyas de la fl
Gwynas two hard
woodenes that Luc
two bacheleis & he
thenne waxed ꝑ b

de on bothe partyes/but kyng Arthur was glad ꝑ his knyghtes were horsed agayne/& thenne they fought togyder that the noyse & sowne range by ꝑ water & the wood / wherfore kyng Ban & kyng Bors made them redy & dressyd theyr sheldes & harneys/and they were so couragyous ꝑ many knyghtes shoke and beuerd for egrenes. All this whyle Lucas & Gwynas & Bryaũte & Bellyas of Flaũdres helde stronge medle ayenst .vi. kynges/ꝑ was kyng Lott/kyng Mentres/kyng Brandegorys/kyng Idres/kyng Dryence/& kyng Agwylaũce. So with the helpe of syr Kay & of syr Gryflet they helde thyle .vi. kynges harde that vnnethe they had ony power to defende them. But whan syr Arthur sawe the batayl wolde not be ended by no maner/he ferde wood as a lyon/& styred his hors here and there on the ryght honde & on the lyfte honde ꝑ he stynte not tyll he had slayne .xx. knyghtes. Also he woũded kyng Lott sore on the sholder & made hym to leue that groũde/for syr Kay and Gryflet dyde with kyng Arthur there grete dedes of armes. Thenne Ulfius & Brastias and syr Ector encoũtred ayenst the duke Eustace and kyng Cradelment & kyng Cradelmãt & kyng Claryaũce of Northũberlonde and kyng Carados & ayenst the kyng with the hondred knyghtes. So thyle knyghtꝭ encoũtred with thyle kynges ꝑ they made them to auoyde the groũde. Thenne kyng Lott made grete dole for his dõmages & his felowes/& sayd vnto the .x. kynges/but yf ye wyll do as I deuyse we shal be slane & destroyde/lete me haue the kyng with ꝑ hondred knyghtes & kyng Agwylaũce & kyng Idres & the duke of Canbenech & we .v. kynges wol haue .xv.M. men of armes with vs & we wyll go on parte/whyle ye .vi. kynges holde ꝑ medle with .xij.M. and as we see that ye haue foughten with hem longe / thenne wyll we come on fyersly/& elles shall we neuer matche hem sayd kyng Lott but by this meane. Soo they departed as they here deuysed/and .vi. kynges made her party stronge ayenst Arthur & made grete warre longe. In ꝑ meane whyle brake ꝑ enbusshement of kynge Ban & kyng Bors/and Lyonles & Phariaũce had the aduant garde/and they two kynges mette wᵗ kyng Idres & his felaushyp/& there began a grete medle of brekynge of speres & smytynge of swerdes with sleynge of men & horses/& kyng Idres was nere at dyscomforture. That sawe Agwylaunce the kyng & put Lyonles & Pharyaũce in poynt of deth/for the duke of Canbenech came on withall with a grete felaushyp/so thyle two knyghtꝭ were in grete daunger of theyr lyues ꝑ they were fayne to retourne / but alwayes they relcowed hemself & theyr felaushyp merueyloully. Whan kyng Bors sawe tho knyghtes put on back it greued hym sore/thenne he came on so fast that his felaushyp semed as black as Ynde. Whan kyng Lott hadde aspyed kyng Bors/he knewe hym wel/thenne he sayd. O Jhesu defende vs fro deth & horryble maymes / for I se well we ben in grete peryll of deth/for I se ponder a kyng one of the mooste worshyp/fullest man & one of the best knyghtes of the worlde ben enclyned vnto his felaushyp/what is he sayd the kyng wᵗ the hondred knyghtes/it is sayd kyng

Lott kyng Bors of Gaule. I meruey l how they come in to this coũtree with out wetynge of vs all. It was by Mer/ lyns auyse sayd the knyght. As for hȳ sayd kyng Carados. I wyll encoũtre with kyng Bors and ye wyl welcome me whan as it nede is / goo on sayd they all / we wyll do all that we may/ thenne kyng Carados & his hoost rode on a softe pace tyll ꝑ they come as nyghe kyng Bors as a bowe draught thenne eyther batayll lete theyr horses renne as faste as they myght / & Bleoberys ꝑ was godsone vnto kyng Bors he bare his chyef standarde / that was a passynge good knyght. Now shall we se sayd kyng Bors how thyse nor/ thern Brytons can bere the armes / & kyng Bors encoũtred with a knyght / & smote hym thorugh out with a spere that he felle deed vnto the erthe / & af/ ter drewe his swerde & dyde merueyl/ lous dedes of armes ꝑ all partyes had grete wonder therof / & his knyghtes fayled not but dyde theyr parte / and kyng Carados was smyten to ꝑ erthe with that cam the kyng with the hon dred knyghtes & relcued kyng Cara/ dos myghtly by force of armes / for he was a passyng good knyght of a kyng and but a ponge man.

¶ Yet more of the sayd batayle & how it was ended by Merlyn. ca.xvi.

By than come in to ꝑ felde kyng Ban as a fyers lyon with ban des of grene / & therupon golde. Sha ha sayd kyng Lott we must be dyscomfy te / for ponder I see the mooste valyaũt knyght of the worlde / & ꝑ man of the mooste renõme / for suche two brethern as is kyng Ban & kyng Bors are not lyuynge / wherfore we must nedes voy/ de or deye. And but we auoyde manly & wysely / ther is but deth. Whan kyng Ban came in to the batayle / he came in so fyersly / ꝑ the strokes redoũded a/ gayne fro the wood & the water / wher fore kyng Lott wept for pyte & dole ꝑ he sawe so many good knyghtes take theyr ende. But thorugh the grete for/ ce of kyng Ban they made bothe the Northern bataylle that were departed hurtled togyder for grete drede / & the thre kynges with theyr knyghtes slewe on euer ꝑ is was pyte for to beholde ꝑ multytude of the people that fledde. But kyng Lott & ꝑ kyng of the hon/ dred knyghtes & kyng Morganore ga dred ꝑ people togyder passynge knygh tly / & dyde grete prowesse of armes / & helde the batayle all ꝑ daye lyke har/ de. ¶ Whan the kyng of the hondred knyghtes behelde the grete dãmage ꝑ kyng Ban dyde / he threst vnto hym with his hors & smote hym on hyghe vpon ꝑ helme a grete stroke & stonyed hym sore. Thenne kyng Ban was wroth with hym / & folowed on hym fyersly / the other sawe that / & caste vp his shelde & spored his hors forwarde but the stroke of kyng Ban felle doun & carfe a cantell of the shelde / and the swerde slode doun by the hauberke be/ hynde his backe / & cutte thorugh the trappere of stele / and the hors euen in two pyeces ꝑ the swerde felte the erthe Thenne the kyng of ꝑ hondred knygh tes voyde the hors lyghtly & with his swerde he brocched the hors of kyng Ban thorugh & thorugh / with ꝑ kyng Ban voyded lyghtly from ꝑ deed hors and thenne kyng Ban smote at the

other so egrely/and smote hym on the helme that he felle to the erthe. Also in ỳ pre he felde kyng Morganore / & there was grete slaughter of good knyghtes & moche people. By thay come in to the prees kyng Arthur / & foũde kyng Ban standynge amonge deed men & deed horses fyghtynge on foote as a wood lyon/that ther came none nygh hym as ferre as he myght reche with his swerde/but he caught a greuous buffet wherof kyng Arthur had grete pyte. And Arthur was so blody that by his shelde ther myght no man knowe hym/for all was blood & brayne on his swerde. And as Arthur lokked by hym / he sawe a knyght ỳ was passyngly well horsed/& therwith syr Arthur ranne to hym/and smote hym on the helme ỳ his swerde wente vnto his teeth/& the knyght sanke doun to the erthe deed/and anone Arthur toke the hors by the rayne & ladde hym vnto kyng Ban & sayd fayr brother/haue this hors / for ye haue grete nede therof & me repenteth sore of your grete dãmage. Hit shalbe soone reuenged sayd kyng Ban / for I truste in god myn hurt is not suche but some of thẽ may sore repente this. I wol well sayd Arthur/for I se your dedes ful actual Neuertheles I myght not come at you at ỳ tyme. But whan kyng Ban was moũted on horsbake/theñe ther began newe batayll the whiche was sore and harde & passynge grete slaughter. And so thorugh grete force kyng Arthur & kyng Ban and kyng Bors made her knyghtes a lytell to withdrawe them. But alwaye the .xi. kynges with her chyualrye neuer torned backe/and soo withdrewe hem to a lytell wood/& sowe ouer a lytell ryuer / & there they rested hem/for on the nyght they myght haue no reste on the felde. And theñe the .xi. kynges & her knyghtes put hem on ay hepe all togyder as men adrady & out of all comforte/but ther was no man myght passe them/they helde hem so harde togyder bothe behynde & before that kyng Arthur had merueylle of theyr dedes of armes & was passynge wrothe. A syr Arthur sayd kyng Ban & kyng Bors/blame them not. For they do as good men ought to do for by my fayth sayd kyng Ban/they are the best fyghtynge men & knyghtes of moost prowesse that euer I sawe or herde spoke of/and tho .xi. kynges are men of grete worshyp. And yf they were longynge vnto you/there were noo kyng vnder the heuen hadde suche .xi. knyghtes & of suche worshyp. I may not loue hem sayd Arthur/they wolde destroye me / that wote we well sayd kyng Ban & kyng Bors/for they are your mortall enemyes/and that hath ben preued afore honde/and this daye they haue done theyr parte / & that is grete pyte of her wylfulnes. Thenne all the .xi. kynges drewe hym togyder And thenne sayd kyng Lott/lordes ye must take other wayes than ye do/or els the grete losse is behynde / ye may se what people we haue loste/& what good men we lese/by cause we wayte alwayes on thyse foot men/& euer in launynge of one of the foot men we lese .x. hors men for hym/therfore this is myn aduyse/lete vs put our foot men from vs/for it is nere nyght. For the noble Arthur wyll not tary on the foote men / for they may saue hemselfe/the wood is nerehonde. And whan we

hors men be togyder/loke euerych of you kynges lete make suche an ordenaunce that none breke vpon payne of deth. And who that seeth ony man dresse hym to flee / lyghtely that he be slayne / for it is better that we slee a cowarde than thorugh a cowarde all we be slayne. How saye ye sayd kyng Lott/answere me all ye kynges / it is well sayd quod kyng Nentres/so sayd the kyng of the hondred knyghtes/the same sayd the kyng Carados & kyng Uryence/soo dyde kyng Jores & kyng Brandegorys/and so dyde kyng Cardelmans and the duke of Candebenet the same sayd kyng Claryaunce and kyng Agwysaũce/and swore they wolde neuer faylle other neyther for lyfe nor for deth. And who so that fledde but dyde as they dyde sholde be slayne Thenne they amended theyr harneys and ryghted theyr sheldes & toke newe speres & sette hem on theyr thyes & stode stylle as hit hadde ben a plompe of wood.

Yet of the sayd batayll. ca.xvij.

When kyng Arthur and kyng Ban and kyng Bors beheelde them & all her knyghtes they praysed them moche for theyr noble chere of chyualrye for the hardyest fyghters þ euer they herde or sawe/with that ther dressyd hem a .xl. noble knyghtes and sayd vnto the thre kynges/they wolde breke theyr batayle/thyse were her names. Lyonles. Phariaũce. Ulfius Brastias. Ector. Kay. Lucas the botteler. Gryflet la fyse de dieu. Marpet de la roche. Gwynas de bloy. Bryant de la foreyst sauuage. Bellaus. Morgans of the castell of maydens. Flanedreus of the castell of ladyes. Annecians þ was kyng Bors godsone a noble knyght. Ladynas de la rouse. Emeraus. Caulas. Gracyens le casteleyn/one Bloyse de la caase / & syr Colgreuaũce de gorre/all thyse knyghtes rode on afore with speres on theyr thyes/& spored theyr horses myghtly as fast as theyr horses myght renne. And the .xi. kynges with parte of theyr knyghtes russhed with theyr horses as fast as they myght with theyr speres/& there they dyde on both partyes merueyllous dedes of armes/so came in to þ thyckest of the prees Arthur Ban & Bors and slewe down ryght on both hondes that her horses went in blood vp to the fetlokys. But euer the .xi. kynges & theyr hoost was euer in þ vylage of Arthur wherfore Ban & Bors had grete merueyl consyderynge the grete slaughter that there was/but at the last they were dryuen a backe ouer a lytell ryuer/with þ came Merlyn on a grete blacke hors/and sayd vnto Arthur/thou hast neuer done / hast þ not done ynough/of thre score thousande this daye hast thou lefte on lyue but .xv.M. and it is tyme to saye ho for god is wroth wt the that thou wolt neuer haue done/for yonder .xi. kynges at this tyme wyll not be ouerthrowen / but & thou tary on them ony lenger / thy fortune wyll tourne and theyrs shall encreace & therfore withdrawe you vnto your lodgynge and rest you as soone as ye may / & rewarde your good knyghtes with golde and with syluer / for they haue well deserued hit / there may no ryches be to dere for them / for of so fewe men as ye haue ther were neuer

men dyde more of prowesse than they haue done this daye/for ye haue matched this daye with the best fyghters of the worlde/that is trouthe sayd kyng Ban & kyng Bors. Also sayd Merlyn withdrawe you where lyst ye/for this thre yere I dare undertake they shall not dere you/and by than ye shall here newe tydynges. And thenne Merlyn sayd unto Arthur/thyse.xi. kynges haue more on honde than they are ware of/for ỹ Saralyns are londed in theyr coũtrees more than .xl.M. that brenne and slee/& haue leyde syege at the castell Wandelborough & make grete destruccyon / therfore drede you not this thre yere. Also syr all the goodes that ben goten at this batayll lete it be serched/& whan ye haue it in your hondes lete it be gyuen frely to thyse two kynges Ban & Bors ỹ they may rewarde theyr knyghtes with all/& that shall cause straungers to be of better wyll to do you seruyce at a nede. Also ye be able to reward your owne knyghtes of your owne goodes whan so euer it lyketh you. Yt it well sayd quod Arthur/& as thou haste deuysed so shall it be done. Whan it was delyuerd unto Ban & Bors they gaaf the goodes as frely to theyr knyghtes as frely as it was gyuen to them. Thenne Merlyn tooke his leue of Arthur & of the two kynges for to goo and se his mayster Bleyse that dwelled in Northumberlonde/and so he departed & cam to his mayster that was passynge gladde of his comynge / and there he tolde how Arthur & the two kynges had spedde at the grete bataylle/and how it was ended / and tolde the names of euery kyng & knyght of worshyp that was there. And so Bleyse wrote the batayl worde by worde as Merlyn tolde hym how it began/and by whome/& in lyke wyse how it was ended/and who ỹ had the worst. All the bataylles that were done in Arthurs dayes. Merlyn dyde his mayster Bleyse for to wryte. Also he dyde do wryte all the batayls that euery worthy knyght dyde of Arthurs courte. After this Merlyn departed from his mayster & came to kyng Arthur that was in the castell of Bedegrayne/that was one of the castels that stoden in ỹ forest of Sherewood. And Merlyn was soo dysguysed that kyng Arthur knewe hym not / for he was all be furred in black shepe skynnes and a grete payre of bootes / and a bowe & arowes in a russet gowne/& brought wylde gyse in his honde/and it was on ỹ morn after Candelmasse daye / but kyng Arthur knewe hym not. Syr sayd Merlyn unto the kyng/wyl ye gyue me a gyfte/wherfore sayd kyng Arthur sholde I gyue the a gyfte chorle. Syr sayd Merlyn ye were better to gyue me a gyfte that is not in your honde than to lese grete rychesse. For here in the same place there ỹ grete batayll was is grete tresour hyde in the erthe/who tolde the so chorle sayd kyng Arthur. Merlyn tolde me so sayd he/thenne Ulfius and Brastias knewe hym well ynough & smyled. Syre sayd thyse two knyghtes/it is Merlyn that so speketh unto you/thenne kyng Arthur was gretely abasshed and had merueyll of Merlyn/and so had kyng Ban & kyng Bors / and so they had grete dysporte at hym. So in the meane whyle there came a damoysell that was ay erles doughter / & hyr faders

name was Sanam/& her name was Lyonors a pallynge fayre damoyselle/ and so she cam thyder for to do homage as other lordes dyde after the grete batayll. And kyng Arthur sette his loue gretely vpon her & so dyde she vpon hȳ & the kyng had ado with her/and gate on her a childe/& his name was Bore that was after a good knyght & of the table rounde. Thenne there came worde that the kyng Ryence of northen Wales made grete warre on kyng Leodegraūce of Camylyarde/ for ꝑ whiche thynge kyng Arthur was wroth/for he loued hym well & hated kyng Ryence / for he was alwaye agaynst hym. So by ordenaunce of the thre kynges that were sente home vnto Benwych / all they wolde departe for drede of kyng Claudas/and Pharyaūce & Antemes and Gracians & Lyonles Payarne / with the leders of tho that sholde kepe the kynges londes.

Thow kyng Arthur kyng Ban and kyng Bors relcowed kyng Leodegraūce & other Incydentes. ca.xviij.

Thenne kyng Arthur and kyng Ban & kyng Bors departed with her felaulhyp a .xx.M. and came within .vi. dayes in to the coūtree of Camylyarde / and there relcowed kyng Leodegraūce & slewe there moche people of kyng Ryence vnto the nombre of .x.M. men and put hym to flyght. And theñe had thyle thre kynges grete chere of kyng Leodegraūce/ ꝑ thanked them of theyr grete goodnelle that they wolde reuenge hym of his enemyes/and there hadde Arthur the fyrst lyght of Gueneuer the kynges doughter of Camylyarde / & euer after he loued her. Afterwarde they were wedded as it telleth in the boke. So breuely to make an ende/the two kynges tooke theyr leue to goo in to theyr owne coūtree/for kyng Claudas dyde grete destruccōn on both theyr londes. Thenne sayd kyng Arthur. I wyll go with you. Nay sayd the two kyngs ye shall not at this tyme/for ye haue moche to do yet in thyle londes/therfore we wyll departe/& with the grete goodes ꝑ we haue goten in thyle londes by your gyftes we shall wage many good knyghtes & withstande the kyng Claudas malyce/for by the grace of god & we haue nede we wyll sende to you for your socour. And yf ye haue nede sende for vs / and we wyll not tarye by the fayth of our bodyes. Hit shall not nede sayd Merlyn that thyle two kynges come agayne in the waye of warre. But I knowe well ꝑ kyng Arthur may not be longe from you / for within a yere or two ye shall haue grete nede / and thenne shall he reuenge you on your enemyes as ye haue done on his. For thyle .xi. kynges shall deye all in one daye by the grete myght and prowesse of armes of two valyaūt knyghtes as it telleth after/ her names bey Balyn le saueage and Balan his brother that bey merueyllous good knyghtes as bey ony lyuyng. Now torne we to the .xi. kynges that retorned vnto a Cyte that hyght Sorhaute/the whiche Cyte was within kyng Ryence londe / & there they refresshed hem as well as they myght and made leches serche theyr woūdes and sorowed gretely for the deth of her

people/with that there came a messa/ger and tolde how ther was comen in to theyr londes people that were lau/les as wel as Saralyns a .xl.M. and haue brente, and slayne all the people that they may come by without mercy and haue leyde syege on the castell of Wandesborough. Alas sayd the.xi. kyn ges here is sorowe vpon sorowe. And yf we had not warred ayenst Arthur as we haue done / he wolde soone re/uenge vs/as for kyng Leodegraũce he loueth Arthur better than vs. And as for kyng Rence / he hath ynough to do vñ Leodegraũce/for he hath leyde syege vnto hym. So they consented to kepe all the marches of Cornewayle/ of Wales/and of the Northe/so fyrste they putte kyng Idres in the Cyte of Naũtes in Brytayne with four thou/sande men of armes / to watche both the water & the londe. Also they putte in the Cyte of Wyndelan kyng Men/tres of Garlott with four thousande knyghtes to watche bothe on water & on londe. Also they had of other men of warre moo than .viij. thousande for to fortyfye all the fortresses in the marches of Cornewaylle. Also they putte moo knyghtes in all the mar/ches of Wales and Scotlonde with many good men of armes/and so they kepte hem togyders the space of thre yere. And euer alyed hym with myghty kynges and dukes & lordes. And to them felle kyng Rence of north Wa les/the whiche was a myghty man of men/& Nero that was also a myghty man of men. And all this whyle they furnysshed hem and garnysshed hem of good men of armes & vytayle and of all maner of abylement that pre/tendeth to the warre to auenge hem for the bataylle of Bedegrayne/as it telleth in the boke of aduentues folo/wynge.

¶ How kyng Arthur rode to Carlyon and of his dreme/& how he sawe the questynge beest. ca.xix.

Thenne after the departynge of kyng Ban and of kyng Bors kyng Arthur rode vnto Carlyon. And thyder cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney in maner of a messager/but she was sente thyder to aspye the cour te of kyng Arthur/& she came rychely belene with her four sones. Gawayn. Gaherys. Agrauayns/and Gareth/ with many other knyghtes & ladyes/ for she was a passyng fayr lady/wher fore the kyng cast grete loue vnto her and delyred to lye by her/so they were agreed/and he begate vpon her Mor/dred / & she was his syster on the mo/ders syde Igrayne. So there she rested her a moneth & at the laste departed. Thenne the kyng dremed a meruey/lous dreme wherof he was sore adrad But all this tyme kyng Arthur kne/we not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster. ¶ Thus was the dreme of Ar thur / hym thought ther was come in to this londe gryffons & serpentes/and hym thought that they brente and sle/we all the people in the londe. And thenne hym thouhht he fauuht with hem/and they dyde hym passynge gre te harme/and wounded hym full sore. but at the laste he slewe hem. Whan the kyng awoke/he was passynge hey/ up and pensyf of his dreme / and soo for to putte it out of his thoughtes/

he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge. As soone as he was in the forest/the kyng sawe a grete herte afore hym/this herte wyll I chace sayd kyng Arthur. And so he spored his hors & rode after longe/and so by fyne force ofte he was lyke to haue smyten the herte/where as ỹ kyng had chaced the hert so longe ỹ his hors had loste his brethe & fylle doun deed. Thẽne a yoman fette the kyng an other hors / so the kyng sawe the herte enbusshed & his hors deed/he sett hym doun by a fontayne & there he felle in grete thoughtes. And as he satte so hỹ thought he herde a noyse of houndes to the somme of .xxx. And with that the kyng sawe comynge towarde hym the straũgest beest ỹ euer he sawe or herde of/so the beest wente to the welle and dranke/& the noyse was in the beestes bely lyke vnto the questynge of .xxx. coupell houndes/but all the whyle the beest dranke there was no noyse in the beestes bely/& therwith the beest departed wt a grete noyse/wherof the kyng had grete merueyll. And so he was in a grete thought/& therwith he fell on slepe. Rygh̄t so ther came a knyght a foot vnto Arthur/& sayd knyght full of thought and slepy/telle me yf thou sawest a straũge beest passe this waye. Suche one sawe I sayd kyng Arthur that is past two myle/what wolde ye with the beest sayd Arthur. Syr I haue folowed ỹ beest longe tyme/& kylde myn hors / so wolde god I had an other to folowe my quest/ryght so cam one with the kynges hors/& whan the knyght sawe the hors / he prayed the kynge to gyue hym the hors/for I haue folowed this quest this .xij. moneth̄es/and other I shall encheue hym or blede of ỹ best blood of my body. Pellynore ỹ tyme kyng folowed the questynge beest/& after his deth syr Palomydes folowed hit.

¶ How kyng Pellynore toke Arthurs hors & folowed the questynge beest / & how Merlyn mette with kyng Arthur Capl'm .xx.

SYr knyght sayd the kyng leue ỹ queste & suffre me to haue hit/& I wyll folowe it any other .xij. moneth A foole sayd the knyght vnto Arthur it is in vayne thy desyre / for it shall neuer bey encheued but by me / or my nexte kynne / therwith he sterte vnto the kynges hors & mounted in to the sadell / and sayd gramercy this hors is myn owne/well sayd the kyng thou mayst take myn hors by force/but & I myght preue the whether thou were better on horsbake or I/well sayd the knyght seke me here whan thou wolt and here nyghe this welle thou shalt fynde me/and so passed on his waye/ Thenne the kyng satte in a studye & badde his men fetche his hors as fast as euer they myght. Rygh̄t so came by hym Merlyn lyke a childe of .xiij. yere of age and salewed the kyng / and asked hym why he was so pensyf and heuy. I may well be pensyf and heuy sayd the kyng/for I haue seen the merueylleste syght that euer I sawe / that knowe I well sayd Merlyn as wel as thy selfe and of all thy thoughtes/but thou art but a foole to take thought/ for it wyll not amende the. And also I knowe what thou art/and who was thy fader / and of whome thou were

begoten / kyng Vtherpendragon was thy fader/& begate the on Igrayne/ þ is fals sayd kyng Arthur / how sholdest thou knowe it for thou art not so olde of yeres to knowe my fader / yes sayd Merlyn . I knowe it better than ye or ony man lyuynge. I wyll not beleue the sayd Arthur and was wroth with the childe. So departed Merlyn & came agayne in the lykenesse of an olde man of foure score yere of age/ wherof the kyng was ryght glad/for he semed to be ryght wyse . Thenne sayd the olde man why are ye soo sad. I may well be heuy sayd Arthur for many thynges. Also here was a childe & tolde me many thynges þ me semeth he sholde not knowe / for he was not of age to knowe my fader/yes sayd þ olde man/the childe tolde you trouth/ & more wolde he haue tolde you & ye wolde haue suffred hym. But ye haue done a thynge late that god is displeased with you/for ye haue lyen by your syster/& on her ye haue goten a childe þ shall destroye you & all the knyghtes of your realme. What are ye sayd Arthur that tell me thyse tydynges. I am Merlyn/& I was he in the childes lykenesse . A sayd kyng Arthur ye are a merueyllous man/but I meruey1 moche of thy wordes þ I mote deye in bataylL . Meruey11 not sayd Merlyn/for it is goddes wyll your body to be punyshed for your foule dedes . But I may well be sory sayd Merlyn / for I shall deye a shamefull deth to be put in the erthe quycke / and ye shall deye a worshypfull deth. And as they talked thus/came one with the kynges hors/ & so the kyng mounted on his hors/and Merlyn on an other and so rode vnto Carlyon / and anone the kyng asked Ector and Vlfius how he was begoten / and they tolde hym þ Vtherpendragon was his fader & quene Igrayne his moder/thenne he sayd to Merlyn. I wyll that my moder be sente for that I may speke with her. And yf she saye so her selfe/thenne wyll I beleue hit . In all haste the quene was sente fore/and she cam & brought with her Morgan le fay her doughter þ was as fayre a lady as ony myght be/and the kyng welcomed Igrayne in the beste maner.

Chow Vlfius apeched quene Igrayne Arthurs moder of treason . And how a knyght came & defyred to haue the deth of his mayster reuenged. Capl'm .xxi.

Ryght so cam Vlfius and sayd openly that the kyng and all myght here that were fested þ daye/ ye are the falsest lady of the worlde/ and the moost traytresse vnto the kynges persone . Beware sayd kyng Arthur what thou sayst/for thou spekest a grete worde . I am well ware sayd Vlfius what I speke/and here is my gloue to preue hit vpon ony man that saye the contrarye / that this quene Igrayne is cause of al your grete dōmage / and of your grete warre . For and she wolde haue vsed in the lyfe of kyng Vtherpendragon of the byrthe of you / and how that ye were begoten ye hadde neuer hadde the mortall warres that ye haue hadde / for the moost parte of your Barons and lordes of your Realme knewe neuer whoos sone ye were/nor of whome ye

were begoten / & the that bare you of her body sholde haue made it knowen openly in excusynge of her worshyp & yours / & in lyke wyse to all the reame wherfore I preue her fals to god & to you & to all your realme / & who wyll saye the contrarye I wyll preue it on his body. Thenne spake Igrayne and sayd. I am a woman & I may not fyght / but rather than I sholde be dyshonoured / ther wolde some good man take my quarell. More she sayd. Merlyn knoweth well and ye syr Ulfius how kyng Uther cam to me in the castel of Tyntagyll in the lykenes of my lorde that was dede thre houres tofore / and therby gate a childe ꝑ nyght vpon me And after the .xiij. daye kyng Uther wedded me / & by his cõmaundement whan the childe was borne it was delyuered vnto Merlyn & nourysshed by him / & so I sawe the childe neuer after nor wote not what is his name / for I knewe hym̃ neuer yet. And there Ulfius sayd to the quene. Merlyn is more to blame than ye / I wote well sayd the quene I bare a childe by my lord kyng Uther / but I whote not where he is become. Thenne Merlyn toke the kyng by the honde sayenge / this is your moder / & therwith syr Ector bare wytnes how he nourysshed hym by Uthers cõmaũdement. And therwith kyng Arthur toke his moder quene Igrayne in his armes & kyst her / and eyther wept vpon other. And thenne the kyng lete make a feste ꝑ lasted. viij. dayes. Theñe on a daye ther come in ꝑ court a squyre on horsbake ledynge a knyght before hym woũded to the deth / & tolde hym ther was a knyght in the forest hadde rered vp a pauelyone by a welle and hath slayn my mayster a good knyght his name was Myles / wherfore I beseche you that my mayster may be buryed / and that some knyght may reuenge my maysters deth / thenne the noyse was grete of that knyghtes deth in the courte / & euery man sayd his aduyse. Thenne came Gryflet ꝑ was but a squyre / and he was but ponge of ꝑ age of kyng Arthur / so he besought the kyng for all his seruyce ꝑ he had done to gyue hym the ordre of knyght hode.

Chow Gryflet was made knyght & Justed with a knyght. ca. xxij.

Thou art full ponge and tender of age sayd Arthur for to take so hyghe an ordre on the / syr sayd Gryflet I beseche you make me knyght. Syre sayd Merlyn it were grete pyte to lese Gryflet / for he wyll be a passynge good man whan he is of age / abydynge with you the terme of his lyf And yf he aduenture his body with yonder knyght at the fontayne it is in grete peryll yf euer he come agayne / for he is one of the best knyghtes of the worlde / and the strongest man of armes. Well sayd Arthur / so at the desyre of Gryflet the kyng made hym knyght. Now sayd Arthur vnto syr Gryflet. Sythen ꝑ I haue made you knyght thou muste geue me a gyfte / what ye wyll sayd Gryflet. Thou shalt promyse me by the fayth of thy body whan thou haste Justed with the knyght at the fontayne / whether it falle that ye be on foot or on horsbake that ryght soo ye shall come agayne vnto me without ony questyon or ma-

kynge ony more debate. I wyll prompsle you sayd Gryflet as you desyre. Thenne toke Gryflet his hors in grete haste/& dressyd his shelde & toke a spere in his honde/& so he rode a grete wallop tyll he cam to the fontayne/& ther by he sawe a ryche pauelyon/and ther by vnder a cloth stode a fayre hors well sadeled & brydeled/and on a tree a shelde of dyuerse colours & a grete spere. Thenne Gryflet smote on the shelde with the bott of his spere ꝑ the shelde felle doun to the grounde/with ꝑ the knyght cam out of the pauelyon & sayd fayr knyght why smote ye doun my shelde / for I wyll Juste with you sayd Gryflet/it is better ye do not sayd the knyght/for ye are but yonge & late made knyght/and your myght is noo thynge to myn/as for ꝑ sayd Gryflet I wyll Juste with you/that is me loth sayd the knyght/but sythen I must nedes I wyll dresse me therto/of whens be ye sayd the knyght/syr I am of Arthurs courte. So ꝑ two knyghtes rāne togyder ꝑ Gryflets spere all to sheuered/& therwith all he smote Gryflet thorugh the shelde & the lyfte syde / & brake the spere ꝑ the troncheon stacke in his body ꝑ hors & knyght fyll doun.

¶ How .xij. knyghtes came from Rome and asked truage of this londe of Arthur/& how Arthur faught with a knyght. ¶a.xxiij.

¶ Than the knyght sawe hym lyeso on the grounde/he alyght & was passynge heuy / for he wende he had slayne hym/& thenne he vnlaced his helme & gaf hym wynde/and soo with the troncheon he set hym on his hors & gate hym wynde/and so betoke hym to god/& sayd he had a myghty herte / and yf he myght lyue he wolde preue a passynge good knyght/and so syr Gryflet rode to the courte where grete doole was made for hym . But thorugh good leches he was heeled/& saued. Ryght so came in to the courte .xij. knyghtes & were aged men/and they came from themperour of Rome and asked of Arthur truage for this realme/or elles themperour wolde destroye hym & his londe/wel sayd kyng Arthur ye are messagers / therfore ye may saye what ye wyll other elles ye sholde deye therfore. But this is myn answere. I owe themperour no truage nor none wyll I holde hym / but on a fayre felde I shall gyue hȳ my truage that shall be with a sharpe spere / or elles with a sharpe swerde / and that shall not be longe by my faders soule Vtherpendragon/& therwith the messagers departed passyngly wroth/and kyng Arthur as wroth/for in an euyl tyme came they thenne / for the kyng was passyngly wroth for the hurte of syr Gryflet/and soo he cōmaunded a preuy man of his chambre/that or hit be daye his best hors and armour with all that longed vnto his persone be without the Cyte or to morowe daye. Ryght so or to morowe daye he mette with his man & his hors/& so moūted vp & dressyd his shelde / and toke his spere & bad his chamberlayn tary there tyll he came agayne. And so Arthur roode a softe paas tyll it was daye / and thenne was he ware of thre chorles chalynge Merlyn / and wolde haue slayne hym . Thenne the kyng roode vnto theym / and badde theym

flee chorles / thenne were they aferde whan they sawe a knyght and fled. Merlyn sayd Arthur/here haddest ꝑ be slayne for all thy crafts had I not ben Nay sayd Merlyn not so/for I coude saue my self & I wolde/and ꝑ art more nere thy deth than I am for ꝑ gost to ꝑ deth warde & god be not thy frende. Soo as they wente thus talkynge/ they came to the fontayne/& the ryche pauelyone there by hit / thenne kyng Arthur was ware where sat a knyght armed in a chayre. Syre knyght sayd Arthur/for what cause abydest ꝑ here ꝑ ther may no knyght ryde this waye but yf he Juste with the sayd the kyng I rede the leue ꝑ custome sayd Arthur This custome sayd the knyght haue I vsed and wyll vse magre who sayth nay/and who is greued with my custome/lete hym amende hit that woll. I wyll amende it sayd Arthur. I shall defende the sayd the knyght/anone he toke his hors & dressyd his shelde and tobe a spere & they mette so harde eyther in others sheldes ꝑ all to sheuered theyr speres / ther with anone Arthur pulled out his swerde/nay not so sayd the knyght/it is fayrer sayd ꝑ knyght that we tweyne renne more to gyders with sharpe speres. I wyll well sayd Arthur & I had ony mo speres. I haue ynough sayd the knyght/so ther cam a squyre & brought two good speres/& Arthur chose one and he an other/soo they spored theyr horses & came togyd̃ with all theyr myght that eyther brake her speres to her hondes/thenne Arthur sette honde on his swerde/nay sayd ꝑ knyght/ye shall do better/ye are a passynge good Juster as euer I mette w̃ all / & ones for the loue of the hyghe order of knyghthode lete vs Juste ones agayne. I assent me sayd Arthur/and ne there were brought two good speres & euery knyght gate a spere/and ther with they ranne togyder that Arthurs spere all to sheuered. But the other knyght hit hym soo harde in myddes of the shelde that hors & man felle to the erthe/& therwith Arthur was egre & pulled out his swerde/& sayd I wyl assaye the syr knyght on foot/for I haue lost the honour on horsbake. I wyll be on horsbake sayd the knyght/thenne was Arthur wroth & dressyd his shelde towarde hym with his swerde drawen/whan the knyght sawe that/he alyght / for hym thought no worshyp to haue a knyght at suche auayle he to be on horbak & he on foot/& so alyght & dressyd his shelde vnto Arthur and ther began a stronge batayle w̃ many grete strokes/& so hewe with her swerdes ꝑ the cantels flewe in the feldes/& moche blood they bledde both/that al the place there as they faught was ouer bledde with blood / and thus they fought longe & rested hem/and thenne they wente to the batayle agayne/& so hurtled togyder lyke two rãmes that eyther felle to the erthe. So at the last they smote togyder ꝑ both her swerdes met euen togyder. But the swerde of the knyght smote kyng Arthurs swerde in two pyeces/wherfore he was heuy/thenne sayd ꝑ knyght vnto Arthur thou art in my daũger whether me lyst to saue the or slee the/& but ꝑ yelde the as ouercome & recreaũt/ꝑ shalt deye/ as for deth sayd kyng Arthur welcome be it whan it cometh/but to yelde me vnto the as recreaunt I had leuer deye than to be so shamed. And there

withall the kyng lepte vnto Pellynore & toke hȳ by the myddel & threwe hym doun & raced of his helme. Whan the knyght felt that/he was adrad/for he was a passynge bygge man of myght and anone he brought Arthur vnder hym & raced of his helme/and wolde haue smyten of his heed.

¶ How Merlyn saued Arthurs lyf/& threwe an enchauntement vpon kyng Pellynore and made hym for to slepe. Capl'm .xxiiij.

Therwith all cam Merlyn and sayd/knyght holde thy honde. For & thou slee that knyght ꝑ puttest this reame in the grettest dammage ꝑ euer reame was in/for this knyght is a man of more worshyp than thou wotest of. Why who is he sayd the knyght it is kyng Arthur. Thenne wolde he haue slayne hȳ for drede of his wrath and heue vp his swerde/and therwith Merlyn cast an enchauntement to the knyght ꝑ he felle to the erthe in a grete slepe. Theñe Merlyn toke vp kyng Arthur & rode forth on the knyghtes hors. Allas sayd Arthur what haste ꝑ done Merlyn/hast ꝑ slayne this good knyght by thy crafftes/there lyued not so worshypfull a knyght as he was. I had leuer than the stynte of my londe a yere that he were on lyue. Care ye not sayd Merlyn/for he is holer than ye/for he is but on slepe & wyl awake within thre houres. I tolde you sayd Merlyn what a knyght he was. Here had ye be slayne had I not ben. Also there lyued not a bygger knyght than he is one/& he shall here after do you ryght good seruyce & his name is Pellynore/& he shall haue two sones that shall be passynge good men sauf one/they shall haue no felowe of prowesse and of good lyuynge/and her names shall ben Percyuale of wales & Lamerock of wales/& they shall tell you the name of your owne begoten sone of your syster/that shall be the destruccõn of all this Royame.

¶ How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Excalybur his swerde of the lady of the lake. ca.xxv.

Ryght so the kyng & he departed & wente vntyll an hermyte that was a good man & a grete leche/So the hermyte serched all his woũdes and gaf hym good salues/soo the kyng was there thre dayes/& thenne were his woundes well amended that he myght ryde & go/and so departed/And as they rode Arthur sayd. I haue no swerde/no force sayd Merlyn/here by is a swerde that shall be yours & I may. So they rode tyll they came to a lake the whiche was a fayre water & brode. And in the myddes of the lake Arthur was ware of an arme clothed in whyte lampte/ꝑ held a fayre swerde in that honde. Lo sayd Merlyn yonder is that swerde ꝑ I spake of/with ꝑ they sawe a damoysell goynge vpon the lake/what damoysell is that sayd Arthur/that is the lady of the lake sayd Merlyn. And within ꝑ lake is a roche/& therin is as fayre a place as ony on erthe & rychely besene/and this damoysell wyll come to you anone/& thenne speke fayr to her that she wyll gyue you ꝑ swerde. Anone withall came the damoysell vnto Arthur/and

salewed hym/and he her agayne. Da moysell sayd Arthur/what swerde is that/that ponder the arme holdeth a/ boue the water. I wolde it were myne for I haue no swerde. Syr Arthur kyn ge sayd the damoysell/that swerde is myn / and yf ye wyll gyue me a gyfte whan I aske it you ye shall haue it / by my fayth sayd Arthur. I wyll gyue you what gyfte ye wyll aske/wel sayd the damoysell/go ye in to ponder bar/ ge/& rowe your self to the swerde and take it/& scauberde with you / and I wyll aske my gyfte whan I se my ty/ me. So syr Arthur & Merlyn alyght & tyed theyr horses to two trees/& soo they wente in to the shyp/& whan they came to the swerde ỹ the honde helde/ syr Arthur toke it vp by the handels/ & toke it with hym/and ỹ arme & the honde wente vnder the water/& so co/ me vnto the londe & rode forth. And thenne syr Arthur sawe a ryche pauel/ yone/what sygnefyeth ponder pauel/ yone/that is the knyghtes pauelyone that ye fought with last syr Pellynore but he is out/he is not there/he hath a doo with a knyght of yours ỹ hyght Egglame/& they haue foughten togy der/but at the last Egglame fledde & els he had ben deed/& he hath chaced hym euen to Carlyon/& we shal mete with hym anone in the hyghe waye/ that is well sayd/sayd Arthur / now haue I a swerde/now wyll I wage ba tayll with hym & be auended on hym/ syre ye shall not so sayd Merlyn / for the knyght is wery of fyghtynge and chacynge so that ye shal haue no wor shyp to haue adoo with hym. Also he wyll not lyghtly be matched of one knyght lyuynge / & therfore it is my counseyll lete hym passe/for he shal do you good seruyce in shorte tyme & his lones after his dayes. Also ye shall se ỹ daye in short space ye shall be vyght glad to gyue hym your syster to wedde Whan I se hym I wyll doo as ye ad/ uyse me sayd Arthur. Thenne kyng Arthur loked on the swerde & lyked it passynge well/whether lyketh you bet ter sayd Merlyn the swerde or the scau berde. Me lyketh better ỹ swerde sayd Arthur/ye are more vnwyse sayd Mer lyn / for the scauberde is worth ten of the swerdes/for whyles ye haue ỹ scau berde vpon you ye shall neuer lese no blood be ye neuer so sore wouñded/ther fore kepe well the scauberde alwayes with you/so they rode on to Carlyon & by the waye they mette wit syr Pel/ lynore/but Merlyn had done suche a crafte ỹ Pellynore sawe not Arthur/& he past by without ony wordes. I mer ueyll sayd Arthur ỹ the knyght wolde not speke / syr sayd Merlyn/he sawe you not/for & he had sene you he had not lyghtly departed/so they come vn/ to Carlyon/wherof his knyghtes we/ re passynge glad. And whan they her de of his aduentures/they merueylled ỹ he wolde Jeoparde his persone so al one. But all men of worshyp sayd it was mery to be vnder suche chyuetay ne ỹ wolde put his persone in auentu re as other poore knyghtes dyde.

¶ How tydynges cam to Arthur that kyng Rence had ouercome .xi. kyngs & how he delyred Arthurs berde to pur fyll his mantell. ca.xxvi.&.xxvii.

This meane whyle cam a mes/ sager from kynge Rence of

Northwales. And kyng he was of all Irlonde & of many Yles / & this was his message gretynge well kyng Arthur in this maner wyse sayenge/that kyng Rvence had dyscomfyte & ouercome .xi. kynges/& euerych of them dyde hym homage/& þ was this/they gaaf hym theyr berdes clene flayne of as moche as ther was / wherfore the messager came for kyng Arthurs berde . For kyng Rvence had purfyled a mantell with kynges berdes / & there lacked one place of the mantell/wherfore he sente for his berde / or elles he wolde entre in to his londes/& brenne & slee/and neuer leue tyll he haue thy heed & the berde. Well sayd Arthur þ haste sayd thy message/the whiche is the moost vylaynous & lewdest message þ euer may herde sente vnto a kyng Also thou mayst se / my berde is full yonge yet to make a purfyl of hit/but telle þ thy kyng this. I owe hym none homage ne none of myn elders/but or it be longe/he shall do to me homage on both his knees / or els he shall lese his heed by the fayth of my body/for this is the moost shamefullest message þ euer I herde speke of. I haue alyyed thy kyng met neuer yet with worshyp full may / but telle hym. I wyll haue his heed without he do to me homage thenne the messager departed. ¶ Now is there ony here sayd Arthur þ knoweth kyng Rvence/thenne answerd a knyght þ hyght Naram. Syr I knowe the kyng well / he is a passynge good may of his body as fewe bey lyuynge & a passynge proude may/& syr doubte ye not / he wyll make warre on you with a myghty puyssaūce . Well sayd kyng Arthur I shall ordeyne for hym within a shorte tyme.

¶ How all the childern were sente for that were borne on Maye daye/& how Mordred was saued. ca.xxviij.

Thenne kyng Arthur lete sende for all the childern borne on Maye daye begoten of lordes & borne of ladyes/for Merlyn tolde kyng Arthur that he that sholde destroye hym sholde be borne on Maye daye/wherfore he sente for them all vpon payne of deth/& so ther were foūde many lordes sones/and all were sente vnto the kyng/& so was Mordred sent by kyng Lots wyf/& all were put in a shyp to the see/and some were. iiij. wekes olde and some lasse. And so by fortune the shyp drofe vnto a castell & was all to ryuen & destroyed the moost parte sauf that Mordred was caste vp & a good man foūde hym & nourysshed hym tyl he was .xiij. yere olde/and thenne he brought hym to the court / as it is reherceth afterwarde towarde the ende of the deth of Arthur. So many lordes & barons of this reame were dysplea-sed/for þ her childern were so lost / & many put the wyte on Merlyn more than on Arthur / so what for drede & for loue they helde theyr peas. ¶ But whan the messager came to kyng Rvence/thenne was he wood out of mesure & purueyed hym for a grete hoost as it is reherceth afterwarde in the boke of Balyn le saueage that folowyth next after / how by aduenture Balyn gate the swerde.

¶ Here endeth the fyrste boke of kyng Arthur.

Here folowyth the seconde boke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

¶ Of a damoysell whiche came gyrde with a swerde for to fynde a man of suche vertue to drawe it out of the scauberde. Capl'm primū.

After the deth of Uther pendragon regned Arthur his sone/the whiche had grete warre in his dayes for to gete al Englonde in to his honde/ for there were many kynges within the realme of Englonde and in Wales. Scotlonde & Cornewaylle. So it befelle on a tyme / whan kyng Arthur was at London/there came a knyght and tolde the kynge tydynges how that kyng Rpence of Northwales had rered a grete nombre of people/& were entred in to the londe & brente & slewe the kynges true lyege people/yf this be true sayd Arthur/it were grete shame vnto myn astate/but yf he were myghtely withstande/it is trouth sayd the knyght/for I sawe yt hoost my self Well sayd the kyng/lete make a crye/ yt all the lordes knyghtes & gentylmen of armes sholde drawe vnto a castell called Camelot in tho dayes/& ther yt kyng wolde lete make a coũseyll general and a grete Justes. So whan the kyng was come thyder with all his

baronage & lodged as they semed best ther was come a damoysel the whiche was sente on message from the grete lady Lylle of Auelyon. And whan she cam byfore kyng Arthur/she tolde frō whome she came/& how she was sent on message on to hym for thyse causes And she lete her mantell falle ꝑ was rychely furred/& theñe was she gyrde with a noble swerde/wherof the kyng had mcruepll & sayd . Damoysell for what cause are ye gyrde with ꝑ swerde it belemeth you not. Now shall I telle you sayd the damoysell. This swerde ꝑ I am gyrde with all dooth me grete sorowe & comberaūce / for I may not be delyuered of this swerde / but by a knyght/& he must be a passynge good man of his hondes & of his dedes / & without vylonye or trechery & without treason. And yf I may fynde suche a knyght ꝑ hath al thise vertues/he may drawe out this swerde out of ꝑ shethe for I haue ben at kyng Rience/it was tolde me ꝑ there were passynge good knyghtes/& he & all his knyghtꝭ haue assayed it & none can spede. This is a grete merueyl sayd Arthur & it be soth I wyl my self assaye to drawe out the swerde/not presumynge vpon my self ꝑ I am the best knyght / but ꝑ I wyll begynne to drawe at your swerde in gyuynge example to all the barons ꝑ they shall assaye euerychone after other whan I haue assayed it. Thenne Arthur toke the swerde by the shethe & by the gyrdel & pulled at it egrely/but the swerde wolde not out. Syr sayd ꝑ damoysel/ye nede not to pulle half so harde/for he ꝑ shall pulle it out shall doo it with lytell myght/ye saye well sayd Arthur. Now assaye ye al my ba-

rons / but beware ye be not defoyled with shame trechery ne gyle/thenne it wyll not auayll sayd the damoysel/for he must be a clene knyght without vylony/& of gentyll strene of fader syde & moder syde. Moost of all the barons of the roūde table ꝑ were there at that tyme assayed all by rowe / but there myght none spede/wherfore ꝑ damoysell made grete sorowe out of mesure & sayd. Alas I wende in this court had ben the best knyghtꝭ without trechery or treason. By my fayth sayd Arthur here are good knyghtes as I deme as ony ben in the worlde/but theyr grace is not to helpe you/wherfore I am dyspleased.

¶How Balyn arrayed lyke a poore knyght pulled out the swerde whiche afterwarde was cause of his deth. Capl'm .ij.

¶Thenne felle hit soo that tyme/ther was a poore knygh with kyng Arthur/ꝑ had ben pryloner with hym half a yere & more for sleynge of a knyght/the whiche was cosyn vnto kyng Arthur/ꝑ name of this knyght was called Balyn/& by good meanes of the barons he was delyuered out of pryson/for he was a good man named of his body/& he was borne in Northumberlonde/& so he went pryuely in to the courte/& sawe this aduenture/wherof reyled his herte / and wolde assaye it as other knyghtes dyde / but for he was poore & poorely arrayed he put hym not ferre in prees. But in his herte he was fully assured to do as wel yf his grace happed hȳ as ony knyght that was there. And as the damoysell

toke her leue of Arthur and of all the barons soo departynge / this knyght Balyn called vnto her & sayd. Damoysell I praye you of your curtoysye/ suffre me as well to assaye as thyse lordes though ꝑ I be so poorely clothed/ in myn herte me semeth I am fully assured as some of thyse other. And me semeth in my herte to spede ryght wel The damoysel beheldeꝯ poore knyghte/and sawe he was a lykely man/but for his poore arrayment she thought he sholde be of noo worshyp without vylony or trechery. And thenne she sayd vnto the knyght / syr it nedeth not to put me to more payne or labour/for it semeth not you to spede there as other haue faylled. A fayre damoysell sayd Balyn/worthynes & good tatches and good dedes are not only in arrayment but manhode & worshyp is hyd within mannes persone/& many worshyp/ full knyght is not knowen vnto all people/and therfore worshyp & hardynesse is not in arayment. By god sayd the damoysell ye saye soth/therfore ye shall assay to do what ye may. Thenne Balyn toke the swerde by the gyrdell and shethe/& drewe it out easely/and whan he loked on the swerde it pleased hym moche. Thenne had the kyng and all the barons grete merueyl that Balyn had done that auenture/many knyghtes had grete spyte of Balyn Certes sayd the damoysell / this is a passynge good knyght and the best ꝑ euer I founde and moost of worshyp without treason/trecherye or vylony/ and many merueylles shall he doo. Now gentyl and curtoys knyght sayd the damoysell gyue me the swerde ayene/nay sayd Balyn/for this swerde wyll I kepe but it be taken from me with force/well sayd the damoysell ye are not wyse to kepe the swerde from me / for ye shall slee with the swerde the best frende that ye haue & the man that ye moost loue in the worlde/& the swerde shall be your destruccõn. I shal take the aduenture sayd Balyn ꝑ god wyll ordeyne to me/but the swerde ye shall not haue at this tyme by ꝑ fayth of my body. Ye shall repente hit within shorte tyme sayd the damoysell/for I wolde haue ꝑ swerde more for your auayll than for myn/for I am passynge heuy for your sake. For ye wyll not byleue ꝑ the swerde shall be your destruccyon/& ꝑ is grete pyte/with that the damoysell departed makynge grete sorowe. Anone after Balyn sente for his hors & armour / and so wolde departe fro the courte and take his leue of kyng Arthur/nay sayd the kyng I suppose ye wyl not departe so lyghtely fro this felaushyp. I suppose ye are dysplealed ꝑ I haue shewed you vnkyndenes. Blame me the lasse/for I was mys enformed ayenst you/but I wende ye had not ben suche a knyghte as ye are of worshyp and prowesse/ and yf ye wyll abyde in this court amonge my felaushyp. I shall so auaũce you as ye shal be plealed/god thanke your hyghenes sayd Balyn / your bounte & hyghenes may no man prayse half to the valuwe / but at this tyme I must nedes departe/belechynge you alwaye of your good grace. Truly sayd the kyng I am ryght wrothe for your departynge. I praye you fayr knyght that ye tary not longe/and ye shall be ryght welcome to me / and to my barons / and I shall amende all

mys that I haue done ayenst you/god thanke your grete lordshyp sayd Balyn/& therwith made hym redy to departe. Thenne the mooste parte of the knyghtes of the roũde table sayd that Balyn dyde not this aduenture al only by myght but by wytchecrafte

¶ How the lady of the Lake demaũded the knyghtes heed þ hadde wonne the swerde/or the maydens heed. Capitulum .iij.

The meane whyle þ this knyght was makynge hym redy to departe/there came in to the courte a lady that hyght the lady of the Lake/& she came on horsbake rychely besene/& salewed kyng Arthur/and there asked hym a gyfte that he promysed her whan she gaf hym the swerde/that is soth sayd Arthur/a gyfte I promysed you/but I haue forgoten the name of my swerde that ye gaue me. The name of it sayd the lady is Excalybur/þ is as moche to saye/as cutte stele. Ye saye wel sayd the kyng. Aske what ye wyll & ye shall haue it/and hit lye in my power to gyue hit. Well sayd the lady. I aske the heed of the knyght þ hath wonne the swerde/or els the damoysels heed that brought hit. I take no force though I haue both theyr hedes / for he slewe my brother a good knyght & a true/and þ gentylwoman was cauler of my faders deth. Truly sayd kyng Arthur. I may not graũte neyther of theyr hedes with my worshyp/therfore aske what ye wyll els/ and I shall fulfyll your desyre. I wyl aske none other thynge sayd the lady Whan Balyn was redy to departe he sawe the lady of the Lake that by her meanes was slayne his owne moder/ and he had sought her thre peres/and whan it was tolde hym that she asked his heed of kyng Arthur/he wente to her strayte & sayd euyll be you foũde/ ye wolde haue my heed / & therfore ye shall lese yours/and with his swerde lyghtely he smote of hyr heed before kyng Arthur. Allas for shame sayd Arthur/why haue ye done so/ye haue shamed me & all my courte / for this was a lady that I was beholden to/& hyther she came vnder my sauf condupte. I shall neuer forgyue you that trespas. Syr sayd Balyn me forthynketh of your displeasure / for this same lady was the vntruest lady lyuynge / and by enchauntement & sorcery she hath ben þ destroyer of many good knyghtes / and she was cauler þ my moder was brente thorugh her falshede & trechery. What cause so euer ye had sayd Arthur / ye sholde haue forborne her in my presence/therfor thynke not the contrary ye shall repente it for suche an other despyte had I neuer in my courte / therfore withdrawe you out of my courte in all haste that ye may. Thenne Balyn toke vp þ heed of the lady & bare it with hym to his hostrye/& ther he met with his squyre that was sory he had displeased kyng Arthur/& so they rode forth out of the towne. Now sayd Balyn we must departe/take thou this heed & bere it to my frendes/& telle them how I haue spedde/& telle my frendes in Northũberlonde that my mooste foo is deed/ Also telle them how I am out of pryson/& what auenture befelle me at the getynge of this swerde. Allas sayd the

squyre / ye are gretely to blame for to dysplease kyng Arthur. As for ꝯ sayd Balyn I wyll hye me in all the haste that I may to mete with kyng Ryence and destroye hym eyther els to deye therfore/and yf it may happen me to wynne hym/thene wyll kyng Arthur be my good & gracyous lorde. Where shall I mete with you sayd the squyre in kyng Arthurs courte sayd Balyn/ so his squyre & he departed at ꝯ tyme Thenne kyng Arthur & all the court made grete doole & had shame of the deth of the lady of the Lake/thene the kyng buryed her rychely.

¶ How Merlyn tolde thaduenture of this damoysell. ca.iiij.

AT ꝯ tyme ther was a knyght the whiche was ꝯ kynges sone of Irlonde & his name was Lanceor/ the whiche was an orgulous knyght/ & counted hymself one of the beste of the courte/& he had grete spyte of Balyn for the encheuynge of the swerde/ that ony sholde be acounted more hardy and more of prowesse/and he asked kyng Arthur yf he wolde gyue hym leue to ryde after Balyn & to reuenge the delspyte that he hath done. Doo your best sayd Arthur/for I am ryght wroth with Balyn. I wolde he were quyte of the delspyte that he hath done to me and to my courte. Thenne this Lanceor wente to his hostrye to make hym redy. In the meane whyle came Merlyn vnto the courte of kyng Arthur/and there was tolde hym the aduenture of the swerde and the deth of the lady of the Lake. ¶ Now shall I saye you sayd Merlyn/this same damoysel that here standeth that brought te the swerde vnto your courte. I shall tell you the cause of her comynge/she was the fallest damoysell that lyueth Saye not soo sayd they. She hath a broder a passynge good knyght of prowesse & a full true may/and this damoysell loued an other that helde her to peramour / and this good knyght her broder met with the knyght that helde her to peramour and slewe hym by force of his hondes/whan this false damoysell vnderstode this/she went to the lady Lyle of Auelyon/and besought her of helpe to be auenged on her owne broder.

¶ How Balyn was pursewed by syr Lanceor knyght of Irlonde/& how he Justed & slewe hym. ca.v.

AND soo this lady Lyle of Auelyon toke her this swerde that she brought with her / and tolde that there sholde no man pull it out of the shethe but yf he be one of the best knyghtes of this reame/and he sholde be harde and full of prowesse/and with ꝯ swerde he sholde slee her broder / this was the cause that the damoysell came in to this courte. I knowe it as well as ye/wolde god she had not comen in to this courte/but she came neuer in felaushyp of worshyp to do good but alwayes grete harme / & that knyght that hath encheued the swerde shall be destroyed by that swerde/for the whiche wyll be grete dommage/for ther lyueth not a knyght of more prowesse than he is/and he shal do vnto you my lorde Arthur grete honour and kyndenesse / and it is grete

pyte he shall not endure but a whyle/ for of his strength & hardynesse I know not his matche lyuynge. ¶ So the knyght of Irlonde armed hym at all poyntes/and dressyd his shelde on his sholder & mouted vp on horsback and toke his spere in his honde/and rode after a grete paas as moche as his hors myght goo / and within a lytell space on a montayne he had a syghte of Balyn / and with a loude voys he cryed abyde knyght/for ye shall abyde whether ye wyl or wyl not/and the shelde that is tofore you shall not helpe. Whan Balyn herde the noyse / he torned his hors fyersly & sayd / fayre knyght what wyll ye with me / wyll ye Juste with me / ye sayd the Irysshe knyght / therfore come I after you / peraduenture sayd Balyn it had ben better to haue holden you at home/for many a man weneth to putte his enemye to a rebuke / and often it falleth to hymself/of what courte be ye sente fro sayd Balyn . I am comen fro the courte of kyng Arthur sayd ỹ knyght of Irlonde/that come hyder for to reuenge the despyte ỹ ye dyde this daye to kyng Arthur & to his courte. Well sayd Balyn. I se well I must haue ado with you that me forthynketh for to greue kyng Arthur or ony of his courte / and your quarell is full symple sayd Balyn vnto me/for the lady that is deed dyde me grete dõmage/& els wolde I haue ben as lothe as ony knyght that lyueth for to slee a lady/ Make you redy sayd the knyght Lanceor/and dresse you vnto me / for that one shall abyde in the felde . Thenne they toke theyr speres and came togyder as moche as theyr horses myght dryue/and the knyght of Irlonde smote Balyn on the shelde that all wente sheuers of his spere / and Balyn hit hym thorugh the shelde/and the hauberk perysshed/and so percyd thorugh his body & the hors croppe/and anone torned his hors fyersly and drewe out his swerde and wyst not that he had slayne hym/and thenne he sawe hym lye as a deed corps.

¶ How a damoysell whiche was loue to Lanceor shewe hyr self for loue/and how Balyn mette with his brother Balan. ca.vi.

Thenne he loked by hym & was ware of a damoysell ỹ cam rydynge full faste as the hors myght ryde on a fayre palfroy / and whan she aspyed that Lanceor was slayne / she made sorowe out of mesure and sayd/ O Balyn two bodyes thou hast slayne and one herte & two hertes in one body/and two soules thou haste loste. And therwith she toke ỹ swerde from her loue that lay deed and fylle to the grounde in a swowne. And whan she aroos she made grete doole out of mesure / the whiche sorowe greued Balyn passyngly sore/and he wente vnto her for to haue taken the swerde out of her honde/but she held it so faste/ that he myght not take it out of her honde onles he sholde haue hurte her. and sodaynely she sette the pomell to the groũde/and roof her self thorugh the body . Whan Balyn aspyed her dedes he was passynge heuy in his herte & ashamed that so fayre a damoysell hadde destroyed her self for the loue of his deth. Allas sayd Balyn me

repenteth sore the deth of this knyght for the loue of this damoysell/for ther was moche true loue betwixe them both/and for sorowe myght not lenger beholde hym but torned his hors and loked towarde a grete forest/and ther he was ware by the armes of his broder Balay / and whan they were mette they put of her helmes & kyssed togyder and wepte for Joye and pyte. Thenne Balay sayd. I lytell wende to haue mette with you at this sodayne auenture. I am ryght glad of your delyueraunce & of your dolorous prysonement / for a man tolde me in the castell of foure stones that ye were delyuered/and that man hadde sene you in the courte of kyng Arthur / & therfore I came hyther in to this countree for here I supposed to fynde you/and anone the knyght Balyn tolde vnto his brother of his aduenture of the swerde and of the deth of the lady of the Lake/and how that kyng Arthur was dysplealed with hym / wherfore he sente this knyght after me that lyeth here deed / and the deth of this damoysell greued me sore / so dooth it me sayd Balay / but ye muste take the aduenture that god wyll ordeyne vnto you. Truly sayd Balyn I am ryght heuy ꝑ my lorde Arthur is dysplealed with me / for he is the mooste worshypfull knyght ꝑ regneth now on erthe/& his loue wyll I gete or elles I wyll put my lyf in auenture / for the kyng Rence lyeth at a syege atte castell Terrabyll/& thyder wyl we drawe in all hast to preue our worshyp & prowesse vpon hym. I wyll well sayd Balay ꝑ we do & we wyll helpe eche other as brethern ought to do.

¶ How a dwarfe repreued Balyn for the deth of Lanceor / and how kyng Marke of Cornewayle foūde them & made a tombe ouer them. ca. vij.

NOw go we hens sayd Balyn & well be we mette/the meane whyle as they talked ther cam a dwarfe from the cyte of Camelot on horsback as moche as he myght and founde the deed bodyes/wherfore he made grete doole & pulled out his here for sorowe and sayd/whiche of you knyghtes hath done this dede / where by aldest thou it sayd Balay/for I wolde wete it sayd the dwarfe/it was I sayd Balyn that slewe this knyght in my defendaunt / for hyder he came to chace me/& other I must slee hym or he me/& this damoysell slewe her self for his loue whiche repenteth me/and for her sake I shall owe all wymmen the better loue. Allas sayd the dwarfe ꝑ halt done gret dommage vnto thy self/for this knyght that is here deed was one of the mooste valyauntes men that lyued / and trust well Balyn the kynne of this knyght wyl chace you thorugh the worlde tyll they haue slayne you. As for that sayd Balyn I fere it not gretely / but I am ryght heuy that I haue dysplealed my souerayne lorde kyng Arthur for ꝑ deth of this knyght So as they talked togyder there came a kyng of Cornewayle rydynge/ the whiche hyght kyng Marke. And whan he sawe thyse two bodyes deed/ and vnderstode how they were deed by one of ꝑ two knyghtes aboue sayd thenne made the kyng grete sorowe for the true loue ꝑ was betwixt them/ & sayd I wyll not departe tyll I haue

on this erthe made a tombe/and there he pyght his pauelyons and sought thorugh all the coũtree to fynde a tombe/& in a chirche they foũde one was fayr & ryche/and thenne the kyng lete put them both in the erthe & put the tombe vpon them/& wrote the names of them both on the tombe. How here lyeth Lanceor the kynges sone of Irlonde ꝑ at his owne request was slayne by the handes of Balyn/and how his lady Colombe & peramoure slewe her self with her loues swerde for dole and sorowe.

¶How Merlyn prophecyed that two the best knyghtes of the worlde sholde fyght there/whiche were syr Laũcelot and syr Tristram. ca.viij.

The meane whyle as this was a doynge/in came Merlyn to kyng Marke seynge all his doynge sayd. Here shall be in this same place the grettest batayl betwixt two knyghtes that euer was or euer shall be/and the trueste louers / & yet none of them shall slee other/& there Merlyn wrote her names vppon the tombe with letters of golde that sholde fyght in that place/whos names were Laũcelot de lake/and Tristram. Thou art a mer ueyllous man sayd kyng Marke vnto Merlyn that spekest of suche merueylles/thou art a boostous man & an vnlykely to telle of suche dedes/what is thyn name sayd kyng Marke / at this tyme sayd Merlyn I wyl not tell but at that tyme whan syr Tristram is taken w̃ his souerayne lady/thenne ye shall here & knowe my name/and at that tyme ye shall here tydynges that shal not please you. Thenne sayd Merlyn to Balyn/thou hast done thy selfe grete hurt by cause that thou sauest not this lady ꝑ slewe herselfe that myght haue saued her & thou woldest by the fayth of my body sayd Balyn I myght not saue her / for she slewe her selfe sodaynly. Me repenteth sayd Merlyn by cause of the deth of that lady/thou shalt stryke a stroke the mooste dolorous ꝑ euer man stroke except the stroke of our lorde/for thou shalt hurt the trueste knyght & the man of mooste worshyp that now lyueth / & thorugh that stroke thre kyngdoms shall be in grete pouerte myserye & wretchydnes .xij. yere/and the knyght shall not be hoole of that wounde in many yeres. Thenne Merlyn toke his leue of Balyn/& Balyn sayd yf I wyst ꝑ it were sothe that ye saye. I sholde do suche a perylous dede as that I wolde slee myself to make the a lyar/therwith Merlyn vanysshed awaye sodenly/& thenne Balyn & his brother toke her leue of kyng Marke/fyrst sayd the kyng tell me your name. Syre sayd Balyn ye may se he bereth two swerdes ther by ye may calle hym the knyght with the two swerdes & so departed kyng Marke vnto Camelot to kyng Arthur / & Balyn tooke the waye towarde kyng Rence / & as they rode togyder they mette w̃ Merlyn dysguysed/but they knewe hym not/whyder ryde you sayd Merlyn/we haue lytell to do sayd the two knyghtes to telle the/but what is thy name sayd Balyn . At this tyme sayd Merlyn I wyll not telle it the/it is euyll sene sayd the knyghtes ꝑ thou arte a true man ꝑ thou wolt not telle thy name/as for ꝑ sayd Merlyn/be hit

as it be may/but I can telle you wher for ye ryde this waye for to mete kyng Ryence/but it wyll not auayle you wt out ye haue my cõsell. A sayd Balyn ye are Merlyn we wyl be ruled by your cõsell/come on sayd Merlyn ye shal haue grete worshyp/& loke that ye do knyghtly for ye shall haue grete nede As for that sayd Balyn drede you not we wyll do what we may.

¶ How Balyn & his broder by the cõ sell of Merlyn toke kyng Ryence & brought hym to kyng Arthur ca.ix.

Thenne Merlyn lodged them in a wood amonge leuys beside the hygh waye & toke of the brydels of theyr horses & put them to gras & leyd hem doun to rest hem tyll it was nygh mydnyght. Thenne Merlyn bad hem ryse and make hem redy/for the kyng was nyghe them ꝑ was stolen awaye from his hoost with a thre score horses of his beste knyghtes/and .xx. of them rode tofore to warne ꝑ lady de Dance that the kyng was comynge/for that nyght kyng Ryence sholde haue layn with her/whiche is the kyng sayd Balyn/abyde sayd Merlyn here in a strayte waye ye shall mete with hym/and therwith he shewed Balyn & his broder where he rode/anone Balyn and his broder mette with the kyng & smote hym doun & wouñded hym sorely & leyde hym to the grouñde/ & there they slewe on the ryght honde and the lyfte honde and slewe moo than .xl. of his men/and the remenaũt fledde/thenne wente they agayne to kyng Ryence & wolde haue slayne hym hadde he not yelded hym vnto her grace. Thenne sayd he thus knyghtes ful of prowesse slee me not/for by my lyf ye may wyn ne and by my deth ye shall wynne no thynge. Thenne sayd thyse two knyghtes ye saye soth & trouth/& so leyde hym on an hors lyttar/with ꝑ Merlyn was vanysshed & cam to kyng Arthur afor honde & tolde hym how his moost enemye was taken & dyscomfyted/by whome sayd Arthur/by two knyghtꝭ sayd Merlyn ꝑ wolde plese your lordshyp/& to morne ye shall knowe what knyghtes they are. Anone after cam ꝑ knyghte with the two swerdes & Balan his broder/& brought with them kyng Ryence of Northwales & there delyuered hym to the porters & charged them wt hym/& so they two retorned agayne in the daunynge of ꝑ daye/kyng Arthur came thenne to kyng Ryence & sayd/ Syre kyng ye are welcome/by what auenture come ye hyder. Syre sayd Ryence I came hyther by an harde auenture/who wanne you sayd kyng Arthur/syr sayd the kyng the knyght with ꝑ two swerdes & his brod whiche are two merueyllous knyghtes of prowesse. I knowe them not sayd Arthur but moche I am beholden to them. A sayd Merlyn I shal telle you it is Balyn ꝑ encheued the swerde & his broder Balan a good knyght/ther lyueth not a better of prowesse & of worthynesse/ & it shall be the grettest dole of hym ꝑ euer I knewe of knyght/for he shall not longe endure. Allas sayd kyng Arthur ꝑ is grete pyte for I am moche beholdynge vnto hym/and I haue yll deserued it vnto hym for his kyndenesse. Nay sayd Merlyn he shall do moche more for you/and that shal ye knowe in hast/but syr are ye purueyed sayd

Merlyn for to mourne the hoost of Nero kyng Rycnce brother wyll sette on you or none with a grete hoost/therfor make you redy for I wyll departe frō you.

¶How kyng Arthur had a bataylle ayenst Nero & kyng Lott of Orkeney and how kyng Lott was deceyued by Merlyn/& how.xij.kyngs were slayne Capl'm .x.

¶Thenne kyng Arthur made redy his hoost in.x.batayls/and Nero was redy in the felde afore the castell Terrabyll with a grete hoost/ & he had.x.batayls with many mo peple than Arthur had. Theñe Nero had the vowarde with the moost partye of his people/and Merlyn cam to kyng Lott of the yle of Orkeney/& helde hym with a tale of prophecye tyll Nero & his people were destroyed/& there syr Kay the sencyall dyde passynge wel ꝑ the dayes of his lyf the worshyp went neuer from hym/& syr Heruys de reuell dyde merueyllous dedes vpō kyng Arthur/& kyng Arthur slewe ꝑ daye .xx. knyghtes & maymed .xl. At that tyme cam in the knyght with the two swerdes & his broder Balan. But they two dyde so merueyllously ꝑ the kyng & all the knyghtes merueyled of them and all they ꝑ behelde them sayd they were sente from heuen as angelles or deuylles from helle/and kyng Arthur sayd hymself they were ꝑ best knyghtes ꝑ euer he sawe/for they gaf suche strokes ꝑ all men had wonder of them In the meane whyle cam one to kyng Lott & tolde hym/whyle he taryed there Nero was destroyed & slayne with all his people. Allas sayd kyng Lott I am ashamed/for by my defaute is many a worshypfull man slayne/for & we had ben togyder there hadde ben none hoost vnder the heuen that hady ben able for to haue matched with vs This sayter with his prophecye hath mocked me. All that dyde Merlyn for he knewe well that & kyng Lott hady ben with his body there at the fyrste batayll/kyng Arthur had ben slayne/ & all his people destroyed/& Merlyn knewe well ꝑ one of the kynges shol-de be deed that daye/& loth was Merlyn that ony of them bothe sholde be slayne. But of the tweyne he hady leuer kyng Lott had be slayne than kynge Arthur. ¶Now what is best to do sayd kyng Lott of Orkeney/whether is me better to treate vō kyng Arthur or to fyght/for the gretter partye of our people are slayne & destroyed Syr sayd a knyght set on Arthur/for they be wery & forfoughten & we be fresshe As for me sayd kyng Lott I wolde euery knyght wolde do his parte as I wolde do myn. And thenne they auañced baners & smoten togyders and all to sheuered theyr speres/and Arthurs knyghtes with the helpe of the knyght with two swerdes & his broder Balan put kyng Lott & his hoost to the warre/but alwayes kyng Lott helde hym in the formest frunte & dede merueyllous dedes of armes/for all his hoost was borne vp by his hondes for he abode all knyghtes. Alas he myght not endure the whiche was grete pyte that soo worthy a knyght as he was one sholde be ouermatched ꝑ of late tyme afore had ben a knyght of kyng Arthurs & wedded ꝑ syster of kyng Arthur

& for kyng Arthur laye by kyng Lots wyf the whiche was Arthurs syster & gate on her Mordred / therfore kyng Lott held apenst Arthur. So ther was a knyght ꝑ was called the knyght w̄ the straūge beest / & at ꝑ tyme his ryght name was Pellynore / the whiche was a good man of prowesse / & he smote a myghty stroke atte kyng Lott as he fought with all his enemyes / & he fayled of his stroke & smote the hors neck that he fylle to the groūde with kyng Lott. And therwith anone Pellynore smote hym a grete stroke thorugh the helme & hewe vnto the browes / and thenne all the hoost of Dykeney fledy for the deth of kyng Lott / & there were slayne many mods sones / but kyng Pellynore bare the wyte of the deth of kyng Lott / wherfore syr Gawayn reuenged the deth of his fader the .x. yere after he was made knyght & slewe kyng Pellynore with his owne hondes Also there were slayne at that batayll .xij. kynges on the syde of kyng Lott with Nero / & all were buryed in the chirche of saynt Steuens in Camelot & the remenaūt of knyghtꝭ & of other were buryed in a grete roche.

¶ Of the entyerement of .xij. kynges / & of the prophecye of Merlyn / & how Balyn sholde gyue the dolorous stroke. ca.xi.

SOdat the entyerement cam kyng Lots wyf Morgaule w̄ her .iiij. sones. Gawayn. Agrauayne. Gahe-ris and Gareth. Also ther cam thyder kyng Vryence syr Ewayns fader and Morgan le fay his wyfe ꝑ was kyng Arthurs syster. All thyse came to the entyerement. But of all thyse .xij. kynges kyng Arthur lete make the tombe of kyng Lott passynge rychely / and made his tombe by his owne / & thenne kyng Arthur lete make .xij. ymages of latoy and of couper / and ouer gylt them with golde in the sygne of the .xij. kynges / and echone of them helde a tapyr of waxe that brente daye and nyght / and kyng Arthur was made in sygne of a fygure standynge aboue them with a swerde drawen in his honde / and all the .xij. fygures had countenaunce lyke vnto men that were ouercome. All this made Merlyn by his subtyll crafte / and there he tolde the kyng whan I am deed / thyse tapyrs shal no lenger brenne / and soone after the aduentures of the Sangreal shall come amonge you and be encheued. Also he tolde kyng Arthur how Balyn that worshypfull knyght shal gyue the dolorous stroke / wherof shall falle grete vengeaunce. Where is Balyn and Balan & Pellynore sayd kyng Arthur / as for Pellynore sayd Merlyn he wyll mete with you soone. And as for Balyn he wyll not be longe from you / but the other broder Balan wyll departe ye shall see hym noo more. By my fayth sayd Arthur they are two merueyllous knyghtes / and namely Balyn passeth of prowesse of ony knyght that euer I founde / for I am moche beholden vnto hym / wolde god that he wolde abyde with me. Syre sayd Merlyn loke that ye kepe well the scauberde of Excalybur / for ye shall lese noo blood whyles that ye haue the scauberde vpon you though ye haue as many woundes vpon you as euer ye may haue. So afterwarde

for grete trust Arthur betoke the scau-
berde to Morgay le fay his syster/and
she loued ay other knyght better than
her husbonde kyng Uryence or kyng
Arthur/& she wolde haue had Arthur
her broder slayne. And therfore she le-
te make ay other scaubarde lyke it by
enchaũtement/and gaf the scauberde
Excalybur to her loue/& the knyghtes
name was called Accolon that after
had nere slayne kyng Arthur. After
this Merlyn tolde vnto kyng Arthur
of the prophecye / that there sholde be
a grete batayl betyde Salysbury/and
Mordred his owne sone sholde be a-
gaynst hym. Also he tolde hym ꝑ Bal
demegus was his colyn & Germayn
vnto kyng Uryence.

¶ How a sorowful knyght cam tofore
Arthur & how Balyn fet hym/& how
that knyght was slayne by a knyght
Inuysyble. ca.xij.

WIthin a daye or two kyng Ar-
thur was somwhat seke / & he
lete pytche his pauelyone in a medo-
we/and there he leyde hym doun on a
paylet to slepe/but he myght haue no
reste. Ryght so he herde a grete noyse
of ay hors & therwith the kyng loked
out at the porche of the pauelyone / &
sawe a knyght comynge euen by hym
makynge grete doole. Abyde fayr syr
sayd Arthur & telle me wherfore thou
makest this sorowe / ye may lytell a-
mende me sayd the knyght & soo pas-
sed forth to the castell of Melyot. Ano
ne after ther cam Balyn / & whan he
sawe kyng Arthur / he alyght of his
hors & cam to the kyng on foote and
salewed hym/by my heed sayd Arthur
ye be welcome. Syr ryght now cam ry
dynge this waye a knyght makynge
grete moorne / for what cause I can
not telle / wherfore I wolde desyre of
you of your curtosye and of your gen
tylnesse to fetche agayne that knyght.
eyther by force or els by his good wyll
I wyl do more for your lordshyp than
that sayd Balyn/& soo he rode more
than a paas & foũde the knyght with
a damoysell in a forest and sayd / syr
knyght ye muste come with me vnto
kyng Arthur for to telle hym of your
sorowe/ꝑ wyll I not sayd the knyght
for hit wyll scathe me gretely/and do
you none auayle / syr sayd Balyn I
praye you make you redy for ye must
go with me/or els I muste fyght with
you and brynge you by force/& that I
were full lothe to do. Wyll ye be my
waraunt sayd the knyght and I goo
with you/ye sayd Balyn or els I wyl
deye therfore/and so he made hym re-
dy to go with Balyn/and lefte there
the damoysell styll. And as they were
euen afore kyng Arthurs pauelyone/
there came one Inuysybell and smote
this knyght that wente with Balyn
thorugh out the body with a spere.
Allas sayd the knyght I am slayne
vnder your conduyte with a knyght
called Barlon/therfore take my hors
that is better than yours and ryde to
the damoysell and folowe the queste
ꝑ I was in/as she wyll lede you/and
reuenge my deth whan ye may. That
shall I doo sayd Balyn / and that I
make a vowe vnto knyghthode / and
so he departed from this knyght with
grete sorowe. Soo kyng Arthur lete
burye this knyght rychely/and made
a mensyon on his tombe / how there

was slayne Herleus le berbeus/and by whom the trechery was done ꝑ knyght Garlon. But euer the damoysell bare the troncheon of the spere with her that syr Herleus was slayne withall.

¶ How Balyn & the damoysell mette with a knyght whiche was in lyke wyse slayne/& how the damoysell bledde for the custome of a castell. ca.xiij.

So Balyn and ꝑ damoysel rode in to a forest/& there mett with a knyght that had bey on huntynge/& ꝑ knyght asked Balyn for what cause he made so grete sorowe/me lyste not to tell you sayd Balyn. Now sayd the knyght & I were armed as ye be I wolde fyght with you / that sholde lytell nede sayd Balyn . I am not aferde to tell you/& tolde hym all ꝑ cause how it was. A sayd the knyght is this all. Here I enclure you by the fayth of my body neuer to departe from you whyle my lyf lasteth/& soo they wente to the hostry & armed hem/and so rode forth with Balyn. And as they came by an hermytage euen by a churchepard/there came the knyght Garlon Inuysybell & smote this knyght Peryn de moũte/belyarde with a spere thrugh the body Allas sayd the knyght I am slayne by this traytour knyght ꝑ rydeth Inuysybell . Allas sayd Balyn it is not the fyrste delyyte ꝑ he hath done me/and there the hermyte & Balyn buryed the knyght vnder a ryche stone & a tombe royall. And on the morne they founde letters of golde wryten/how syr Gawayn shall reuenge his faders deth kyng Lott on ꝑ kyng Pellynore. Anone after this Balyn & the damoysell rode tyll they came to a castell & there Balyn alyght/and he & the damoysel wende to go in to the castell / & anone as Balyn came within the castels yate the portecolys fylle doun at his back & there felle many men about the damoysell and wolde haue slayne her/ Whan Balyn sawe that/he was sore agreued / for he myght not helpe the damoysell/& thenne he wente vp in to the toure & lepte ouer the walles in to the dyche/& hurt hym not/and anone he pulled out his swerde & wolde haue foughten with hem/& they al sayd nay they wolde not fyght w̃ hym/for they dyde noo thynge but the olde custome of the castell/& tolde hym how her lady was seke/& had layen many yeres and she myght not be hoole but yf she had a dysshe of syluer full of blood of a clene mayde & a kynges doughter/ & therfore the custome of this castel is that ther shall no damoysel passe this waye but she shall bledc of her blood a sylueren dysshe ful/well sayd Balyn she shall bledc as moche as she may blede/but I wyll not lese the lyf of her whyle my lyf lasteth / and so Balyn made her to blede by her good wyll/ but her blood halpe not the lady/& so he & she rested there all that nyght / & had there ryght good chere / & on the morne they passed on theyr wayes. And as it telleth afterwarde in the Sangreall that syr Percyuales syster halpe that lady with her blood wherof she was deed.

¶ How Balyn mette with ꝑ knyght named Garlon at a fest & there he slewe hym to haue his blood to hele ther with the lone of his hoste. ca.xiiij.

Thenne they rode thre or foure dayes & neuer met wt auenture & by happe they were lodged wt a gen tyll man yt was a ryche man & wel at eale. And as they sat at her souper Ba lyn herde ouer cõplayne greuously by hym in a chapre/what is this noyse sayd Balyn/forsothe sayd his hoste I wyll tell you. I was but late at a Justynge/ & there I justed with a knygh yt is brod vnto kyng Pellam / & twyes smote I hym down/& thenne he promysed to quyte me on my best frende/& so he woũded my sone yt can not be hole tyll I haue of yt knyghtes blood/& he rydeth alway Inuysyble/but I knowe not his name A sayd Balyn I knowe yt knyght/his name is Garlon/he hath slayne two knyghtes of myn in yt same maner/ther fore I had leuer met with that knyght than all yt golde in this realme for the despyte he hath done me/wel sayd his hoste I shall tell you/kyng Pellam of lysteneyse hath made do crye in al this coũtree a grete feest yt shalbe within .xx. dayes & no knyght may come ther but yf he bringe his wyf with hym or his peramour/& yt knyght your enemye & myn ye shall se yt daye. Thenne I beho te you sayd Balyn parte of his blood to hele your sone with all/we wyll be forwarde to morne sayd his hoste. So on the morn they rode al thre towarde Pellam/& had .xv. dayes Journeye or they cam thyd/& yt same daye began yt grete feest/& they alyght & stabled theyr horses & went in to the castell/but Ba lyns hoste myght not be lete in by cau se he had no lady/thenne Balyn was well receyued & brought vnto a cham bre & vnarmed hym/& there were brou ghte hym robes to his pleasyr/& wolde haue had Balyn leue his swerde be hynde hym. Nay sayd Balyn yt do I not/for it is the custome of my coũtre a knyght alwayes to kepe his wepen with hym & yt custome wyll I kepe/or els I wyl departe as I can/thenne they gaf hym leue to were his swerde/& so he went vnto the castell & was sette a monge knyghtes of worshyp & his lady afore hym/soone Balyn asked a knyght is ther not a knyght in this court whos name is Garlon/ponder he goth sayd a knyght/he with the black face/he is yt meruey lleest knyght yt is now lyuyng for he destroyeth many good knyghtes. for he goth inuysyble. A wel sayd Ba lyn is yt he/thenne Balyn auysed hym longe / yf I slee hym here I shall not scape/& yf I leue hym now peraventu re I shall neuer mete wt hym agayne at suche a steuen / & moche harme he wyl do & he lyue. Therwith this Gar lon aspyed yt this Balyn beheld hym & thenne he cam & smote Balyn on the face with yt back of his honde & sayd knyght why beholdest yt me so for sha me therfore ete thy mete & do yt yt cam for Thou sayst soth sayd Balyn/this is not the fyrst despyte yt yt hast done me/& therfor I wyll do yt I cam for & rose vp eyerly & claue his heed to the sholders/gyue me the troncheon sayd Balyn to his lady wherwith he slewe your knyght / anone she gaf it hym / for alwaye she bare yt troncheon wt her & therwith Balyn smote hym thurgh the body / & sayd openly with yt tron cheon yt hast slayne a good knyght & now it stycked in thy body. And thenne Balyn called vnto hym his hoste sayenge. now may ye fetche blood ynough to heele your sone with all.

CHow Balyn fought with kyng Pellam & how his swerde brake / & how he gate a spere wherwith he smote the dolorous stroke. ca.xv.

ANone all the knyghtes aroos from ꝑ table for to set on Balyn / & kyng Pellam hymself aroos vp eyerely & sayd / knyght hast ꝑ slayne my brod / ꝑ shalt deye therfore or ꝑ departe / well sayd Balyn do it your self yes sayd kyng Pellam / ther shall noo man haue ado wt the but my self for the loue of my brod. Thene kyng Pellam caught in his honde a grym wepen & smote egrely at Balyn / but Balyn put the swerde betwixt his heed & the stroke / & therwith his swerde brest in sonder. And whan Balyn was wepenles he ranne in to a chambre for to seke some wepen / & so fro chambre to chambre / & no wepen coude he fynde / & alwayes kyng Pellam after hym / & at the last he entred in to a chambre ꝑ was merueyllously wel dyght & ryche ly / & a bed arayed with cloth of golde the rychest ꝑ myght be thought / & one lyenge therin / & therby stode a table of clene golde wt .iiij. pylers of syluer ꝑ bare vp the table / & vpon the table stode a merueyllo⁹ spere straungely wrought And whan Balyn sawe ꝑ spere / he gate it in his honde & torned hym to kyng Pellam / & smote hym passyngly sore with ꝑ spere ꝑ kyng Pellam fell doun in a swowne / and therwith the castell rofe & walles brake & fyll to the erthe & Balyn fell doun so ꝑ he myght not stere hande nor fote. And so the mooste parte of the castell ꝑ was falley doun thrugh that dolorous stroke laye vpon Pellam & Balyn thre dayes.

CHow Balyn was delyuerd by Merlyn & saued a knyght that wolde haue slayne hymself for loue. ca.xvi.

THenne Merlyn cam thyd & toke vp Balyn and gate hym a good hors for his hors was deed / and bad hym ryde out of ꝑ coūtree. I wolde haue my damoysel sayd Balyn. Lo sayd Merlyn where lyeth deed / & kyng Pellam laye so many yeres sore woūded / & myght neuer be hoole tyll Galahad the haute prynce heled hym in the queste of the Sangreall / for in ꝑ place was parte of the blood of our lorde Jhu cryste ꝑ Joseph of Aromathe brought in to this londe / & there hym self laye in ꝑ ryche bedde. And ꝑ was the same spere ꝑ Longeus smote our lord to the herte / & kyng Pellam was nyghe of Josephs kynne / & ꝑ was the mooste worshypful man ꝑ lyued in tho dayes / & grete pyte it was of his hurt for thorugh that stroke torned to grete doole tray and tene. Thenne departed Balyn from Merlyn & sayd / in this worlde we mete neuer no more. So he rode forth thorugh the fayr coūtrees & cytees & foūde the people deed slayne on euery syde. And all ꝑ were on lyue cryed . O Balyn ꝑ hast cauled grete dōmage in thyse countrees for the dolorous stroke that ꝑ gaueste vnto kyng Pellam thre coūtrees are destroyed / & doubte not but ꝑ vengeaūce wyll falle on the at laste. Whan Balyn was paste the coūtrees he was passynge fayne / so he rode .viij. dayes or he mette with auenture / & at the last he came in to a fayre forest in a valeye & was ware of a Toure / & there besyde he sawe a grete hors of warre tyed to a tree / & there

belyde sat a fayr knyght on the grou-
de & made grete mournynge/& he was
a lykely man & a well made. Balyn
sayd/god saue you why be ye so heuy
telle me & I wyll amende it & I may
to my power. Syre knyght sayd he a-
gayne ꝑ doost me grete greue/for I was
in mery thoughtꝭ & now ꝑ puttest me
to more payne. Balyn went a lytel frō
hym & loked on his hors/thenne herde
Balyn hꝫ saye thus/a fayr lady why
haue ye broken my promyse/for ꝑ pro-
mysest me to mete me here by none/&
I may curse the ꝑ euer ye gaue me this
swerde/for with this swerde I slee my
self & pulled it out/& therwith Balyn
sterte vnto hym & toke hꝫ by the hon-
de/lete go my honde sayd the knyght
or els I slee the/ꝑ shall not nede sayd
Balyn / for I shall promyse you my
helpe to gete you your lady/& ye wyll
tell me where she is/what is your na-
me sayd ꝑ knyght/myn name is Ba-
lyn le saueage. A syr I knowe you wel
ynough ye are the knyght with ꝑ two
swerdes & the man of moost prowesse
of your hondes lyuynge/what is your
name sayd Balyn/my name is Gar
nysshe of the mount a poore mannes
sone/but by my prowesse & hardynesse
a duke hath made me knyght/& gaf
me londes/his name is duke Hermell
& his doughter is she ꝑ I loue & she me
as I demed/how ferre is she hens sayd
Balyn/but .vi. myle sayd the knyght
Now ryde we hens sayd thyse.ij.knygh
tes/so they rode more than a paas tyll
ꝑ they cam to a fayr castel wel walled
& dyched. I wyll in to the castell sayd
Balyn & loke yf she be there. Soo he
went in & serched fro chambre to cham
bre & foūde her bedde but she was not
there/thenne Balyn loked in to a fayre
lytell gardyn/& vnder a laurell tree he
sawe her lye vpon a quylt of grene sa
myte & a knyght in her armes fast hal
synge eyther other & vnder theyr hedes
grasse & herbes/whan Balyn sawe her
lye so wᵗ the foulest knyght ꝑ euer he
sawe & she a fayre lady/thenne Balyn
went thrugh all the chambres agayn
& tolde the knyght how he had touoe
her as she had slept fast/& so brought
hꝫ in ꝑ place ther she lay fast slepynge

How that knyght slewe his loue & a knyght lyenge by her / & after how he slewe hymself with his owne swer-de / & how Balyn rode towarde a ca-stell where he lost his lyf. ca.xvij.

And whan Garnysshe beheld
hyr so lyenge for pure sorowe
his mouth & noyse brast out on bledyn
ge & with his swerde he smote of both
theyr hedes/& thenne he made sorowe
out of mesure & sayd. O Balyn mo-
che sorowe hast ꝑ brought vnto me/for
haddest ꝑ not shewed me ꝑ syght I shol
de haue passed my sorow/forsoth sayd
Balyn I dyd it to this entent ꝑ it shol
de better thy courage/& ꝑ ye myght se
& knowe her falshede/& to cause you
to leue ꝑ ladyes loue/god knoweth I
dyde none other but as I wolde ye dyd
to me. Allas sayd Garnysshe now is
my sorowe double ꝑ I may not endu-
re/now haue I slayne ꝑ I moost loued
in all my lyf/& therwith sodaynly he
roof hymself on his owne swerde vn-
to the hyltes. Whan Balyn sawe ꝑ he
dressyd hꝫ thens warde/lest folke wol
de saye he had slayne them/& so he ro
de forth/& within thre dayes he came

by a crosse/& therin were letters of gol de wrytē ꝑ sayd. It is not for a knyght alone to ryde towarde this castell/ thēne sawe he an olde hore gentylman comynge towarde hym ꝑ sayd. Balyn le saueage ꝑ passest thy bādes this way therfore torne agayne & it wyll auayll the/& he vanysshed awaye anone/and so he herde an horne blowe as it had ben ỹ deth of a beest. That blast sayd Balyn is blowen for me/for I am the pryse & yet am I not deed/anone with all he sawe an hondred ladyes & many knyghtes ꝑ welcomed hym w̄ fayr semblaūt & made hym passynge good chere vnto his syght & ledde hym in to the castell / & ther was daūsynge & mynstralsye and all maner of Joye. Thenne the chyef lady of the castell sayd/knyght with the two swerdes ye must haue ado & Juste with a knyght here by ꝑ kepeth an Vlonde / for there may noo man passe this waye but he must Juste or he passe/ ꝑ is an vnhappy custome sayd Balyn that a knyght may not passe this way but yf he Juste Ye shall not haue adoo but with one knyght sayd the lady/well sayd Balyn syn I shall therto I am redy / but traueyllynge men are often wery and theyr horses to/but though my hors be wery/my herte is not wery. I wolde be fayne ther my deth sholde be/syr sayd a knyght to Balyn/me thynketh your shelde is not good. I wyll lene you a bygger/therof I praye you/& so he to ke the shelde ꝑ was vnknowen & lefte his owne & so rode vnto the Vlonde/& put hym & his hors in a grete boote/& whan he came on ỹ other syde/he met w̄ a damoysell & she sayd. O knyght Balyn why haue ye lefte your owne shelde / allas ye haue put your self in grete daūger/for by your shelde ye shold de haue ben knowen / it is grete pyte of you as euer was of knyght/for of prowesse & hardynes ꝑ hast no felowe lyuynge. Me repenteth sayd Balyn ꝑ euer I came within this coūtree/but I may not torne now agayne for shame & what auenture shal falle to me be it lyf or deth I wyll take the auenture ꝑ shall come to me/& thēne he loked on his armour/& vnderstode he was well armed/and therwith blessyd hym and mounted vpon his hors.

How Balyn mette with his broder Balan / and how eche of them slewe other vnknowen tyll they were wounded to deth. ca.xviij.

Thenne afore hym he sawe come rydynge out of a castell a knyght & his hors trapped all reed/& hymself in the same colour/whan this knyght in the reed beheld Balyn hȳ thought it sholde be his broder Balyn by cause of his two swerdes / but by cause he knewe not his shelde he demed it was not he. And so they auentred theyr speres & cam meruey llously fast togyder/& they smote other in the sheldes/but theyr speres & theyr cours were soo bygge ꝑ it bare doun hors & man ꝑ they lay both in a swowne/but Balyn was bysyed sore with the falle of his hors/for he was wery of trauayle/& Balan was the fyrst ꝑ rose on foote & drewe his swerde & wente towarde Balyn/& he arose & wente agaynst hym/but Balan smote Balyn fyrst/ and he put vp his shelde & smote hym thrugh the shelde & tamed his helme/

Thenne Balyn smote hym agayne with ꝑ vnhappy swerde & well nyghe had felled his broder Balan/& so they fought there togyder tyll theyr brethes faylled/thenne Balyn loked vp to the castel & sawe the toures stande full of ladyes. So they went vnto batayll agayne & woūded eche other dolefully/ & thenne they brethed oftymes/and so went vnto batayll ꝑ al the place there as they fought was blood reed. And at ꝑ tyme ther was none of them both but they had eyther smyten other .vij. grete woundes so that the lest of them myght haue ben the deth of the myghtyest Gyaūt in this worlde. Thenne they wente to batayll agayne so merueyllously ꝑ doubte it was to here of ꝑ batayll for the grete blood shedynge. And theyr hauberkes vnnaylled ꝑ naked they were on euery syde. Atte last Balan the ponger broder withdrewe hym a lytell & leyde hȳ downe. Theñe sayd Balyn le saueage/what knyght art thou/for or now I foūde neuer no knyght that matched me/my name is sayd he Balan broder vnto the good knyght Balyn. Allas sayd Balyn ꝑ euer I sholde se this daye/& therwith he fell backward in a swowne Theñe Balan yede on all four feet & handes & put of the helme of his broder and myght not knowe hym by the vysage it was so full hewen and bledde / but whan he awoke he sayd. O Balan my broder ȳ hast slayne me & I the/wherfore all the wyde worlde shal spcke of vs both. Allas sayd Balan that euer I sawe this daye that thrugh myshap I myght not knowe you / for I alyed wel your two swerdes/but by cause ye had ay other shelde I demed ye had ben ay other knyght. Allas sayd Balyn al ꝑ made ay vnhappy knyght in the castell/for he cauled me to leue my owne shelde to our bothes destruccyon & yf I myght lyue I wolde destroye ꝑ castel for ylle customes/ꝑ were wel done sayd Balan/for I had neuer grace to departe fom hem syn ꝑ I came hyther/for here it happened me to slee a knyght that kepte this Ylonde/& syn myght I neuer departe/and no more sholde ye broder & ye myght haue slayne me as ye haue & escaped your selfe with the lyf. Ryght so cam the lady of the toure with .iiij. knyghtꝭ & .vi. ladyes and .vi. poman vnto them & there she herde how they made her mone eyther to other & sayd / we came both out of one tombe ꝑ is to say one moders bely And so shall we lye both in one pytte. So Balan prayed the lady of her gentylnesse for his true seruyce ꝑ she wolde burye them both in ꝑplace there the batayll was done/& she graūted hem with weppynge it sholde be done rychely in the best maner. Now wyll ye sende for a preest ꝑ we may receyue our sacrament & receyue the blessyd body of our lorde Jhesu cryste/ye sayd the lady it shall be done/and so she sente for a preest and gaf them her ryghtes. Now sayd Balyn whan we are buryed in one tombe & the menspon made ouer vs how two bretheren slewe eche other/ ther wyl neuer good knyght nor good man se our tombe but they wyl praye for our soules/& so all the ladyes and gentylwȳmen wepte for pyte. Theñe anone Balan deyed/but Balyn deyed not tyll the mydnyght after/& so were buryed both/& the lady lete make a menspon of Balan how he was there

slayne by his broders hondes/but she knewe not Balyns name.

¶ How Merlyn buryed them bothe in one tombe / and of Balyns swerde. Capl'm .xix.

IN the morne cam Merlyn & lete wryte Balyns name on ꝑ tombe with letters of golde / ꝑ here lyeth Balyn le saueage ꝑ was the knyght with the two swerdes & he that smote the dolorous stroke. Also Merlyn lete make there a bedde / that ther sholde neuer man lye in but he wente out of his wytte/yet Lañcelot de lake sorded that bedde thorugh his noblesse / and anone after as Balyn was deed Merlyn toke his swerde / & toke of the pomell & set on an other pomell/so Merlyn badde a knyght ꝑ stode afore hym handle that swerde/& he assayed/and he myght not handle it / thenne Merlyn lough/why laugh ye sayd ꝑ knyght/this is the cause sayd Merlyn/ther shall neuer man handle this swerde but the best knyght of this worlde / & that shall be syr Lañcelot or els Galahad his sone / & Lañcelot with this swerde shall slee the man that in this worlde he loued best / that shall be syr Gawayne. All this he lete wryte in the pomell of ꝑ swerde. Thenne Merlyn lete make a bryage of yron and of stele in to that Ylonde / & it was but half a fote brode/and ther shall neuer man passe ꝑ bryage nor haue hardynes to go ouer/but yf he were a passyng good man & a good knyght withoute trechery or vylonye. Also the scauberde of Balyns swerde Merlyn lefte it on this syde the Ylonde ꝑ Galahad sholde fynde it. Also Merlyn lete make by his subtylyte that Balyns swerde was put in a marbel stone standynge vp ryght as grete as a mylle stone. & ꝑ stone houed alwayes aboue ꝑ water & dyde many yeres/& so by aduenture it swãme douy the streme to the cyte of Camelot/that is in Englysshe Wynchestre/& ꝑ same daye Galahad the haute prynce came with kyng Arthur/& so Galahad brought with hym the scauberde & encheued the swerde ꝑ was there in the marbell stone/houynge vpon the water. And on Whytsonday he enchcued the swerde as it is reherced in ꝑ boke of Sangreal. Soone after this was done Merlyn came to kyng Arthur & tolde hym of the dolorous stroke that Balyn gaaf to kyng Pellam/and how Balyn and Balan fought togyder the merueyllouste bataylle that euer was herde of/and how they were buryed bothe in one tombe. Allas sayd kyng Arthur / this is the grettest pyte that euer I herde telle of two knyghtes/for in the worlde I know we not suche two knyghtes. ¶ Thus endeth the tale of Balyn & of Balan two brethern born in Northumberlonde good knyghtes.

¶ Here endeth the seconde boke of kyng Arthur.

Here folowyth the thyrde boke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

¶How kyng Arthur toke a wyf and wedded Gueneuer doughter to Leodegraũce kyng of the londe of Camelyarde with whome he had the Rounde table. Capl'm Primũ.

IN the begynnynge of Arthur after ꝑ he was chosen kyng by aduenture & by grace for the moost parte of the barons knewe not that he was Vtherpendragons sone. But as Merlyn made it openly knowen. But yet many kynges & lordes helde grete warre ayenst hym for ꝑ cause/but well Arthur ouercame them all/for the mooste parte the dayes of his lyf he was ruled moche by the counseyll of Merlyn. So it fell on a tyme ꝑ kyng Arthur sayd vnto Merlyn/my barons wyll lete me haue no rest but nedes I must take a wyf/& I wyll none take but by thy coũseyl & by thyne aduyse / it is well done sayd Merlyn that ye take a wyf/for a man of your boũte & noblesse sholde not be without a wyf. Now is ther ony that ye loue more than ony other. Ye sayd kyng Arthur. I loue Gueneuer the kynges doughter Leodegraũce of the londe of Camelyarde/the whiche holdeth in his houle the table roũde that

ye tolde he hadde of my fader Uther. And this damoyselle is the mooste vayliaũt & fayreste lady that I knowe lyuynge or yet that euer I coude fynde/ Syre sayd Merlyn as of her beaute & fayrenes she is one of the fayreste on lyue. But & ye loued her not so well as ye do. I sholde fynde you a damoyselle of beaute & of goodnesse that shold de lyke you & please you and your her te were not sette. But there as a mannes herte is sette / he wyll be lothe to retorne / that is trouth sayd kyng Arthur / but Merlyn warned the kyng preuely that Gueneuer was not holsome for hym to take to wyf / for he warned hym that Laũcelot sholde loue her & she hym agayne / and soo he torned his tale to the aucntures of the Sangreall. Thenne Merlyn desyred of the kyng to haue mey with hȳ that sholde enquere of Gueneuer/& so the kyng graũted hym / & Merlyn wente forth vnto kyng Leodegraũce of Camelyarde & tolde hym of the desyre of the kyng that he wolde haue vnto his wyf Gueneuer his doughter / that is to me sayd kyng Leodegraũce the beste tydynges that euer I herde / that soo worthy a kyng of prowesse and of noblesse wyll wedde my deoughter. And as for my londes I wyll gyue hȳ wyst I ȳ it myght please hym/but he hath londes ynough/hym nedeth none/but I shall sende hym a gyfte shall please hym moche more/for I shall gyue hȳ the table roũde/the whiche Uther pendragon gaf me/& whan it is full complete / ther is an hondred knyghtes & fyfty/& as for an hondred good knyghtes I haue my self/but I lacke fyfty/ For soo many haue bey slayne in my dayes/& so Leodegraũce delyuered his doughter Gueneuer vnto Merlyn / & the table roũde w̄ the hondre knyghtꝭ & so they rode frelhly w̄ grete royalte what by water & what by londe tyll that they came nyghe vnto London.

¶ How the knyghtes of the roũde table were ordeyned & theyr syeges blessyd by ȳ byshop of Caũterbury. ca. ñ.

Whan kyng Arthur herde of the comynge of Gueneuer & ȳ hondred knyghtes with the table rounde/ thenne kyng Arthur made grete Joye for her comynge & that ryche presente & sayd openly this fayr lady is passyng welcome vnto me/for I haue loued her longe. And therfor ther is no thynge so pleasaũt to me. And thyse knyghtes with the roũde table please me more than ryght grete rychesse. And in al hast the kyng lete ordeyne for the mayage & the Coronacyon in the mooste honourablest wyse that coude be deuysed. Now Merlyn sayd kyng Arthur/ go thou and aspye me in all this londe fyfty knyghtꝭ whiche bey of mooste prowesse & worshyp. Within shorte tyme Merlyn had founde suche knyghtes that sholde fulfylle .xx. and .viij. knyghtes but no mo coude he fynde. Thenne the byshop of Caunterbury was fette & he blessyd the syeges with grete royalte and deuocyon/and there sette the .viij. and .xx. knyghtes in her syeges. And whan this was done/ Merlyn sayd/fayre syres ye muste all aryse and come to kyng Arthur for to do hym homage / he wyll haue the better wyll to mayntene you / and so they arose & dyde theyr homage. And

when they were gone. Merlyn foūde in
syeges letters of golde ꝯ tolde ꝯ knygh
tes names that had syttey therin. But
two syeges were voyde. And so anone
came ponge Gawayne and asked the
kyng a gyfte. Aske sayd the kyng & I
shall graūte it you. Syr I aske ꝯ ye
wyll make me knyght the same daye
as ye shall wedde fayre Gueneuer. I
wyl do it with a good wyl sayd kyng
Arthur & do vnto you all the worshyp
that I may / for I must by reason ye
are myn neueue my systers sone.

¶ How a poore man rydynge vpon a
lene mare / & desyred kyng Arthur to
make his sone knyght. ca. iij.

HOrth withall ther cam a poore
man in to the courte & brought
with hym a fayre ponge man of. xviij
yere of age rydynge vpon a lene mare
& the poore man asked all men ꝯ he
mette / where shall I fynde kyng Ar-
thur / yonder he is sayd the knyghtes /
wyll ꝯ ony thynge with hym / ye sayd
the poore man / therfore I cam hyder /
anone as he came before the kyng he
salewed hym & sayd. O kyng Arthur
the floure of all knyghtes & kynges /
I beseche Jhesu saue the. Syre it was
tolde me that at this tyme of your ma
ryage ye wolde gyue ony man ꝯ gyfte
that he wolde aske / out excepte ꝯ were
vnresonable. That is trouth sayd the
kyng / suche crye I lete make / & that
wyll I holde so it apayre not my real-
me nor myn astate / ye saye well and
gracyously sayd the poore man. Syre
I aske no thynge els but ꝯ ye wyl ma
ke my sone here a knyght. It is a gre
te thynge ꝯ thou askest of me sayd the
kyng / what is thy name sayd the kyng
to ꝯ poore man / syr my name is Arys
the cowherde / whether cometh this of
the or of thy sone sayd the kyng. Nay
syr sayd Arys / this desyre cometh of
my sone & not of me. For I shall telle
you I haue .xiij. sones / & all they wyl
falle to what labour I put them to &
wyll be ryght glad to do labour / but
this childe wyll do no labour for me /
for ony thynge ꝯ my wyf or I may do
but alwayes he wyl be shotynge or ca-
stynge dartes / & glad for to se batayls
& to beholde knyghtes. And alwayes
daye & nyght he desyreth of me to be
made a knyght. What is thy name
sayd the kyng vnto ꝯ ponge man / syr
my name is Tor / the kyng beheldе
hym fast / and sawe he was passyngly
well vysaged & passyngly well made
of his yeres. Well sayd kyng Arthur
vnto Arys the cowherde / fetche all
thy sones afore me ꝯ I may se them / &
so the poore man dyde / & all were sha
pen moche lyke the poore man. But
Tor was not lyke none of them al in
shap ne in contenaūce / for he was mo
che more than ony of them. Now sayd
kyng Arthur vnto Arys ꝯ cowherde
where is the swerde ꝯ he shall be ma
de knyght withal / it is here sayd Tor
take it out of the shethe sayd the kyng
& requyre me to make you a knyght.
Theñe Tor alyght of his mare and
pulled out his swerde knelynge & re-
quyrynge the kyng ꝯ he wolde make
hym knyght / & ꝯ he myght be a knyzt
of the table roūde. As for a knyght I
wyl make you / & therwith smote hym
in the necke w̄ the swerde sayenge / be
ye a good knyght / & so I praye to god
so ye may be / & yf ye be of prowesse &

of worthynesse ye shall be a knyght of the table roũde. Now Merlyn sayd Arthur saye whether this Tor shal be a good knyght or no/ye syr he ought to be a good knyzt/for he is comen of as good a man as ony is on lyue & of kynges blood/how so syr sayd the kyng. I shall tell you sayd Merlyn/this poore man Arpes ꝑ cowherde is not his fad he is no thynge lyk to hym/for kyng Pellynore is his fader. I suppose nay sayd the cowherde/fetche thy wyf afore me sayd Merlyn/& she shall not saye nay/anone ꝑ wyf was fet whiche was a fayre houswyf/& there she answerd Merlyn ful womanly/& ther she tolde the kyng & Merlyn ꝑ whan she was a mayde & went to mylke kyen/ther met wꝫ her a sterne knyght/& half by force he had my maydenhede/& at ꝑ tyme he begat my sone Tor/& he toke away from me my greyhoũde ꝑ I had ꝑ tyme wꝫ me/& sayd ꝑ he wolde kepe the greyhoũde for my loue. A sayd ꝑ cowherde I wende not this/but I may bysleue it wel/for he had neuer no fatches of me/syr sayd Tor vnto Merlyn dyd honour not my moder/syr sayd Merlyn it is more for your worshyp than hurte/for your fader is a good man & a kyng/& he may ryght well auaunce you & your mod for ye were begoten or euer she was wedded/ꝑ is trouth sayd the wyf/hit is the lasse greue vnto me sayd the cowherde.

¶ How syr Tor was knowen for the sone of kyng Pellynore/& how Gawayne was made knyght. ca.iiij.

SOn the morn kyng Pellynore cam to ꝑ courte of kyng Arthur whiche had grete Ioye of hym & tolde hym of Tor how he was his sone/& how he had made hym knyght at the request of the Cowherde. Whan Pellynore beheldе Tor/ he plesed hym moche/ so the kyng made Gawayne knyght/but Tor was the fyrst he made at the feest. What is the cause sayd kyng Arthur ꝑ there ben two places voyde in the syeges. Syr sayd Merlyn ther shall no man sytte in tho places/ but they ꝑ shall be of moost worshyp/ But in the syege perylous there shal no man sytte therin but one/& yf ther be ony so hardy to do it he shal be destroyed/& he that shal sytte there shal haue no felowe. And therwith Merlyn toke kyng Pellynore by the honde & in the one honde next the two syeges & the syege perylous he sayd in open audyence this is your place & best ye are worthy to sytte therin of ony that is here/ there at sat syr Gawayne in grete enuye & tolde Gaherys his broder/yonder knyght is put to grete worshyp/the whiche greueth me sore/ for he slewe our fader kyng Lott/therfor I wyll slee hym sayd Gawayne with a swerde that was sente me ꝑ is palynge trenchaũt/ ye shall not so sayd Gaherys at this tyme/for at this tyme I am but a squyre/& whan I am made knyght I wol be auenged on hym & therfore broder it is best ye suffre tyl an other tyme ꝑ we may haue hym out of the courte/for & we dyde so we shold de trouble this hyghe feest. I wyl well sayd Gawayne as ye wyll.

¶ How at the fest of the weddynge of kyng Arthur to Gueneuer a whyte herte came in to the halle & .xxx. cous

ple houdes / & how a brachet pynched the herte whiche was taken awaye. Capl'm .v.

Thenne was the hyghe feest made redy / & the kyng was wedded at Camelot vnto dame Gueneuer in the chirche of saynt Steuens with grete solempnyte. And as euery man was set after his degree. Merlyn went to all the knyghtes of the roude table / & badde them sytte styll that none of them remeue / for ye shall se a straunge & a merueyllous aduenture. Ryght so as they sat ther cam rennynge in a whyte herte in to the halle & a whyte brachet next hym and .xxx. couple of blacke rennynge houdes cam after w a grete crye / & the herte wente about the table rounde as he wente by other bordes / the whyte brachet bote hym by the buttok & pulled out a pees / where thorugh the herte lepte a grete lepe / & ouerthrew a knyght that sat at the borde syde / & therwith the knyght aroos & toke vp the brachet / & so went forth out of the halle & toke his hors and rode his waye with the brachet / ryght soo anone came in a lady on a whyte palfrey and cryed aloude to kyng Arthur. Syre suffre me not to haue this delyyte / for the brachet was myn that the knyght lad awaye. I may not do therwith sayd the kyng. ¶ With this there came a knyght rydynge all armed on a grete hors / & toke the lady awaye with hym by force / & euer she cryed & made grete doole / whan she was gone the kyng was glad for she made suche a noyse. Nay sayd Merlyn ye may not leue this aduentures soo lyghtly. For thyse aduentures must be brought agayne or els it wolde be dyspworshyp to you & to your feest. I wyll sayd the kyng that al be done by your aduyse. Thenne sayd Merlyn lete calle syr Gawayne / for he must brynge agayne ỳ whyte herte. Also syr ye must lete calle syr Tor / for he must brynge agayne the brachet & the knyght or els slee hym. Also lete calle kyng Pellynore for he must brynge agayne the lady & the knyght or els slee hym / and thyse thre knyghtes shal do merueyllous aduentures or they come agayne. Thenne were they called al thre as it reherceth afore / and eucryche of them toke his charge / & armed them surely. But syr Gawayne had the fyrste requeste / and therfore we wyll begynne at hym.

¶ How syr Gawayn rode for to fetche agayne the herte / & how two brethern faught eche ayenst other for the herte. ca.vi.

Syre Gawayne rode more than a paas & Gaherys his brother that rode with hym in stede of a squyre to do hym seruyce. So as they rode they sawe two knyghtes fyght on horsbake passynge sore / so syr Gawayne & his broder rode betwixe them / and axed them for what cause they fought so / the one knyght answered & sayd / we fyght for a symple mater / for we two be two brethern born & begoten of one man & of one woman. Allas sayd syr Gawayne why do ye so / syr sayd the elder / ther cam a whyte herte this waye this daye & many houdes chaced hym / & a whyte brachet was alwaye next hym / and we vnderstode it was auenture made for the hyghe feest of

kyng Arthur/& therfore I wolde haue gone after to haue wõne me worshyp & here my ponger broder sayd he wolde go after the herte/for he was better knyght than I/& for this cause we fell at debate/and so we thought to preue whiche of vs both was better knyght. This is a symple cause sayd syr Gawayne/vncouth men ye sholde debate with all & no broder with broder/therfore but yf ye wyll do by my coũseyll I wyll haue ado with you / that is ye shall yelde you vnto me/& that ye go vnto kyng Arthur & yelde you vnto his grace/syr knyght sayd the two bretheren we are forfoughten & moche blode haue we lost through our wylfulnes & therfore we wolde be loth to haue ado with you/thenne do as I wyll haue you sayd syr Gawayne/we wyl agree to fulfylle your wyll. But by whome shall we saye that we be thyder sente/ye may saye by the knyght ꝑ foloweth the queste of the herte that was whyte. now what is your name sayd Gawayne. Sorloise of the forest sayd ꝑ elder/& my name is sayd the ponger Bryan of the forest & so they departed & went to the kynges courte/& syr Gawayne on his queste/& as Gawayne folowed the herte by the crye of ꝑ hoũdes euen afore hym ther was a grete Ryuer / & the herte swamme ouer/& as syr Gawayne wolde folowe after/there stode a knyght ouer the other syde & sayd. Syr knyght come not ouer after this herte/but yf thou wylt Juste with me I wyll not fayle as for that sayd syr Gawayne to folowe the queste that I am in/& so made his hors to swymme ouer the water / and anone they gate theyr speres & ranne togyder full harde/but syr Gawayne smote hym of his hors/& thenne he torned his hors and bad hym yelde hym. Nay sayd ꝑ knyght not so though thou haue the better of me on horsbake. I praye the valyaunt knyght alyght a fote & matche we togyder with swerdes/what is your name sayd syr Gawayn. Alardyn of the Yles sayd the other/thene eyther dressyd her sheldes & smote togyders/but syr Gawayne smote hym thrugh the helme so harde ꝑ it wente to the brayne and the knyght fell doun deed. A sayd Gaherys ꝑ was a myghty stroke of a ponge knyght.

Thow the herte was chaced in to a castell & there slayne/& how Gawayn slewe a lady. ca.vij.

Thenne Gawayne & Gaherys rode more than a paas after the whyte herte/and lete slyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes/& so they chace the herte in to a castell/& in the chyef place of the castel they slewe the herte / syr Gawayne & Gaherys folowed after. Ryght so there came a knyght out of a chambre with a swerde in his honde & slewe two of ꝑ greyhoũdes euen in the syght of syr Gawayne/& the remenaũt he chaced hem with his swerde out of the castell. And whan he came agayne he sayd. O my whyte herte/me repenteth that ꝑ arte deed/for my louerayne lady gaf the to me/& euyll haue I kepte the/and thy deth shal be dere bought & I lyue/and anone he went in to his chambre & armed hym & came out fyersly/and ther met he with syr Gawayne/why haue ye slayne my houndes sayd syr Gaw

wayne/for they dyde but theyr kynde & leuer I had ye had wroken your angre vpon me than vpon a dombe best thou sayest trouth sayd the knyght. I haue auenged me on thy hoūdes & so I wyll on the or thou go. Thenne syr Gawayne alyght a foot & dressyd his shelde & stroke togyder myghtely/and clafe theyr sheldes & stoned theyr helmes and brake theyr hauberkes that the blood ranne doun to theyr fete. At the last syr Gawayne smote ỹ knyght so harde that he felle to the erthe/and thenne he cryed mercy & yelded hym/ & besought hym as he was a knyght gentylman to saue his lyf/thou shalt deye sayd syr Gawayne for sleynge of my hoūdes. I wyll make amendes sayd the knyght vnto my power. Syr Gawayne wolde no mercy haue but vnlaced his helme to haue stryken of his heed. Ryght so came his lady out of a chambre & felle ouer hym/and so he smote of her heed by mylauenture. Allas sayd Saherys that is foule & shamefully done/that shame shal neuer from you. Also ye sholde gyue mercy vnto them that aske mercy / for a knyght without mercy is without worshyp. Syr Gawayne was so astonyed of the deth of this fayre lady/that he wyste not what he dyde/& sayd vnto the knyght aryse I wyll gyue the mercy/nay nay sayd the knyght I take no force of mercy now/for thou hast slayne my loue and my lady that I loued best of all erthely thynge. Me sore repenteth it sayd syr Gawayne / for I thought to stryke vnto the. But now thou shalt go vnto kyng Arthur and telle hym of thyne aduentures & how thou art ouercome by the knyght that wente in the queste of the whyte herte/ I take no force sayd the knyght whether I lyue or I deye / but so for drede of deth he swore to go vnto kyng Arthur/& he made hym to bere one grey hounde before hym on his hors and an other behynde hym/what is your name sayd syr Gawayne or we departe My name is sayd ỹ knyght Ablamor of the mayse/so he departed towarde Camelot.

Chow .iiij. knyghtes fought ayenst syr Gawayne & Saherys/and how they were ouercome & theyr lyues sauued at the requeste of .iiij. ladyes. Capitulū .viij.

And syr Gawayne wente in to the castell & made hym redy to lye there all nyght / & wolde haue vnarmed hym/what wyl ye do sayd Saherys/wyll ye vnarme you in this coūtree/ye may well thynke ye haue many enemyes here/they had not sooner sayd that worde but there came .iiij. knyghtes well armed & assayled syr Gawayne harde and sayd vnto hym Thou newe made knyght/thou haste shamed thy knyghthode/for a knyght without mercy is dyshonoured. Also ỹ haste slayne a fayre lady to thy grete shame to the worldes ende / & doubte thou not thou shalt haue grete nede of mercy or thou departe from vs. And therwith one of them smote syr Gawayne a grete stroke ỹ nyghe he felle to the erthe/& Saherys smote hym agayne sore / & so they were on the one syde & on the other/that syr Gawayne and Saherys were in Jeopardy of theyr lyues / and one with a bowe an

archer smote syr Gawayne thorugh the arme that it greued hym wonderly sore. And as they sholde haue ben slayne/ there came .iiij. fayre ladyes & besought the knyghtes of grace for syr Gawayne/ & goodly atte request of ỹ ladyes they gaf syr Gawayne & Gaherys theyr lyues/ & made hem to yelde them as pryseners/ theñe Gawayne & Gaherys made grete dole. Allas sayd syr Gawayn myn arme greueth me sore. I am lyke to be maymed & so made his complaynte pytcoully. Erly on ỹ morowe ther cam one of the .iiij. ladyes to syr Gawayne ỹ hady herde all his complaynte/ & sayd syr knyght what chere. not good sayd he. it is your owne defaute sayd the lady/ for ye haue done a passynge foule dede in ỹ slaynge of ỹ lady/ the whiche wyll be grete vylony vnto you. But be ye not of kyng Arthurs kynne sayd ỹ lady/ yes truly sayd syr Gawayn/ what is your name sayd the lady/ ye must tell it me or ye passe/ my name is Gawayne ỹ kyng Lott of Orkeneys sone / & my moder is kyng Arthurs syster. A theñe are ye neuewe vnto kyng Arthur sayd the lady/ and I shall so speke for you that ye shall haue condupte to goo to kyng Arthur for his loue/ & so she departed/ & tolde the .iiij. knyghtes how theyr prysener was kyng Arthurs neuewe/ and his name is syr Gawayne kyng Lots sone of Orkeney/ and they gaaf hym the heed of the whyte herte by cause it was in his quest. Thenne anone they delyuered syr Gawayne vnder this promyse that he sholde bere the deed lady with hym in this maner. The heed of her was hanged about his necke / & the hole body of her laye before hym on his hors manes/ Ryght so rode he forth vnto Camelot And anone as he was come. Merlyn desyred of kyng Arthur that syr Gawayne sholde be sworne to telle of all his auentures/ & how he slewe the lady/ and how he wolde gyue no mercy vnto the knyght / where thorugh the lady was slayne. Thenne the kyng & the quene were gretly displeased with syr Gawayne for the sleynge of the lady. And there by ordenaunce of the quene ther was set a queste of ladyes on syr Gawayne/ & they Juged hym for euer whyle he lyued to be with all ladyes & to fyght for her quarels/ and ỹ euer he sholde be curtoys / & neuer to refuse mercy to hym that asketh mercy. Thus was syr Gawayne sworne vpon the foure euangelystes ỹ he sholde neuer be ayenst lady ne gentylwoman/ but yf he fought for a lady/ and his aduersarye fought for an other. And thus endeth the auenture of syr Gawayne that he dyde at the maryage of kyng Arthur.

How syr Tor rode after the knyght with the brachet/ & of his aduentures by the waye. ca. ix.

Thenne syr Tor was redy and he mounted vpon his horses backe and rode a good paas after the knyght with the brachet. So as he rode he mette with a dwarfe sodaynly/ that smote his hors on the heed with a staf / that he wente backwarde his speres lengthe. Why dost thou so sayd syr Tor/ for thou shalt not passe this waye/ but thou shalt fyrste Juste with yonder knyghtes of the pauelyons/

Thenne was Tor ware where two pauelyons were / & grete speres stode out / and two sheldes henge on trees by ẏ pauelyons. I may not tarye sayd syr Tor/for I am in a quest ẏ I must nedes folowe / ẏ shalt not passe sayd the dwarfe / & therwith all he blewe his horne/thenne ther cam one armed on horsback/& dressyd his shelde/and came faste towarde Tor/& he dressyd hym agaynst hym/and so ranne togyder that Tor bare hym from his hors & anone the knyght yelded hym to his mercy/but syr I haue a felowe in yonder pauelyone ẏ wyll haue adoo with you anone/he shall be welcome sayd syr Tor. Thenne was he ware of an other knyght comyng with grete rauȳdon/& eche of them dressyd to other/ẏ merueyll it was to se / but the knyght smote syr Tor a grete stroke in mydes of the shelde that his spere all to sheuered/& syr Tor smote hym thrugh the shelde by lowe of the shelde that it went thorugh the cooste of the knyght but the stroke slewe hym not / & therwith syr Tor alyght and smote hym on the helme a grete stroke/& therwith the knyght yelded hym and beseought hym of mercy. I wyll well sayd syr Tor/but thou & thy felowe muste go vnto kyng Arthur & yelde you prysoners vnto hym. By whome shall we saye that we are thyder sente. Ye shall saye by the knyght that wente in the queste of the knyght that went with the brachet. Now what be your two names sayd syr Tor / my name is sayd the one syr Felot of Langduk / & my name is sayd the other syr Petypase of Wynchelse. Now go ye forth sayd syr Tor and god spede you and me.

Thenne came the dwarfe & sayd vnto syr Tor. I praye you to gyue me a gyfte. I wyll well sayd syr Tor/aske/ I aske no more sayd the dwarfe / but that ye wyll suffre me to do you seruyce/for I wyll serue no more recreaunt knyghtes/take any hors sayd syr Tor & ryde on with me. I wote ye ryde after the knyght with the whyte brachet I shall bringe you there he is sayd the dwarfe. And so they rode thorugh out a forest/and at the last they were ware of two pauelyons euen by a pryory with two sheldes. And the one shelde was enewed with whyte / & the other shelde was reed.

Chow syr Tor foũde the brachet wo a lady/& how a knyght assayled hym for the sayd brachet ca.x.

Therwith syr Tor alyght and toke the dwarfe his glayue/& so he came to the whyte pauelyone/& sawe thre damoysels lye in it/and one paylet sleppynge / & so he wente to the other pauelyone / and founde a lady lyenge sleppynge therin. But ther was the whyte brachet that baped atte her fast / and therwith the lady yede out of the pauelyone & all her damoysels Ant anone as syr Tor aspyed ẏ whyte brachet / he toke her by force & toke her to the dwarfe / what / wyll ye soo sayd ẏ lady take my brachet from me Ye sayd syr Tor/this brachet haue I sought from kyng Arthurs court hyder/wel sayd the lady/knyght ye shal not go fer with her / but ẏ ye shall be mette & greued. I shall abyde what auenture ẏ cometh by the grace of god/ and so moũted vpon his hors & passed

on his waye towarde Camelot/but it was so nere nyght he myght not passe but lytell ferther / knowe ye ony lodgynge sayd Tor. I knowe none sayd the dwarfe/but here besyde is an hermytage/& there ye must take lodgynge as ye fynde. And within a whyle they came to the hermytage and toke lodgynge/and ther was grasyes and breed for theyr horses / soone it was spedy/& full harde was theyr souper/ but there they rested them all ỹ nyght tyll on the morne/& harde a masse deuoutly & toke theyr leue of ỹ hermyte & syr Tor prayed the hermyte to pray for hym/he sayd he wolde and betoke hym to god/& so mou̅ted vpon horsback & rode towardes Camelot a longe whyle/with that they herde a knyght calle loude that came after them/& he sayd knyght abyde & yelde my brachet that ỹ takest from my lady. Syr Tor returned agayne / & behelde hym how he was a semely knyght & wel horsed & well armed at all poyntes/theñe syr Tor dressyd his shelde & toke his spere in his hondes/& the other came fyersly vpon hym/& smote both hors and man to the erthe / anone they aroos lyghtly & drewe her swerdes as egrely as lyons and put theyr sheldes afore them & smote thorugh the sheldes that the cantels felle of both partyes. Also they tampd theyr helmes that the hote blood ranne out/& the thycke mayles of theyr hauberkes they carfe and rofe in sonder ỹ the hote blood ranne to the erthe/and bothe they had many woundes & were passynge wery. But syr Tor aspyed that the other knyght faynted/and thenne he sewed fast vpon hym and doubled his strokes and garte hym goo to the erthe on the one syde / thenne syr Tor bad hym yelde hym/ỹ wyl I not sayd Abelleus whyle my lyf lasteth & the soule is within my body onles that thou wylt gyue me the brachet / that wyll I not doo sayd syr Tor / for it was my queste to bringe agayne the brachet and the or els slee the.

Chow syr Tor ouercam the knyght & how he loste his heed at the requeste of a lady. ca.xi.

With that came a damoysell rydynge on a palfrey as faste as she myght dryue & cryed with a loude voys vnto syr Tor/what wyl ye with me sayd syr Tor. I beseche the sayd the damoysell for kyng Arthurs loue gyue me a gyfte. I requyre the gentyll knyght as thou arte a gentylman Now sayd syr Tor/aske a gyfte and I wyll gyue it you / gramercy sayd the damoysel. Now I aske the heed of the fals knyght Abelleus/for he is the mooste outragyous knyght that lyueth and the grettest murtherer. I am rygh te sorowe and lothe sayd syr Tor of that gyfte that I haue graunted vnto you / lete hym make you amendes in that/that he hath trespaced vnto you. Now sayd the damoysell he may not/ for he hath slayne myn owne broder that was a better knyght than euer he was/and he had no mercy vpon hym in soo moche as that I kneled half an houre afore hym in the myre for to saue my broders lyf that had done hym noo dammage but fought with hym by auenture of armes/and soo for all that I coude do/he stroke of his heed/

wherfore I requyre the as thou arte a true knyght to gyue me my gyfte / or els I shall shame the in all the courte of kyng Arthur / for he is the falsest knyght lyuynge & a grete destroyer of good knyghtes. Thenne whan Abelleus herde this/he was more aferde/& yelded hym & asked mercy. I may not now sayd syr Tor/but yf I sholde be founde fals of my promesse/for whyle I wolde haue taken you to mercy / ye wolde none aske but yf ye had the bracket agayne that was my quest / and therwith he toke of his helme/& he arroos & fledy/and syr Tor after hym & smote of his heed quyte. ¶Now syr sayd the damoysell/it is nere nyght. I praye you come & lodge with me here at my place / it is here fast by. I wyll well sayd syr Tor / for his hors & he had ferdy eupll syn they departed from Camelot/& so he rode with her & had passynge good chere with her/and she had a passynge fayre olde knyght to her husbonde that made hym passynge good chere and well eased both his hors & he/and on the morn he herde his masse & brake his fast and toke his leue of the knyght & of the lady that besought hym to tell hȳ his name. Truly he sayd my name is syr Tor that was late made knyght/& this was the fyrste quest of armes þ euer I dyde to bynge agayne þ this knyght Abelleus toke awaye from kyng Arthurs courte. O fayre knyght sayd the lady & her husbande / and ye come here in our marches/come & se our poore lodgynge & it shal be alwayes at your cõmaundement. So syr Tor departed and came to Camelot on the thyrde daye by none/and the kyng & the quene & all the courte was passynge fayne of his comynge & made grete Joye that he was come agayne/for he went from the courte with lytell socour/but as kyng Pellynore his fad gaf hȳ an olde courser/& kyng Arthur gaf hym armour and a swerde/and els had he none other socour / but rode soo forth hymself alone. And thenne the kyng & the quene by Merlyn aduyse made hym to swere to telle of his auentres/ and so he tolde & made preues of his dedes as it is afore reherced/wherfore the kyng & the quene made grete Joye Nay nay sayd Merlyn thyse bey but Japes to þ he shall do/he shall preue a noble knyght of prowesse as good as ony is lyuynge & gentyll and curtoys & soo of good tatches & passynge true of his promesse/and neuer shal outrage where thrugh Merlyns wordes kynge Arthur gaf hym an Erldom of londes that felle vnto hym. And here endeth the queste of syr Tor kyng Pellynors sone.

¶How kyng Pellynore rode after the lady & the knyght þ ladde her awaye/ & how a lady delyred helpe of hym/& how he fought with two knyghtes for that lady of whome he slewe þ one at the fyrste stroke. ca.xij.

Thenne kyng Pellynore armed hym & moũted vpon his hors and rode more than a paas after the lady þ the knyght ladde awaye. And as he rode in a forest/he sawe in a valey a damoysell sytte by a welle and a wounded knyght in her armes / and Pellynore salewed her. And whan she was ware of hym she cryed ouer loude

helpe me knyght for cryſtis ſake kyn-
ge Pellynore & he wolde not tarye he
was ſo eger in his queſt/and euer ſhe
cryed an hondred tymes after helpe/
Whan ſhe ſawe he wolde not abyde/
ſhe prayed vnto god to ſende hym as
moche nede of helpe as ſhe had / and
that he myght fele it or he deyed. So
as the booke telleth the knyght there
deyed that there was wounded/wher-
fore the lady for pure ſorowe ſlewe her
ſelf with his ſwerde. As kyng Pelly-
nore rode in that valey he met with a
poore man a labourer. Saweſt thou
not ſayd Pellynore a knyght rydynge
& ledynge awaye a lady / ye ſayd the
man. I ſawe ꝑ knyght & the lady that
made grete doole. And yonder byneth
in a valey there ſhall ye ſe two pauel-
yons/& one of the knyghtes of the pa
uelyons chalenged that lady of that
knyght & ſayd ſhe was his colyn nere
wherfore he ſholde lede her no ferther
And ſo they waged batayll in ꝑ quar-
rell/the one ſayd he wolde haue her by
force / & the other ſayd he wolde haue
ꝑ rule of her by cauſe he was her kyn-
nelman & wolde lede her to her kynne
for this quarell he lefte them fyghtyn
ge. And yf ye wyl ryde a paas ye ſhal
fynde them fyghtynge/& the lady was
belefte with the two ſquyres in the pa
uelyons / god thanke the ſayd kyng
Pellynore. Thenne he rode a wallop
tyll he hadȝ a ſyght of the two pauel-
yons and the two knyghtes fyghtyn-
ge. Anone he rode to the pauelyons/&
ſawe the lady that was his queſt/and
ſayd fayre lady ye muſt goo with me
vnto the courte of kyng Arthur. Syr
knyght ſayd the two ſquyres that we
re with her yonder are two knyghtes
that fyght for this lady / goo thyder
and departe them / & be agreed with
them/and thenne may ye haue her at
your pleaſure/ye ſaye well ſayd kyng
Pellynore. And anone he rode betwixt
them & departed them and aſked them
the cauſes why that they fought. Syr
knyght ſayd the one. I ſhall telle you/
this lady is my kynneſwomanȝ nyghe
myn auntes doughter. And whanȝ I
herde her complayne ꝑ ſhe was with
hym maugre her heed. I waged batay
le to fyght with hȳ. Syr knyght ſayd
the other whoos name was Hontzla-
ke of wentlonde/and this lady I gate
by my proweſſe of armes this daye at
Arthurs courte/that is vntruly ſayd/
ſayd kyng Pellynore / for ye came in
ſodaynly there as we were at the hygh
feeſt and toke awaye this lady or ony
manȝ myght make hym redy & therfo
re hit was my queſt to brynge her a-
gayne & you both/or els the one of vs
to abyde in the felde/therfore the la-
dy ſhall go with me or I wyll deye for
it for I haue promyſed it kyng Arthur
and therfore fyght ye no more/for no-
ne of you both ſhall haue no parte of
her at this tyme/& yf ye lyſte to fyght
for her/fyght with me/and I wyll de-
fende her / well ſayd the knyght ma-
ke you redy/and we ſhall aſſayle you
with all our power. And as kyng Pel
lynore wolde haue putte his hors from
them and ſyr Hontzlake roof his hors
thorugh with his ſwerde and ſayd.
Now arte thou on foot as well as we
are/and whanȝ kyng Pellynore aſpyed
that/that his hors was ſlayne/and he
thenne ſperſly and lyghtly lepte from
his hors/and in grete haſt pulled out
his ſwerde/& put his ſhelde afore hym

and sayd knyght kepe well thy heed/ for ỹ shalt haue a buffet for the sleyn/ ge of my hors. So kyng Pellynore gaf hym suche a stroke vpon the helme ỹ he claue doun the heed to the chynne/ that he fylle to the erthe deed.

¶ How kyng Pellynore gate the lady & brought hyr to Camelot to the cour te of kyng Arthur. ca.xiij.

And thenne he torned hym to the other knyght ỹ was sore woũ ded/ but whan he sawe ỹ others buffet he wolde not fyght/ but kneled doun & sayd/ take my colyn the lady with you at your request/ & I requyre you as ye be a true knyght/ put her to no shame nor vylony. What sayd kyng Pellyno re wyll ye not fyght for her / noo syr sayd the knyght I wyl not fyght with a knyght of prowesse as ye be / well sayd Pellynore ye saye well I promyse you she shall haue no vylonye by me as I am true knyght/ but now me lac ked an hors sayd Pellynore/ but I wyl haue Hontzlakes hors/ ye shal not ne/ de sayd the knyght / for I shall gyue you suche an hors as shall please you so that ye wyll lodge with me/ for it is nere nyght. I wyl well sayd kyng Pel lynore abyde with you all nyght/ and there he had with hym ryght good che re / & faryd of the best with passynge good wyne & had mery reste ỹ nyght. And on the morne he herde a masse & dyned / & thenne was brought hym a fayre bay courser / & kyng Pellynors sadel sette vpon hym. Now what shal I calle you sayd the knyght in as mo/ che as ye haue my colyn at your dely/ re of your quest. Syr I shall telle you my name is kyng Pellynore of ỹ Yles & knyght af the table roũde. Now I am glady sayd the knyght that suche a noble may shal haue the rule of my colyn. Now what is your name sayd Pellynore. I praye you telle me. Syre my name is syr Melyot of Logurs/ & this lady my colyn hyght Nymue/ and the knyght that was in the other pa/ uelyone is my sworne broder a passyn ge good knyght & his name is Bryan of the Yles/ and he is full lothe to do wronge & full lothe to fyght with ony may/ but yf he be sore sought on/ so ỹ for shame he may not leue it. it is mer ueyll sayd Pellynore that he wyll not haue ado with me/ syr he wyll not ha ue ado with no may but yf it be at his request. Bynge hỹ to the courte sayd Pellynore one of thyse dayes. Syr we wyll come togyder/ & ye shall be wel/ come sayd Pellynore to the courte of kyng Arthur/ and gretely allowed for your compynge/ & so he departed with the lady and brought her to Camelot So as they rode in a valey it was ful of stones/ & there the ladyes hors stum bled & threwe her doun that her arme was sore hyrled & nere she swowned for payne. Alas syr sayd the lady myn arme is out the Joynte where thrugh I must nedes rest me/ ye shal wel sayd kyng Pellynore/ & so he alyght vnder a fayre tree where was fayre gralle & he put his hors therto/ & so leyde hym vnder the tree & slept tyll it was nygh nyght. And whan he awoke/ he wolde haue rydey. Syr sayd the lady it is so derke that ye may as well ryde back/ warde as forwarde/ so they abode styll & made there theyr lodgynge. Thenne syr Pellynore put of his armour/ and

thenne a lytyll afore mydnyght they herde the trottynge of an hors / be ye styll sayd kyng Pellynore/for we shal here of some auenture.

¶ How on ỹ waye he herde two knyghtes as he laye by nyght in a valey & of other auentures. ca.xiiij.

And therwith he armed hym/so ryght euen afore him ther met two knyghtes/the one cam frowarde Camelot/& the other from the north/ and eyther salewed other/what tydynges at Camelot sayd the one / by my heed sayd the other ther haue I ben & aspyed the court of kyng Arthur/and theris suche a felaushyp they may neuer be broken/& wel nyghe al the worlde holdeth with Arthur/for theris the floure of chyualrye. Now for this cause I am rydynge in to the north to tell our chyuetayns of the felaushyp that is withholdon with kyng Arthur. As for that sayd the other knyght I haue brought a remedy with me that is the grettest poyson that euer ye herde speke of & to Camelot wyll I with it/for we haue a frende ryght nyghe kyng Arthur & well cherysshed ỹ shall poyson kyng Arthur/so he hath promysed our chyuetayns & receyued gree gyftes for to do it. Beware sayd the other knygh of Merlyn/for he knoweth all thynges by the deuyls crafte/therfore wyll I not lete it sayd the knyght / & so they departed in sonder. Anone after Pellynore made hym redy & his lady & rode towarde Camelot. And as they cam by the welle there as the woūded knyght was & the lady / there he foūde the knyght & the lady eten with lyons or wylde bestes all saue the heed wherfore he made grete sorowe & wepte passynge sorowe & sayd. Allas her lyf myght I haue saued/but I was so fyers in my queste therfore I wolde not abyde/wherfore make ye suche doole sayd the lady. I wote not sayd Pellynore/but my herte mourneth sore of ỹ deth of her/for she was a passynge fayre lady & a ponge. Now wyll ye do by myn aduyse sayd ỹ lady/take this knyght & lete hym be buryed in an hermytage and thenne take the ladyes heed & bere it with you vnto Arthur. So kyng Pellynore tooke this deed knyght on his sholders & brought hym to the hermytage & charged the hermyte with the corps/that seruyce sholde be done for the soule / & take his harneys for your payne / it shall be done sayd the hermyte as I wyll answer vnto god.

¶ How whan he was comen to Camelot he was sworn vpon a boke to telle trouth of his queste. ca.xv.

And therwith they departed & came there as the heed of the lady laye with a fayre yelowe heer ỹ greued kyng Pellynore passyngly sore whan he loked on it/for moche he cast his herte on ỹ vylage. And so by none they came to Camelot/and the kyng & the quene were passynge fayne of his comynge to the courte. And there he was made to swere vpon the foure euangelystes to telle the trouth of his queste from the one to the other. A syr Pellynore sayd quene Gueneuer ye were gretely to blame that ye saued not this ladyes lyf. Madame sayd Pellynore ye were gretely to blame & ye wol

de not saue your owne lyf & ye myght but sauf your plealyr I was so furyous in my quest that I wolde not abyde/and that repenteth me & shall the dayes of my lyf. Truly sayd Merlyn ye ought sore to repente it/for that lady was your owne doughter begoten on the lady of the rule/& that knyght that was deed was her loue/& sholde haue wedded her/and he was a ryght good knyght of a ponge may & wolde haue preued a good may / and to this courte was he compynge & his name was syr Myles of the laundys/and a knyght cam behynde hym & slewe hȳ with a spere & his name is Lorayne le saucage a fals knyght & a cowarde/& she for grete sorowe & doloe slewe her self with his swerde/& her name was Elayne. And by cause ye wolde not abyde & helpe her/ye shall se your best frende fayle you whan ye be in ỳ gretest dystresse that euer ye were or shall be. And that penaũce god hath ordeyned you for that dede/that he that ye shall moost trust to of ony may alyue he shall leue you ther ye shall be slayne. Me forthynketh sayd kyng Pellynore that this shal me betyde/but god may fordo well destany. Thus whan the quest was done of the whyte herte/the whiche folowed syr Gawayne/& the quest of the brachet folowed of syr Tor Pellynors sone/& the quest of the lady that the knyght toke awaye/the whiche kyng Pellynore at that tyme folowed. Thenne the kyng stablysshed all his knyghtes & gaf them that were of londes not ryche/he gaf them lõdes/& charged hem neuer to do outrage/oulyte nor murdre & alwayes to flee treason..Also by no meane to be cruel but to gyue mercy vnto hym that asketh mercy vppon payne of forfeture of theyr worshyp & lordshyp of kyng Arthur for euer more/and alwayes to do ladyes/damoysels/and gentylwȳmen socoure vpon payne of deth. Also that noo man take noo bataylles in a wronfull quarell/for noo lawe ne for no worldes goodes. Vnto this were al the knyghtes sworn of the table rounde both olde and ponge. And euery yere were they sworn at the hyghe feest of Pentecost.

Here endeth the thyrde boke of kyng Arthur and of his weddynge.

Here folowyth the fourth boke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

¶ How Merlyn was alloted & dooted on one of the ladyes of the Lake/and how he was shette in a roche vnder a stone & there deyed. Capl'm Primū

SO after thyse questes of syr Gawayne / syr Tor/and kyng Pellynore. It felle soo that Merlyn felle in a dotage on the damoysell that kyng Pellynore brought to court and she was one of the damoysels of the Lake ꝑ hyght Nyneue. But Merlyn wolde lete haue her noo reste but alwayes he wolde be with her. And euer she made Merlyn good chere tyll she had lerned of hym all maner thynge that she delyred & he was alloted vpon her that he myght not be from her. So on a tyme he tolde kyng Arthur that he sholde not dure longe/but for all his crafftes he sholde be put in the erthe quycke/& so he tolde ꝑ kyng many thynges that sholde befalle/but alwayes he warned the kyng to kepe well his swerde & the scauberde/for he tolde hym how the swerde & the scauberde sholde be stolen by a woman frō hym that he moost trusted. Also he tolde kyng Arthur that he sholde mysse hym / yet had ye leuer than all your

londes to haue me agayne. A sayd the kyng/syn ye knowe of your aduentu/re purueye for hit / and put awaye by your craftes that mysauenture. Nay sayd Merlyn it wyll not be / so he de/parted from the kyng. And within a whyle the damoysel of the Lake depar/ted/& Merlyn wente with her euermo/re where so euer she wente. And ofty/mes Merlyn wolde haue had her pry/uely awaye by his subtyll craftes/and thenne she made hym to swere that he sholde neuer do none enchauntement vpon her yf he wolde haue his wyll/& so he swore. So she & Merlyn wente ouer the see vnto ỹ londe of Benwyck there as kyng Ban was kyng ỹ had grete warre ayenst kyng Claudas / & there Merlyn spake with kyng Bans wyf a fayre lady & a good/and her na/me was Elayne/& there he sawe yon/ge Laũcelot/there the quene made gre/te sorowe for the mortall warre that kyng Claudas made on her lord and on her londes. Take none heuynesse sayd Merlyn/for this same childe w̃ in this .xx. yere shall reuenge you on kyng Claudas that all Crystendome shall speke of it. And this same childe shall be the mooste may of worshyp of the worlde/& his fyrste name is Ga/lahad/that knowe I well sayd Mer/lyn. And syn ye haue confermed hym Laũcelot/that is trouth sayd the que/ne/his fyrst name was Galahad. O Merlyn sayd the quene / shall I lyue to se my sone suche a may of prowesse Ye lady on my parell ye shall se hit/& lyue many wynters after. And thenne soone after the lady & Merlyn depar/ted/and by the waye Merlyn shewed her many wondres/& came in to Lon/dõ newayse. And alwayes Merlyn laye about the lady to haue her maydenho/de / & she was euer passynge wery of hym/and fayne wolde haue ben delys/ued of hym/for she was aferde of hỹ by cause he was a deuyls sone / & she coude not beskyfte hym by no meanes

¶ And so on a tyme it happened that Merlyn shewed to her in a roche whe/re as was a grete wonder/& wrought by enchaũtement that wente vnder a stone. So by her subtyll werkynge she made Merlyn to go vnder that stone to lete her wete of the meruey̆lles the/re / but she wrought so there for hym that he cam neuer out for all the craf/te that he coude do. And so she depar/ted & lefte Merlyn.

¶ How .v. kynges came in to this lon/de to warre ayenst kyng Arthur/and what counseyll Arthur hadde ayenst them. ca.ij.

And as kyng Arthur rode to/warde Camelot/& helde there a grete feest with myrth and Joye/so soone after he retorned vnto Cardoyl/le/& there cam vnto Arthur newe ty/dynges that the kyng of Denmarke & the kyng of Irlonde ỹ was his bro/der / & the kyng of the Hale / and the kyng of Soleyse/and the kyng of the Yle of Longtaynse / all thyse .v. kyn/ges with a grete hoost were entred in to the londe of kyng Arthur & brente & slowe clene afore them/both Cytees and Castels that it was pyte to here.

¶ Allas sayd Arthur yet had I neuer reste one moneth syn I was crowned kyng of this londe. Now shal I neuer reste tyll I mete tho kynges in a fayre

felde/that I make myn auowe/for my true lyege people shall not be destroy-de in my defaute/go with me who wyl & abyde who that wyll. Thenne the kyng lete wryte vnto kyng Pellynore & prayed hym in al hast to make hym redy with suche people as he myght lyghtlyest rere & hye hym after in all hast. All the barons were prively wro-the that the kyng wolde departe so so-daynly/but ȳ kyng by no meane wol-de abyde / but made wrytynge vnto them that were not there/& bad them hye after hym suche as were not at ȳ tyme in the courte. Thenne the kyng came to quene Gueneuer & sayd lady make you redy / for ye shall goo with me/for I may not longe myssse you/ye shall cause me to be the more hardy/ what auenture soo befalle me. I wyll not wete my lady to be in no Jeopardy Syr sayd she I am at your cōmaūde-ment/& shall be redy what tyme so ye be redy. So on the morne the kyng & the quene departed with suche felau-shyp as they hadde / & came in to the North in to a forest belyde Humber & there lodged hem. ¶ Whan the worde and tydynge cam vnto the .v. kynges abouc sayd that Arthur was belyde Humbre in a forest/ther was a knyght broder vnto one of the .v. kynges that gaf them this coūseyll/ye knowe wel that kyng Arthur hath the floure of chyualrye of the worlde with hym as it is preued by the grete bataylle ȳ he dyde with the .xi. kynges. And therfo re hye vnto hym nyght & daye tyll ȳ we be nyghe hym/for the lenger he ta ryeth the bygger he is / & we euer the weyker. And he is so courageous of hymself ȳ he is come to the felde with lytell people/& therfore lete vs set vp-on hym or daye/& we shall slee doun of his knyghtes ther shal none escape

¶ How kyng Arthur had adoo with them and ouerthrewe them and slewe the .v. kynges/& made the remenaūt to flee. ca.iij.

Vnto this coūseyl thyse .v. kyn ges assented/& so they passed forth with her hoost thrugh Northwa les & cam vpon Arthur by nyght and set vppon his hoost as the kyng & his knyghtes were in theyr pauelyons / & kyng Arthur was vnarmed & had ley de hym to rest wt̄ his quene Gueneuer Syr saye syr Kay it is not good ȳ we be vnarmed / we shall haue no nede sayd syr Gawayne & syr Gryflet ȳ laye in a lytell pauelyone by the kyng With that they herde a grete noyse & many cryed treson treson. Allas sayd kyng Arthur we ben bytrayed. Vnto armes felawes theñe he cryed/so they were armed anone at all poyntes / Thenne cam there a woūded knyght vnto the kyng & sayd / syr saue your self & my lady the quene for our hoost is destroyed and moche peole of ours slayne. So anone the kyng & the que-ne & the thre knyghtes toke her horses & rode towarde Humber to passe ouer it/and the water was so rough ȳ they were aferde to passe ouer. Now may ye chese sayd kyng Arthur whether ye wyll abyde & take the aduenture on this syde / for & ye be taken they wyll slee you. It were me leuer sayd the que ne to deye in the water than to falle in your enemyes hondes & there be slay-ne. And as they stode so talkynge/syr

Kay sawe the .v. kynges comynge on horsback by hymselfe allone with her speres in her hondes euen towarde thē Loo sayd syr Kay ponder bey the .v. kynges/lete vs goo to them & matche them/þ were folye sayd syr Gawayne for we are but foure & they bey fyue/ that is trouthe sayd syr Gryflet. No force sayd syr Kay I wyll vndertake for two of them/& thenne may ye thre vndertake for the other thre/& there withall syr Kay lete his hors renne as fast as he myght & strake one of them thorugh þ shelde & the body a fadom that the kynge felle to the erthe starke deed. That sawe syr Gawayne and ranne vnto ay other kyng so harde þ he smote hym thorugh the body. And therwith all kyng Arthur ranne to a nother & smote hym thorugh the body with a spere that he fylle to the erthe deed. Thenne syr Gryflet ranne vnto the fourth kyng & gaf hym suche a falle that his neche brake. Anone syr Kay ranne vnto the fyfth kyng & smote hym so harde on the helme that the stroke clafe the helme & the heed to the erthe/that was wel stryken sayd kyng Arthur/& worshyppfully hast thou holde thy promesse/therfore I shall honoure the whyle þ I lyue/& therwith all they set the quene in a barge in to humber/but alwayes quene Gueneuer praysed syr Kay for his dedes/and sayd what lady that ye loue/& she loue you not agayne she were gretely to blame/& amonge ladyes sayd the quene I shal bere your noble fame/for ye spake a grete worde & fulfylled it worshyppfully & therwith the quene departed Thenne the kyng & þ thre knyghtes rode in to the forest/for there they suppoled to here of them þ were escaped/& there he founde the moost parte of his people/& tolde them al how the .v. kynges were deed/& therfore lete vs holde vs togyder tyll it be daye/& whan theyr hoost haue aspyed þ theyr chyuetaynes be slayne/they wyl make suche doole that they shall not mowe helpe themself/& ryght so as the kyng sayd/so it was/for whan they founde the .v. kynges deed/they made suche doole that they felle fro theyr horses/ Therwith all came kyng Arthur but with a fewe people & slewe on the lyft honde & on the ryght honde that well nyghe ther escaped no man/but all were slayne to the nombre of .xxx. thousande. And whan the batayll was all ended the kyng kneled downe & thanked god mekely/& thenne he sente for the quene & soone she was come/& she made grete Joye of the ouercomynge of that batayll.

How the batayll was fynysshed or kyng Pellynore cam/& how the kyng founded ay abbaye where the batayll was. ca.liij.

Therwith all came one to kyng Arthur & tolde hym that kyng Pellynore was within thre myle with a grete hoost/& he sayd/go vnto hym & lete hym vnderstande how we haue spedde. So within a whyle kyng Pellynore came with a grete hoost & saleweed the people & the kyng/ and there was grete Joye made on euery syde/ Thenne the kyng lete serche how moche people of his parte ther was slayne. And ther were foūde but lytel past two hondred men slayne & .viij. knygh

tes of the table rounde in theyr pauel-
yons. Thenne the kyng lete rere & de-
uyse in the same place there as the ba-
tayll was done a fayre abbaye & endo
wed it with grete lyuelode/and lete it
calle the abbaye of la beale aduenture
But whan some of them came in to
theyr coũtrees therof as the.v. kynges
were kynges & tolde them how they
were slayne/ther was made grete dole
And all kyng Arthurs enemyes/as ꝯ
kyng of Northwales & the kynges of
the North wyst of the batayll they we
re pallynge heuy. And so the kyng re-
torned vnto Camelot in hast/& whan
he was come to Camelot / he called
kyng Pellynore vnto hym & sayd. Ye
vnderstande well ꝯ we haue loste .viij.
knyghtes of the best of the table roũ-
de/& by your aduyse we wyl chese. viij.
agayne of the best ꝯ we may fynde in
this courte. Syr sayd Pellynore. I shal
coũseyll you after my concepte the best
There are in your courte full noble
knyghtes both of olde & yonge/& ther-
fore by myn aduyse ye shall chese half
of the olde & halfe of the yonge/whi-
che be the olde sayd kyng Arthur. Syr
sayd kyng Pellynore/me semeth that
kyng Vryence that hath wedded your
syster Morgan le fay / & the kyng of
the Lake/& syr Hervyse de reuell a no-
ble knyght/& syr Galagars ꝯ fourth
This is well deuysed sayd kyng Ar-
thur & ryght so shall it be. Now whi-
che are the four yonge knyghtes sayd
Arthur. Syr sayd Pellynore the fyrste
is syr Gawayne your neuewe ꝯ is as
good a knyght of his tyme as ony is
in this londe/& the seconde as me se-
meth is syr Gryflet le fyse the dene ꝯ
is a good knyght and full desyrous in
armes/& who may se hym lyue he shal
preue a good knyght/& the thyrde as
me semeth is wel to be one of ꝯ knygh
tes of the roũde table syr Kay the se-
nescha/for many tymes he hath done
full worshypfully/& now at your last
batayl he dyde full honourably for to
vndertake to slee two kynges. By my
heed sayd Arthur he is best worthy to
be a knyght of the roũde table of ony
that ye haue reherced / & he had done
no more prowesse in his lyf dayes.

¶How syr Tor was made knyght of the roũde table/& how Bagdemagus was dysplesed. ca.v.

NOw said kyng Pellynore shal
I put to you two knyghtes/&
ye shall chese whiche is moost worthy
that is syr Bagdemagus & syr Tor
my sone / but by cause syr Tor is my
sone I may not prayse hym/but els &
he were not my sone I durst saye that
of his age there is not in this londe a
better knyght than he is nor of better
condycyons & lothe to do ony wronge.
& lothe to take ony wronge. By my
heed sayd kyng Arthur he is a pallyn
ge good knyght as ony ye spake this
daye of/ ꝯ wote I well saye the kyng/
for I haue sene hym preued & he sayth
lytell but he doth moche more / for I
knowe none in all this courte & he we
re as well born on his moders syde as
he is on your syde that is lyke hym of
prowesse & of myght. And therfore I
wyll haue hym at this tyme & leue syr
Bagdemagus tyll an other tyme. So
whan they were so chosen by ꝯ assente
of all the barons/so where there foũ-
den in her speges euery knyghtꝭ names

that here are reherced / & so were they set in theyr syeges / wherof syr Bagde magus was wonderly wroth that syr Tor was auaũced afore hym / & therfore sodaynely he departed from the courte & toke his squyre with hym / & rode longe in a forest tyll they came to a crosse & there he alyght and sayd his prayers deuoutly . The meane whyle his squyre foũde wryten vpon ẏ crosse that Bagdemagus sholde neuer retorne vnto the courte agayne / tyll he had wonne a knyghtes body of the rounde table body for body. Loo syr sayd his squyre / here I fynde wrytynge of you therfore I rede you retorne agayne to the courte / ẏ shall I neuer sayd Bagdemus tyll men speke of me grete worshyp / & ẏ I be worthy to be a knyght of the roũde table / & so he rode forthe. And ther by the waye he foũde a brauche of ay holy herbe that was the sygne of the Sangreall / & no knyght foũde suche tokens but he were a good lyuer. So as syr Bagdemagus rode to se many aduentures / it happed hym to come to the roche there as the lady of the lake had put Merlyn vnder the stone / & there he herde hym make grete dole / wherof syr Bagdemagus wolde haue holpen hym & wente vnto the grete stone / & he was so heuy that an hondred men myght not lyfte hit vp / whan Merlyn wyste ẏ he was there he bad hym leue his labour / for all was in vayne / for he myght neuer be holpen but by her that put hym there / & so Bagdemagus departed & dyde many auentures and preued after a full good knyght / and came agayne to the courte and was made a knyght of the rounde table . So on the morne there fell newe tydynges & other auentures

Chow kyng Arthur kyng Vryence & syr Accolon of Gaule chaced an herte and of theyr merueyllous aduentures Capĩ .vi.

Thenne it befelle that Arthur & many of his knyghtes rode on huntynge in to a grete forest / & it happed kyng Arthur / kyng Vryence & syr Accolon of Gaule folowed a grete herte / for they thre were well horsed / & so they chaced so fast that within a whyle they thre were thenne .x. myle from her felaushyp. And at the last they chaced so sore that they slewe theyr horses vndernethe them . Thenne were they all thre on foot / & euer they sawe the herte afore them passynge wery & enbusshed. What wyll we do sayd kyng Arthur / we are harde bestade / lete vs go on foot sayd kyng Vryence tyll we may mete wt̃ some lodgynge. Thenne were they ware of the herte that laye on a grete water banke / and a brachet bytynge on his throte mo other houndes came after. Thenne kyng Arthur blewe the pryce and dyghte the herte / Thenne the kyng loked about ẏ worlde & sawe afore hym in a grete water a lytel shyp all apparayled with sylke downe to the water / & the shyp came ryght vnto hem and landed on the landes. Thenne Arthur wente to the banke & loked in / & sawe none erthely creature therin . Syrs sayd the kyng come thens & lete vs se what is in this shyp. So they wente in all thre & foũde hit rychely behanged with cloth of sylke. By thenne it was derke nyght / and there sodaynly were about them

ay hondred torches sette vpon all the sydes of the shyp bordes & it gaf grete lyght. And therwith all there cam out .xij. fayre damoysels & salewed kyng Arthur on her knees & called hym by his name/& sayd he was ryght welcome/& suche chere as they had he sholde haue of the best/the kyng thanked hem fayre. Therwith all they lad the kyng & his two felowes in to a fayre chambre/and there was a cloth leyde rychely belene of all that longed to a table/& there were they serued of all wynes & metes that they coude thynke/of ꝑ the kyng had grete merueyll/ for he fardy neuer better in his lyf for one souper. And so whey they had souped at her leyser/ kyng Arthur was ledde in to a chambre/a rycher belene chambre sawe he neuer none/and soo was kyng Bryence served/& ledde in to an other chambre/and syr Accolon was ledde in to the thyrde chambre passynge ryche & well belene/and soo were they layde in theyr beddes calcly And anone they felle on slepe/& slepte merueyllously sore all that nyght/and on the morowe kyng Bryence was in Camelot abedde in his wyues armes Morgan le fay. And whan he awoke/ he hadde grete merueyll how he came there/for on ꝑ euen afore he was two dayes Journeye from Camelot. And whan kyng Arthur awoke/he foũde hymself in a derke prylon herynge about hym many complayntes of wofull knyghtes.

¶How kyng Arthur toke vpon hym to fyght for to be delyuerd out of prylon/& also for to delyuer .xx. knyghtes that were in prylon. ca. vij.

Thenne sayd kyng Arthur/what are ye that so complayne/ we ben here .xx. full good knyghtes prysoners sayd they/and some of vs haue layne here .vij. yere & some more and some lasse/for what cause sayd Arthur We shall telle you sayd the knyghtes This lorde of this castell his name is syr Damas/& he is the falsest knyght that lyueth/& ful of treason/and a very coward as ony lyueth/& he hath a yonger broder a good knyght of prowesse/his name is syr Ontzlake/and this traytour Damas the elder broder wyll gyue hym no parte of his lyuelode but as syr Ontzlake kepeth thrugh prowesse of his hondes/& so he kepeth from hym a full fayre maner & a rych/and therin syr Ontlake dwelleth worshypfully/& is well byloued of all people/& this syr Damas our mayster is as euyll byloued/ for he is without mercy/and he is a coward/and grete warre hath ben betwixt them bothe/ but Ontzlake hath euer the better/ & euer he profereth syr Damas to fyght for the lyuelode body for body/but he wyll not do/or els to fynde a knyght to fyght for hym. Unto ꝑ syr Damas hath graunted to fynde a knyght/but he is so euyll byloued & hated/ꝑ there is neuer a knyght ꝑ wyll fyght for hȳ And whan Damas sawe this ꝑ there was neuer a knyght wolde fyght for hym/he hath dayly layen a wayte with many knyghtes with hym/& taken al the knyghtes in this coũtree to se and aspye her auentures/ he hath taken hem by force & brought hem in to his prylon/& so he toke vs seuerally as we rode on our auentures/ & many good knyghtꝭ haue deyed in this prylon for

hongre to the nombre of .viij. knyghtes. And yf ony of vs all that here is or hath ben wolde haue foughten with his broder Dutzlake / he wolde haue delyuerd vs/but for by cause this Damas is so fals & so full of treason we wolde neuer fyght for hym to deye for it. And we be soo lene for hongre that vnnethe we may stande on our feet/ God delyuer you for his mercy sayd Arthur. Anone therwith all ther cam a damoysell vnto Arthur & asked hȳ what chere. I can not telle sayd he/syr sayd she & ye wyll fyght for my lorde ye shall be delyuerd out of prysoy / & els ye escape neuer thy lyf. Now sayd Arthur that is harde / yet had I leuer to fyght with a knyght than to deye in prysoy/with this sayd Arthur yf I may be delyuerd & all thyse prysoners I wyll do the batayll/yes sayd the damoysell. I am redy sayd Arthur & I had hors & armour/ye shal lacke none sayd the damoysell. Me semeth damoysell I sholde haue sene you in the courte of Arthur. Nay sayd ꝑ damoysell I cam ueuer there. I am the lordes doughter of this Castell/yet was she fals for she was one of the damoysels of Morgay le fay. Anone she wente vnto syr Damas & tolde hym how he wolde do batayll for hym/& so he sente for Arthur. And whan he came he was well coloured & well made of his lymmes/that all knyghtes that sawe hym sayd it were pyte ꝑ suche a knyghte sholde dye in prysoy/so syr Damas & he were agreed that he sholde fyght for hym vpon this couenaũt/that all other knyghtes sholde be delyuered/& vnto that was syr Damas sworne vnto Arthur/& also to do this batayll to the vttermest. And with ꝑ all the .xx. knyghtes were brought out of the derke prysoy in to the halle & delyuered/ & so they all abode to se the batayll.

¶ How Accolon founde hymself by a welle/and he toke vpon hym to do batayll ayenst Arthur. ca.viij.

Now torne we vnto Accolon of Gaule that whan he awoke/ he foũde hymself by a depe welle syde within halfe a foot in grete peryll of deth. And there came out of that fontayne a pype of syluer / & out of that pype ranne water all on hyghe in a stone of marbell/whan syr Accolon sawe this/he blessyd hym & sayd. Jhesu saue my lorde kyng Arthur & kyng Bryence/for thyse damoysels in this shyp haue bytrayed vs/they were deuyls & no wymmen. And yf I may escape this myschaunce. I shall destroye all where I may fynde thyse fals damoysels that vsen enchauntementes. ¶ Ryght with that ther came a dwarfe with a grete mouth & a flatte nose & salewed syr Accolon & sayd how he cam from quene Morgay le fay/and she greteth you well/& byddeth you be of stronge herte/for ye shal fyght to morne with a knyght at the houre of pryme / and therfore she hath sente you here Excalybur Arthurs swerde & the scauberde & she byddeth you as ye loue her that ye do the batayll to the vttermest with out ony mercy lyke as ye had promysed her whan ye spake togyder in pryuete. And what damoysell ꝑ bryngeth her the knyghtes heed whiche ye shall fyght with all / she wyll make her quene. Now I vnderstande you well

sayd Accolon. I shall holde that I ha-ue promysed her now I haue the swerde/whan sawe ye my lady quene Morgan le fay. Ryght late sayd the dwarf thenne Accolon toke hym in his armes & sayd recōmaunde me vnto my lady quene/& telle her all shall be done þ I haue promysed her/or els I wyll deye for hit. Now I suppose sayd Accolon she hath made all thyse craftes & enchaūtement for this batayll / ye may well byleue it sayd the dwarfe. Ryght so there came a knyght & a lady with sixe squyres & salewed Accolon / and prayed hym for to aryse & come & rest hym at his maner/& so Accolon moūted vpon a voyde hors / and wente wt the knyght vnto a fayre maner by a pryory/& there he hadde passynge good chere. Thenne syr Damas sente vnto his broder syr Ontzlake/& bad make hym redy by to morne at the houre of pryme/& to be in the felde to fyght wt a good knyght / for he had foundeu a good knyght that was redy to do batayll at all poyntes/whan this worde came vnto syr Ontzlake/he was passynge heuy/for he was woūded a lytel tofore thorugh bothe his thyes with a spere/& made grete doole. But as he was woūded he wolde haue taken the batayll on honde. So it happed at þ tyme by the meanes of Morgan le fay Accolon was with syr Ontzlake lodged/& whan he herde of that batayll/ and how Ontzlake was woūded / he sayd that he wolde fyght for hym by cause Morgan le fay hadde sente hym Excalybur & the shethe for to fyght wt the knyght on the morne. This was the cause syr Accolon toke the batayll on honde / thenne syr Ontzlake was passynge glad/& thanked syr Accolon with all his herte that he wolde do so moche for hym/and therwith all syr Ontzlake sente worde vnto his brod syr Damas / that he hadde a knyght þ for hym sholde be redy in the felde by the houre of pryme. So on the morne syr Arthur was armed & well horsed/ & asked syr Damas whan shall we to þ felde/syr sayd syr Damas/ye shall here masse/& so Arthur herde a masse And whan masse was done/ther cam a squyre on a grete hors and asked syr Damas yf his knyght were redy/for our knyght is redy in þ felde. Thenne syr Arthur moūted vpon horsback/& there were all the knyghtes & comyns of that coūtree/and so by all aduyses there were cholen. xij. good men of the countree for to wayte vppon the two knyghtes. And ryght as Arthur was on horsback / there came a damoysell from Morgan le fay & brought vnto syr Arthur a swerde lyke vnto Excalybur & the scauberde / and sayd vnto Arthur. Morgan le fay sendeth here your swerde for grete loue/& he thanked her & wende it had bey so/but she was fals/for the swerde & the scauberde was coūterfeet & brutyll and fals.

¶ Of the batayll bytwene kyng Arthur and Accolon. ca. ix.

And thenne they dressyd hem on both partyes of the felde/and lete theyr horses renne so fast þ eyther smote other in the myddes of the shelde with theyr speres heed / that bothe hors & man wente to the erthe. And thenne they sterte vp both and pulled out theyr swerdes/& the meane whyle

that they were thus at the batayll ca⁊ me the damoysel of the Lake in to the felde/that put Merlyn vnder the sto⁊ ne/& she cam thyder for loue of kyng Arthur / for she knewe how Morgay le fay had so ordeyned ꝑ kyng Arthur sholde haue ben slayne that daye/and therfore she came to saue his lyf. And so they went egrely to ꝑ batayll & gaf many grete strokes/but alwayes Ar⁊ thurs swerde bote not lyke Accolons swerde. But for the mooste parte eue⁊ ry stroke that Accolon gaf he woūded Arthur sore ꝑ it was merueyll he stode And alwayes his blood fylle from hꝫ fast. Whan Arthur behelde the groūde soo sore bebledde he was delmayed/& thenne he demed treason ꝑ his swerde was chaūged/for his swerde bote not styll as it was wonte to do/therfore he dredde hym sore to be deed/for euer hꝫ semed ꝑ the swerde in Accolons hon⁊ de was Excalybur/for at euery stroke that Accolon stroke he drewe blood on Arthur. Now knyght sayd Accolon vn to Arthur kepe the well from me/but Arthur answered not agayne / & gaf hym suche a buffet on the helme ꝑ he made hym to stoupe nyghe fallynge doun to the erthe. Thenne syr Accolon withrewe hym a lytell & cam on with Excalybur on hyghe/& smote syr Ar⁊ thur suche a buffet that he felle nyghe to the erthe. Thenne were they wroth bothe/& gaf eche other many sore stro kes/but alwayes syr Arthur loste soo moche blood that it was merueyll he stode on his feet/but he was so full of knyghthode that knyghtly he endured the payne. And syr Accolon lost not a dele of blood/therfore he waxt passyn⁊ ge lyght / & syr Arthur was passynge feble and wende verely to haue deyed/ but for all that he made contenaunce as though he myght endure / & helde Accolon as short as he myght/but Ac colon was so bolde by cause of Exca⁊ lybur that he waxed passynge hardy/ But all men ꝑ behelde hym sayd they sawe neuer knyght fyght soo well as Arthur dyde consyderynge the blood ꝑ he bledde/so was all ꝑ people sory for hym / but the two brethern wolde not accorde / thenne alwayes they fought togyder as fyers knyghtes/& syr Ar⁊ thur withrewe hym a lytell for to rest hym/& syr Accolon called hym to ba⁊ tayll and sayd it is no tyme for me to suffre the to rest. And therwith he cam fyersly vpon Arthur / and syr Arthur was wroth for the blood that he had⁊ lost / & smote Accolon on hyghe vpon the helme so myghtely ꝑ he made hꝫ nyghe to falle to the erthe/& therwith Arthurs swerde braste at the crosse and felle in the grasse amonge the blood/ and the pomell & the sure handels he helde in his handes. Whan syr Arthur sawe that he was in grete fere to deye But alwayes he helde vp his shelde & lost no groūde nor bated no chere.

¶ How kyng Arthurs swerde that he caught with brake / & how he recoue⁊ red of Accolon his owne swerde Excalybur & ouercame his enemye. ca.x.

Thenne Syr Accolon beganne with wordes of treason & sayd knyght thou art ouercome and mayst not endure/& also thou art wepenles/ and thou hast lost moche of thy blood & I am full lothe to slee the / therfore yelde the to me as recreaūt. Nay sayd

syr Arthur I may not so / for I haue promysed to do the batayll to the vt-termest by the fayth of my body why-le that my lyf lasteth / and therfore I had leuer to deye with honour than to lyue with shame. And yf it were possy-ble for me to deye an hondred tymes / I had leuer to deye so often than yelde me to the / for though I lacke wepen. I shall lacke no worshyp. And yf thou slee me wepenles that shall be thy sha-me. Well sayd Accolon as for the sha-me I wyll not spare. Now kepe the from me for thou art but a deed man And therwith Accolon gaf hym suche a stroke that he fell nygh to the erthe and wolde haue had Arthur to haue cryed hym mercy. But syr Arthur prel-syd vnto Accolon with his shelde / and gaf hym with the pomell in his hon-de suche a buffet that he wente thre strydes aback. Whan the damoysell of the Lake behelde Arthur how full of prowesse his body was & the fals trea-son that was wrought for hym to ha-ue had hym slayne she had grete pyte that so good a knyght & suche a man of worshyp sholde so be destroyed. And at the next stroke syr Accolon stroke hym suche a stroke that by the damoy-sels enchauntement the swerde Exca-lybur felle out of Accolons honde to the erthe. And therwith all syr Arthur lyghtly lepte to hit and gate hit in his honde / and forth withall he knewe that it was his swerde Excalybur / & sayd thou hast bey from me all to lon-ge / and moche dommage haste thou done me / and therwith he alyped the scaubarde hangynge by his syde / and sodaynely he sterte to hym and pulled the scauberde from hym & threwe hit fro hym as ferre as he myght throwe hit. D knyght sayd Arthur this daye hast thou done me grete dōmage with this swerde. Now are ye come vnto your deth / for I shall not waraūt you but ye shall as well be rewarded with this swerde or euer we departe as thou hast rewarded me / for moche payne haue ye made me to endure / & moche blood haue I lost. And therwith syr Arthur russhed on hym with all his myght & pulled hym to the erthe / and thenne russhed of his helme / and gaf hym suche a buffet on the heed that the blood came out at his eeres / his nose & his mouth. Now wyl I slee the sayd Arthur. Slee me ye may well sayd Ac-colon & it please you / for ye are the best knyght that euer I foūde / & I se well that god is with you. But for I pro-mysed to do this batayl sayd Accolon to the vttermest and neuer to be recre-aunt whyle I lyued / therfore shall I neuer yelde me with my mouth / but god doo with my body that he wyll / ¶ Thenne syr Arthur remembred hym and thought he sholde haue sene this knyght. Now telle me sayd Arthur or I wyll slee the / of what countree arte thou and of what courte. Syr knyght sayd syr Accolon I am of the courte of kyng Arthur / & my name is Acco-lon of Gaule. Thenne was Arthur more delmayed than he was before honde / for thenne he remembred hym of his syster Morgan le fay / & of the enchauntement of the shyp. D syre knyght sayd he. I praye the telle me who gaf you this swerde & by whom ye had it.

¶ How Accolon confessyd the treason

of Morgan le fay kyng Arthurs syster and how she wolde haue do slee hym. Capi'm .xi.

Thenne syr Accolon bethought hym and sayd wo worth this swerde/for by it haue I geten my deth it may well be sayd the kyng. Now syr sayd Accolon I wyll telle you this swerde hath ben in my keppynge the moost parte of this twelue monethes. And Morgan le fay kyng Vryence wyf sente it me yester daye by a dwarfe to this entente that I sholde slee kyng Arthur her broder. For ye shall vnderstande that kyng Arthur is the man the whiche she moost hateth in this worlde by cause that he is the moost of worshyp and of prowesse of ony of her blood. Also she loueth me out of mesure as paramour/& I her agayne. And yf she myght bringe about for to slee Arthur with her crafftes / she wolde slee her husbonde kyng Vryence lyghtly. And thenne had she me deuysed to be kyng in this londe/& so to regne & she to be my quene / but that is now done sayd Accolon / for I am sure of my deth. Well sayd syr Arthur I fele by you ye wolde haue ben kyng in this londe. It hadde ben grete dommage for to haue destroyed your lorde sayd Arthur. It is trouth sayd Accolon but now haue I tolde you the trouth/ wherfor I praye you tell me of whens ye are & of what courte. ¶ Accolon sayd kyng Arthur now I lete the wete that I am kyng Arthur to whom thou hast done grete dommage. Whan Accolon herde that/he cryed on loude. ¶ fayre swete lorde haue mercy on me/ for I knewe you not. ¶ syr Accolon sayd kyng Arthur mercy shalt thou haue/by cause I fele by thy wordes at this tyme thou knowest not my persone. But I vnderstande wel by thy wordes that thou hast agreed to the deth of my persone / & therfore thou art a traytour/but I wyte the the lasse/for my syster Morgan le fay by her fals crafftes made the to agree & consent to her fals lustes / but I shall be sore auenged vpon her & I lyue that all crystendome shall speke of it / god knoweth I haue honoured her & worshypped her more than all my kynne/and more haue I trusted her than myn owne wyf & all my kynne after. Thenne syr Arthur called the kepers of the felde & sayd. Syrs cometh hyder/for here we two knyghtes that haue foughten vnto a grete dommage to vs both/ and lyke eche one of vs to haue slane other yf it had happed so / & had ony of vs knowen other/here had ben no batayll nor stroke stryken. ¶ Thenne all aloude cryed Accolon vnto all the knyghtes and men that thenne were there gadred togyd̄/and sayd to them in this manere. ¶ lordes this noble knyght that I haue foughten/with all the whiche me ful sore repenteth is the moost man of prowesse of manhode and of worshyppe in all this worlde/ for it is hymself kyng Arthur our alther souerayne lyege lorde and kyng/ and with grete myshappe and grete myslauenture haue I done this batayl ayenst my kyng and lorde that I am holden with all.

¶ How Arthur accorded the two brethern/& delyuerd the .xx. knyghtes/& how syr Accolon deyed. ca.xij.

Thenne all the people fell doun on her knees & cryed kyng Arthur mercy / mercy shall ye haue sayd Arthur/here may ye see what auentures befalleth oftymes of erraũt knyghtes how that I haue foughten with a knyght of myn owne vnto my grete dommage and his both. But syrs by cause I am sore hurte & he both/and I had grete nede of a lytell rest/ye shall vnderstande the oppynyon betwixt you two brethern as to the syr Damas for whom I haue ben champyon & wõne the felde of this knyght. Yet wyll I Juge by cause ye syr Damas are called an orgulous knyght & full of vylony & not worthe of prowesse of your dedes/therfore I wyll þ ye gyue vnto your broder all the hole manoyr with the appertenaunce vnder this forme/ that syr Ontzlake holdè the manoyr of you/& perely to gyue you a palfrey to ryde vpon / for þ wyll become you better to ryde on than vpon a courser/ Also I charge the syr Damas vpon payne of dcth that thou neuer dystresse no erraũt knyghtes that ryde on theyr aduenture. And also that thou restore thyse .xx. knyghtes þ thou hast longe kepte prysoners of all theyr harneys þ they be contente for/& yf ony of them come to my courte & complayne of the by my heed thou shalt deye therfore/ Also syr Ontzlake as to you by cause ye are named a good knyght & full of prowesse & true and gentyl in all your dedes/this shall be your charge. I wyl gyue you that in all goodly hast ye come vnto me & my courte and ye shall be a knyght of myne/and yf your dedes be there after I shall soo preferre you by the grace of god that ye shall in shorte tyme be in case for to lyue as worshypfully as your broder syr Damas. God thanke your largenesse of your goodnesse and of your bounte. I shall be from hens forwarde at all tymes at your cõmaundement. For syr sayd syr Ontzlake as god wolde as I was hurte but late with an aduentures knyght thorugh bothe my thyes þ greued me sore/and elles had I done this batayll with you/god wolde sayd Arthur it had ben so / for thenne had not I ben hurte as I am. I shall telle you the cause why / for I had not ben hurte as I am had not ben myn owne swerde / that was stolen from me by treason. And this batayll was ordeyned afore honde to haue slayne me/& soo it was brought to the purpose by fals treason & by fals enchaũtement Allas sayd syr Ontzlake that is grete pyte that euer so noble a man as ye are of your dedes and prowesse / that ony man or woman myght fynde in theyr hertes to werke ony treason ayenst you. I shall rewarde them sayd Arthur in shorte tyme by the grace of god. Now telle me sayd Arthur how ferre am I from Camelot / syr ye are two dayes Journey therfro. I wolde fayne be at some place of worshyppe sayd syr Arthur that I myght rest me Syr sayd syr Ontlake/here by is a ryche abbaye of your elders foundacyon of Nonnes but thre myle hens. So the kyng toke his leue of all the people/& mounted vpon horsback/and syr Accolon with hym. And whan they were come to the abbaye / he lete fetche leches and serche his woundes & Accolons both/but syr Accolon deyed within foure dayes after / for he had bledy

so moche blood that he myght not lyue/but kyng Arthur was well recouered. So whan Accolon was deed/he lete lende hym on horsbacke with sixe knyghtes to Camelot/and sayd here hym to my syster Morgan le fay/and saye that I sende her hym to a presente & telle her I haue my swerde Excalybur & the scauberde/so they departed with the body.

¶ How Morgan wolde haue slayne syr Vrpence her husbonde/& how syr Ewayne her sone saued hym ca.xiij.

The meane whyle Morgan le fay hadde wende kyng Arthur had ben deed/so on a daye she aspyed kyng Vrpence lay in his bedde slepynge/thenne she called vnto her a mayden of her coũseyll/& sayd go fetche me my lordes swerde/for I sawe neuer better tyme to slee hym than now. O Madame sayd the damoysell/and ye slee my lorde ye can neuer escape. Care not you sayd Morgan le fay/for now I se my tyme in the whiche it is best to do hit/& therfore hye the fast & fetche me the swerde. Thenne the damoysell departed & foũde syr Ewayn slepynge vpon a bedde in an other chãbre/so she wente vnto syr Ewayne & awaked hym/and badde hym aryse & wayte on my lady your moder/for she wyl slee the kyng your fader slepynge in his bedde/for I goo to fetche his swerde. Well sayd syr Ewayne go on your waye & lete me dele. Anone the damoysell brought Morgan the swerde with quakynge hondes/& lyghtely toke the swerde & pulled it out/and wente boldely vnto the beddes syde/& awayted how & where she myght slee hym best. And as she lyfte vp ỹ swerde to smyte/syr Ewayne lepte vnto his moder & caught her by the honde/and sayd. A fende what wylt thou do & thou were not my moder with this swerde I sholde smyte of thy heed. A sayd syr Ewayne men sayth ỹ Merlyn was begoten of a deuyl/but I may saye an erthely deuyl bare me. O fayr sone Ewayne haue mercy vpon me. I was tempted with a deuyll/wherfore I crye the mercy. I wyll neuer more do so & saue my worshyp and dyscouer my not. On this couenaunt sayd syr Ewayne I wyll forgyue it you/so ye wyll neuer be about to do suche dedes. Nay sone sayd she/& that I make you assuraũce.

¶ How quene Morgan le fay made grete sorowe for the deth of Accolon/and how she stale awaye the scauberde fro Arthur. ca.xiiij.

Thenne cam tydynges vnto Morgan le fay that Accolon was deed/and his body brought vnto the chirche/and how kyng Arthur hadde his swerde agayne. But whan quene Morgan wyst that Accolon was deed she was so sorowful that nere hyr herte to braste. But by cause she wolde not that it were knowen/she kepte her contenaunce outwarde and made no semblaunt of sorowe. But wel she wyst and she abode tyll her broder Arthur came thyder/there sholde no golde go for her lyf. ¶ Thenne she wente vnto quene Gueneuer and asked her leue to ryde in to the countree/ye may abyde sayd quene Gueneuer tyll your

brother the kyng come home. I may not sayd Morgan le fay/for I haue su che hasty tydynges / that I may not tarye. Well sayd Gueneuer ye may departe whan ye wyll. So erly on the morne or hit was daye / she toke her hors & rode all that daye and mooste parte of the nyght. And on the morne by noone she came to the same abbay of Nonnes where as kyng Arthur lay & she knowynge that he was there she asked where he was. And they answered her how he hady leyde hym in his bedde to slepe / for he had had but lytell rest thyse thre nyghtes. Well sayd she I charge you that none of you awake hym tyll I do / and thenne she alyght of her hors and thought for to stele awaye Excalybur his swerde/& so she wente strayte vnto his chambre & no may durste dysobeye her cōmaūdement/and there she founde Arthur a slepe in his bedde and Excalybur in his ryght honde naked. Whan she sawe that she was passynge heuy þ she myght not come by the swerde without she had awaked hym/and thenne she wyst well she had bey deed. Theñe she toke the scauberde and wente her waye on horsbacke. Whan the kyng awoke and mysted his scauberde / he was wroth/& he asked who hady bey there / and they sayd his syster quene Morgan had bey there & hady put the scauberde vnder her mantell and was gone. Allas sayd Arthur falsely ye haue watched me. Syr sayd they all we durste not dysobeye your systers commaundement. A sayd the kyng lete fetche the best hors that may be founde/and bydde syr Ontzlake arme hym in all haste / and take ay other goody hors and ryde with me. So anone the kyng & Ontzlake were well armed/ & rode after this lady/and so they came by a crosse & founde a Lowherde/ and they asked the poore may yf ther came ony lady late rydynge that waye Syr sayd this poore may / ryght late came a lady rydynge with a.xl. horses & to yonder forest she rode. Thenne they spored theyr horses and folowed fast. And within a whyle Arthur had a syght of Morgan le fay / thenne he chaced as faste as he myght. Whan she aspyed hym folowynge her / she rode a greter paas thorugh the forest tyll she came to a playne. And whan she sawe she myght not escape/she rode vnto a lake therby/& sayd what so euer come of me / my broder shall not haue this scauberde. And thenne she lete throwe the scauberde in the depest of the water so it sanke/for it was he up of golde & precyous stones. Theñe she rode in to a valey where many grete stones were. And whan she sawe þ she muste be ouertaken she shope her self hors and may by enchauntement vnto a grete marbell stone. So anone withall cam syr Arthur & syr Ontzlake where as the kyng myght knowe his syster & her men/and one knyght from ay other. A sayd the kyng here may ye se the vengeaunce of god/and now am I sory that this myslauenture is befalle / and thenne he loked for the scauberde but it wolde not be foūden / so he retorned agayne to the abbaye there he came fro. So whan as Arthur was gone/she torned all in to the lykenesse as she and they were before / and sayd syrs now may we goo where we wyll.

¶ How Morgay le fay saued a knyȝt that sholde haue be drowned / & how kyng Arthur retorned home agayne. Capˈm .xv.

Thenne sayd Morgay sawe ye Arthur my broder/ye sayd her knyghtes ryght well/& that ye sholde haue foũde and we myght haue stered from one stede/for by his armyuestall contenaunce he wolde haue cauſed vs to haue fledȝ. I byleue you sayd Morgay . Anone after as she rode she met a knyght ledynge ay other knyght on his hors before hym boũde hande and foot blyndfelde to haue drowned hym in a fontayne/whay she this knyght sawe so boũde/she asked what wyll ye do with ꝑ knyght/lady sayd he I wyl drowne hym/for what cause she axed for I foũde hym with my wyf/& she shall haue the same deth anone/ꝑ were pyte sayd Morgay le fay. Now what saye ye knyght is it trouth ꝑ he sayth of you she sayd to the knyght ꝑ sholde be drowned . Nay truly madame he sayth not ryght on me . Of whens be ye sayd Morgay le fay & of what coũtree. I am of ꝑ courte of kyng Arthur & my name is Manassey colyn vnto Accolon of Gaule / ye saye well sayd she / & for the loue of hym ye shall be delyuerd/& ye shall haue your aduersary in the same caas ye be in/so Manassey was lolesȝ & the other knyght boũde/& anone Manassey vnarmesȝ hym & armed hymself in his harneys/ & so moũted on horsback/& the knyȝt afore hym & soo threwe hym in to the fontayne & drowned hym . And thenne he rode vnto Morgay agayne/& axed f she wolde ony thynge vnto kynge Arthur. Telle hym that I relcued the not for the loue of hym but for ꝑ loue of Accolon/& tell hym I fere hym not whyle I can make me & them ꝑ ben wt me in lyknes of stones/& lete hym wete I can do moche more whan I se my tyme. And so she departed in ꝑ coũtree of Gore/& there was she rychely receyued / & made her castels & townes passyng stronge/for alwayes she drad moche kyng Arthur. Whan the kyng had well rested hym at the Abbaye he rode vnto Camelot & foũde his quene & his barons ryght glad of his comyn ge. And whan they herde of his straũge auentures as is afore reherced/they all hadde merueyll of the falshede of Morgay le fay. many knyghtȝ wysshed her brent/thenne cam Manassey to the courte & tolde ꝑ kyng of his auenture Wel sayd ꝑ kyng she is a kynde syster I shall so be auenged on her & I hyue ꝑ all Crystendom shall speke of hit. So on the morne ther came a damoysell from Morgay to the kyng / and she brought with her the rychest mantell that euer was sene in ꝑ courte / for it was sette as ful of precyous stones as one myght stande by ay other/& there were the rychest stones that euer the kyng sawe . And the damoysell sayd your syster sendeth you this mantell/ & desyreth ꝑ ye sholde take this gyfte of her/& in what thynge she hath offended you she wyl amende it at your owne pleasure/whay the kyng behelde this mantell it pleased hym moche but he sayd but lytell.

¶ How the damoysell of the Lake saued kyng Arthur from a mantell whi che sholde haue brent hym. ca.xvi.

And with that came the damoy
sell of the Lake vnto the kyng
& sayd/syr I muste speke with you in
pryvyte / saye on sayd the kyng what
ye wyll. Syr sayd the damoysell put
not on you this mantel tyl ye haue se=
ne more/& in no wyse lete it not come
on you nor on no knyght of yours tyl
ye cõmaũde the bringer therof to put
it vpon her/well sayd kyng Arthur it
shall be done as ye counseyll me. And
theñe he sayd vnto the damoysell that
cam fro his syster/damoysel this mã=
tell ꝑ ye haue brought me I wyll se it
vpon you/syr she sayd/it wyll not by=
seme me to were a kynges garment/
by my heed sayd Arthur/ye shall were
it or it come on my backe or ony man
that here is/& so the kyng made it to
be put vpon her. And forthwith al the
felle downe deed/& neuer more spake
worde after & brent to coles. Thenne
was the kyng wonderly wrothe more
than he was tofore honde/& sayd vnto
kyng Vryence my syster your wyfe is
alwaye about to bytraye me/& well I
wote eyther ye or my neuewe your so=
ne is of coũseyll with her to haue me
destroyed. But as for you sayd ꝑ kyng
to kyng Vryence I deme not gretely ꝑ
ye be of her coũseyll/for Accolon con=
fessyd to me by his owne mouth that
she wolde haue destroyed you as well
as me / therfore I holde you excused/
But as for your sone syr Ewayne I
holde hym suspect / therfore I charge
you put hym out of my courte. So syr
Ewayne was dyscharged. And whan
syr Gawayne wyst ꝑ he made hym re
dy to go with hym/& sayd who so bã=
nysheth my colyn Ewayne shall bã=
nysshe me. So they two departed & ro
de in a grete forest / & so they came to
an abbaye of monkes & ther were wel
lodged. But whan the kyng wyst ꝑ syr
Gawayn was departed from ꝑ court
ther was made grete sorowe amonge
al thestates. Now sayd Gaherys Ga
wayns broder/we haue lost two good
knyghtꝭ for the loue of one. So on the
morne they herde theyr masses in the
abbaye/& so they rode forth tyll ꝑ they
came to a grete forest/thenne was syr
Gawayne ware in a valey by a turret
xij. fayre damoysels/& two knyghtes
armed on grete horses/& ꝑ damoysels
wente to & fro by a tree. And thenne
was syr Gawayne ware how there
henge a whyte shelde on that tree. And
euer as the damoysels cam by it / they
spytte vpon it / & some threwe myre
vpon the shelde.

How syr Gawayne & syr Ewayne mette with .xij. fayre damoysels/and how they complayned on syr Marhaus. ca.xvij.

Theñe syr Gawayn & Ewayn
went & salewed them/& asked
why they dyde ꝑ despyte to the shelde
Syrs sayden the damoysels/we shall
tell you. Ther is a knyght in this coũ
tree that oweth this whyte shelde/& he
is a passynge good man of his han=
des/but he hateth all ladyes & gentyll
wymmen/and therfore we do all this
despyte to the shelde. I shall saye you
sayd syr Gawayne/hit belemeth euyl
a good knyght to despyse all ladyes
and gentyl wymmen. And peraventu=
re though he hate you he hath certay=
ne cause. And peraucnture he loueth
in some other places good ladyes and

gentylwymen/& to be loued agayne/ & he be luche a man of prowelle as ye lpeke of. Now what is his name / lyr layd they/his name is Marhaus the kynges lone of Irlonde. I knowe hym well layd lyr Ewayne/he is a paſſyn= ge good knyght as ony is on lyue/for I lawe hym ones prcued at a Juſtes where many knyghtes were gadred/& that tyme ther myght noo man with= ſtande hym. A layd lyr Gawayne/da moyſels me thynketh ye are to blame for it is to luppole/he that henge that ſhelde there he wyll not be longe ther fro/& thenne may tho knyghtꝭ matche hym on horſback/& that is more your worſhyp than thus/for I wyl abyde no lenger to lee a knyghtes ſhelde dyſho= noured. And therwith lyr Ewayne & Gawayne departed a lytell fro them. And thenne were they ware where lyr Marhaus cam rydynge on a grete hors ſtrayte towarde them . And whan the xij.damoyſels lawe lyr Marhaus they fled in to the turret as they were wyl= de lo þ lome of them felle by the waye Thenne the one of the knyghtꝭ of the Toure dreſſyd his ſhelde and layd on hyghe lyr Marhaus defende the/& lo they ranne togyder þ the knyght bra= ke his ſpere on Marhaus/and Mar= haus ſmote hym loo harde þ he brake his neche & the hors back. That lawe the other knyght of þ turret & dreſſyd hym towarde Marhaus/& they mette lo egrely togyder þ the knyght of the turret was ſoone ſmyten doun hors & may ſtarke deed.

How lyr Marhaus Juſted with lyr Gawayne & lyr Ewayne & ouerthre= we them both. ca.xviij. and .xix.

And thenne lyr Marhaus rode vnto his ſhelde/& lawe how it was defouled/& layd of this deſpyte I am a parte auenged. But for her loue that gaf me this whyte ſhelde I ſhall were ỹ & hange myn where thou was and loo he hanged it about his neche. Thenne he rode ſtrayte vnto lyr Ga wayne & to lyr Ewayne/& alked them what they dyde there. They anſwered hym þ they cam from kyng Arthurs courte for to lee auentures/well layd lyr Marhaus here am I redy ay auen tures knyght that wyll fulfyll ony ad uenture that ye wyll deſyre/and lo de parted fro them to fetche his raunge/ Lete hym go layd lyr Ewayn vnto lyr Gawayne/for he is a paſſynge good knyght as ony is lyuyng. I wolde not by my wyll þ ony of vs were matched with hym. Nay layd lyr Gawayn not lo/it were ſhame to vs were he not al layed were he neuer lo good a knyght Well layd lyr Ewayne I wyll aſſaye hym afore you/for I am more weyker than ye/& yf he ſmyte me doun/thenne may ye reuenge me/lo thyſe two knyg tes came togyder with grete raũdon þ lyr Ewayne ſmote lyr Marhaus that his ſpere braſte in pyeces on the ſhelde & lyr Marhaus ſmote hym loo ſore þ hors & man he bare to the erthe / and hurte lyr Ewayne on the lyfte lyde/ Thenne lyr Marhaus torned his hors & rode towarde Gawayne w his ſpe re/& whan lyr Gawayne lawe that/ he dreſſyd his ſhelde / & they auentred theyr ſperes/& they cam togyder with all the myght of theyr horſes/ þ eyther knyght ſmote other lo harde in myd= des of their ſheldes/but lyr Gawayns ſpere brake/& lyr Marhaus ſpere hel=

de/and therwith syr Gawayne & his hors russhed doun to the erthe/& lyghtely syr Gawayne rose on his feet / & pulled out his swerde & dressyd hym towarde syr Marhaus on foot / & syr Marhaus sawe that/& pulled out his swerde & beganne to come to syr Gawayne on horsbak. Syr knyght sayd syr Gawayne alyght on foot or els I wyll slee thy hors / gramercy sayd syr Marhaus of your gentylnes ye teche me curtosye/for it is not for one knyzt to be on foot/& the other on horsback/ And therwith syr Marhaus sette his spere agayne a tree & alyght and tyed his hors to a tree/& dressyd his shelde and eyther came to other egrely & smote togyder with theyr swerdes that her sheldes flewe in cantels/& they brysed theyr helmes & theyr hauberkes and wouñded eyther other/but syr Gawayne fro it passed .ix. of the cloke waxed euer stronger & stronger/for thenne it came to the houre of noone & thryes his nyght was encreaced. All this alyped syr Marhaus & had grete wonder how his nyght encreaced/and so they wouñded other passynge sore. And thenne whan it was past noone / and whan it drewe towarde euensonge syr Gawayns strength febled and waxt passynge faynte þ vnnethes he myght dure ony lenger/& syr Marhaus was thenne bygger & bygger. Syr knyght sayd syr Marhaus. I haue well felte þ ye are a passynge good knyght and a meruayllous man of nyght as euer I felt ony/whyle hit lasteth/& our quarels are not grete/and therfore it were ppte to do you hurte / for I fele ye are passynge feble. A sayd syr Gawayne gentyll knyght ye saye the worde that I sholde saye. And therwith they toke of theyr helmes & eyther kyssed other/ & there they swore togyder eyther to loue other as bretheryn / & syr Marhaus prayed syr Gawayne to lodge wt hym that nyght/& so they toke theyr horses and rode towarde syr Marhaus hous And as they rode by þ waye/syr knyzt sayd syr Gawayne I haue merueylle that so valyaunt a man as ye be loue no ladyes ne damoysels. Syr sayd syr Marhaus they name me wrongfully tho that gyue me þ name / but well I wote it ben the damoysels of þ turret that so name me & other suche as they be. Now shall I telle you for what cause I hate them. For they be sorceresses & enchaũters many of them/and be a knyght neuer soo good of his body & full of prowesse as man may be/they wyll make hym a starke cowarde to haue the better of hym / & this is the pryncypall cause þ I hate them / & to all good ladyes and gentylwymen I owe my seruyce as a knyght ought to do. As the boke rehersed in frenshe ther were many knyghtes þ ouermatched syr Gawayne for all the thryes myght that he had. Syr Launcelot de lake/syr Trystram/syr Hors de gaule/syr Percyuale & syr Marhaus/thyse sixe knyghtes hadȝ the better of syr Gawayne. Thene wt in a lytel whyle they came to syr Marhaus place/whiche was in a lytell pryory/& there they alyght & ladyes and damoysels vnarmed them/& hastly loked to theyr hurtes/for they were all thre hurte/& soo they had all thre good lodgynge with syr Marhaus & good chere/for whan he wyst that they were kyng Arthurs syster sones he made them al the chere

that laye in his power/and so they so Journed there a seuen nyght and were well eased of theyr woundes & at the last departed. Now sayd syr Marhaus we wyll not departe so lyghtely/for I wyl bringe you thrugh the forest. And rode daye by daye well a .vij. dayes or they foũde ony auenture. At the last they cam in to a grete forest that was named the countree & forest of Arroy and the coũtree of straũge auentures In this coũtree sayd syr Marhaus came neuer knyght syn it was crystened but he foũde straunge auentures/and so they rode & came in to a depe valey full of stones/and therby they sawe a fayre streme of water/& aboue therby was the heed of the streme a fayr fontayne & thre damoysels syttynge therby. And thenne they rode to them/and eyther salewed other/& the eldest had a garlonde of golde about her heed/& she was thre score wynter of age / or more/& her here was whyte vnder the garlonde. The seconde damoysel was of .xxx. wynter of age with a serklet of golde about her heed. The thyrde damoysell was but .xv. yere of age & a garlonde of floures about her hede when thyse knyghtes had so beholde them/they asked them the cause why they sat at that fontayne / we be here sayd the damoysels for this cause/yf we may se ony erraũt knyghtes to teche them vnto straũge auentures/and ye be thre knyghtes that seken auentures & we thre damoysels / and therfore eche one of you must chese one of vs. And whan ye haue done so / we wyll lede you vnto thre hyghe wayes/ & there eche of you shall chese a waye and his damoysel with hym. And this daye twelue monethes ye muste mete here agayne and god sende you your lyues/and therto ye must plyght your trouthe. This is well sayd sayd syr Marhaus.

¶ How syr Marhaus syr Gawayne & syr Ewayne mette the damoysels and eche of them toke one. ca.xx

NOw shall euerych of vs chese a damoysell. I shall telle you sayd syr Ewayne I am the yongest & moost weykest of you both/therfore I wyl haue the eldest damoysell/for she hath sene moche and can helpe me best whan I haue nede / for I haue moost nede of helpe of you bothe. Now sayd syr Marhaus I wyl haue the damoysell of .xxx. wynter of age for she falleth best to me. Wel sayd syr Gawayne I thanke you/for ye haue lefte me the yongest & the fayrest / and she is moost leuest to me. Thenne euery damoysell toke her knyght by the raynes of his brydell and brought hym to the thre wayes/and there was theyr othe made to mete at the fontayne ꝺ daye twelue moneth & they were lyuynge/ and so they kyste & departed/and euerych knyght sette his lady behynde hym. And syr Ewayne toke the waye that laye west. And syr Marhaus toke the waye that laye southe. And syr Gawayne toke the waye ꝺ laye north

¶ Now wyll we begynne at syr Gawayne that helde that waye tyll that he came vnto a fayre manoyr where dwelleden an olde knyght and a good houlholder / and there syr Gawayne asked the knyght yf he knewe ony auentures in that countree. I shall she-

we you some to morne sayd the olde knyght and that merueyllous. So on the morne they rode in to the forest of aduentures tyll they came to a laūde/ & there by they foūde a crosse/and as they stode & houed/there cam by them the fayrest knyght and the semelyest man that euer they sawe makynge the grettest doole ꝑ euer man made. And thenne he was ware of syr Gawayne & salewed hym and prayed god to sende hym moche worshyp. As to ꝑ sayd syr Gawayne gramercy. Also I praye to god that he sende to you honour & worshyp. A sayd the knyght I may saye that on syde/for sorowe & shame cometh to me after worshyp.

How a knyght & a dwarf stroue for a lady. ca.xxi.

AND therwith he passed vnto the one syde of the laūde. And on the other syde sawe syr Gawayne .x. knyghtes that houed styll and make hem redy with her shyldes & speres ayenst that one knyght that came by syr Gawayne. Theñe this one knyght auentred a grete spere/and one of the .x. knyghtes encoūtred with hym/but this wofull knyght smote hym so harde that he felle ouer his hors tayll. So this same dolorous knyght serued hem all/that at the last waye he smote doun hors & man/and all he dyde it with one spere/and so whan they were all .x. on foot / they wente to ꝑ one knyght/and he stode stone styll / and suffred them to pulle hym doun of his hors/and bounde hym honde & foot/ and tyed hym vnder the hors bely and soo ledde hym with them. D Jhesu sayd syr Gawayne this is a dolefull syght/for to se yonder knyght so to be entreated/and it semeth by the knyghte that he suffreth them to bynde hym so/for he maketh no resystence. Noo sayd his hoost that is trouth / for and he wolde they all were to weyke so to do to hym. Syre sayd the damoysell vnto syr Gawayne / me semeth hit were your worshyp to helpe that dolorous knyght/for me thynketh he is one of the best knyghtes that euer I sawe. I wolde do for hym sayd syr Gawayne but hit semeth he wyll haue no helpe. Thenne sayd the damoysell me thynketh ye haue no luste to helpe hȳ. Thus as they talked soo they sawe a knyght on the other syde of the laūde all armed saue the heed. And on the other syde ther came a dwarf on horsback all armed sauf the heed with a grete mouthe and a shorte nose. And whan the dwarf came nyghe he sayd where is the lady that sholde mete vs here / and therwith all she came forth out of the wood. And thenne they beganne to stryue for the lady / for the knyght sayd he wolde haue her/& the dwarf sayd he wolde haue her. Wyll we do well sayd the dwarf/yonder is a knyght at the crosse/lete vs putte it both vpon hym/and as he demeth so shal it be. I wyl wel sayd the knyght/ and soo they wente all thre vnto syr Gawayne and tolde hym wherfore they stroke / well syrs sayd he wyll ye putte the mater in my honde/ye sayd they bothe. Now damoysell sayd syr Gawayne ye shall stande betwixt thē bothe/and whether ye lyste better to go to he shall haue you. And whan she was sette bytwene them both she lefte

the knyght & wente to the dwarf/and the dwarf toke her & wente his waye fyngynge/and the knyght wente his waye with grete mornynge. Thenne came there two knyghtes all armed & cryed on hyghe syr Gawayne knyght of kyng Arthurs make the redy in all haste & Juste with me/so they ranne to gyder that eyther felle doun/& thenne on foot they drewe theyr swerdes and dyde full actually/the meane whyle ỹ other knyght wente to the damoysell & asked her why she abode with that knyght/& yf ye wolde abyde with me I wyll be your faythfull knyght/and with you wyll I be sayd the damoysel for with syr Gawayne I may not fynde in myn herte to be with hym. For now here was one knyght ỹ scomfyte .x. knyghtes / & at the last he was cowardly ledde awaye/and therfore lete vs two goo whyleste they fyght / & syr Gawayne fought with that other knyght longe/but at the last they accorded bothe. And thenne the knyght prayed syr Gawayne to lodge with hym that nyght. So as syr Gawayn wente with this knyght he asked hym what knyght is he in this coũtree that smote doun the .x. knyghtes/for whan he hadȝ done so manfully he suffredȝ hem to bynde hym hande & foot/and so ledde hȳ awaye. Ā sayd the knyght that is the beste knyght I trowe in the worlde/& the moost manȝ of prowesse/ and he hath be serued so as he was euen now more than .x. tymes/and his name hyght syr Pelleas / & he loueth a grete lady in this coũtree & her name is Ettarde/and so whenȝ he loued her there was cryed in this coũtree a grete Justes thre dayes. And all the knyghtes of this countree were there & gentylwymmen. And who that preuedȝ hym the beste knyght sholde haue a passynge good swerde & a serklet of golde/& the serklet the knyght sholde gyue hit to the fayreste lady that was at the Justes. And this knyght syr Pelleas was the beste knyght ỹ was there/ & there were fyue hondred knyghtes/ but there was neuer manȝ that euer syr Pelleas met with all/but he stroke hȳ doun or els from his hors. And euery daye of thre dayes he strake doun .xx. knyghtes/therfore they gaaf hym the pryce / & forth withall he wente there as the lady Ettarde was and gaf her the serklet/& sayd openly she was the fayreste lady that was there/and that wolde he preue vpon ony knyght that wolde saye nay.

¶How kyng Pelleas suffred hymselfe to be taken prysoner by cause he wolde haue a syght of his lady/and how syr Gawayne prompted hym for to gete to hym the loue of his lady. ca.xxij.

And so he chose her for his soueraygne lady/and neuer to loue other but her/but she was so proude that she hadȝ scorne of hym & sayd that she wolde neuer loue hym though he wolde deye for her/wherfore all ladyes and gentylwymmenȝ hadȝ scorne of her ỹ she was so proude / for there were fayrer than she / and there was none that was there but and syr Pelleas wolde haue profered hem loue they wolde haue louedȝ hym for his noble prowesse/and so this knyght prompted the lady Etcarde to folowe her in to this countree/and neuer to leue her

tyll she loued hym/and thus he is here the mooste parte nyghe her & lodged by a pryory/& euery weke she sendeth knyghtes to fyght with hym. And whan he hath put them to the werst than wyll he suffre hem wylfully to take hym pryoner by cause he wolde haue a syght of this lady. And alwayes she doth hym grete despyte/for somtyme she maketh her knyghtes to tye hȳ to his hors taylle/and some to bynde hym vnder the hors bely. Thus in the mooste shamefullest wyse that she can thynke he is brought to her. And all she dooth hit for to cause hym to leue this coūtree and to leue his louynge/ But all this can not make hym to leue/ for & he wolde haue foughten on foot he myght haue had the better of the .x. knyghtes as well on foot as on horsback. Allas sayd syr Gawayne it is grete pyte of hym/and after this nyght I wyll seke hym to morowe in this forest to do hym all the helpe that I can. So on the morne syr Gawayn toke his leue of his hoste syr Carados & rode in to the forest. And at the last he mette with syr Pelleas makynge grete moone out of mesure/so eche of them salewed other/& asked hym why he made suche sorowe. And as it aboue reherced/syr Pelleas tolde syr Gawayn/but alwayes I suffre her knyghtes to fare so with me as ye sawe yesterdaye in truste at the laste to wynne her loue/for she knoweth well all her knyghtes sholde not lyghtely wynne me and me lyste to fyght with them to the vttermest. Wherfore and I loued her not so sore I had leuer to deye an hondred tymes and I myght deye soo often rather than I wolde suffre that despyte/but I truste she wyll haue pyte vpon me at the last/for loue causeth many a good knyght to suffre for to haue his entent/but allas I am vnfortunate/and therwith he made so grete doole and sorowe that vnnethes he myght holde hym on horsback. Now sayd syr Gawayne leue your mornynge and I shall promyse you by the fayth of my body to do all that lyeth in my power to gete you the loue of your lady/and therto I wyll plyte you my trouthe. A sayd syr Pelleas of what courte are ye telle me I praye you my good frende. And thenne syr Gawayne sayd I am of the courte of kyng Arthur & his systers sone/ and kyng Lott of Orkeney was my fader and my name is syr Gawayne. And thenne he sayd my name is syr Pelleas borne in the Yles/and of many Yles I am lorde/and neuer haue I loued lady nor damoysell tyll now in an vnhappy tyme/ and syr knyght syn ye are so nyghe cosyn vnto kyng Arthur and a kynges sone/ therfore I praye the bytraye me not but helpe me/ for I may neuer come by her but by the helpe of some good knyght/ for she is in a stronge castell here fast by within this foure myle/and ouer all this coūtree she is lady of. And so I may neuer come to her presence/but as I do suffre her knyghtes for to take me/ and but yf I dyde soo that I myght haue a syght of her I hadde ben deed longe afore this tyme/and yet hadde I neuer one fayre worde of her/ but whan as I am brought tofore her/she rebuketh me in the foulest maner that euer she may. And thenne they take me my hors and harneys and putten

me out of the yates/and she wyll not suffre me to ete nor drynke/& always I offer me to be her prysoner/but that she wyll not suffre me/for I wolde de syre no more what paynes ꝑ so euer I had soo that I myght haue a syght of her dayly. Well sayd syr Gawayne/ all this shall I amende & ye wyll doo as I shall deuyse. I wyll haue your hors & your armour/and so wyll I ry de vnto her castell & tell her that I ha ue slayne you/& so shall I come with in her to cause her to cherysshe me/& thenne shall I doo my true parte that ye shall not faylle to haue the loue of her.

¶ How syr Gawayne came to the la dy Ettarde & laye by her/and how syr Pelleas foũde them sleppynge ca.xxiij.

And there with syr Gawayne plyght his trouth vnto syr Pel leas to be true & faythfull vnto hym/ so echone plyght theyr trouth to other and so they chaũged horses & harneys & syr Gawayne departed/& came to the castel where as stode the pauelyons of this lady without the yate. And as soone as Ettarde had aspyed syr Ga wayn she fledde in towarde the castell syr Gawayne spake on hyghe & bad her abyde/for he was not syr Pelleas I am an other knyght that haue slay ne syr Pelleas/do of your helme sayd the lady Ettarde that I may see your vysage. And so whan she sawe that it was not syr Pelleas/she made hym a lyght and ledde hym vnto her castell/ and asked hym faythfully whether he had slayne syr Pelleas / and he sayd her ye/and tolde her ꝑ his name was syr Gawayne of the courte of kyng Arthur & his systers sone. Truly sayd she that is grete pyte / for he was a passynge good knyght of his body/ but of all men on lyue I hated hym moost / for I coude neuer be quyte of hym. And for ꝑ ye haue slayne hym I shal be your woman & to do ony thyn ge that myght please you. So she ma de syr Gawayne good chere. Thenne syr Gawayne sayd that he loued a la dy/& by no meanes she wolde loue hym she is to blame sayd Ettarde and she wyll not loue you / for ye that be soo well borne a man and suche a man of prowesse/there is no lady in the worl/ de to good for you. Wyll ye sayd syr Gawayne promyse me to do all that ye may by the fayth of your body to gete me ꝑ loue of my lady. Ye syr sayd she/& that I promyse you by the fayth of my body. Now sayd syr Gawayne it is your self that I loue so well/ther/ fore I praye you holde your promyse/ I may not chese sayd the lady Ettar/ de/but yf I sholde be forsworen / and so she graunted hym to fulfyll all his desyre. Soo it was thenne in the mo/ neth of Maye that she and syr Ga/ wayne wente out of the castell & slou/ ped in a pauelyone/and there was ma de a bedde / and there syr Gawayne and the lady Ettarde wente to bedde togyder / and in an other pauelyone she layde her damoysels/& in the thyr de pauelyone she layde parte of her knyghtes/for thenne she hadde no dre de of syr Pelleas. And there syr Ga/ wayne laye with her in that pauelyo/ ne two dayes and two nyghtes. And on the thyrde daye in the mornynge erly syr Pelleas armed hym / for he

had neuer slepte syn syr Gawayne departed from hym / for syr Gawayne hadde promysed hym by the fayth of his body to come to hym vnto his pauelyone by the pryory within the space of a daye & a nyght. Thenne syr Pelleas moũted vpon horsback / & came to the pauelyons that stode without the castell / and foũde in the fyrste pauelyone thre knyghtes in thre beddes / and thre squyres lyenge at theyr feet / thenne wente he to the seconde pauelyone & founde foure gentylwymmen lyenge in foure beddes / and thenne he yede to the thyrde pauelyone & foũde syr Gawayne lyenge in a bedde with his lady Ettarde / & eyther cleppynge other in armes / & whan he sawe that his herte well nygh brast for sorowe & sayd. Allas that euer a knyght sholde be foũde so fals / & thenne he toke his hors & myght not lenger abyde for pure sorowe. And whan he hadde ryden nyghe half a myle he torned agayne and thought to slee them bothe. And whan he sawe them bothe so lye faste sleppynge / vnnethes he myght holde hym on horsbak for sorowe / and sayd thus to hymself / though this knyght be neuer so fals I wyll neuer slee hym sleppynge / for I wyll neuer destroye the hyghe order of knyghthode / and there with he departed agayne. And or he hadde ryden half a myle he returned agayne / and thought thenne to slee them bothe / makynge the grettest sorowe that euer man made. And whan he came to the pauelyons / he tyed his hors vnto a tree / and pulled out his swerde naked in his honde / & wente to them there as they laye / and yet he thought it were shame to slee them sleppynge / and layde the naked swerde ouerthwart bothe theyr throtes / and soo toke his hors and rode his waye. And whan syr Pelleas came to his pauelyons / he tolde his knyghtes and his squyres how he had spedy / & sayd thus to them / for your true and good seruyce that ye haue done me I shall gyue you all my goodes / for I wyl go vnto my bedde and neuer aryse vntyll I am deed. And whan that I am deed I charge you that ye take the hert out of my body and bere it to her betwixt two syluerey dyshes / and tell her how I sawe her lye with the fals knyght syr Gawayne. Ryght so syr Pelleas vnarmed hymself and wente vnto his bedde makynge merueyllous dole and sorowe. Thenne syr Gawayne and Ettarde awoke out of her slepe / and founde the naked swerde ouerthwart theyr throtes / thenne she knewe well that it was syr Pelleas swerde. Allas sayd she to syr Gawayne / ye haue bytrayed me and syr Pelleas bothe / for ye tolde me ye had slayne hym / & now I knowe well it is not so he is on lyue. And yf syr Pelleas had ben as vncurtoys to you as ye haue ben to hym ye had ben a deed knyght / but ye haue deceyued me & bytrayed me falsly / that all ladyes and damoysels may beware by you and me. And therwith syr Gawayne made hym redy & went in to the forest. So it happedy than that the damoysel of the lake Nymue mette with a knyght of syr Pelleas ỹ went on his foot in the forest makynge grete doole / and she asked hym the cause. And so the wofull knyght tolde her how ỹ his mayster and lorde was bytrayed thorugh a knyght and a la-

dy / and how he wyll neuer aryse out of his bedde tyll he be deed. Bringe me to hym anone/& I wyll warraunt his lyf that he shall not deye for loue. & she that hath cauled hym so to loue. she shall be in as euyll plyte as he is or it be longe/for it is no Joye of suche a proude lady that wyll haue no mer/ cy of suche a valyaũt knyght / anone that knyght brought her vnto hym/ And whan she sawe hym so lye in his bedde / she thought she sawe neuer so lykly a knyght/& therwith she threwe an enchaũtement vpon hym & he felle on slepe. And ther whyle she rode vn to the lady Ettarde / and charged no man to awake hym tyll that she came agayne. Soo within two houres she brought the lady Ettarde thyder/and both ladyes founde hym on slepe. Loo sayd ỹ damoysel of the Lake ye ought to be ashamed for to murdre suche a knyght. And therwith she threwe su/ che an enchauntement vpon her that she loued hym out of mesure/that wel nyghe she was out of her mynde. O lorde Jhesu sayd the lady Ettarde/ how is it befallen vnto me/that J lo/ ue now hym that J haue moost hated of ony man alyue. That is the ryght/ wyse Jugement of god sayd the da/ moysel of the Lake. And thenne ano/ ne syr Pelleas awoke and loked vpon Ettarde. And whan he sawe her/he knewe her/& thenne he hated her mo/ re than ony woman alyue / and sayd awaye traytresse come neuer more in my syght. And whan she herde hym so saye / she wepte & made grete sorowe out of mesure.

Chow syr Pelleas loued nomore Et/ tarde by the meane of the damoysell of the Lake whom he loued euer after

Capĩm .xxiiij.

Syr knyght Pelleas sayd the da moysell of the Lake / take your hors & come forth with me out of this coũtree/and ye shall loue a lady that shall loue you. J wyll well sayd syr Pelleas / for this lady Ettarde hath done me grete despyte & shame / and there he tolde her the begynnynge and endynge/& how he had purposed ne/ uer to haue aryse tyll that he hadde hey deed. And now god hath sente me suche grace that J hate her as moche as euer J loued her thanked be our lor de Jhesus. Thanke me sayd the da/ moysell of the Lake / anone syr Pel/ leas armed hym & toke his hors and cõmaunded his men to bringe after his pauelyons & his stuffe where the damoysell of the Lake wolde assygne So the lady Ettarde deyed for sorowe & the damoysell of the Lake reioysed syr Pelleas & loued togyder durynge theyr lyues ende.

Chow syr Marhaus rode with the damoysell & how he came to the duke of the south Marchys.

ca.xxv.

Now torne we vnto syr Mar/ haus that rode with the damoy sell of.xxx. wynter of age south warde & so they came in to a depe forest/and by fortune they were nyghted/& rode longe in a depe waye/and at the laste they came vnto a courtelage / & there they asked herborowe/but the man of the courtelage wolde not lodge them for no treatynge ỹ they coude treate/

but thus moche the good man sayd/& ye wyl take the aduenture of your lod gynge I shall bringe you there ye shal be lodged/what auenture is that that I shal haue for my lodgynge sayd syr Marhaus. Ye shall wete whan ye co= me there sayd ỹ good man. Syr what auenture so it be bringe me thyder I praye the sayd syr Marhaus/for I am wery & my damoysell and my hors/ So the good man wente and opened the gate/& within an houre he brought hym vnto a fayre castell / and thenne the poore man called the porter / and anone he was lete in to the castel/& so he tolde the lorde how he brought hym a knyght erraunt & a damoysell that wolde be lodged with hym / lete hym come in sayd the lorde/it may happen he shall repente that they toke theyr lodgynge here. So syr Marhaus was lete in with torche lyght/& there was a goodly syght of yonge men ỹ welco med hym . And thenne his hors was ledde in to the stable/and he & the da= moysell were brought in to the halle/ and there stode a myghty duke & ma= ny goodly men about hym . Thenne this lorde asked hym how he hyght & fro whens he came/and with whome he dwelt. Syr he sayd I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs & knyght of the ta= ble rounde/and my name is syr Mar haus & I am borne in Irlonde . And thenne sayd the duke to hym/that me sore repenteth the cause is this / for I loue not thy lorde/nor none of thy fe= lowes of the table rounde / and ther= fore ease thy selfe this nyght as well as thou mayst/for as to morne I and my syx sones shall matche with you/ Is ther none other remedye but that I must haue adoo with you & your syx sones at ones sayd syr Marhaus. No sayd the duke for this cause I made myn auowe / for syr Gawayne slewe my seuen sones in a recoũter/therfore I made myn auowe / that ther sholde neuer knyght of kyng Arthurs courte lodge w̃ me or come there as I myght haue adoo with hym/but that I wol= de haue a reuengynge of my. vij. sones deth . What is your name sayd syr Marhaus I requyre you telle me & it please you. Wete thou well ỹ I am the duke of south Marchys . A sayd syr Marhaus I haue herde saye ỹ ye haue bey longe tyme a grete foo vnto my lorde Arthur & to his knyghtes. That shall ye fele to morne sayd the duke. Shall I haue adoo with you sayd syr Marhaus. Ye sayd the duke/therof ỹ shalt not chese/and therfore take you to your chambre & ye shall haue all ỹ to you longeth . So syr Marhaus de= parted & was ledde to a chambre/and his damoysell was ledde vnto her chã bre. And on the morne the duke sente vnto syr Marhaus & badde make hym redy. And so syr Marhaus arose and armed hym/& thenne ther was a mal se longe afore hym & brake his faste/ & so moũted on horsback in the courte of the castell there they sholde doo the batayll. So ther was the duke all re= dy on horsback clene armed & his syx sones by hym/and euerych had a spe= re in his honde / & so they encountred where as the duke and his two sones brake theyr speres vpon hym / but syr Marhaus helde vp his spere & touched none of them.

¶ How syr Marhaus faught with the

duke & his lixe sones/and made them to yelde them. ca.xxvi.

Thenne cam the foure sones by couple/and two of them brake theyr speres/& so dyde the other two/ And all this whyle syr Marhaus touched them not. Thenne syr Marhaus ranne to the duke & smote hym with his spere that hors & man felle to the erthe / & so he serued his sones. And thenne syr Marhaus alyght doun and bad the duke yelde hym or els he wolde slee hym. And thenne some of his sones recouered & wolde haue set vpon syr Marhaus. Thenne syr Marhaus sayd to the duke seace thy sones or els I wyll do ꝑ vttermest to you all/thẽne the duke sawe he myght not escape ꝑ deth he cryed to his sones & charged them to yelde them to syr Marhaus/ And they kneled all doun and put the pomels of theyr swerdes to ꝑ knyght & so he receyued them. And thẽne they halpe vp theyr fader / and so by theyr comynal assente promysed to syr Marhaus neuer to be foes vnto kyng Arthur/& therupon at Wytsontyde after to come he & his sones and put them in the kynges grace. Thẽne syr Marhaus departed & within two dayes his damoysell brought hym where as was a grete tornoyment that the lady de Dawse had cryed. And who that dyde best sholde haue a ryche serklet of golde worthe a thoulande besaũtes. And there syr Marhaus dyde so nobly that he was renõmed & had somtyme doun fourty knyghtes/ and so the serklet of golde was rewarded hym. Thenne he departed fro thens with grete worshyp And so within seuen nyghtes his damoysell brought hym to ay erles place his name was the erle Fergus / that after was syr Tristrams knyght / & this erle was but a ponge man & late come in to his londes/and ther was a gyaũt fast by hym ꝑ hyght Taulurde and he had ay other broder in Lonewayle that hyght Taulas that syr Tristram slewe whan he was out of his mynde. So this erle made his cõplaynte vnto syr Marhaus that there was a gyaunt by hym that destroyed al his londes/& how he durst nowhere ryde nor goo for hym. Syre sayd the knyght whether dreth he to fyght on horsback or on foot/nay sayd the erle ther may no hors bere hym. Well sayd syr Marhaus thenne wyll I fyght wt hym on foot. So on the morne syr Marhaus prayed the erle ꝑ one of his men myght brynge hym where as the gyaũt was/& so he was/for he sawe hym lyt vnder a tree of holy/& many clubbes of yron and gylarms about hym. So this knyght dressyd hym to the gyaũt puttynge his shelde afore hym / & the gyaũt toke ay yron clubbe in his honde/and at the fyrste stroke he clafe syr Marhaus shelde in two pyeces. And there he was in grete peryll/for the gyaũt was a wyly fyghter/but at the last syr Marhaus smote of his ryght arme aboue the elbowe / thenne the gyaunt fledde & the knyght after hym/and so he drofe hym to a water/but the gyaũt was so hyghe that he myght not wade after hym/& thenne syr Marhaus made the erle Fergus may to fetche hym stones / and with tho stones the knyght gaf ꝑ gyaũt many sore knockes/tyll at the last he made hym falle downe in the water / and soo was he

there deed/thenne syr Marhaus wente vnto the gyaũtes castell/& there he delyuered .xxiiij. ladyes and .xij. knyghtes out of the gyaũtes prysoy/& there he had grete rychesse without nombre so that all the dayes of his lyf he was neuer poore may after. Thenne he retorned to the erle Fergus / the whiche thanked hym gretely/and wolde haue gyuen hym half his londes but he wolde none take. So syr Marhaus dwelled with the erle nyghe half a yere/for he was sore hyred with the gyaũt / & at the last he toke his leue. And as he rode by the waye / he mette with syr Gawayne & syr Ewayne / and so by aduenture he mette with foure knyghtes of Arthurs courte / the fyrste was syr Sagramore delyrus/syr Dzanna syr Dodynas le saueage / & syr Felot of lystynoyse/and there syr Marhaus with one spere smote doun thyse foure knyghtes & hurte them sore. So he departed to mete at his daye afore sette.

How syr Ewayne rode with the damoysell of thre score yere of age / and how he gate the pryce at a tornoyenge Capl'm .xxvij.

NOw torne we vnto syr Ewayne that rode westwarde with his damoysell of thre score wynter of age / & the brought hym there as was a tornoyment nyghe ỹ marche of Wales/& at that torneyment syr Ewayne smote doun .xxx. knyghtes / therfore was gyuen hym the pryce / and that pryce was a gerfawhon and a whyte stede trapped with cloth of golde. So thenne syr Ewayne dyde many straũge auentures by the meanes of the oldе damoysell/and so she brought hym to a lady that was called the lady of the Roche/the whiche was moche curtoys. So there were in the coũtree two knyghtes that were brethern / & they were called two perylous knyghtes/ the one knyght hyght syr Edwarde of the reed castell/& the other syr Hue of ỹ reed castell. And thyse two brethern hadde dysheryted the lady of the roche of a Baronry of londes by theyr extorsyon. And as this knyght was lodged with this lady she made her complaynte to hym of thyse two knyghtes. Madame sayd syr Ewayne / they are to blame/for they do ayenst the hyghe ordre of knyghthode and the othe that they haue made. And yf it lyke you I wyll speke with them by cause I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs/and I wyll entreate them with fayrenesse. And yf they wyll not I shall do batayll with them & in the defence of your ryght/ gramercy sayd the lady/and there as I may not acquyte you/god shall. So on the morne the two knyghtes were sente for that they sholde come thyder to speke with the lady of the Roche/ and wete ye well they fayled not/for they came with an hondred hors / but whan this lady sawe them in this maner so bygge/she wolde not suffre syr Ewayne for to go out to them vppon no surete neyther for no fayre langage / but she made hym to speke with them out of a toure/but fynally thyse two brethern wolde not be entreated/ and answered/ that they wolde kepe that they had. Well sayd syr Ewayne thenne wyll I fyght with one of you and preue that ye do this lady wronge/that wyll we not do sayd they two

for and we doo batayll we two wyll fyght with one knyght at ones/& therfore yf ye wyll fyght so we wyll be redy at what houre ye wyl allygne. And yf ye wynne vs in batayll thenne the lady shall haue her londes agayne/ye saye well sayd syr Ewayne / therfore make you redy soo that ye be here to morne in the defence of ỹ ladyes ryght

How syr Ewayne faught with two knyghtes & ouercame them ca.xxviij.

SO was there sykernesse made on both partyes that no treason sholde be wrought on neyther partye/ so thenne the knyghtes departed and made them redy / and that nyght syr Ewayne had grete chere. And on the morne he arose erly & herde masse and brake his faste/& so he rode vnto the playne without the gates where houed the two brethern abydynge hym/ So they rode togyder passynge sore ỹ syr Edwarde and syr Hue brabe theyr speres vpon syr Ewayne. And syr Ewayne smote syr Edwarde ỹ he felle ouer his hors & yet his spere brast not And thenne he spored his hors & cam vpon syr Hue & ouerthrewe hym/but they soone recouered and dressyd theyr sheldes & drewe theyr swerdes & bad syr Ewayne alyght & do his bataylle to the vttermest. Thenne syr Ewayn deuoyded his hors sodaynly/& put his shelde afore hym & drewe his swerde/ and so they dressyd togyder / & eyther gaf other grete strokes / & there thyse two brethern woũded syr Ewayne passynge greuously/that the lady of the roche wende he sholde haue deyed / & thus they fought togyder fyue houres as men raged out of reason. And at the last syr Ewayne smote syr Edwarde vpon the helme suche a stroke that his swerde kerued vnto his canell bone/& thenne syr Hue abated his courage/but syr Ewayne pressyd fast to haue slayne hym. That sawe syr Hue he kneled downe and yelded hym to syr Ewayne/& he of his gentylnes receyued his swerde & toke hym by the honde and wente in to the castell togyder. Theñe the lady of the roche was passynge glad/and the other broder made grete sorowe for his broders deth/ theñe the lady was restored of all her londes/& syr Hue was cõmaunded to be at the courte of kyng Arthur at the next feest of Pentecost. So syr Ewayne dwelled with the lady nyghe half a yere / for it was longe or he myght be hoole of his grete hurtes. And soo whan it drewe nyghe the terme daye that syr Gawayne syr Marhaus and syr Ewayne sholde mette at the crosse waye/theñe euery knyght drewe hym thyder to holde his promyse that they had made/and syr Marhaus and syr Ewayne brought theyr damoysels wt̃ them/but syr Gawayne had lost his damoysell as it is afore reherced.

How at the yeres ende all the thre knyghtes with theyr thre damoysels metten at the fontayne. ca.xxix.

NYght so at ỹ twelue monethes ende they mette all thre knyghtes at the fontayne & theyr damoysels But the damoysell that syr Gawayne had coude saye but lytell worshyp of hym/so they departed from the damoysels & rode thorugh a grete forest/

and there they mette with a messager that came from kyng Arthur ꝑ hadde sought them well nyghe a twelue mo⁊ nethes thorugh out al Englonde. Wales & Scotlonde/and charged yf euer he myght fynde syr Gawayne & syr Ewayne to bringe them to the courte agayne. And thene were they all glad and soo they prayed syr Marhaus to ryde with them to the kynges courte/ And soo within .xij. dayes they came to Camelot/& the kyng was passynge glad of theyr compynge / and soo was all the courte. Thenne the kyng made them to swere vpon a boke to telle hym all theyr aduentures that hadde befalle them that .xij. moneth/and so they dyde. And ther was syr Marhaus well knowen/for ther were knyghtes that he had matched afore tyme/and he was named one of the best knygh⁊ tes lyuynge. Agayne the feest of Pen⁊ tecost came the damoysell of the Lake & brought with her syr Pelleas / and at ꝑ hyghe feest ther was grete Justyn ge of knyghtes/& of all knyghtes that were at that Justes/syr Pelleas hadde the pryce/& syr Marhaus was named the next/but syr Pelleas was so stron⁊ ge that there myght but fewe knygh⁊ tes sytte hym a buffet with a spere. And at that next feest syr Pelleas and syr Marhaus were made knyghtes of the table rounde/for ther were two syeges voyde/for two knyghtes were slayne that .xij. moneth/and grete Joye had kyng Arthur of syr Pelleas & of syr Marhaus/but Pelleas loued neuer af⁊ terwarde syr Gawayne / but that he spared hym for the loue of kyng Ar⁊ thur. But oftentymes at the Justes & tornoymentes syr Pelleas quyted syr Gawayne/for so it is reherced in the boke of Frenshe. Soo syr Trystram many dayes after ꝑ faught with syr Marhaus in ay Ylonde/& there they dyde a grete batayll/but at the last syr Trystram slewe hym/so syr Trystram was sore wounded that vnnethes he myght recouer and laye at a nonnery half a yere/& syr Pelleas was a wor⁊ shypfull knyght / and was one of the foure that encheued the Sangreall/& the damoysel of the Lake made by her meanes that neuer he had adoo with syr Launcelot de Lake / for where syr Launcelot was at ony Justes or ony tornoyment/she wolde not suffre hym to be there that daye/but yf it were on the syde of syr Launcelot.

Here endeth the fourth bo⁊ ke of kyng Arthur.

Here folowyth the fyfthe boke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

¶ How .xij. aged ambassyatours of Rome came to kyng Arthur for to demaunde truage for Bretayne Capitulum Primū.

¶ Thanne kyng Arthur had after longe warre rested & holde a Ryall feest and table rounde with his alyes of kynges / princes & noble knyghtes all of the roūde table / there came in to his halle he sytteynge in his throne Ryall .xij. auncyent men / bearynge eche of them a braūche of Olyue in token that they came as ambassyatours & messagers fro the Emperour Lucius whiche was called at that tyme Dyctatour or Procurour of the publyke wele of Rome / whiche sayd messagers after theyr entrynge & commynge in to the presence of kyng Arthur dyde to hym theyr obeyssaunce in makynge to hym reuerence sayden to hym in this wyse. The hyghe & myghty Emperour Lucius sendeth to the kyng of Bretayne gretynge / cōmaūdynge the to knowleche hym for thy lorde / & to sende hym the truage due of this Royame vnto themppire / whiche thy fader & other tofore thy predecessours haue payed as it is of recorde

And thou as a rebelle not knowynge hym as thy louerayne withholdest and reteynest contrary to the statutes & de-crees made by the noble Julius Cezar conquerour of this Royame/and fyrst Emperour of Rome. And yf thou re-fuse his demaũde & cõmaundement/ knowe thou for certayne that he shall make stronge warre ayenst the & thy Royames & londes/and shall chastyse the & thy subgettes/that it shall be ay enlample perpetuell vnto all kynges & prynces for to denye theyr truage vn to that noble Empyre whiche domy-neth vppon the vnyuersall worlde. Thenne whan they had shewed thef-fecte of theyr message/the kyng com-maũded them to withdrawe them / & sayd he sholde take auyse of cõseyll & gyue to them ay answere. Thenne some of the ponge knyghtes herynge theyr message wolde haue ronney on them to haue slayne them sayenge þ it was a rebuke to all the knyghtes there beynge present to suffre them to saye so to the kyng. Anone the kyng com-maũded þ none of them vpon payne of deth to myssaye them ne doo them ony harme / & cõmaũded a knyght to bryngе them to theyr lodgynge/and se that they haue all that is necessary & requysyte for them with the best chere/ and that no deynte be spared. For the Romayns ben grete lordes/& though theyr message please me not nor my courte yet I muste remembre myn ho-nour. ¶ After this the kyng lete calle all his lordes & knyghtes of the roũde table to coũseyll vpon this mater/and delyred them for to saye theyr aduyse. Theñe syr Cador of Cornewayle spa ke fyrst & sayd. Syre this message ly-keth me wel/for we haue many dayes rested vs & haue ben ydle/& now I ho pe ye shall make sharpe warre on the Romayns where I doubte not we shal gete honour. I byleue wel sayd Arthur that this mater pleaseth the well/but thyse answers may not be answered/ for the demaũde greueth me sore. For truly I wyll neuer paye truage to Ro-me / wherfore I praye you to coũseyll me. I haue vnderstande that Bellinus & Brenius kynges of Brytayne haue had themppre in theyr handes many dayes. And also Constantyne the sone of Helayne/whiche is an open euyden ce that we owe noo trybute to Rome/ but of ryght we that ben descended of them haue ryght to clayme the tytle of themppre.

¶ How the kynges & lordes promysed to kyng Arthur ayde and helpe ayenst the Romayns. ca. ij.

Thenne answerd kyng Angusl the of Scotlonde/syr ye ought of ryght to be aboue all other kynges for vnto you is none lyke ne pareylle in Crystendome of knyghthode ne of dygnyte / & I coũseyll you neuer to o-beye the Romayns/for whan they reg ned on vs/they dystrellyd our elders/& put this londe to grete extorsyons and taylles/wherfore I make here myn a-uowe to auenge me on them/& for to strengthe your quarell I shal furnysshe .xx.M. good men of warre and wage them on my costes/whiche shal awayte on you with my self whan it shal plea se you. And þ kyng of lytel Brytayne graũted hym to the same .xxx.M. wher fore kyng Arthur thanked them. And

chenne euery man agreed for to make warre and to ayde after theyr power/ that is to wete the lorde of Westwales promysed to bryngе.xxx.M.men. And syr Ewayne / syr Jder his sone with theyr colyns promysed to bryngе .xxx. thoulande / chenne syr Launcelot with all other promysed in lyke wyse euery men a grete multytude. ¶ And whan kyng Arthur vnderstode theyr courages & good wylles / he thanked them hertly/and after lete calle thambaylsyatours to here theyr answere . And in presence of all his lordes & knyghtes he sayd to them in this wyse. I wyll that ye retorne vnto your lorde & procurour for the comyn wele for the Romayns/& saye ye to hym . Of his demaũde and cõmaũdement I sette noo thynge. And that I knowe of no truage ne trybute that I owe to hym/ne to none erthely prynce cristen ne hethen/ but I pretende to haue & occuppe the souerayntе of themppre/wherin I am entytled by the ryght of my predecessours somtyme kynges of this londe/ and saye to hym that I am delybered & fully concluded to go with myn army with strength & power vnto Rome by the grace of god to take possessyon in themppre / & subdue them that ben rebelle/wherfore I cõmaũde hym and all them of Rome that Incontynent they make to me theyr homage & to knowleche me for theyr Emperour & gouernour vpon payne that shall ensiewe . And thenne he cõmaunded his tresorer to gyue to them grete & large gyftes/& to paye all theyr dyspenses/ & assygned syr Cador to conueye them out of the londe / & so they toke theyr leue & departed / and toke theyr shyppynge at Sandwyche/& passed forth by Flaũdres Almayn the Montayns/ and all Ytalye vntyll they came vnto Lucius. And after the reuerence made they made relacyon of theyr answere lyke as ye tofore haue herde . Whan themperour Lucius had well vnderstande theyr credence/he was sore meued as he had ben all arraged & sayd. I had supposed that Arthur wolde haue obeyed to my cõmaundement / and haue serued me hymself as hym well belemed or ony other kyng to doo . Dsyr sayd one of the Senatours late be suche vayne wordes / for we late you wete that I and my felawes were full sore aferde to beholde his countenaũce I fere me ye haue made a rodde for your self / for he entendeth to be lorde of this Emppre / whiche sore is to be doubted yf he come/for he is all ayother man than ye wene/& holdeth the moost noble courte of the worlde / all other kynges ne prynces may not compare vnto his noble mayntene . Dy newe yeres daye we sawe hym in his astate whiche was the ryallest ꝑ euer we sawe/for he was serued at his table with .ix. kynges/& the noblest felaulhyp of other prynces / lordes/and knyghtes that ben in the worlde/and euery knyght approued & lyke a lorde & holdeth table roũde. And in his persone the moost manly man that lyueth and is lyke to conquere all the worlde for vnto his courage it is all to lytell/ Wherfore I aduyse you to kepe well your marches and stretes in the montayns. For certaynly he is a lorde to be doubted. Wel sayd Lucius before Eelter I suppose to passe the montayns & so forth in to Fraunce/& there byreue

hym his londes with Janeweyes and
other myghty warryours of Tulkane
& Lombardye. And I shall sende for
them all that bey subgettes & alyed to
the Emppre of Rome to come to myn
ayde/& forwith sente olde wyse knygh
tes vnto thyse countrees folowynge.
fyrste to Ambage & Arrage/to Aly-
saũdrye/to Ynde/to Hermonye/where
as the Ryuer of Eufrates rennyth in
ty to Alye / to Affryke / and Europe
the large/to Ertayne and Elamye/to
Arabye/to Egypte and Damaske/to
Dampete & Layer/to Capadoce / to
Tarce. Turkye. Poũce & Pampoylle
to Surye and Galacye. And all thyse
were subgettes to Rome & many moo
as Grece. Cypres. Macidone. Calabre
Catelonde. Portyngale with many a
thoulandes of Spaynardes. Thus al
thyse kynges/dukes/& admyrals al-
sembled about Rome with. xvi. kyngs
attones with grete multytude of peo-
ple. Whan the Emperour vnderstode
theyr compynge/he made redy his Ro-
mayns & all the people bytwene hym
and Flaũdres. Also he had gotey with
hym fyfty Geaũtes whiche had bey
engendred of fendes / & they were or-
deyned to garde his persone & to breke
the froũte of the bataylle of kyng Ar-
thur. And thus departed fro Rome &
came doun the montayns for to dey-
troye the londes that Arthur had con-
quered & came vnto Colayne/and be-
syeged a castell therby & wanne it soo-
ne & stuffed hit with two hondred sa-
ralyns or Infydeles/& after destroyed
many fayre coũtrees / whiche Arthur
hadde wonne of kyng Claudas. And
thus Lucius came with all his hoost
whiche were dysperpled thre score my
le in brede/& cõmaũded them to mete
with hym in Burgoyne/for he purpo
sed to destroye the Royame of lytell
Brytayne.

¶ How kyng Arthur helde a parlea-
ment at Yorke/and how he ordeyned
how the Royame sholde be gouerned
in his ablence. ca. iij.

NOw leue we of Lucius them-
perour and speke we of kyng
Arthur / that cõmaunded all them of
his retenue to be redy atte vtas of hyl-
lary for to holde a parleament at Yor
ke. And at that parleament was con-
cluded to areste all the naupe of ỹ lon
de and to be redy within .xv. dayes at
Sandwyche / and there he shewed to
his armye how he purposed to conque
re themppre whiche he ought to haue
of ryght. And there he ordeyned two
gouernours of this Royame / that is
to saye/syr Baudewyne of Brytayne
for to counseyll to the best & syr Con-
stantyne sone to syr Cador of Corne-
waylle/whiche after ỹ deth of Arthur
was kyng of this Royame. And in the
presence of all his lordes he relygned
the rule of the Royame & Gueneuer
his quene to them/wherfore syr Laũ-
celot was wroth/for he lefte syr Try-
stram with kyng Marke for the loue
of beale Isoulde. Thenne the quene
Gueneuer made grete sorowe for the
departynge of her lorde & other / and
swowned in suche wyse that ỹ ladyes
bare her in to her chambre. Thus the
kyng with his grete armye departed
leuynge the quene & the Royame in
the gouernaũce of syr Baudewyne &
syr Constantyne. And whan he was

on his hors/he layd with an hygh voy ce yf I deye in this Journeye I wyll ꝑ lyr Constantyne be myn heyre & kyng crowned of this Royame as next of my blood . And after departed & en/ tred in to the see at Sandwyche with all his armye with a grete multytude of shyppes/galeyes/cogges/and dro/ mōdes saylynge on the see.

¶ How kyng Arthur beynge shypped & lyenge in his caban had a meruey l/ lous dreme/& of therpolycyon therof. Capl'm .iiij.

AND as the kyng laye in his ca ban in the shyppe/he fyll in a slomerynge & dremed a meruey llous dreme/hym semed that a dredeful dra gon dyde drowne moche of his people & he came fleynge out of the west/and his heed was enameled with alure / & his sholders shone as golde / his bely lyke maylles of a meruey llous hewe/ his tayll e full of tatters / his feet full of fyne sable / & his clawes lyke fyne golde / & an hydeous flamme of fyre flewe out of his mouthe / lyke as the londe & water had flāmed all of fyre. After hym semed ꝑ there came out of thorpent a grymly bore all blacke in a cloude/& his pawes as bygge as a post he was rugged lokynge roughly / he was the foulest best that euer man sa/ we/he rored & romed so hydeoully ꝑ it were meruey ll to here. Thēne the dre/ defull dragon auaunced hym & came in the wynde lyke a fawcon gyuynge grete strokes on the bore/and the bore hytte hym agayne with his gryll y tul/ kes that his brest was al blody/& that the hote blood made all the see reed of his blood . Thenne the dragon flewe awaye all on an heyghte/& cam doun with suche a swongh & smote the bore on the rydge whiche was.x.foot large fro the heed to the tayll e/& smote the bore all to powdre both flesshe and bo nes/that it flyttered all abrode on the see. And therwith all the kyng awoke anone & was sore abasshed of this dre me/and sente anone for a wyse phylo sophre / cōmaūdynge to telle hym the sygnyfycacōn of his dreme. Syr sayd the phylosophre/the dragon that thou dremedest of / betokeneth thyn owne persone that sayleth here/& the colours of his wynges bey thy Royames that thou hast wonne/& his tayll e whiche is all to tatterde sygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of the roūde table. And the bore that the dragon slough compnge fro the clowdes / betokeneth some ty/ raūt that tormenteth the people/or els thou art lyke to fyght with some gy/ aunt thy self/beynge horryble & abho mynable whoos pere ye sawe neuer in your dayes/wherfore of this dredeful dreme doubte the no thynge / but as a cōquerour come forth thy self. Theñe soone after this they had syght of lon de & sayled tyl they arryued at Wyre/ flete in Flaundres/& whan they were there he foūde many of his grete lor/ des redy as they had bey cōmaūded to awayte vpon hym.

¶ How a man of the coūtree tolde to hym of a meruellous gyaūt/& how he faught & conquered hym. ca.v.

THenne cam to hym an hulbon de man of the coūtree & tolde hym how there was in the countree of

Constantyne belyde Bretayne a gre/
te gyaũt whiche had slayne murthred
& deuoured moche people of the coun/
tree/& had ben susteyned.vij.yere with
the childern of the comyns of that lon
de/in so moche þ all the childern ben
all slayne & destroyed / and now late
he hath taken the duchesse of Bretay
ne as she rode with her meyne/& hath
ledde her to his lodgynge whiche is in
a montayne for to raupsshe & lye by
her to her lyues ende / & many people
folowed her moo than fyue hondred/
but all they myght not relcowe her/
but they lefte her shrykynge & cryenge
lamentably/wherfore I suppose that
he hath slayne her in fulfyllynge his
foule luste of lecherye . She was wyf
vnto thy colyn syr Howell/whome we
calle full nyghe of thy blood. Now as
thou art a ryghtfull kyng haue pyte
on this lady/& reuenge vs all as thou
art a noble conquerour. ¶ Allas sayd
kyng Arthur this is a grete mylchyef
I had leuer than the best Royame þ I
haue/that I had ben a forlonge waye
tofore hym for to haue relcowed that
lady. Now felowe sayd kyng Arthur
canst thou brynge me there as this gy
aunt haunteth . Ye syr sayd the good
man . Loo ponder where as thou seest
tho two grete fyres / there shalt thou
fynde hym / & more trelour than is in
all Fraunce as I suppose . Whan the
kyng hadde vnderstande this pyteous
caas he retorned in to his tente. Thenne
he called to hym syr Kay & syr Bede/
were/and comaũded them secretly to
make redy hors & harneys for hymselfe
& them tweyne/for after euensonge he
wolde ryde on pylgrymage with them
two oonly vnto sayne Mychels moũte
And thenne anone he made hym redy
& armed hym at all poyntes/and toke
his hors & his shelde. And so they thre
departed thens & rode forth as fast as
euer they myght tyl that they came to
the forlonde of that moũte/and there
they alyghted/& the kyng cõmaunded
them to tarye there/for he wolde hym
self go vp in to that moũte. And so he
ascended vp in to that hylle tyll he ca
me to a grece fyre/& there he foũde a
carefull wydowe wryngynge her hon
des & makynge grete sorowe syttynge
by a graue newe made . And thenne
kyng Arthur salewed her & demaun/
ded of her wherfore she made suche la
mentacyon/to whome she answerd &
sayd. Syr knyght speke softe/for yon
der is a deuyll yf he here the speke he
wyll come & destroye the . I holde the
vnhappy what doost thou here in this
moũtayne / for yf ye were suche fyfty
as ye be/ye were not able to make re/
systence ayenst this deuyll/here lyeth a
duchesse deed the whiche was the fay/
rest lady of all the worlde wyf to syr
Howell duke of Bretayne / he hath
murthred her in forcynge her/& hath
slytte her vnto the nauell. Anone sayd
the kyng. I come fro the noble conque
rour kyng Arthur for to treate with þ
tyraũt for his lyege people. Fye on su/
che treates sayd she / he setteth not by
the kyng ne by no man els. But & yf
thou haue brought Arthurs wyf da/
me Gueneuer he shal be gladder than
yf thou haddest gyuen vnto hym half
Fraũce. Beware approche hym not to
nyghe/for he hath vaynquysshed .xv.
kynges/& hath made hym a cote full
of precyous stones enbrowdred with
theyr berdes / whiche they sente hym

to haue his loue for lauacyon of theyr people at this last Cryſtmaſſe. And yf thou wylt/ſpeke with hym at ponder grete fyre at ſouper. Wel ſayd Arthur I wyl accomplyſſhe my meſſage for al your ferdful wordes/& wente forth by the creaſt of that hyll/and ſawe where he ſatte at ſouper gnawynge on a lymme of a man / bekynge his brode lymmes by the fyre & brecheles/& thre fayr damoyſels tornynge thre broches weron were broched .xij. ponge childery late borne lyke as ponge byrdes. Whan kyng Arthur beheelde that pyteous ſyght/he had grete compaſſyon on them / ſo that his herte bledde for ſorowe/& hayled hym ſayenge in this wyſe / he that all the worlde weldeth gyue the ſhorte lyue & ſhamefull deth. and the deuyl haue thy ſoule/why haſt thou murthred thyſe ponge Innocente childery/and murthred this ducheſſe/ Therfore aryſe & dreſſe the thou glotton / for this daye ſhalt thou deye of my honde. Thenne the glotton anone ſtarte vp & tooke a grete clubbe in his honde / & ſmote at the kyng that his coronall fylle to the erthe/& the kyng hytte hym agayne that he carfe his body and cutte of his genytours that his guttes & his entraylles fylle doun to the groũde. Thenne the gyaũt threwe awaye his clubbe and caught the kynge in his armes that he cruſhed his rybbes. Thẽne the thre maydens kneled doun and called to Cryſte for helpe & comforte of kyng Arthur. And thenne Arthur weltred & wronge/that he was other whyle vnder & an other tyme aboue. And ſo weltrynge & walowynge they rolled downe the hylle/ tyll they came to the ſee marke / and euer as they ſo weltred Arthur ſmote hym with his dagger/and it fortuned they came to the place / where as the two knyghtes were and kept Arthurs hors. Thẽne whan they ſawe the kynge faſt in the gyauntes armes/they came & loſed hym. And thenne the kyng cõmaũded ſyr Kay to ſmyte of the gyauntes heed/& to ſette it vpon a trunchon of a ſpere & bere it to ſyr Howel & telle hym that his enemye was ſlayne/and after late this heed be boũden to a barbycan that all the people may ſee & beholde hit/and go ye two vp to the moũtayne & fetche me my ſhelde/ my ſwerde & the clubbe of yron/and as for the treſour take ye it / for ye ſhall fynde there good out of nombre. Soo that I haue his kyrtell & the clubbe I deſyre no more. This was the fyereſt gyaũt that euer I mette with ſauf one in the moũte of Arabe whiche I ouercame / but this was gretter & fyerſer. Thenne the knyghtes fette the clubbe & the kyrtell/and ſome of the treſour they toke to themſelf/and retorned agayne to the hooſt. And anone this was knowen thrugh all the countree/ wherfore the people came & thanked the kyng. And he ſayd agayne/gyue the thanke to god/& departe the goodes amonge you. And after that kyng Arthur ſayd & cõmaunded his colyn Howell that he ſholde ordeyne for a chirche to be buylded on the ſame hyll in the worſhyppe of Saynt Myghell. And on the morne the kyng remeued with his grete hooſt / and came in to Champayne & in a valeye/and there they pyght theyr tentes. And the kyng beynge ſette at his dyner/there came in two meſſagers/of whome that one

was Marchall of fraunce & layd to the kyng that themperour was entred in to fraunce & had destroyed a grete parte & was in Burgoyne / and hady destroyed & made a grete slaughter of people/and brente townes & borowes/ wherfor yf thou come not hastly/they must yelde vp theyr bodyes & goodes.

¶ How kyng Arthur sente syr Gawayne and other to Lucius/and how they were assayled and escaped with worshyp. ca.vi.

Thenne the kyng dyde do calle syr Gawayne syr Bors & syr Lyonell & syr Bedewere/and cõmaũded them to go strayte to themperour Lucius/and saye ye to hym that hastely he remeue out of my londe. And yf he wyll not/bydde hym make hym redy to batayll & not dystresse the poore people. Thenne anone thyse noble knyghtes dressyd them to horsbacke. And whan they cam to the grene wode/they sawe many pauelyons sette in a medowe of sylke of dyuerse colours belyde a ryuer. And themperours pauelyone was in the myddle with an egle displayed aboue. To the whiche tente our knyghtes rode towarde/and ordeyned syr Gawayne & syr Bors to do the message / and lefte in a busshement syr Lyonell and syr Bedewere/ And thenne syr Gawayne and syr Bors dyde ther message/and cõmaunded Lucius in Arthurs name to auoyde his londe/or shortly to adresse hym to batayll. To whome Lucius answered and sayd / ye shall retorne to your lorde and saye ye to hym that I shall subdue hym & all his londes. Thenne syr Gawayne was wrothe and sayd/ I had leuer than all fraunce to fyght ayenst the/and so had I sayd syr Bors leuer than all Bretayne or Burgoyne. Thẽne a knyght named syr Gaynus nyghe cosyn to themperour sayd/ Loo how thyse Brytons ben full of pryde and boost / and they bragge as though they bare vp all the worlde/ Thenne syr Gawayne was sore grieued with thyse wordes/and pulled out his swerde and smote of syr Gaynus heed / & therwith torned theyr horses and rode ouer waters & thrugh woodes tyll they came to theyr bussheme̅t where as syr Lyonell & syr Bedewere were houynge. The Romayns folowed fast after on horsback and on to te ouer a champayne vnto a wood/& thenne syr Bors torned his hors/and sawe a knyght come fast on / whome he smote thrugh the body with a spere that he fylle deed doun to the erthe/ Thenne came Callybure one of the strengest of Dauye & smote doun many of Arthurs knyghtes. And whan syr Bors sawe hym do so moche harme he adressyd towarde hym and smote hym thrugh the brest that he fylle doun deed to the erthe. Thenne syr Feldenak thought to reuenge the deth of Gaynus vpon syr Gawayne/but syr Gawayne was ware therof and smote hym on the heed/whiche stroke styntedy not tyll it came to his breste/ And thenne he retorned and came to his felowes in the bussheme̅t. And there was a recountre/for the bussheme̅t brake on the Romayns/and slewe and hewe doun the Romayns and forced the Romayns to flee and retorne/whome the noble knyghtes chaced

vnto theyr tentes. Thenne the Romayns gadred more people / and also foot mey cam on / & there was a newe batayll and so moche people that syr Bors and syr Berell were taken / but whan syr Gawayne sawe that / he tooke with hym syr Idrus the good knyght and sayd he wolde neuer see kyng Arthur but yf he relcowed them / and pulled out Galatyne his good swerde & folowed them that ledde tho two knyghtes awaye / and he smote hym that lad syr Bors / and toke syr Bors fro hym & delyuered hym to his felowes. And syr Idrus in lyke wyse relcowed syr Berell. Thenne began the batayll to be grete that our knyghtes were in grete Jeopardy / wherfore syr Gawayne sent to kyng Arthur for socour & that he hye hym for I am sore wounded / & that our pryloners may paye good out of nombre. And the messager came to the kyng & tolde hym his message. And anone the kyng dyde do assemble his armye / but anone or he departed the pryloners were comen / and syr Gawayne & his felowes gate the felde & put the Romayns to flyght / and after retorned and came with theyr fellowshyp in suche wyse / that no man of worshyp was loste of them / sauf that syr Gawayne was sore hurte / Thenne the kyng dyde do ranlake his woundes & comforted hym. And thus was the begynnynge of the fyrst Journeye of the Brytons & the Romayns and ther were slayne of the Romayns moo than ten thoulande / and grete Joye & myrthe was made that nyght in the hoost of kyng Arthur. And on the morne he sente all the pryloners in to Parys vnder the garde of syr Lancelot and of syr Lador with many other knyghtes.

¶ How Lucius sente certayne aspyes in a bushement for to haue taken his knyghtes beynge pryloners / and how they were letted. ca. vij.

NOw torne we to themperour of Rome whiche aspyed that thyse pryloners sholde be sente to Parys / and anone he sente to lye in a bushement certayne knyghtes & prynces with thre score thoulande men for to relcowe his knyghtes and lordes that were pryloners. And so on the morne as Launcelot & syr Lador chyeftayns and gouernours of all them that conueyed the pryloners as they sholde passe thrugh a wood / syr Launcelot sente certayne knyghtes to aspye yf ony were in the woodes for to lette them. And whan the sayd knyghtes came in to the wood / anone they aspyed and sawe the grete enbusshement / and retorned and tolde syr Launcelot that ther laye in a wayte thre score thoulande Romayns. And thenne syr Launcelot with suche knyghtes as he hadde and men of warre to the nombre of .x. thoulande put them in arape & met with them & fought with them manly / and slewe and dretenchyd many of the Romayns / and slewe many knyghtes & admyrals of the partye of the Romayns and saralyns / there was slayne the kyng of Lylye & thre grete lordes Aladuke. Herawde / and Herynsdale / but syr Launcelot fought so nobly that no may myght endure a stroke of his honde / but where he came he shewed his prowesse and myght / for

he slewe downe ryght on euery syde/ And the Romayns & saralyns fledde from hym as the sheep fro the wulfe or fro the lyon/& put them all that abode alyue to the flyght. And so longe they fought that tydynges came vnto kyng Arthur. And anone he graythed hym & came to the batayll/and sawe his knyghtes how they had vaynquyshed the bataylle / he enbraced them knyght by knyght in his armes and sayd / ye be worthy to welde all your honour and worshyp/ther was neuer kyng sauf my self that had soo noble knyghtes. Syr sayd Cador there was none of vs fayled other/but of the prowesse & manhode of syr Laũcelot were more than wonder to telle / & also of his colyns whiche dyde that daye many noble feates of warre. And also syr Cador tolde who of his knyghtes were slayne/as syr Berell & other syr Morys & syr Maurel two good knyghtes/thenne the kyng wepte & dryed his eyen with a kercheef / & sayd your courage had nere honde destroyed you for though ye had retorned agayne ye had lost no worshyp/for I calle it foly knyghtes to abyde whan they be ouermatched. Nay sayd Laũcelot and the other. For ones shamed may neuer be recouered.

Chow a Senatour tolde to Lucius of theyr dyscomfyture / & also of the grete batayll bytwene Arthur and Lucius. ca.viij.

As now leue we of kyng Arthur and his noble knyghtes/ whiche had wonne the felde/and had brought theyr pryseners to Parys / & speke we of a Senatour whiche escaped fro the batayll/& came to Lucius themperour & sayd to hym. Syr Emperour I aduyse the for to withdrawe the/what doost thou here/thou shalt wynne noo thynge in thyse Marches but grete strokes out of al mesure/for this daye one of Arthurs knyghtes was worth in the batayll an hondred of ours. Fye on the sayd Lucius/thou spekest cowardly/for thy wordes greue me more than all the losse that I had this daye/anone he sente forth a kyng whiche hyght syr Leomye with a grete armye/& badde hym hye hym fast to fore/and he wolde folowe hastely after / kyng Arthur was warned pryuely & sent his people to Sessoyne and toke vp the townes & castels fro the Romayns. Thenne the kyng commaunded syr Cador to take the rerewarde / & to take with hym certayne knyghtes of the roũde table. And syr Laũcelot/syr Bors/syr Kay/syr Marrock with syr Marhaus shall awayte on our persone. Thus the kyng Arthur dysperpled his hoost in dyuerse partyes to the ende that his enemyes sholde not escape. Whan themperour was entred in to the vale of Sessoyne he myght se where kyng Arthur was enbataylled & his baner dysplayed/& he was bysette rounde about with his enemyes/that nedes he muste fyght or yelde hym/for he myght not flee. Than sayd openly vnto the Romayns/syrs I admoneste you ꝑ this daye ye fyght & acquyte you as men/and remembre how Rome domyneth & is chyef and heed ouer all the erthe and vnyuersall worlde/and suffre not thyse Brytons this daye to abyde agaynste vs. And

therwith he dyde cõmaũde his trom-pettes to blowe the blody sownes in suche wyse that the grounde trembled & dyndled. Thenne the bataylles ap-prouched & shoue and showed on bo-the sydes/ and grete strokes were smy-ten on both sydes/ many men ouerthro wen/ hurte/ & slayne/ and grete valy-aunces / prowesses and appertyces of warre were that daye shewed/ whiche were ouer longe to recounte the noble feates of euery man/ for they sholde cõ teyne an hole volume. But in especyal kyng Arthur rode in the bataylle ex-hortynge his knyghtes to do well/ and hymself dyde as nobly with his hon-des as was possyble a man to do / he drewe out Excalybur his swerde/ and awayted euer where as the Romayns were thyckest & moost greued his peo-ple/ and anone adressyd hym on that parte & hewe and slewe down ryght & releowed his people / and he slewe a grete gyaunt named Galapas/ whi-che was a man of an huge quantyte & heyght / he shotted hym & smote of both his legges by the knees sayenge. Now art thou better of a syze to dele with than thou were/ and after smote of his heed/ there syr Gawayn fought nobly & slewe thre admyrales in that batayll. And so dyde all the knyghtes of the rounde table. Thus the batayll bytwene kyng Arthur and Lucius the Emperour endured longe. Lucius had on his syde many saralyns / whiche were slayne/ and thus the batayll was grete / & offtydes that one party was at a forsele and anone at an afterdele whiche endured so longe/ at last kyng Arthur aspyed where Lucius themper-our fought / & dyde wonder with his owne hondes. And anone he rode to hym/ & eyther smote other fyersly/ and atte last Lucius smote Arthur thwart the vysage & gaf hym a large woũde. And whan kyng Arthur felte hymselfe hurte/ anon he smote hym agayn with Excalybur that it clefte his heed fro the sometre of his heed / & stynted not tyll it came to his breste. And thenne themperour fylle doun deed/ and there ended his lyf. And whan it was kno-wen that the Emperour was slayne/ anone all the Romayns with al theyr hooste putte them to flyght. And kyng Arthur with all his knyghtes folo-wed the chaas/ & slewe doun ryght all them that they myght atteyne. And thus was the victory gyuen vnto kyng Arthur & the tryumphe/ and there we re slayne on the party of Lucius moo than an hondred thousande. And af-ter kyng Arthur dyde do ransake the deed bodyes / and dyde do burye them that were slayne of his retenue euery man accordynge to the astate & degree that he was of. And them that were hurte he lete the surgyns do serche all theyr hurtes & woũdes/ and cõmaun-ded to spare noo salues ne medecynes tyll they were hole. Thenne the kyng rode strayte to the place where them-perour Lucius laye deed / & with hym he foũde slayne the Sowdan of Sur-rey/ the kyng of Egypte & of Ethyo-pe/ the whiche were two noble kynges with .xvij. other kynges of dyuerse re gyons/ and also thre score Senatours of Rome all noble men / whome the kyng dyde do bawme & gomme with many good gommes aromatyke/ and after dyde doo cere them in thre sco-re folde of cered clothe of Sendale/ &

leyde them in cheftes of leed by cauſe they ſholde not chauffe ne ſauour/and vpon all thyſe bodyes theyr ſheldes w̄ theyr armes and baners were ſette/to thende they ſholde be knowen of what coũtree they were. And after he foũde thre Senatours whiche were on lyue/ to whome he ſayd/for to ſaue your lyues I wyll that ye take thyſe deed bodyes/& carye them with you vnto gre/ te Rome/and preſente them to the Po teſtate on my behalue/ſhewynge hym my letters/ & telle them that I in my perſone ſhall haſtly be at Rome. And I ſuppoſe the Romayns ſhall beware how they ſhall demaunde ony tribute of me. And I commaunde you to ſaye whan ye ſhall come to Rome vnto the Poteſtate & all the coũſeyll & Senate that I ſende to them thyſe deed bodyes for the tribute that they haue demaũ ded. And yf they be not content with thyſe I ſhall paye more at my comyn ge/ for other tribute owe I none/ ne none other wyll I paye. And me thyn keth this ſuffyſeth for Bretayne Ir/ londe & al Almayne with Germayne And ferthermore I charge you to ſaye to them/that I cõmaunde them vpon payne of theyr hedes neuer to demaũ/ de tribute ne taxe of me ne of my lon des. Thenne with this charge & com/ maũdement the thre Senatours afore ſayd departed with all the ſayd deed bodyes leynge the body of Lucius in a carre couered with the armes of the Emppre all allone. And after alwaye two bodyes of kynges in a charyot/& thenne the bodyes of the Senatours after them/and ſo wente towarde Ro me/and ſhewed theyr legacyon & mel ſage to the Poteſtate & Senate/reco ũ tynge the batayll done in Fraũce/and how the felde was loſt & mooſt people and Innumerable ſlayne/ wherfore they aduyſed them in no wyſe to me/ ue more warre ayenſt that noble con/ querour Arthur. For his myght & pro/ weſſe is mooſt to be doubted/ ſeen the noble kynges and grete multytude of knyghtes of the vaũde table/to whom none erthely prynce may compare.

Thow Arthur after he had achyeued the batayll ayenſt the Romayns/ en/ tred in to Almayne and ſo in to Ytas lye. ca.ix.

Now come we to kyng Arthur and his noble knyghtes/whi/ che after the grete bataylle achyeued ayenſt the Romayns/entred in to Lo/ rayne Brabay and Flaundres/ and ſythen retorned in to hault Almayne/ and ſo ouer the moũtayns in to Lom/ bardy/and after in to Tuſkane/whe re in was a Cyte/ whiche in no wyſe wolde yelde them ſelf ne obeye/wher/ fore the noble kyng Arthur beſyeged hit/ and laye full longe about hit/ and gaf many aſſaultes to the Cyte. And they within deffended them vaſ lyauntly. Thenne on a tyme the kyng called ſyr Florence a knyght/ and he ſayd to hym they lacked vytaylle/and not ferre from hens there ben grete fo reſtes and grete woodes/ wherin ben many of myn enemyes with moche beſtyall. I wyll that thou make the re/ dy and go thyder in foreynge/and ta/ ke with the ſyr Gawayne myne ne/ uewe/ ſyr Wycharde/ſyr Clegys/ſyr Clemonde/ and alſo the Captayne of Cardyfe with other/ and brynge

with you all the beestes that ye there can gete. And anone thyse knyghtes made them redy & roode ouer holtes & hylles/thorugh forestes & woodes/tyll they came in to a fayre medowe ful of fayre floures & gralle/and there they rested them & theyr horses all ye nyght And in the spryngynge of the daye in the next morne / syr Gawayne tooke his hors & stale awaye from his fclaushyp to seke some aduentures. And anone he was ware of a man armed walkynge his hors easely by a wodes syde/& his shelde laced to his sholder syttynge on a stronge courser without ony man saupnge a page berynge a myghty spere/the knyght bare in his shelde thre gryffons of golde in sable charbuncle the chyef of syluer. Whan syr Gawayn aspyed this gay knyght he fewtred his spere & rode strayte to hym / and demaunded of hym from whens that he was/that other answered & sayd he was of Tulcane/& demaũded of syr Gawayne/what profrest thou proude knyght the so boldely/here getest ye no praye/thou mayst proue whan thou wylt/for thou shalt be my pryloner or ye departe. Thenne sayd Gawayn/thou auaũtest the gretely & spekest proude wordes. I coũsepl the for all thy boost that ye make the redy & take thy gere to the/tofore grettest grame falle to the.

Of a batayll done by Gawayne ayenst a saraslyn/ whiche after was yelden & became crysten. ca.x.

Thenne they toke theyr speres & ranne eche at other with all the myght they had & smote eche other thorugh theyr shyldes in to theyr sholders / wherfore anone they pulled out theyr swerdes & smote grete strokes so the fyre sprange out of theyr helmes. Thenne syr Gawayne was all abasshed/& with galatyn his good swerde he smote thrugh shelde & thycke hauberke made of thycke maylles & al to russhed & brake the precyous stones/& made hym a large woũde so myen myght se both syuer & longe. Thenne groned that knyght & adressyd hym to syr Gawayne/& with ay awke stroke gaf hym a grete woũde & kytte a vayne/whiche greued Gawayn sore & he bledde sore Thenne the knyght sayd to syr Gawayne/bynde thy woũde or thy bleed chaũge/for thou bybledest all thy hors & thy fayre armes / for all the leches of Bretayne shall not conne staũche thy blood. For who someuer is hurte with this blade he shall neuer be staũched of bledynge. Thenne answered Gawayn hit greueth me but lytel/thy grete wordes shal not fere me ne lasse my courage/but thou shalt suffre tene & sorowe or we departe/but tell me in hast who may staunche my bledynge. That may I do sayd the knyght yt I wyll/& so wyll I yf thou wylt socoure & ayde me that I may be crystned and byleue on god. And therof I requyre the of thy manhode/& it shall be grete merycte for thy soule. I graũte it sayd Gawayne so god helpe me to accomplysshe all thy desyre. But fyrst telle me what thou soughtest here thus alone/and of what londe & legeaũce ye art of. Syr he sayd my name is Pryamus/and a grete prynce is my fader/& he hath ben rebelle vnto Rome and ouer rydeth many of theyr londes. My

fader is lyneally delcended of Alylaũ der and of Hector by ryght lygne. And duke Joslue and Machabeus were of our lygnage . I am ryght enhcryptour of Alylaunder and Affryke & all the out Yles/yet wyl I byleue on thy lorde that thou byleuest on / and for thy la; boure I shall gyue the treloure ynough I was so elate & hauteyn in my herte that I thought no man my pere ne to me semblable . I was sente in to this warre with seuen score knyghtes/and now I haue eocountred with the whi; che hast gyuen to me of fyghtyng my fylle/wherfore syr knyght I praye the to telle me what thou arte . I am no knyght sayd syr Gawayn. I haue ben brought vp in the garderobe with the noble kyng Arthur many yeres for to take hede to his armour and his other araye/& to poynte his paltockes that longen to hymselfe. At pole last he ma de me yoman & gaf to me hors & har; neys & an hondred poũde in moneye/ And yf fortune be my frende. I doub; te not but to be well auaũced and hol pen by my lyege lorde . A sayd Pryа; mus yf his knaues be so kene & fyers thene his knyghtes ben passynge good Now for the kyng; loue of heuen whe ther thou be a knaue or a knyght telle thou me thy name . By god sayd syr Gawayne. Now wyll I saye the soth my name is syr Gawayne & knowen I am in his courte and in his cham; bre/and one of the knyghtes of the ta ble rounde/he dubbed me a duke with his owne honde. Therfor grutche not yf this grace is to me fortuned / it is the goodnesse of god that sente to me my strength. Now am I better pleased sayd Pryamus than yf thou haddest gyuen to me all the prouynce and pa rys the ryche . I had leuer to haue ben borne with wylde horses/than ony var let had wonne suche loos/or ony page or pyker sholde haue had pryce on me But now syr knyght I warne the/ that here by is a duke of Lorayne with his armye and the noblest men of the Dolphyne and lordes of Lombardye with the garnelon of godarde/and sa ralyns of Southlonde the nombre of thre score thoulande of good men of armes/wherfore but yf we hye vs fro hens it wyll do harme to vs bothe/for we ben sore hurte / and neuer lyke to recouer/but take hede to my page that he blowe no horne . For yf he do there ben houynge here faste by an hondred good knyghtes awaytynge on my per sone/and yf they take the/there shall no raunson of golde neyther of syluer acquyte the . Thenne syr Gawayne rode ouer a water for to saue hymself/ and the knyght folowed hym/and so they rode forth tyll they came to his fe lowes whiche were in ỹ medowe/whe re they had ben all the nyght . Anone as syr Wychard was ware of syr Gawayne & sawe that he was hurte he ranne to hym sorowfully weppynge and demaunded of hym who had soo hurte hym/and Gawayne tolde how he had foughten with that man/and eche of them had hurte other / & how he had salues to hele them / but I can telle you other tydynges / that soone we shall haue adoo with many ene; myes. Thenne syr Pryamus and syr Gawayne alyghted / and lete theyr horses grase in the medowe and thene they vnarmed them . And thenne the blood ranne freshely fro theyr woun

des. And Pryamus toke fro his page a vyolle full of the foure waters that came out of paradyse/& with certayn bawme enoynted theyr woũdes / and welthe them with that water/& within ay houre after they were both as hole as euer they were. And thenne with a trompet were they all assembled vnto counseyll. And there Pryamus tolde vnto them what lordes and knyghtes had sworne to relcowe hym/and that without fayle they sholde be assayled with many thoulandes / wherfore he coũseylled them to withdrawe them. Thenne syr Gawayne sayd / it were grete shame to them to auoyde w̃ out ony strokes. Wherfore I aduyse you to take our armes & to make vs redy to mete with thyse saralyns & myshyleuynge men/& with the helpe of god we shall ouerthrowe them & haue a fayre daye on them. And syr Florens shall abyde styll in this felde to kepe the stale as a noble knyght/& we shal not forsake yonder felowes Now sayd Pryamus seasse your wordes / for I warne you ye shall fynde in yonder woodes many peryllous knyghtꝭ/they wyll put forth beestes to calle you on/ they be out of nombre/and ye are not past .vij.C. whiche ben ouer fewe to fyght with so many. Neuertheles sayd syr Gawayne we shall ones encoũtre them / & see what they can do and the beste shall haue the victorye.

How ỹ the saralyns came out of a woode for to relcowe theyr bestes/and of a grete batayll. ca.xi.

Thenne syr Florens called to hym syr Florydas with ay hondred knyghtꝭ & droke forth the herde of beestes. Thenne folowed hym .vij.C. men of armes/& syr Ferauũt of spayne on a fayre stede cam springynge out of the woodes/& came to syr Florens & axed hym why he fledde. Thenne syr Florens toke his spere & rode ayenst hym and smote hym in the forhede & brake his necke bone. Thenne all the other were meued & thought to auenge the deth of syr Ferauũt/& smote in amonge them/and there was grete fyght & many slayne & leyde doun to the groũde/and syr Florens with his hondred knyghtes alwaye kepte the stale and fought manly. Thenne whan Pryamus the good knyght percepued the grete fyght/he wente to syr Gawayn & badde hym that he sholde goo & socoure his felaushyp/whiche were sore bystade with theyr enemyes. Syr greue you not sayd syr Gawayne / for theyr gree shall be theyrs. I shall not ones meue my hors to them warde/but yf I se mo than ther ben/for they ben stronge ynough to matche them. And with ỹ he sawe an erle called syr Ethelwolde & ỹ duke of duchemen came leppynge out of a wood w̃ many thoulãdes & Pryam⁹ knyghtꝭ/& cam strayte vnto ỹ batayll/thenne syr Gawayn cõforted his knyghtꝭ & bad them not to be abasshed for all shal be ours/thenne they began to wallope & mette w̃ theyr enemyes/ther were men slayne & ouerthrowen on euery syde. Thenne thrested in amonge them the knyghtes of the table roũde/& smote doun to the erthe all them that withstode them / in soo moche that they made them to recuple and flee. By god sayd syr Gawayne this gladdeth myn herte / for now

bey they lasse in nombre by a .xx.M. Thenne entred in to the bataylle Ju/ laūce a gyaūt/& fought & slewe doun ryght & dystressyd many of our knyghtes / amonge whome was slayne syr Gherard a knyght of Wales. Theñe our knyghtes toke herte to them & sle we many sarasyns. And thenne came in syr Pryamus with his penon / and rode with the knyghtes of the roūde ta ble/& fought so manfully that many of theyr enemyes loste theyr lyues / & there syr Pryamus slewe the Marques of Moyles londe. And syr Gawayne with his felowes quyte them so þ they had the felde / but in that stoure was syr Chestelayne a childe & was of syr Gawayne slayne/wherfore was mo/ che sorowe made/& his deth was soone auenged. Thus was the bataylle en/ ded & many lordes of Lombardye and sarasyns left deed in the felde. Theñe syr Florence & syr Gawayne herbero/ wed surely theyr people/& token grete plente of bestyall of golde & syluer / & grete treloure & rychesse / and retorned vnto kyng Arthur whiche laye styl at the syege. And whan they came to the kyng/they presented theyr prysoners & recoūted theyr aduentures & how they had vaynquyssed theyr enemyes.

¶ How syr Gawayne retorned to kyn ge Arthur with his prysoners/& how the kyng wanne a Cyte / and how he was crowned Emperour. ca.xij.

NOw thanked be god sayd the noble kyng Arthur. But what maner man is he that standeth by hȳ selfe he semed no prysoner. Syre sayd Gawayne this is a good man of ar/ mes he hath matched me/but he is pol dey vnto god and to me for to bycome Cristen/had not he hauc be we sholde neuer haue retorned/wherfore I praye you that he may be baptysed/for ther lyueth not a nobler man ne a better knyght of his hondes/theñe the kyng lete hym anone be cristened & dyde do calle hym his fyrst name Pryamus/& made hym a duke & knyght of the ta/ ble roūde. And theñe anone the kyng lete do crye assaulte to the cyte/& there was rerynge of ladders brekynge of walles & the dyche fylled/ þ men with lytell payne myght entre in to the Cy te. Thenne came out a duchesse & Cla rysyne the coūtesse with many ladyes & damoysels/& knelynge byfore kyng Arthur & requyred hym for the loue of god to receyue the Cyte/and not to ta ke it by assaulte for thenne sholde ma ny gyltles be slayne. Theñe the kyng aualyd his vyser with a meke & noble coūtenaunce/and sayd madame ther shal none of my subgettes myspdo you ne your maydens/ne to none þ to you longey / but the duke shall abyde my Jugement/thenne anone the kyng cō maūded to leue the assaulte / & anone the dukes oldest sone brought out the keyes / & knelynge delyuered them to the kyng & besought hym of grace/& the kyng sealed the towne by assent of his lordes / and toke the duke & sente hym to Douer there for to abyde pry/ soner terme of his lyf/& assygned cer/ tayne rentes for the dower of the du/ chesse & for her childery. Thenne he made lordes to rule tho londes & la/ wes as a lorde ought to do in his ow/ ne coūtree/& after he toke his Journey towarde Rome/& sent syr Florys and

syr Florydas tofore with fyue hondred men of armes / and they came to the cyte of Orbyne and leyde there a bul-warke there as them semed moost best for them / and rode tofore the towne / where anone yssued out mochc people and scarmutched with the fore ryders . Thenne brake out the bullhement and wanne the brydge and after the towne / and sette vpon the walles the kynges baner . Thenne came the kyng vpon an hylle and sawe the Cyte and his baner vpon the walles / by whiche he knewe that the Cyte was wonne / And anone he sente and commaunded that none of his lyege men sholde defoule ne lygge by noo lady / wyf / ne mayde. And whan he came in to the Cyte / he passed to the Castell / and comforted them that were in sorrowe / and ordeyned there a Captayne a knyght of his owne countree . And whan they of Melane herde that thyl he Cyte was wonne / they sente to kynge Arthur grete sommes of moneye / and besought hym as theyr lord to haue pyte of them / promysynge to be his subgettes for euer / and yelde to hym homage and feawte for the londes of Plealaunce and of Pauye. Peterlaynt and the porte of Tremble / and to gyue vnto hym yerely a myllyon of golde durynge all his lyf tyme. Thenne he rydeth in to Tulcane and there wynneth townes and castels and walted all in his waye that to hym wolde not obeye. And so wente to Spolute and to Vyterbe. And from thens he roode in to the vale of Vyterbe amonge the vynes . And from thens he sente vnto the Senatours for to wete whether they wolde knowe hym for theyr lorde or not. But soone after on a saterdaye came vnto kyng Arthur all the Senatours that were lefte on lyue / and all the noblest Cardynales that thenne vpon that tyme dwelled within Rome. And they all prayeden hym of peas / and prouffered hym full large. And they besought hym as gouernour to gyue them lycence for .vi. wekes for to assemble togyder all the Romayns / and thenne for to crowne hym Emperour with creme as it bylongeth vnto so hyghe an astate . I assente vnto you sayd the kyng lyke as ye haue deuyse / and at Crystmasse there to be crowned / and to holde my rounde table with my knyghtes there as me lyketh . And thenne the Senatours made all thynges redy for his Intronysacyon . And thenne atte the daye appoynteth as the Romayns tel leth he came in to Rome / and there he was crowned Emperour by the Popes owne honde with all the Ryalte that coude be made . And sudgerned there a tyme / and establysshed all his londes from Rome in to Fraunce . And he gaf londes and Royames vnto his seruauntes and knyghtes to euerych after his deserte / in suche a wyse that none of them complayned ryche ne poore . And he gaaf to syr Pryamus the duchye of Lorayne / and he thanked hym and sayd that he wolde serue hym all the dayes of his lyf . And after he made dukes and erles / and made euery man ryche . Thenne after this all his lordes and knyghtes assembled them togyder afore hym / and sayd blessyd be god your warre is fynysshed / and your conquest achyeued / in soo moche that we knowe none soo

grete ne myghty that dare make war re agaynst you. Wherfore we beseche your good grace for to retorne home/ warde/and for to gyue vs lycence for to go home to our wyues/fro whome we haue bey a longe tyme/and for to reste vs/for your Journey is fynysshed with grete honour and grete worshyp Thenne sayd the kyng to them / ye saye trouthe / and for to tempte god it is no wysedome. And therfore make you redy and retorne we in to Englonde. Thenne there was a trussyng ge of harneys and of bagage and gre te carpage. And after that that lycence was gyuen / he retorned and com maunded that noo man in payne of deth sholde not robbe neyther take vytaylle / ne none other thynge by the waye but that he sholde truly paye therfore. And thus he came ouer the see and londed at Sandwyche / and agaynst whome the quene Gueneuer came and mette with hym. And he was nobly receyued of all his comyns in euery Cyte towne and burghe. And grete gyftes were presented to hym at his home comynge for to welcome hym with.

¶ Thus endeth the fyfthe booke of the conqueste that kyng Arthur hadde agaynst Lucius the Em perour of Rome. ¶ And here folowedy the sixthe boooke / whiche speketh of syr Laũcelot du lake.

Here folowyth the sixthe booke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

¶ How syr Launcelot & syr Lyonell departed fro the courte for to seke auentures / and how syr Lyonell left hym sleppynge & was taken. Ca. primū

SOone after that kyng Arthur was come fro Rome in to Englonde/there al the knyghtes of the table rounde reloyted vnto the kyng and made many Justes & tornoymentes/and some there were that were but knyghtes whiche encreaced soo in armes & worshyp / that they passed all theyr felowes in prowesse & noble dedes/and that was wel preued on many. But in especyal it was preued on syr Launcelot du lake/for in all tornoymentes & Justes & dedes of armes both for lyf and deth he passed all other knyghtes/& at no tyme he was neuer ouercome / but yf it were by treason or enchaūtement so syr Launcelot encreaced so meruey-lously in worshyp & in honour/therfor is he the fyrste knyght that the frenshe booke maketh mencyon of after that kyng Arthur came fro Rome / wherfore quene Gueneuer had hym in gre te fauour aboue all other knyghtes/& in certayne he loued the quene agayne aboue all other ladyes & damoysels of

his lyf. And for her he dyde many des of armes & saued her from the fyre though his noble chyualry. Thus syr Launcelot rested hym longe with playe & game. And thenne he thought hymself to preue hymself in straunge auentures. Thenne he badde his neuewe syr Lyonell to make hym redy/ for we two wyll seke auentures. Soo they moũted on theyr horses armed at all ryghtes/ & rode in to a depe forest & so in to a depe playne. And theñe the weder was hote about noone/ and syr Launcelot had grete luste for to slepe. Thenne syr Lyonel aspyed a grete apple tree that stode by an hedge/ & sayd broder yonder is a fayre shadowe there may we reste vs on our horses/ it is well sayd fayre broder sayd syr Laũcelot/ for in this .vij. yere J was not so slepy as J am now/ & so they alyghted there & tyed theyr horses vnto sondry trees/ and so syr Laũcelot layde hym downe vnder an apple tree/ & his helme he layde vnder his heed. And syr Lyonell awaked whyle he slepte. Soo syr Laũcelot was a slepe passynge fast And in the meane whyle there came thre knyghtes rydynge as fast fleynge as euer they myght ryde. And there folowed them thre but one knyght. And whan syr Lyonell sawe hȳ/ hym thought that he sawe neuer so grete a knyght nor so wel farynge a man ney ther so wel apparayled vnto all ryghtes. Soo within a whyle this stronge knyght hadde ouertaken one of thyse thre knyghtes that fledde/ and there he smote hym to the colde erthe that he laye stylle. And thenne he rode vnto the seconde knyght/ and smote hym so that hors and man felle downe. And thenne strayte to the thyrde knyght he rode and smote hym behynde his hors ars a spere length. And thenne he alyghted downe & arayned his hors on the brydell & bound all the thre knyghtes fast with the raynes of theyr owne brydels. Whan syr Lyonell sawe hym do thus/ he thought to assaye hym & made hym redy/ and stylly & pryuely he toke his hors & thought not for to awake syr Launcelot. And whan he was moũted vpon his hors/ he ouerto ke this stronge knyght & badde hym forne/ & the other smote syr Lyonell so harde that hors & man he bare to the erthe/ & so he alyght downe and bound de hym fast & threwe hem ouerthwart his owne hors/ and so he serued them all foure/ & rode with them awaye to his owne castell. And whan he came there he vnarmed them and bete them with thornes all naked/ and after put them in a depe pryson where were many mo knyghtes that made grete dolour.

How syr Ector folowed for to seke syr Laũcelot/ & how he was taken by syr Turquyne. ca. ñ.

Whan syr Ector de marys wyst that syr Laũcelot was past out of the courte to seke auentures he was wroth with hymself/ & made hym redy to seke syr Laũcelot/ and as he had rydden longe in a grete forest he mette with a man was lyke a forster/ Fayre felowe sayd syr Ector knowest thou in this countree ony aduentures that ben here nyghe honde. Syr sayd the forster/ this coũtree knowe J well/ and here within this myle is a stronge

manoyr & wel dyked/and by that ma
noyr on the lyfte honde ther is a fayr
fourde for horses to drynke of/& ouer
that fourde there groweth a fayr tree
and theron hangen many fayr sheldes
that welded sometyme good knyghtes
and at the hoole of the tree hangeth a
bacyn of coper & laton/and stryke vp/
on that bacyn with the butte of the spe
re thryes/& soone after thou shalt he/
re newe tydynges. And ellys hast thou
the fayrest grace that many a yere e/
uer knyght had y that passed thorugh
this forest. Gramercy sayd syr Ector
& departed/and came to the tree & sa/
we many fayre sheldes. And amonge
them he sawe his broders shelde syr
Lyonell & many moo that he knewe
that were his felowes of the roũde ta
ble/the whiche greued his herte / and
prompted to reuenge his broder. And
thenne anone syr Ector bete on the ba
cyn as he were wood/& thenne he gaf
his hors drynke at the fourde/& there
came a knyght behynde hym & badde
hym come out of that water and ma/
ke hym redy. And syr Ector anone tor
ned hym shortley & in fewter caste his
spere & smote the other knyght a gre/
te buffet that his hors torned twyes a/
bout. This was well done sayd the
stronge knyght/& knyghtly thou hast
stryken me. And therwith he russhed
his hors on syr Ector / & caught hym
vnder his ryght arme and bare hym
clene out of the sadell & rode with hy
awaye in to his owne halle/& threwe
hym doun in myddes of the floore/the
name of this knyght was syr Turquy
ne/thenne the sayd vnto syr Ector for
thou haste done this daye more vnto
me thay ony knyght dyde thyse .xij.
yeres. Now wyll I graũte the thy lyf
soo thou wylt be sworne to be my pry/
soner all thy lyf dayes. Nay sayd syr
Ector that wyll I neuer promyse the/
but that I wyll done myn auaũtage/
That me repenteth sayd syr Turquy
ne/and theñe he toke hym & vnarmed
hym & bete hym with thornes all na/
ked/& sythen put hym downe in a de/
pe doũgeon where he knewe many of
his felowes. But whan syr Ector sa/
we syr Lyonell thenne made he grete
sorowe. Allas broder sayd syr Ector/
where is myn broder syr Laũcelot. Fay
re broder I lefte hym on slepe whan y
I from hym yode vnder an apple tree
and what is become of hym I can not
telle you. Allas sayd the knyght / but
syr Launcelot helpe vs we may neuer
be delyuered / for we knowe now noo
knyght y is able to matche our may/
ster Turquyne.

Thow .iiij. quenes founde Laũcelot slepynge / & how by enchaũtement he was taken and ledde in to a castell. Capl'm .iij.

Now leue we thyse knyghtes pry
soners & speke we of syr Laũce
lot du lake that lyeth vnder the apple
tree slepynge. Euen about the noone
there come by hym .iiij. quenes of gre
te estate. And for the hete of the sonne
sholde not nyghe them there rode .iiij.
knyghtes about them & bare a clothe
of grene sylke on foure speres betwixt
them & the sonne. And the quenes ro/
de on foure whyte mules. Thus as
they roode they herde by them a grete
hors grymly neye/& thenne were they
ware of a slepynge knyght that laye

all armed vnder an apple tree. Anone as thyse quenes loked on his face they knewe þ it was syr Laũcelot. Thenne they began to stryue for that knyght/ euerychone sayd they wolde haue hym to her loue. We shall not streue sayd Morgan le fay þ was kyng Arthurs syster. I shall putte an enchaũtement vpon hym that he shall not awake in sixe houres/& thenne I wyll lede hym awaye vnto my castell. And whan he is surely within my holde. I shall take the enchaũtement from hym. And thenne lete hym chese whiche of vs he wyll haue vnto peramour. Soo this enchaũtement was cast vpon syr Laũcelot/and thenne they leyde hym vpon his shelde & bare hym so on horsback betwixt two knyghtes & brought hym vnto the castell Charyot/& there they leyde hym in a colde chambre/and at nyght they sende vnto hym a fayre damoysell with his souper al redy dyght By that the enchaũtement was past. And whan she came she salewed hym and asked hym what chere. I can not saye fayre damoysell sayd syr Launcelot/for I wote not how I came in to this castell/but it be by an enchaũtement. Syre sayd she ye muste make good chere/& yf ye be suche a knyght as it is sayd that ye ben. I shall telle you more to morne by tyme of the daye. Gramercy fayre damoysel sayd syr Laũcelot of your good wyll I requyre you. And so she departed/and there he laye all that nyght without comforte of ony body. ¶ And on the morne erly came thyse foure quenes passyngly well bysene/ all they bydynge hym good morne/and he them agayne. Syr knyght the foure quenes sayd/thou must vnderstande thou art our prysoner/& we here knowe the wel that thou arte syr Launcelot du lake kyng Bans sone. And by cause we vnderstande your worthynesse that thou art the noblest knyght lyuynge. And as we knowe wel ther can no lady haue thy loue but one/and that is quene Gueneuer/& now thou shalt lese her for euer & she the/and therfore the behoueth now to chese one of vs foure. I am the quene Morgan le fay quene of the londe of Gorre/and here is the quene of Northgalys/& the quene of Eestlonde/& the quene of the out Yles Now chese one of vs whiche thou wylt haue to thy peramoure/for thou mayst not chese or els in this pryson to deye This is an harde caas sayd syr Laũcelot þ eyther I must deye or els chese one of you/yet had I leuer to deye in this pryson with worshyp than to haue one of you to my peramoure maugre my heed. And therfore ye be answered I wyll none of you/for ye be fals enchaũtresses. And as for my lady dame Gueneuer/were I at my lyberte as I was. I wolde preue hit on you or on yours/that she is the trewest lady vnto her lord lyuynge. Well sayd the quenes/is this your answere that ye wyll refuse vs. Ye on my lyf sayd syr Laũcelot refused ye ben of me. So they departed & lefte hym there alone that made grete sorowe.

¶ How syr Laũcelot was delyuerd by the meane of a damoysell. ca.iiij.

Right so at the noone came the damoysell vnto hym with his dyner & asked hym what chere/truly

fayre damoysell sayd syr Lañcelot in my lyf dayes neuer soo ylle. Syre she sayd that me repenteth/but & ye wyll be ruled by me. I shall helpe you out of this dystresse/and ye shall haue no shame nor vylony so that ye holde me a promyse. Fayre damoysell þ I wyll graũte you/& sore I am aferde of thy/se quenes sorceresses/for they haue de/stroyed many a good knyght. Syr she sayd that is south/and for the renõme & boũte that they here of you they wol de haue your loue/and syr they saye þ your name is syr Launcelot du lake the floure of all knyghtes/& they be passynge wroth with you that ye ha/ue refused them. But syr & ye wolde promyse me for to helpe my fader on tewsdaye next comynge/that hath ma de a tornoyment betwixt hym and the kyng of Northgalys/for the tewsdaye last past my fader lost þ felde thorugh thre knyghtes of Arthurs courte. And ye wyll be there on tewesdaye next co/mynge & helpe my fader/to morne or pryme by the grace of god I shall dely uer you clene. Fayre mayden sayd syr Lañcelot tell me what your faders na me is/& thenne shall I gyue you an answere. Syr knyght she sayd/my fa der is kyng Bagdemagus that was foule rebuked at the last tornoyment/ I knowe your fader wel sayd syr Lañ celot for a noble kyng & a good knyzt And by the fayth of my body ye shall haue my body redey to do your fader & you scruyce at that daye. Syre sayd she gramercy/and to morne awayte that ye be redy by tymes & I shall be she that shall delyuer you/and take you your armour and your hors shel/de & spere. And here by within this .x. myle is an Abbaye of whyte monkes/ there I praye you that ye abyde me/& thyder shall I bringe my fader vnto you. All this shall be done sayd syr Lañcelot as I am a true knyght. And so she departed & came on the morne erly and foũde hym redy. Thenne she brought hym out of twelue lockes and brought hym vnto his armour. And whan he was clene armed she brought hym vntyll his owne hors/& lyghtely he sadeled hym and toke a grete spere in his honde/and so rode forth & sayd fayre damoysell I shall not fayle you by the grace of god. And so he rode in to a grete forest all that daye/& neuer coude fynde noo hyghe waye/and soo the nyght felle on hym/& thenne was he ware in a slade of a pauelyone of reed sendel. By my fayth sayd syr Lañ celot/in that pauelyone wyll I lodge all this nyght/and so there he alyght downe & tyed his hors to the pauelyo/ne/and there he vnarmed hym & he founde there a bedde and layde hym therin & felle on slepe sadly.

Chow a knyght foũde syr Lañcelot lyenge in his lẽmans bedde/& how syr Launcelot faught with that knyght. Capl'm .v.

Thenne within an houre there came the knyght to whom the pauelyone ought. And he wende that his lẽman hadde layne in that bedde/ and so he layde hym downe belyde syr Lañcelot/and toke hym in his armes & began to kysse hym. And whan syr Lañcelot felte a rough berde kyssynge hym/he starte out of the bedde lyghte/ly/and the other knyght after hym/

and eyther of hem gate theyr swerdes in theyr hondes/and out at the pauelyone doze wente the knyght of the pauelyone / and syr Launcelot folowed hym/and therby a lytell slake syr Laũcelot woũded hym soze nyghe vnto the deth. And thenne yelded hym vnto syr Launcelot/& so he graunted hym soo that he wolde telle hym why he came in to the bedde. Syre sayd the knyght the pauelyone is myn owne/and there this nyght I had assygned my loue & lady to haue slepte with me. And now I am lykely to deye of this wounde/ That me repenteth sayd Laũcelot of your hurte / but I was adrad of treason/for I was late begyled/& therfore come on your waye in to your pauelyone & take your reste. And as I suppose I shall staunche your blood/and so they wente both in to the pauelyone and anone syr Laũcelot staũched his blood. Therwith all came the knyghtes lady that was a passynge fayre lady. And whan she aspyed that her lorde Belleus was soze woũded she cryed out on syr Launcelot and made grete dole out of mesure. Peas my lady and my loue sayd Belleus/for this knyght is a good man and a knyght aduenturous/& there he tolde her all the cause how he was wounded. And whan that I yolde me vnto hym/he lefte me goodely & hath staunched my blood. Syre sayd the lady I requyre the telle me what knyght ye be / and what is your name. Fayre lady he sayd / my name is syr Laũcelot du lake. So me thought euer by your speche sayd the lady/for I haue sene you ofte or this/ and I knowe you better than ye wene But now and ye wolde promyse me of your curtosy for the harmes that ye haue done to me and my lorde Belleus / that whan he cometh vnto kyng Arthurs courte for to cause hym for to be made a knyght of the rounde table/for he is a passynge good man of armes and a myghty lorde of londes of many out Ples. Fayre lady sayd syr Laũcelot lete hym come vnto the courte the next hyghe feest / and loke that ye come with hym/and I shall do all my power / and ye preue you doughty or myghty of your hondes that ye shal haue your desyre. ¶ Soo thus within a whyle as they stode thus and talked the nyght passed/and the daye shone/ and thenne syr Laũcelot armed hym and mounted vpon his hors and toke his leue/& they taught hym the waye towarde the Abbaye / and thyder he rode within the space of two houres.

¶ How syr Laũcelot was receyued of kyng Bagdemagus doughter / and how he made his complaynte to hyr fader. ca.vi.

AND soone as syr Launcelot came within the Abbaye yarde/ the doughter of kyng Bagdemagus herde a grete hors goo on the pauyment. And she thenne arose and yede vnto a wyndowe / and there she sawe syr Launcelot / and anone she made men faste to go to take his hors from hym and lete hym lede in to a stable/ and hymself was ledde in to a fayre chambre and there he vnarmed hym/ and the lady sent hym a longe gowne & anone she came herself. And thenne she made Launcelot passynge good chere/and she sayd he was the knyght

that in the worlde was mooste welcome to her. Thenne in all haste she sente for her fader Bagdemagus that was within .xij. myle of that Abbaye/and afore euen he cam with a fayre felaw/ shyp of knyghtes with hym. And whan the kyng was alyghted of his hors he yode strayte vnto syr Launcelots cham bre & there he foũde his doughter/and thenne the kyng enbraced syr Launcelot in his armes / and eyther made other good chere. Anone syr Launcelot made his complaynte vnto the kyng how ꝑ he was bytrayed/and how his broder syr Lyonell was departed from hym/ he nyst not where/& how his doughter had delyuered hym out of prysoy/ther fore whyle I lyue I shall do her seruy/ ce & all her kynred. Thenne am I sy/ re of your helpe sayd the kyng now a tewesdaye next comynge. Ye syr sayd syr Launcelot I shall not fayle you/for soo I haue promysed to my lady your doughter. But syr what knyghtes be they of my lorde kyng Arthurs ꝑ we/ re with the kyng of Northgalys. And the kyng sayd it was syr Mador de la porte/& syr Mordred/and syr Saha/ latyne that all full fared my knyght eh myght bere no strength. Syr sayd syr Launcelot as I here saye that the tornoyment shall be here within this thre myle of this Abbaye/ye shall sen de vnto me thre knyghtes of yours su che as ye truste/& loke that thyle thre knyghtes haue all whyte sheldes and I also & no paynture on the sheldes/& we foure wyl come out of a lytell wo/ de in myddes of both partyes/and we shal falle in the froũte of our enemyes and greue them all that we may. And so I shal not be knowen what knyght that I am. Soo they toke theyr reste ꝑ nyght & this was on the sondaye/and so the kyng departed/& sente vnto syr Launcelot thre knyghtes with the four whyte sheldes. And on the tewesdaye they lodged them in a lytel leued wood besyde there the tornoyment sholde be And ther were scaffoldes & holes that lordes & ladyes myght beholde and to gyue the pryce. Thenne came in to the felde ꝑ kyng of Northgalys with .vij. score helmes/& thenne the thre knygh tes of kyng Arthurs stode by themself Thenne came in to the felde ꝑ kyng Bagdemagus with foure score of hel mes. And thenne they fewtred theyr speres and came togyder with a grete dasshe/& there were slayne of knyghts at the fyrst recoũtre .xij. of kyng Bag demagus parte/and .vi. of the kyng of Northgalys parte/& kyng Bagde magus party was ferre sette a back.

How syr Launcelot byhaued hym in a tornoyment/and how he mette with syr Turquyne ledynge syr Gaherys. Capl'm .vij.

Wyth that came syr Launcelot du lake and he threste in with his spere in the thyckest of the prees/& there he smote doun with one spere fyue knyghtes / and of foure of them he brake theyr backes. And in ꝑ thronge he smote downe the kyng of Northgalys & brake his thye in that falle. All this doynge of syr Launcelot sawe thyse thre knyghtes of kyng Ar thurs. Yonder is a shrewde geste sayd syr Mador de la porte / therfore haue here ones at hym/so they encountred/

and syr Launcelot bare hym doun hors & man / soo that his sholder went out of the Joynte. Now befalleth it to me to Juste sayd syr Mordred/for syr Ma dor hath a sore falle. Syre Launcelot was ware of hym & gate a grete spere is his honde and mette hym/and syr Mordred brake a spere vpon hym/and syr Launcelot gaf hym suche a buffet that the arlon of his sadell brake / & soo he flewe ouer his hors tayll that his helme butte in to the erthe a foot & more that nyghe his necke was bro ken/& there he lay longe in a swowne Thenne came in syr Gahalatyne w a grete spere/and Launcelot agaynst hym with all theyr strength that they myght dryue that both theyr speres to brast euen to theyr hondes/and thenne they flange out with theyr swerdes & gaf many a grym stroke. Thenne was syr Launcelot wroth out of mesure/and thenne he smote syr Gahalatyne on the helme that his nose braste out on blood and eeres & mouthe bothe/and therwith his heed henge lowe/& ther with his hors ranne awaye with hym and he felle doun to the erthe. Anone therwith all syr Launcelot gate a grete spere in his honde. And or euer that grete spere brake / he bare doun to the erthe .xvi. knyghtes some hors & man and some the man & not the hors/and there was none but that he hyt surely he bare none armes that daye. And thenne he gate an other grete spere & smote doun .xij. knyghtes/& the moost party of them neuer drofe after. And thenne the knyghtes of the kyng of Northgalys wolde Juste nomore. And the gree was gyuen to kyng Bagde magus. So eyther partye departed vn to his owne place/and syr Launcelot ro de forth with kyng Bagdemagus vn to his castell/and there he had passyn ge good chere both with the kyng and with his doughter/and they promysed hym grete gyftes. And on the morne he tooke his leue / and tolde the kyng that he wolde go & seke his broder syr Lyonell that wente from hym whan that he slepte/so he toke his hors & be taught them all to god. And there he sayd vnto the kynges doughter yf ye haue nede ony tyme of my seruyce I praye you lete me haue knowleche / & I shall not fayle you as I am a true knyght/and so syr Launcelot departed & by aduenture he came in to the same forest there he was take slepynge. And in the myddes of an hyghe waye he mette a damoysell rydynge on a whyt te palfroy/& ther eyther saluted other fayre damoysell sayd syr Launcelot/ knowe ye in this countree ony aduen tures. Syr knyght sayd the damoysel to syr Launcelot/here are aduentures nere honde and thou durst preue them Why sholde I not preue aduentures sayd syr Launcelot / as for that cause come I hyder. Well sayd the damoysel thou semest well to be a good knyght. And yf thou dare mete with a good knyght. I shall brynge the where the best knyght is and the myghtyest that euer thou founde / soo thou wylt telle me what thy name is/& what courte and knyght thou art. Damoysell as for to telle the my name I take no gre te force. Truly my name is syr Lauce lot du lake. Syr yͤ bylemest well here bey aduentures by that falley for the/ for here by dwelled a knyght that wyl not be ouermatched for no man that I

knowe but ye ouermatche hym / and his name is syr Turquyne/& as I vnderstande he hath in his pryson of Arthurs courte good knyghtes thre score and foure that he hath wõne with his owne hondes. But whan ye haue done that Journey/ye shall promyse me as ye are a true knyght for to go with me & to helpe me and other damoysels that are dystressyd dayly with a fals knyght. All your entente & desyre damoysell I wyll fulfylle so ye wyll bryng me vnto this knyght . Now fayre knyght come on your waye / & loo she brought hym vnto the fourde & the tree where the bacyn henge. So syr Laũcelot lete his hors drynke / & sythen he bete on the bacyn with the butte of his spere so harde with all his myght tyl the bottom felle out / & longe he dyde so but he sawe no thynge. Thenne he roode endlonge the gates of that manoyr nyghe half an houre. And thẽne was he ware of a grete knyght that drofe an hors afore hym/& ouerthwarte the hors there laye an armed knyght boũde . And euer as they came nere & nere/syr Launcelot thought he sholde knowe hym/thenne syr Laũcelot was ware that it was syr Syberys Gawayns broder a knyght of the roũde table . Now fayre damoysell sayd syr Laũcelot. I see yonder cometh a knyght faste boũdeyn that is a felowe of myne and broder he is vnto syr Gawayne. And at the fyrste begynnynge I promyse you by the leue of god to recowre that knyght. But yf his mayster sytte better in the sadell I shall delyuer all the prysoners out of daũger/for I am sure he hath two brethern of myne prysoners with hym . By that tyme that eyther hadde sene othe / they grypped theyr speres vnto them . Now fayre knyght sayd syr Launcelot / put that woũded knyght of the hors & lete hym reste a whyle / & lete vs two preue our strengthes. For as it is enformed me/ thou dooste & haste done grete delpyte and shame vnto knyghtes of the roũde table and therfore now defende the And thou be of the table rounde sayd Turquyne I defye the and all thy felaulhyp/that is ouermoche sayd/sayd syr Launcelot.

Thow syr Laũcelot & syr Turquyne faught togyder. ca. viij.

And thenne they put theyr speres in the restes & came togyder with theyr horses as faste as they myght renne. And eyther smote other in myddes of theyr sheldes that bothe theyr horses backes braste vnder them and the knyghtes were both astonyed/ and as soone as they myght auoyde theyr horses/they toke theyr sheldes afore them & drewe out theyr swerdes/ & came togyder egrely/and eyther gaf other many stronge strokes/for there myght neyther sheldes nor harneys holde theyr strokes. And so within a whyle they had both grymly woũdes/and bledde passynge greuously Thus they farde two houres or mo traspynge and raspynge eyther other where they myght hytte ony bare place. Thẽne at the laste they were bretheles bothe & stode lenynge on theyr swerdes . Now fellowe sayd syr Turquyne holde thy honde a whyle & telle me what I shall aske the. Saye on sayd Laũcelot. Thẽne Turquyne sayd thou art the byggest

may that euer I mette with all & the beste brethed/& lyke on a knyght that I hate aboue all other knyghtes/so be it that thou be not he I wyll lyghtely accorde with the/& for thy loue I wyll delyuer all the prysoners that I haue/ that is thre score & foure/so thou wylt telle me thy name. And thou & I we wyl be felowes togyder & neuer to fayle the whyle I lyue. It is wel sayd sayd syr Lañcelot/but sythen it is so that I may haue thy frendshyp what knyght is he that thou soo hatest aboue all other. Faythfully sayd syr Turquyne/ his name is syr Lañcelot du lake/for he slewe my broder syr Carados at the dolorous Toure that was one of the best knyghtes on lyue. And therfore hȳ I excepte of all knyghtes/for & I may ones mete wt hym/the one of vs shall make an ende of other ꝑ I make myn auowe. And for syr Lañcelotes sake I haue slayne an hondred good knyghtes/and as many I haue maymed all vtterly that they myght neuer after helpe themself/& many haue deyed in pryson/and yet haue I thre score & foure & all shal be delyuered so thou wylt telle me thy name/& so be it that thou be not syr Launcelot. Now se I wel sayd syr Launcelot that suche a man I myght be I myght haue peas/& suche a man I myght be that ther shulde be mortall warre betwixt vs. And now syr knyght at thy request I wyll that thou wete and knowe that I am Lañcelot du lake kyng Bans sone of Benwych/& very knyght of the table rounde. And now I defye the doo thy best. A sayd syr Turquyne. Lañcelot thou art vnto me moost welcome that euer was knyght / for we shall neuer departe tyll the one of vs be deed. And thene they hurtled togyder as two wyl de bulles rasshynge & lasshynge with theyr shyldes & swerdes that somtyme they felle both ouer theyr noses. Thus they fought stylle two houres & more/ & neuer wolde haue reste/and syr Turquyne gaf syr Lañcelot many woũdes ꝑ all the groũde there as they fought was all besperpled with blood.

How syr Turquyne was slayne / & how syr Lañcelot badde syr Gaherys to delyuer all the prysoners. ca. ix.

Thenne at the last syr Turquyne wared sore faynte/and gaf somwhat aback / and bare his shelde full lowe for werynesse. That aspyed syr Launcelot soone/and lepte thenne vpon hym eyerlly as a lyon and gate hym by the Bauowre of his helmet / and so he plucked hym downe on his knees. And anone he racyd of his helme/and thenne he smote his necke in sonder. And whan syr Lañcelot hadde doue this/thenne he yode vnto the damoysell and sayd to her/damoysell I am redy to go with you where that ye wyll haue me / but I haue noo hors/ Fayre syr sayd the damoysell/take ye this wounded knyghtes hors and lede hym in to this manoyr / and commaunde hym for to delyuer all the prysoners. And soo syr Launcelot wente vnto syr Gaherys / and prayed hym not to be agreued for to lene hym his hors. May fayre lorde sayd Gaherys/ I wyll that ye take my hors atte your owne cõmaũdement/for ye haue both saued me & my hors/and this daye I saye ye are the best knyght in ꝑ worlde

for ye haue slayne this daye in my syght the myghtyest may and the best knyght except you that euer I sawe/& fayre syr sayd Gaherys I praye you telle me your name. Syr my name is syr Launcelot du lake that ought to helpe you of ryght for kyng Arthurs sake/& in especyall for my lorde syr Gawayns sake your owne dere broder/& whan that ye come within yonder manoyr. I am sure ye shall fynde there many knyghtes of the roũde table/for I haue sente many of theyr sheldes knowe on yonder tree/there is sheldc/& syr Braũdeles shemarhaus sheldc/& syr Galyde/and syr Bryan the lystnoy& syr Alydukes sheldc with that I am not now auysed ofso my two brethrens sheldesde marys and syr Lyonell/praye you grete them all frolaye that I bydde them takefe there as they fynde/and twyse my brethern goo vnto& abyde me there tyll that by the feest of Pentecost I cbe there/for as at this tyndc with this damoysell formonesse/& so he departedherys/and Gaherys pedenoyr & there he foũde a pkeppynge there many keyall syr Gaherys threwe the grounde and toke thehym/and hastly he openeddore/& there he lette out allners/& euery man loked ofhoũdes. And whan they sawherys/all they thanked hywende by cause he was whad slayne syr Turquyne

Gaherys / hit was Laũc
we hym worshyppfully
hondes. I sawe it wi
& he greted you a
you to haste yo
vnto syr Lyc
prayeth yo
te. Tha
thery
lyue.
h

of knyghthode & contra
it is pyte þ he lyueth.
ll ye shall ryde on
ll kepe my self
hle you or dy
rescowe and
vght. So
a lofte
whyle
t of

I coude neuer here saye that euer ye lo
ued ony of no maner degre / & that is
grete pyte / but it is noysed that ye lo
ue quene Gueneuer / & that she hath
ordeyned by enchaũtement that ye ne
uer shall loue none other but her / ne
none other damoysell ne lady shal re
joule you / wherfore many in this lon
de of hyghe astate & lowe make grete
sorowe. ¶ Fayre damoysell sayd syr
Laũcelot. I may not warne people to
speke of me what hit pleaseth them /
for to be a wedded man I thyn
k / for thenne I must couche
nd leue armes & tornomen
s and aduentures. And as
for to take my pleasaunce
nours that wyll I refuse / &
pall for drede of god. For
that bey auenturous or le
ll not be happy ne fortuna
warres / for other they shal
e with a symplyer knyght
e themself. Other els they
happe & her curlydnes slee
hay they bey themself / &
vleth peramours shall be
id all thynge is vnhappy
t them / and so syr Laũce
arted. And thenne he ro
de forest two dayes & mo
krayte lodgynge. So on
ye he roode ouer a longe
here starte vpon hym lo
ynge foule chorle / and he
s on the nose that he tor
& asked hym why he rode
pdge without his lycence.
I not ryde this waye sayd
t. I may not ryde belyde
ot chele sayd the chorle
ed at hym with a grete

clubbe shode with yron. Thenne syr Launcelot drewe his swerde & put the stroke aback/& clafe his heed vnto the pappes. At the ende of the bryge was a fayre vyllage/& all the people men & wymmen cryed on syr Launcelot & sayd. A worser dede dydest thou neuer for thy self/for ꝑ hast slayne the chyef porter of our castell/syr Lañcelot lete them saye what they wolde/& he went strayte in to the castell. And whan he came in to the castell he alyght/& tyed his hors to a ryngе on the walle. And there he sawe a fayre grene courte/& thyder he dressyd hym. For there hym thought was a fayre place to fyght in So he loked about & sawe moche people in dores & wyndowes that sayden fayr knyght thou art vnhappy.

Chow syr Lañcelot slewe two gyañtes & made a castell free ca.xi.

Anone with all came there vpon hym two grete gyañtes wel armed all sauf the heedes with two horyble clubbes in theyr hondes. Syre Launcelot put his shelde afore hym & put the stroke awaye of the one gyañt & with his swerde he clafe his heed a sondre. Whan his felowe sawe that/he ranne awaye as he were woode for fere of the horyble strokes/& Lañcelot after hym with all his myght and smote hym on the sholder & clafe hym to the nauell. Thenne syr Launcelot wente in to the halle/& there came afore hym thre score ladyes & damoysels/& all kneled vnto hym/and thanked god & hym of theyr delyueraunce. For syr sayd they the moost partye of vs haue ben here this seuen yere theyr pysoners/& we haue werked all maner of sylke werkes for our mete/and we are all grete gentylwymmen born & blessyd be the tyme knyght that euer thou be borne. For thou hast done the moost worshyp that euer knyght dyde in this worlde/and that wyll we bere recorde/& we all praye you to tell vs your name/that we may telle our frendes who that delyuered vs out of pryson. Fayre damoysels he sayd/my name is syr Launcelot du lake. A syr sayd they all/well mayst thou be he/for elles sauf your self as we demed/ther myght neuer knyght hauc the better of thyse two gyauntes/for many fayre knyghtes haue assayed hit/and here haue ended/& many tymes haue we wyshed after you/& thyse two gyañtes dredde neuer knyght but you/ Now may ye saye sayd syr Launcelot vnto your frendes how & who hath delyuered you/& grete them all fro me & yf that I come in ony of your marches/shewe me suche chere as ye haue cause/and what tresour that there is in this castell I gyue it you for a reward for your greuañce. And the lorde that is owner of this castell I wolde he receyued it as is ryght. Fayr syr sayd they/the name of this castell is Tyntagyll/& a duke ought it lomteyme that had wedded fayre Igrayne/& after wedded her Uther vendragon/& gate on her Arthur. Wel sayd syr Lañcelot I vnderstande to whom this castell longeth/and so he departed from them & bytaught them vnto god. And thenne he moũted vpon his hors & rode in to many straũge & wylde countrees/and thorugh many waters & valeyes & euyll was he lodged. And at

the laste by fortune hym happened a gaynst a nyght for to come to a fayre courtelage / & therin he foũde an olde gentylwoman that lodged hym with a good wyll / & there he had good chere for hym & his hors. And whan tyme was his hoste brought hym in to a fayre garet ouer the gate to his bedy There syr Laũcelot vnarmed hym & sette his harneys by hym / & wente to bedde / and anone he felle on slepe. So soone after ther came one on horsback & knocked at the gate in grete haste / And whan syr Laũcelot herde this / he arose vp & loked out at the wyndowe & sawe by the mone lyght thre knyghtes came rydynge after that one man & al thre lasshed on hym at ones with swerdes / & that one knyght torned on hem knyghtly agayne & defended hỹ Truly sayd syr Laũcelot ponder one knyght shall I helpe / for it were shame for me to se thre knyghtes on one. And yf he be slayne I am partener of his deth / & therwith he toke his harneys & wente out at a wyndowe by a shete doun to the foure knyghtes / and thenne syr Launcelot sayd on hyghe / torne you knyghtes vnto me and leue your fyghtynge with ỹ knyght. And thenne they all thre lefte syr Kay / & torned vnto syr Laũcelot / & there began grete batayll / for they alyght all thre & strake many grete strokes at syr Laũcelot & assayled hym on euery syde. Thenne syr Kay dressyd hym for to haue holpen syr Laũcelot. Nay syr sayd he I wyll none of your helpe / & therfore as ye wyll haue my helpe lete me alone with them. Syr Kay for the pleasure of the knyght suffred hym to his wyll / & so stode on syde. And thenne anone within sixe strokes syr Laũcelot hadde stryken them to the erthe. And thenne they all thre cryed syr knyght we yelde vs vnto you as man of myght makeles. As to that sayd syr Laũcelot I wyl not take your yeldynge vnto me But so that ye wyl yelde you vnto syr Kay the Senelchall on that couenaũt I wyll saue your lyues & els not. Fayr knyght sayd they that were we lothe to do / for as syr Kay we chaced hym hyder & had ouercome hym had not ye ben / therfore to yelde vs vnto hym it were no reason. Well as to that sayd Launcelot auyse you well / for ye may chese whether ye wyll depe or lyne / for & ye be yolden it shal be vnto syr Kay Fayre knyght sayd they thenne in sauynge of our lyues we wyl do as thou cõmaundes vs. Thenne shall ye sayd syr Launcelot on Whytsondaye nexte comynge goo vnto the courte of kyng Arthur / & there shall ye yelde you vnto quene Gueneuer & put you al thre in her grace & mercy / and saye that syr Kay sente you thyder to be her prysoners. Syr they sayd it shal be done by the fayth of our bodyes & we ben lyuynge / and there euery knyght swore vpon his swerde / & so syr Laũcelot suffred them so to departe. And thenne syr Laũcelot knocked at the yate with the pomell of his swerde / & with that came his hoste / and in they entred syr Kay & he. Syr sayd his hoste I wende ye had ben in your bedde. Soo I was sayd syr Laũcelot / but I arose & lepte out at my wyndowe for to helpe an olde felowe of myn. And soo whan they came nyghe the lyght / syr Kay knewe well that it was syr Laũcelot / & there with he kneled doun & thanked hym

of all his kyndenesse that he had holpen hym twyes from the deth. Syr he sayd I haue no thynge done but yͤ me ought for to do & ye are welcome/and here shal ye repose you & take your rest So whan syr Kay was vnarmed/he asked after mete/& there was mete set & hym & he ete strongly. And whan he had souped they went to theyr bedde & were lodged togyder in one bedde. On the morne syr Launcelot aroos erly/& left syr Kay sleppynge/& syr Launcelot toke syr Kays armour & his shelde & armed hym/& so he went to the stable & toke his hors & toke his leue of his hoste & so he departed. Thenne soone after arose syr Kay & mysled syr Launcelot. And thenne he aspyed yͤ he had his armour and his hors. Now by my fayth I knowe wel that he wyll greue some of kyng Arthurs courte. For on hym knyghtes wyll be bolde & deme yͤ it is I & that wyl begyle them. And by cause of his armoure & shelde I am sure I shal ryde in peas. And thenne soone after departed syr Kay & thanked his hoste.

How syr Launcelot rode disguysed in syr Kays harneys/and how he smote doun a knyght.

NOw torne we vnto syr Launcelot yͤ had rydden longe in a grete forest/& at last he came in to a lowe countree ful of fayre ryuers & medowes/& afore hym he sawe a longe brydge & thre pauelyons stode theron of sylke & sendell of dyuerse hewe/& without the pauelyons henge thre whyte sheldes on truncheons of speres/& grete longe speres stode vpryght by the pauelyons/& at euery pauelyons doze stode thre freshe squyres/& so syr Launcelot passed by them & spake no worde. Whan he was paste/the thre knyghtes saydeu yͤ it was the proude Kay/he weneth no knyght so good as he/& yͤ contrary is oftyme preued. By my fayth sayd one of yͤ knyghtꝭ his name was syr Gauter. I wyll ryde after hym & assaye hym for al his pryde/& ye may beholde how yͤ I spede. So this knyght syr Gauter armed hym & henge his shelde vpon his sholder & mounted vpon a grete hors & gate his spere in his houde/& wallopt after syr Launcelot. And whan he came nyghe hym he cryed/abyde thou proude knyght syr Kay/for yͤ shalt not passe quyte. So syr Launcelot torned hym/& eyther fewtred theyr speres & came togyder wͭ al theyr myghtes/& syr Gauters spere brake/but syr Launcelot smote hym doun hors & man. And whan syr Gauter was at the erthe/his brethern sayd echone to other ponder knyght is not syr Kay/for he is bygger than he I dare laye my heed sayd syr Gylmere ponder knyght hath slayn syr Kay & hath taken his hors & harneys. Whether it be so or no sayd syr Raynold yͤ thyrde brod/lete vs now go mounte vp on our horses & reskowe our broder syr Gauter vpon payn of deth/we al shal haue werke ynough to matche yͤ knyzt for euer me semeth by his persone it is syr Launcelot/or syr Tristram/or syr Pelleas yͤ good knyght. Thenne anone they toke theyr horses & ouertoke syr Launcelot/& syr Gylmere put forth his spere & ranne to syr Launcelot/& syr Launcelot smote hym doun yͤ he laye in a swowne. Syr knyzt sayd syr Raynold yͤ art a stronge man/& as I suppose yͤ

haste slayne my two brethern/for the whiche ralyth my hert sore agayst the & yf I myght with my worshyp I wol de not haue adoo w̄ you/but nedes I must take parte as they do/& therfore knyght he sayd kepe thyselfe/& so they hurtled togyder w̄ all theyr myghtes/ & all to sheuered both theyr speres/& thenne they drewe her swerdes & lasshed togyder egrely. Anone therwith arose syr Gaūter & cam vnto his brod syr Gylmere & bad hym aryse & helpe we our broder syr Raynold þ yonder meruellously matched yonder goody knyzt. Therwith al they lept on theyr horses & hurtled vnto syr Launcelot. And whan he sawe them come he smo te a sore stroke vnto syr Raynold þ he felle of his hors to the groūde/& thenne he stroke at the other two brethern / & at two strokes he strake them doun to the erthe. With þ syr Raynolde began to starte vp w̄ his heed all blody/& ca me strayte vnto syr Laūcelot. Now la te be sayd syr Laūcelot. I was not fer re from the whan þ were made knyzt syr Raynold/& also I knowe þ arte a good knyght & loth I were to slee the Gramercy sayd syr Raynold as for your goodnes/& I dare saye as for me & my brethern we wyll not be lothe to yelde vs vnto you with that we knewe your name/for we knowe well ye are not syr Ray. As for þ be it as it may be / for ye shall yelde you vnto dame Sueneuer/& loke þ ye be with her on whytsondaye & yelde you vnto her as pryseners/& saye þ syr Ray sente you vnto her. Thenne they swore it sholde be done. And so passed forth syr Laū celot/and echone of the brethern halpe other as well as they myght.

¶ How syr Laūcelot justed ayenst .iiij. knyghtes of the roūde table and ouer threwe them. ca.xiij.

SO syr Laūcelot rode in to a de pe forest / & therby in a slade he sawe four knyghts houynge vnder an oke/& they were of Arthurs court/one was syr Sagramour le delyrus / and Ector de marys/& syr Gawayn & syr Ewayn. Anone as thyle four knyghts had aspyed syr Laūcelot / they wende by his armes it had bey syr Ray. Now by my fayth sayd syr Sagramour. I wyl preue syr Rays myght & gate his spere in his honde & cam towarde syr Laūcelot. Therwith syr Laūcelot was ware & knewe hym well/& fewtred his spere agaynst hym & smote syr Sagra mour so sore þ hors & may felle bothe to þ erthe. Lo my felowes sayd syr Ec tor yonder ye may se what a buffet he hath/þ knyght is moche bygger than euer was syr Ray Now shal ye se what I may do to hym. So syr Ector gate his spere in his honde & wallopte to ward syr Laūcelot/and syr Laūcelot smote hym thorugh the shelde & sholder that may may & hors wente to þ erthe & euer his spere helde. By my fayth sayd syr Ewayne yonder is a stronge knyght/& I am sure he hath slayn syr Ray/and I se by his grete strength it wyll be harde to matche hym/& ther with al syr Ewayne gate his spere in his honde & rode towarde syr Laūcelot & syr Laūcelot knewe hym well/& so he mette hym on the playne & gaf hym su che a buffet þ he was astonyed/þ lon ge he wyst not where he was. Now se I well sayd syr Gawayne I must en coūtre with þ knyght/& he dressyd his

shelde & gate a good spere in his honde & syr Launcelot knewe hym well/& thenne they lete renne theyr horses wt al theyr myghtes/& eyther knyght smote other in myddes of the shelde. But syr Gawayns spere brast/& syr Launcelot charged so sore vpon hym that his hors reuersed vp so downe/& moche sorowe had syr Gawayn to auoyde his hors/& so syr Launcelot passed on a paas & smyled & sayd/god gyue hym Joye that this spere made/for ther came neuer a better in my honde. Thenne the four knyghtes went echone to other & comforted eche other. What saye ye by this geste sayd syr Gawayne / that one spere hath felde vs all four/we cōmaūde hym vnto the deuyll sayd they all / for he is a may of grete myght. Ye may wel saye it sayd syr Gawayne that he is a may of myght / for I dare laye my heed it is syr Launcelot I knowe it by his rydyng lete hym go sayd syr Gawayn/for as we come to the court thay shal we wete/and thenne had they moche sorowe to gete theyr horses agayne.

How syr Launcelot folowed a brachet in to a castell where he founde a deed knyght/& how he after was requyred of a damoysell to hele her broder. ca.xiiij.

NOw leue we there and speke of syr Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe forest where he sawe a blak brachet sekyng in maner as it had bey in the feaute of any hurte dere/& there with he rode after the brachet & he sawe lye on the groūde a large feaute of blood/& thenne syr Launcelot rode after & euer the brachet loked behynde her/& so she wente thorugh a grete mareyse & euer syr Launcelot folowed. And so was he ware of an olde manoyr & thyder ranne the brachet & so ouer the bryd ge So syr Launcelot rode ouer the brydge that was olde & feble/& whan he cam in myddes of a grete halle there he sawe lye a deed knyght that was a semely may & the brachet lycked his woūdes/& ther withal came out a lady weppynge and wryngynge her hondes & she sayd. O knyzt to moche sorowe hast thou brought me. Why saye ye so sayd syr Launcelot I dyde neuer this knyght no harme/ for hyther by feaute of blood this brachet brought me/& therfore fayre lady be not dysplcased wt me/for I am full sore agreued of your greuaūce. Truly syr she sayd I trowe hit be not ye that hath slayne my husbonde/for he that dyd that dede is sore woūded/& he is neuer lykely to recouer shall I enlure hym/ what was your husbondes name sayd syr Launcelot. Syre sayd she his name was called syr Gylbert the bastarde one of the best knyghtes of the worlde/& he hath slayne hym I knowe not his name. Now god sende you better comforte sayd syr Launcelot/& so he departed & wente in to the forest agayne / & there he met with a damoysel the whi che knewe hym well/& she sayd a loude well be ye foūde my lorde/& now I requyre the on thy knyghthode helpe my broder that is sore woūded and neuer stynteth bledyng/for this daye faught he wt syr Gylbert the bastarde & slewe hym in playne batayll/& there was my broder sore woūded/& there is a lady a sorceresse that dwelleth in a castel here be syde/& this daye she tolde me my broders woūdes sholde neuer be hole tyl I

coude fynde a knyght wolde go in to the chappell perylous/& there he shold de fynde a swerde and a blody cloth ꝑ the woũded knyght was lapped in/& a ppece of ꝑ cloth & swerde sholde hel/pe my brods woũdes/so ꝑ his woũdes were serched w̃ the swerde & the cloth This is a merueyllous thynge sayd syr Laũcelot / but what is your brods name. Syr she sayd his name was syr Melyot de logurs That me repenteth sayd syr Laũcelot for he is a felowe of ꝑ table roũde/& to his helpe I wyl do my power/thenne syr she sayd folowe euen this hygh waye & it wyll brynge you vnto the chappell perylous/& he/re I shal abyde tyll god sende you here agayne / and but you spede I knowe no knyght lyuynge that may encheue that aduenture.

How syr Launcelot came in to the chappell perylous and gate there of a deed corps a ppece of the clothe and a swerde. ca.xv.

Ryght so syr Laũcelot departed & whan he cam to the chappell perylous he alyght doun and tyed his hors vnto a lytell gate/& as soone as he was within the chircheyarde/he sa/we on the froũte of the chappel many fayre ryche sheldes torned vp so doun & many of ꝑ sheldes syr Laũcelot had sene knyghtꝭ here before honde/with ꝑ he sawe by hym̃ there stande a .xxx. gre te knyghtes more by a yarde than ony man ꝑ euer he had sene/& all tho gre/ued & gnasted at syr Laũcelot/& whan he sawe theyr coũtenaũce he drede hym̃ sore/& so put his shelde afore hym̃ & to/ke his swerde in his honde redy vnto batayl/& they were all armed in black harneys redy w̃ her sheldes & swerdes drawen. And whan syr Laũcelot wol de haue gone thorugh out them / they scatered on euery syde of hym̃ & gaf hym̃ the waye/& therwith he wexed al bolde & entred in to the chappell/& thenne he sawe no lyght but a dym̃e lampe bren nynge/& than was he ware of a corps hylled w̃ a cloth of sylke/thenne syr Laũ celot stouped doun & cutte a ppece of ꝑ cloth awaye/& thenne it ferde vnder hym̃ as the erthe had quaked a lytell/there with all he fered/& thenne he sawe a fayre swerde lye by the deed knyght & ꝑ he ga in his honde & hyed hym out of the chappell. Anone as euer he was in the chappell yarde/all the knyghtꝭ spake to hym w̃ a grymly voys & sayd knyght syr Laũcelot leye ꝑ swerde fro̅ the or els ꝑ shalt deye. Whether ꝑ I ly ue or deye sayd syr Laũcelot w̃ no gre te worde gete ye hit agayne / therfore fyght for it & ye lyst. Thenne ryght so he passed thrugh out them/& beyonde ꝑ chappell yarde there met hym̃ a fayre damoysell & sayd/syr Laũcelot leue ꝑ swerde behynde the or ꝑ wyl deye for it I leue it not sayd syr Laũcelot for no treates. No sayd she/& ꝑ dydest leue ꝑ swerde quene Gueneuer sholde ꝑ ne/uer see/thenne were I a foole & I wol de leue this swerde sayd Laũcelot Now gentyll knyght sayd the damaysell. I requyre the to kysse me but ones. Nay sayd Laũcelot ꝑ god me forbede. Wel syr sayd she & ꝑ haddest kyssed me thy lyf dayes had ben done/but now alas she sayd I haue lost all my labour/for I ordeyned this chappell for thy sake & for syr Gawayne/& ones I had syr Gawayne within me/& at ꝑ tyme he

fought with that knyght that there lyeth deed in yond chappell syr Sylbert the bastarde/& at ꝑ tyme he smote the lyft honde of of syr Sylbert ꝑ bastarde. And syr Laũcelot now I telle the. I haue loued the this .vij. yere/but there may no woman haue thy loue but quene Gueneuer/but sythen I may not reioyce ꝑ to haue thy body on lyue. I had kepte no more Joye in this worlde but to haue had thy deed body/& I wolde haue bawmed it & serued it & so haue kept it my lyf dayes/& dayly I sholde haue clypped the & kyssed ꝑ in delyte of quene Gueneuer. Ye saye wel sayd syr Laũcelot. Jhu preserue me frõ your subtyle craftes/& therwith all he toke his hors & so departed from her. And as the boke sayth whan syr Launcelot was departed she toke suche sorowe ꝑ she deyed within .xiiij. nyght/& her name was Hellawes ꝑ sorceresse lady of the castel Nygramous. Anone syr Laũcelot met wꝫ the damoysel syr Melyotes syster. And whan she sawe him she clapped her hondes & wept for Joye/& thenne they rode vnto a castell therby where syr Melyot laye. And anone as syr Laũcelot sawe hym ꝑ he knewe hym/ but he was passynge pale as the erthe for bledynge. Whan syr Melyot sawe syr Laũcelot he kneled on his knees & cryed on hyghe. O lorde syr Laũcelot helpe me. Anone syr Laũcelot lept vnto hym & touched his woũdes with syr Sylbertes swerde/& thenne he wyped his woũdes wꝫ a parte of ꝑ blody clothe ꝑ syr Sylbert was wrapped in/& anone ay holer may in his lyf was he neuer. And thenne there was grete Joye bytwene them/& they made syr Laũcelot all the chere ꝑ they myght/& so on the morne syr Laũcelot toke his leue & bad syr Melyot hye hym to kyng Arthurs court/for it drawyth nyghe to ꝑ feest of Pentecost/& there by the grace of god ye shall fynde me/ & therwith they departed.

Chow syr Laũcelot at the request of a lady recouered a fawcon by whiche he was deceyued. ca.xvi.

SO syr Launcelot rode thorugh many straũge coũtrees ouer marys & valeyes tyll by fortune he came to a fayre castell/& as he past beyonde the castell/hym thought he herde two belles rynge/& thenne was he ware of a fawcon came fleynge ouer his heed towarde ay hyghe elme/& longe lunys about her feet & she flewe vnto ꝑ elme to take her perche/the lunys ouer cast a bough/and as she wolde haue taken her flyght/she henge fast by ꝑ legges & syr Laũcelot sawe how she henge & beheelde the fayr fawcon perygot/& he was sory for her The meane whyle came a lady out of the castell & cryed on hyghe. O Laũcelot Laũcelot as ꝑ art floure of all knyghtes helpe me to gete my hawke/for & my hawke be lost my lorde wyll destroye me/for I kepte the hawke & she slypped from me/and yf my lorde my husbande wete it he is so hasty that he wyll slee me. What is your lordes name sayd syr Launcelot. Syr she sayd his name is syr Phelot a knyght that longeth vnto the kyng of Northgalys. Well fayre lady syn ꝑ ye knowe my name & requyre me of my knyghthode to helpe you I wyll doo ꝑ I may to gete your hawke/ & yet god knoweth I am ay ylle clymber & ꝑ tree

is passynge hyghe & fewe boughes to helpe me withal/& therwith syr Launcelot alyght & tyed his hors to the same tree & prayed the lady to vnarme hym And so whan he was vnarmed/he put of al his clothes vnto his sherte & breche/& with myght & force he clāme vp to the fawcon & tyed the lunys to a gretten rotten boyshe/& threwe the hawke doun & it withall. Anone ỹ lady gate the hawke by her honde/& therwith al came out syr Phelot out of the greues sodenly ỹ was her husbonde al armed & w̄ his naked swerde in his honde & sayd. O knyght Launcelot now haue I foūde the as I wolde & stode at ỹ bole of the tree to slee hym̄. A lady sayd syr Launcelot why haue ye bytrayed me. She hath done sayd syr Phelot but as I cōmaūded her/& therfore there nys none other boote but thyn houre is come ỹ & ỹ muste deye. That were shame sayd syr Launcelot ỹ an armed knyght to slee a naked man by treason. Thou getest none other grace sayd syr Phelot therfore helpe thyself & ỹ canst. Truly sayd syr Launcelot ỹ shal be thy shame but syn ỹ wyl do none other/take myn harneys w̄ the & hange my swerde vp on a bough ỹ I may gete it/& thenne do thy best to slee me & ỹ canst. Nay nay sayd syr Phelot/for I knowe ỹ better than ỹ wenest/therfore ỹ getest no wepen & I may kepe you ther fro. Allas sayd syr Launcelot ỹ euer a knyght sholde deye wepenles. And therwith all he wayted aboue hym̄ & vnder hym̄/& ouer his heed he sawe a rounsepyk a bygge bough leueles & brake it of by ỹ body. & than he came lower & awayted how his owne hors stode/& sodenly he lept on the ferther syde of ỹ hors frowarde the knyght. And thenne syr Phelot lasshed at hym̄ egrely wenynge to haue slayne hym̄. But syr Launcelot put away the stroke w̄ the roūsepyk/& therwith he smote hym̄ on the one syde of ỹ heed ỹ he felle doun in a swowne to ỹ groūde. Thenne syr Launcelot toke his swerde out of his honde & stroke his necke fro the body. Thenne cryed the lady/ Alas why hast ỹ slayne my husbande I am not cause sayd syr Launcelot/ for with falshede ye wolde haue slayn me with treason/& now it is falle on you bothe/& thenne she swowned as though she wolde deye. And therwith al syr Launcelot gate al his armour as well as he myght & put hit vpon hym̄ for drede of more resorte for he dredde ỹ the knyghtes castell was so nyghe/ And as soone as he myght he toke his hors & departed and thanked god ỹ he had escaped that aduenture.

¶ How syr Launcelot ouertoke a knyght whiche chaced his wyf to haue slayne her/& how he sayd to hym̄. ca. xvij.

So syr Launcelot rode many wyl de wayes thorugh out marcyse & many other wayes. And as he rode in a valey he sawe a knyght chacynge a lady w̄ a naked swerde to haue slayne her. And by fortune as this knyght sholde haue slayne this lady/she cryed on syr Launcelot & prayed hym̄ to rescowe her Whan syr Launcelot sawe ỹ melchyne he toke his hors & rode betwene thē sayenge knyght/fye for shame/ why wolt ỹ slee this lady/ỹ dost shame vnto the & all knyghtes. What hast ỹ to do betwixt me & my wyf sayd ỹ knyght I wyl slee her maugre thy heed That

shall ye not sayd syr Launcelot/for rather we two wyll haue adoo togyder. Syr Launcelot sayd the knyght ye doost not thy parte/for this lady hath betrayde me. It is not so sayd the lady/truly he sayth wronge on me/& for bycause I loue & cherysshe my colyn Germayne he is Jalous betwixt hym & me/& as I shal answere to god there was neuer synne betwixt vs. But syr sayd the lady as ye art called the worshypfullest knyght of the worlde I requyre the of true knyghthode kepe me & saue me. for what someuer ye saye he wyll slee me/for he is wt out mercy. Haue ye no doubte sayd Launcelot it shal not lye in his power. Syr sayd ye knyght in your syght I wyll be ruled as ye wyll haue me. And so syr Launcelot rode on ye one syde & she on the other/he had not ryden but a whyle / but the knyght bad syr Launcelot torne hym & loke behynde hym / & sayd syr ponder come men of armes after vs rydynge. And syr Launcelot torned hym & thought no treason & therwith was the knyght & the lady on one syde & sodaynly he swapped of his ladyes heed. And whan syr Launcelot aspyed hym what he had done/he sayd & called hym traytour ye hast shamed me for euer/& sodaynly Launcelot alyght of his hors and pulled out his swerde to slee hym / & therwith all he felle flat to the erthe & gryped syr Launcelot by ye thyes & cryed mercy. Fye on the sayd Launcelot ye shamefull knyght ye mayst haue no mercy/& therfore aryse & fyght wt me. Nay sayd the knyght I wyll neuer aryse tyll ye graunte me mercy. Now wyl I profer ye fayre sayd syr Launcelot. I wyll vnarme me vnto my sherte & wyll haue no thynge vpon me but my sherte & my swerde in my honde / & yf ye canst slee me quyte be ye for euer. Nay syr sayd Pedyuere ye wyl I neuer. Well sayd syr Launcelot take this lady & the heed & bere it vpon the & here shalt ye swere vpon my swerde to bere it alwayes vpon thy backe & neuer to reste tyll ye come to quene Gueneuer. Syr sayd he ye wyll I do by the fayth of my body. Now sayd Launcelot telle me what is your name. Syr my name is Pedyuere. Jy a shameful houre wer ye borne sayd Launcelot. So Pedyuere departed with the deed lady & the heed & founde the queue with kyng Arthur at Wynchestre/& there he tolde all ye trouthe. Syr knyght sayd the quene this is an horyble dede & a shamefull/& a grete rebuke vnto syr Launcelot. But not withstondynge his worshyp is not knowen in many dyuerse coūtrees / but this shall I gyue you in penaūce make ye as good shyfte as ye can / ye shall bere this lady wt you on horsback vnto the pope of Rome/& of hym receyue your penaūce for your foule dedes/& ye shal neuer reste one nyght there as ye do an other/& ye go to ony bedde the deed body shal lye with you this othe he made there & so departed And as ye frenshe boke telleth/whan he came to Rome/the pope badde hym go agayn vnto quene Gueneuer/& in Rome was his lady buryed by the popes cōmaūdement. And after this syr Pedyuere felle to grete goodnes & was an holy man & an hermyte.

How syr Launcelot came to kyng Arthurs courte / and how there were recounted of his noble feates and actes. ca.xviij.

NOw come we vnto syr Launce-lot du lake ꝑ came home two dayes afore the fest of pentecost/& the kyng & all the courte were full glad of his comynge. And whan syr Gawayne/syr Ewayne/syr Sagramour & syr Ector de marys sawe syr Launcelot in Kays armour/thenne they wyst well it was he that smote them doun all with one spere. Thenne there was laughynge & smylynge amonge them & euer now & now came all the knyghtes home that syr Turquyne had prysoners / and they all honoured & worshypped syr Launcelot. Whan syr Gaheris herde them speke he sayd. I sawe all the batayll from the begynnynge to the endynge / and there he tolde kyng Arthur al how it was & how syr Turquyne was the strongest knyght that euer he sawe except syr Launcelot/ there were many knyghtes bare hym record nyghe thre score. Thenne syr Kay tolde the kyng how syr Launcelot had relcowed hym whan he sholde haue ben slayne/& how he made ꝑ knyghtes yelde them to me & not to hym. And there they were all thre & bare record And by Jhu sayd syr Kay by cause syr Launcelot toke my harneys & lefte me his I rode in good peas/& no man wolde haue ado with me. Anone therwith all came the thre knyghtes that fought with syr Launcelot at the longe bridge & there they yelded them vnto syr Kay and syr Kay forsoke them & sayd he fought neuer with them / but I shall eale your herte sayd syr Kay / ponder is syr Launcelot ꝑ ouercame you/whan they wyst that they were glad. Thenne syr Melyot de logrus came home and tolde the kyng how syr Launcelot had saued hym fro the deth/& all his dedes were knowen how foure quenes sorceresses had hym in prysoy/and how he was delyuerd by kyng Bagdemagus doughter. Also there were tolde al the grete dedes of armes that syr Launcelot dyde betwixt the two kynges / that is for to saye the kyng of Northgalys & kyng Bagdemagus / all the trouthe syr Gahalatyne dyde telle/& syr Mador de la porte/and syr Mordred/for they were at that same tornoyment/ Thenne came in the lady that knewe syr Launcelot whan that he woūded syr Belleus at the pauelyone/& there atte requeste of syr Launcelot syr Belleus was made knyght of the roūde table. And so at that tyme syr Launcelot had the grettest name of ony knyght of the worlde / & moost he was honoured of hyghe and lowe.

¶ Explicit the noble tale of syr Launcelot du lake whiche is the sixthe boke.

¶ Here foloweth the tale of syr Gareth of Orkeny that was called Beaumayns by syr Kay/& is the. vij. boke.

Here foloweth the .vij. booke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

Chow Beaumayns cam to kyng Arthurs courte & demaũded thre peticyons of kyng Arthur Ca. primũ.

Thay kyng Arthur held his roũde table moost plenour / it fortuned that he cõmaũded that the hygh feest of Pentecost shold be holden at a Cyte & a Castell the whiche in tho dayes was called Kynke kenadonne vpon the londes that marched nyghe Wales. So euer the kyng had a custome that at the feest of Pentecost in especyall afore other festes in the yere he wolde not goo that daye to mete vntyll he had herde or sene of a grete merueyl. And for that custome all maner of straũge aduentures came before Arthur as at that feest before all other festes. And so syr Gawayne a lyttell tofore noone of the daye of Pentecost espyed at a wyndowe thre men vpon horsback & a dwarf on foot / and so the thre men alyght & the dwarf kept theyr horses / and one of the thre men was hygher than the other tweyne by a foot & an half. Thenne syr Gawayne went vnto the kyng and sayd Syre go to your mete / for here at the honde comen straũge aduentures. So

kyng Arthur wente vnto his meete with many other kynges . And there were all the knyghtes of the roũde table oonly tho that were pryseners or slayne at a recountre. Thenne at the hyhe feest euermore they sholde be fulfylled the hoole nombre an hondred & fyfty / for thenne was the roũde table fully complysshed . Ryght so came in to the halle two men well belene and rychely/and vpon theyr sholders there lened the goodlyest ponge man & the fayrest that euer they all sawe/and he was large and longe and brode in the sholders & well vplaged/and the fayrest and the largest handed that euer man sawe / but he ferde as though he myght not goo nor bere hymself/but yf he lened vpon theyr sholders.Anone as kyng Arthur hym sawe / there was made peas & rome/and ryght so they yede w̃ hym vnto the hyghe deyse without sayenge of ony wordes . And thenne this moche ponge man pulled hym a back & easely stretched vp strayte sayenge to kyng Arthur/god blysse you & all your fayre felaulshyp/and in especyall the felaulshyp of the Table roũde . And for this cause I am come hyder to praye you and requyre you to gyue me thre gyftes / & they shall not be vnreasonably asked/but that ye may worshypfully & honourably graunte hem me / and to you noo grete hurte nor losse.And as the fyrst gyfte I wyll aske now/and the other two gyftes I wyll aske this daye twelue moneth/ where someuer ꝑ ye holde your hyghe feest . Now aske sayd kyng Arthur/& ye shall haue your askynge. Now syr this is my petycyon for this feest/that ye wyll gyue me mete & drynke suffycyantly for this twelue moneth / and at that daye I wyll aske myne other two gyftes.My fayre sone sayd kyng Arthur aske better I counseyll the / for this is but a symple askynge / for my herte gyueth me to the gretely that ꝑ art come of men of worshyp/& gretly my consayte fayleth me / but ꝑ shalt preue a man of ryght grete worshyp/ Syr he sayd/as for that be as it may be I haue asked that I wyl aske.Well sayd the kyng ye shall haue mete and drynke ynough.I neuer defended that none nother my frende nother my foo But what is thy name I wolde wete I can not telle you sayd he.That is merueylle sayd the kyng ꝑ thou knowest not thy name / and thou art the goodlyest ponge man one that euer I sawe . Thenne the kyng betoke hym to syr Kay the stewarde/and charged hym that he sholde gyue hym of all maner of metes & drynkes of the best and also that he had all maner of fyndynge as though he were a lordes sone.That shal lytel nede sayd syr Kay to do suche coste vpon hym/for I dare vndertake he is a vylayne borne/and neuer wyll make man / for & he hady come of gentylmen he wolde haue asked of you hors and armour / but suche as he is he asked . And sythen he hath no name I shall gyue hym a name that shall be Beaumayns that is to saye fayre hondes/and in to the kechen I shall brynge hym/and there he shall haue fatte brothes euery daye ꝑ he shall be as fatte by the twelue monethes ende as a porke hogge . Ryght soo the two men departed and beleffte hym to syr Kay that scorned hym and mocked hym.

How syr Laũcelot & syr Gawayne were wroth by cause syr Kay mocked Beaumayns / & of a damoysell whi/ che desyred a knyght to fyght for a la/dy. ca.ij.

Therat was syr Gawayne wro the/& in especyall syr Laũcelot bad syr Kay leue his mockynge/for I dare lay my heed he shal preue a man of grete worshyp/lete be sayd syr Kay it may not be by no reason / for as he is so he hath ashed. Beware sayd syr Laũcelot/so ye gaue the good knyght Brewnor syr Dynadams broder a na me/& ye called hym la cote male tayle & that torned you to angre afterwarde As for that sayd syr Kay this shal ne [illegible] suche/for syr Brewnor desyred euer worshyp/and this desyred breed & drynke/and brought vp pay/ ne of my lyf he was fostred vp in some abbaye/and how someuer it was they fayled mete & drynke/and so hyther he is come for his sustenaũce. And so syr Kay bad gete hym a place & sytte dow ne to mete / so Beaumayns wente to the halle doze & sette hym doun amon ge boyes & laddes/& there he ete sadly And thenne syr Launcelot after mete bad hym come to his chambre/& there he sholde haue mete & drynke ynough And so dyde syr Gawayne/but he re fused them all he wolde do none other but as syr Kay cõmaũded hym for no profer. But as touchynge syr Gaway ne he had reason to profer hȳ lodgyn/ ge mete & drynke / for that profer ca/ me of his blood/for he was nere kyn/ ne to hym than he wyst. But that as syr Laũcelot dyd was of his grete gen tylnes & curtoysye. So thus he was put in to the kechyn & laye nyghtly as the boyes of the kechyn dyd. And so he en dured all that .xij. moneth/and neuer dysspleased may nor childe/but alwayes he was meke & mylde. But euer whan that he sawe ony Justynge of knyghts that wolde he se & he myght. And euer syr Launcelot wolde gyue hym golde to spende & clothes/& so dyd syr Ga/ wayne / and where as were ony may/ stryes done therat wolde he be/& there myght none caste barre nor stone to hym by two yerdes. Thenne wolde syr Kay saye how lyketh you my boye of the kechyn / so it past on tyll the feest of whytsontyde. And at that tyme the kyng helde hit at Carlyon in ỹ mooste royallest wyse that myght be/lyke as he dyde yerely. But the kyng wolde noo mete ete vpon the Whytsondaye vntyll he herde some aduentures. And thenne cam there a squyre to the kyng & sayd. Syr ye may go to your mete/ for here cometh a damoysell with so/ me straũge aduentures. Thenne was the kyng gladde & sette hym downe. Ryght so there came a damoysel in & salewed the kyng & prayed hym of so/ cour. For whome sayd the kyng what is the aduenture. Syr she sayd I haue a lady of grete worshyp & renõme/and she is besyeged with a Tyraũt so that she may not out of her castell. And by cause here are called the noblest knygh tes of the worlde. I come to you for to praye you of socour. What heteth your lady & where dwelleth she/& who is he & what is his name that hath besye/ ged her. Syr kyng she sayd/as for my ladyes name that shall not be knowe for me as at this tyme/but I lete you wete she is a lady of grete worshyp &

of grete londes. And as for the tyraũt that belyegeth her & destroyed her lon des he is called the reed knyght of the reed londes. I knowe hym not sayd the kyng. Syre sayd syr Gawayne I knowe hym wel for he is one of the pe rylloust knyghtes of the worlde/mey saye ꝑ he hath seuey mennes strength and from hym I escaped ones ful har de with my lyf. Fayre damoysell sayd the kyng/ther bey knyghtes here that wolde doo theyr power for to relcowe your lady/but by cause ye wyl not tell her name nor where she dwelleth/ther fore none of my knyghtes that here be now shall goo with you by my wyll. Thenne must I speke further sayd the damoysell.

¶ How Beaumayns delyredy the ba/ tayll/and how it was graũte to hym/ & how he delyred to be made knyght of syr Launcelot. ca.iij.

Wyth thyse wordes came before the kyng Beaumayns whyle the damoysell was there. And thus he sayd. Syre kyng god thanke you. I haue bey thyse .xij. moneth in your kechyn & haue had my full luste naũce / and now I wyll aske my two gyftes ꝑ bey behynde. Aske vpon my peryll sayd the kyng. Syr this shal be my two gyftes. Fyrst that ye wyl graũ te me to haue this aduenture of the da moysell / for hit belongeth vnto me/ Thou shalt haue hit sayd the kyng I graũte it the. Thenne syr this is the other gyfte/that ye shall bydde Laũce lot du lake to make me knyght for of hym I wyll be made knyght & els of none. And whan I am paste I praye you lete hym ryde after me and make me knyght whan I requyre hym. All this shall be done sayd the kyng. Fye oy the sayd the damoysell/shall I ha ue none but one ꝑ is your kechyn page thenne was she wrote & toke her hors & departed. And with that there came one to Beaumayns & tolde hym ꝑ his hors & armour was come for hym/and there was the dwarf come w̃ all thyn ge that hym neded in the rychest ma/ ner. Therat all the courte had moche merueyll fro whens came al that gere So whan he was armed there was no ne but fewe soo goodely a man as he was/and ryght so as he cam in to the halle & toke his leue of kyng Arthur & syr Gawayne and syr Laũcelot/& prayed that he wolde hye after hym/& so departed & rode after the damoysel

¶ How Beaumayns departed & how he gate of syr Kay a spere & a shelde/ and how he Justed & faught with syr Laũcelot. ca.iiij.

Bvt there wente many after to beholde how well he was hor/ sed & trapped in cloth of golde/but he had neyther shelde nor spere. Thenne syr Kay sayd all opey in the halle. I wyll ryde after my boye in the kechyn to wete whether he wyl knowe me for his better. Syr Laũcelot & syr Gawayne sayden yet abyde at home. Soo syr Kay made hym redy & tooke his hors & his spere and rode after hym. And ryght as Beaumayns ouertoke the da moysel/ryght so came syr Kay & sayd Beaumayns what syre knowe ye not me. Thenne he torned his hors & knew hit was syr Kay that hadde done

hym all the delyyte as ye haue herde afore. Ye sayd Beaumayns I knowe you for ay vngentyl knyzt of the courte & therfore beware of me. Therwith syr Kay put his spere in the reste and ranne strayte vpon hym / and Beaumayns came as faste vpon hym with his swerde in his honde / and so he put awaye his spere with his swerde and with a foyne thrested hym thrugh the syde that syr Kay felle doun as he had ben deed / and he alyght doun & tooke syr Kays shelde & his spere and starte vpon his owne hors & rode his waye / All that sawe syr Laũcelot & soo dyde the damoysell. And thenne he badde his dwarf starte vpon syr Kays hors / & so he dyde / by that syr Laũcelot was come. Thenne he profred syr Laũcelot to Juste / and eyther made hem redy & came togyder so fyersly that eyther bare doun other to the erthe / & sore were they bysied. Thenne syr Laũcelot arose & halpe hym fro his hors. And thene Beaumayns threwe his shelde from hym & profred to fyght with syr Laũcelot on foot / and so they rasshed togyder lyke bores tracynge ralynge & foynynge to the moũtenaũce of an houre & syr Laũcelot felte hym so bygge that he merueylled of his strengthe / for he fought more lyker a gyaunt than a knyzt / & that his fyghtynge was durable & passynge perylous. For syr Laũcelot had so moche ado with hym that he dred hymself to be shamed & sayd. Beaumayns fyght not so sore / your quarell & myn is not soo grete but we may leue of. Truly ꝑ is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / but it doth me good to fele your myght / and yet my lorde I shewed not the vttermaũce.

How Beaumayns tolde to syr Laũcelot his name / & how he was dubbed knyght of syr Laũcelot / & after ouertoke the damoysell. ca. v.

In goddes name sayd syr Laũcelot / for I promyse you by the fayth of my body I hadde as moche to do as I myght to saue my self fro you vnshamed / & therfore haue ye no doubte of none erthely knyght. Hope ye so that I may ony whyle stande a proued knyght sayd Beaumayns. Ye sayd syr Laũcelot do as ye haue done & I shall be your warraũt. Thenne I praye you sayd Beaumayns gyue me the ordre of knyghthode. Thenne must ye telle me your name sayd Laũcelot and of what kynne ye be borne. Syr so that ye wyll not dyscouer me I shal telle it you sayd Beaumayns. Nay sayd syr Laũcelot & that I promyse you by the fayth of my body vntyll hit be openly knowen. Thenne syr he sayd my name is syr Gareth and brother vnto syr Gawayne of fader and moder. A syr sayd Laũcelot I am more gladder of you than I was / for euer me thought ye sholde be of a grete blood / & that ye came not to the courte neyther for mete ne for drynke. And thenne syr Laũcelot gaf hym thordre of knyghthode. And thenne syr Gareth prayed hym for to departe and lete hym go. So syr Laũcelot departed from hym & came to syr Kay and made hym to be borne home vpon his shelde / & so he was heled harde with the lyf / and all men scorned syr Kay / and in especyall syr Gawayne & syr Laũcelot sayd it was not his parte to rebuke no ponge man for full lytell knewe he of what byrth

he is comen/& for what cause he came to this courte/and so we leue syr Kay & torne we vnto Beaumayns. Whan he had ouertaken the damoysell. Anone she sayd what dost thou here/thou stynkest all of the kechyn/thy clothes ben bawdy of the greece & talowe that thou gaynest in kyng Arthurs kechyn wenest thou sayd she that I alowe the for ponder knyght that thou kyllest. Nay truly/for thou slewest hȳ vnhappely & cowardly/therfore torne agayne bawdy kechyn page. I knowe the well / for syr Kay named the Beaumayns/what art thou but a lurke & a torner of broches and a ladyll wesscher Damoysell sayd Beaumayns saye to me what ye wyll. I wyll not go from you what someuer ye saye/for I haue vndertake to kyng Arthur for to achue your aduenture/& so shall I fynysshe it to the ende / eyther I shall deye therfore. Ffy on the kechyn knaue wolt ȳ fynysshe myn aduenture/thou shalt anone be met with all/that thou woldest not for all the brothe that euer ȳ loupest ones loke hym in the face. I shall assaye sayd Beaumayns. So as they thus rode in the wood/ther came a may fleynge all that euer he myght Whether wolt thou sayd Beaumayns O lorde he sayd helpe me/for here by in a slade are sixe theues that haue taken my lorde & bounde hym/so I am a ferde lest the wyll slee hym. Bynge me thyder sayd Beaumayns / and so they rode togyder vntyl they came there as was the knyght boūden/& thēne he roode vnto them & strake one vnto the deth/and thenne an other/& at the thyrde stroke he slewe the thyrde theef and thenne the other thre fledde/& he rode after them & ouertoke them/and thenne tho thre theues torned agayne & assayled Beaumayns harde/but at the last he slewe them/& retorned and vnboūde the knyght. And the knyght thanked hym / & prayed hym to ryde with hym to his castell there a lytell beside & he sholde worshypfully reward hym for his good dedes. Syr sayd Beaumayns I wyll no reward haue I was this daye made knyght of the noble syr Laūcelot/& therfore I wyll no reward haue but god reward me And also I must folowe this damoysell. And whan he came nyghe her she badde hym ryde fro her/for thou smellest al of the kechyn/wenest thou that I haue Joye of the/for all this dede ȳ thou hast done nys but myshappen the. But thou shalt see a syght shall make the torne agayne & that lyghtly Theñe the same knyght whiche was relcowed of the theues rode after that damoysell & prayed her to lodge with hym all that nyght. And by cause it was nere nyght the damoysell rode w̄ hym to his castell & there they had gre te chere. And at louper the knyght set syr Beaumayns afore the damoysell Fye fye sayd she syr knyght ye are vn curtoys to set a kechyn page afore me hym bylemeth better to stycke a swyne than to sytte afore a damoysell of hyghe parage. Thenne the knyght was ashamed at her wordes and toke hym vp & set hym at a syde borde and sette hymselfe afore hym / and soo all that nyght they hadȳ good chere and mery reste.

¶ How Beaumayns fought & slewe two knyghtes at a passage. ca.vi.

AND on the morne the damoy-
sell & he toke theyr leue & thank
ked the knyght & so departed/and ro-
de on theyr waye vntyll they came to
a grete forest/and there was a grete ry
uer & but one passage/and there were
redy two knyghtes on the ferther syde
to lette them the passage. What sayst
thou sayd the damoysell/wylt ꝑ mat-
che yonder two knyghtꝭ or torne agay
ne. Nay sayd syr Beaumayns I wyll
not torne agayne & they were sixe mo
And therwith all he rasshyd in to the
water/and in myddes of the water ey-
ther brake theyr speres vpon other to
theyr hondes / and thenne they drewe
theyr swerdes & smote egrely at other
And at the last syr Beaumayns smo-
te the other vpon the helme ꝑ his heed
stonyed/and therwith all he felle doun
in the water & there was he drowned.
And thenne he spored his hors vpon
the londe where the other knyght felle
vpon hym & brake his spere/and soo
they drewe theyr swerdes & fought lon
ge togyder. Atte laste syr Beaumayns
clafe his helme and his heed doun to
the sholders/and soo he rode vnto the
damoysell & badde her ryde forth on
her waye. Allas she sayd that euer a
kechyn page sholde haue that fortune
to destroye suche two doughty knygh-
tes/thou wenest thou hast done dough
tely and that is not so / for the fyrste
knyght his hors stumbled / & there he
was drowned in the water/and neuer
it was by thy force nor by thy myght/
And the laste knyght by myshap thou
camest behynde hym and shamefully
thou slewest hym. Damoysell sayd
Beaumayns ye may saye what ye wyl
but with whome so euer I haue adoo
with all. I truste to god to serue hym
or he departe/and therfore I recke not
what ye saye so ꝑ I may wynne your
lady. Fye fye foule kechyn knaue thou
shalt see knyghtes that shall abaate
thy boost. Fayre damoysell gyue me
goodly langage & thenne my care is
past/for what knyghtes that someuer
they be I care not ne I doubte them
not. Also sayd she I saye it for thyne
auayle / yet mayst thou torne agayne
with thy worshyp / for & thou folowe
me thou art but slayne / for I see all
that euer thou dost is but by mysauen
ture/and not by prowesse of thy hon-
des. Well damoysel ye may saye what
ye wyll / but where someuer ꝑ ye go I
wyl folowe you. So thus Beaumayns
rode with that lady tyll euensonge ty-
me / and euer she chyde hym & wolde
not reste. And they came to a blacke
londe/& there was a blacke hauthorne
and theron henge a blacke bauer/and
on the other syde there henge a blacke
shelde / & by hit stode a blacke spere &
longe/and a grete blacke hors couerd
with sylke/& a blacke stone fast by.

Thow Beaumayns faught with the knyght of the blacke londes/& faugh te with hym tyll he felle downe and deyed. ca.vij.

There sat a knyght all armed
in blacke harneys/and his na
me was the knyght of the blacke lon-
de. Thenne the damoysell whan she
sawe that knyght she badde hym flee
doun that valey/for his hors was not
sadled. Gramercy sayd Beaumayns
for alwayes ye wyll haue me a cowar-
de. With that the blacke knyght whan

she came nyghe hym spake and sayd/ damoysell haue ye brought this knyzt of kyng Arthur to be your champyon Nay fayre knyght sayd she this is but a kechyn knaue & was fedde in kyng Arthurs kechyn for almesse. Why co= meth he sayd the knyght in suche ar= raye / hit is shame that he bereth you company. Syr I can not be delyuered of hym sayd she/for with me he rydeth maugre myn heed/god wolde that ye sholde put hym from me/eyther to slee hym & ye may / for he is an vnhappy knaue / and vnhappely he hath done this daye / through myshappe I sawe hym slee two knyghtes at the passage of the water/and other dedes he dyde before ryght meruey llous & through vnhappynes. That meruey lled me sayd the blacke knyght that ony man that is of worshyp wyll haue adoo w̄ hym. They knowe hym not sayd the damoysell/and for by cause he rydeth with me / they wene that he be some man of worshyp borne. That may be sayd the blacke knyght / how be it as ye saye that he be no man of worshyp he is a full lykely persone/& full lyke to be a stronge man / but thus moche shall I graũte to you sayd the blacke knyght. I shall put hym doun vpon one foot / and his hors & his harneys he shall leue with me/for it were sha= me to me to do hym ony more harme. Whan syr Beaumayns herde hym saye thus/he sayd syr knyght thou art ful large of my hors and my harneys I lete the wete it coste thy nought/and whether it lyketh the or not this lon= de wyl I passe maugre thyn heed/and hors ne harneys geteste thou none of me/but yf thou wynne them with thy hondes/and therfore lete se what thou canst doo. Saydst thou that sayd the blacke knyght/now yelde thy lady fro the/for it besemeth neuer a kechyn pa= ge to ryde with suche a lady. Thou lyest sayd Beaumayns I am a gentyl man borne & of more hyghe lygnage than thou / & that wyll I preue on thy body. Thenne in grete wrath they de parted with theyr horses & came togy der as hit hadde ben the thonder/and the blacke knyghtes spere brake / and Beaumayns threste hym thrugh both his sydes/& therwith his spere brake/ and the truncheon lefte styll in his sy= de. But neuertheles the blacke knyzt drewe his swerde & smote many egre strokes & of grete myght / and hurted Beaumayns full sore. But at the last the blacke knyght within an hourc & an half he felle doun of his hors in a swowne & there he deyed. And thenne Beaumayns sawe hym so wel horsed and armed/thenne he alyghted doun & armed hym in his armour/and soo toke his hors & rode after the damoy= sell. Whan she sawe hym come nyghe she sayd/awaye kechyn knaue out of the wynde/for the smelle of thy baw= dy clothes greueth me. Allas she sayd that euer suche a knaue sholde by myf happe slee soo good a knyght as thou hast done/but all this is thyn vnhap pynes. But here by is one that shall paye the all thy payement / and ther= fore yet I coũseyll the to flee. It may happen me sayd Beaumayns for to be beten or slayne / but I warne you fayr damoysell I wyll not flee awaye nor leue your company for all that ye can saye/for euer ye saye that they wyl kylle me or bete me/but how someuer

it happeneth I escape & they lye on the groũde/and therfore it were as good for you to holde you styll thus aldaye rebukynge me / for awaye wyll I not tyll I fele the vttermest of this Journeye/or els I wyl be slayne outher truly beteyn / therfore ryde on your waye/ for folowe you I wyll what someuer happen.

How the broder of the knyght that was slayne mette with Beaumayns/ and faught with Beaumayns tyll he was yelden. ca.viij.

Thus as they rode togyder they sawe a knyght come dryuende by them all in grene both his hors and his harneys. And whan he cam nyghe the damoysell he asked her/is that my broder the blacke knyght that ye haue brought with you. Nay nay she sayd/ this vnhappy kechyn knaue hath slayne your broder through vnhappynesse Allas sayd the grene knyght that is grete pyte that soo noble a knyght as he was sholde so vnhappely be slayne & namely of a knaues honde as ye say that he is / a traytour sayd the grene knyght thou shalt deye for sleynge of my broder/he was a full noble knyght & his name was syr Perearde. I defye the sayd Beaumayns / for I lete the wete I slewe hym knyghtly & not shamefully. Therwith all the grene knyght rode vnto an horne that was grene & hit henge vpon a thorne / and there he blewe thre dedely motys/and there came two damoysels and armed hym lyghtly. And thenne he toke a grete hors & a grene shelde and a grene spere/and thenne they ranne togyder with all theyr myghtes & brake theyr speres vnto theyr hondes. And thenne they drewe theyr swerdes & gaf many sadde strokes/and eyther of them woũded other full ylle. And at the last at ayn ouerthwart Beaumayns with his hors strake the grene knyghtes hors vpon the syde that he felle to the erthe And theñe the grene knyght auoyded his hors lyghtely & dressyd hym vpon foot. That sawe Beaumayns/& therwith all he alyght / and they rasshed togyders lyke two myghty kempes a longe whyle/& sore they bledde bothe/ With that came the damoysel & sayd my lorde the grene knyght / why for shame stande ye soo longe fyghtynge with the kechyn knaue. Allas it is shame that euer ye were made knyght to see suche a ladde for to matche suche a knyght / as the wede ouer grewe the corne. Therwith all the grene knyght was a shamed/& therwith all he gaf a grete stroke of myght and clafe his shelde through. Whan Beaumayns sawe his shelde clouen a sonder / he was a lytell ashamed of that stroke & of her langage / & thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle on his knees / and soo sodaynly Beaumayns pulled hym vppon the grounde grouelynge. And thenne the grene knyhht cryed hym mercy & pelded hym vnto syr Beaumayns / and prayed hym to slee hym not. All is in vayne sayd Beaumayns / for ỹ shalt deye but yf this damoysell that came with me praye me to saue thy lyf/and therwith all he vnlaced his helme lyke as he wolde slee hym. Fye vpon the fals kechyn page. I wyll neuer praye the to saue his lyf/for I wyll neuer be

so moche in thy daũger. Thenne shal he deye sayd Beaumayns. Not so hardy thou bawdy knaue sayd the damoysell that thou slee hym. Allas sayd the grene knyght suffre me not to dye/for a fayre worde may saue me. O fayre knyght sayd the grene knyght / saue my lyf & I wyll forgyue the the deth of my broder/& for euer to become thy man/and .xxx. knyghtes that holde of me for euer shall do you seruyce. In the deuyls name sayd the damoysell/ that suche a bawdy kechyn knaue shold haue the and .xxx. knyghtes seruyce. Syr knyght sayd Beaumayns all this auaylleth the not / but yf my damoysell speke with me for thy lyf / & therwith all he made a semblaunt to slee hym. Lete be sayd the damoysell thou bawdy knaue/slee hym not / for & thou do thou shalte repente it. Damoysell sayd Beaumayns your charge is to me a pleasure/and at your cõmaũdement his lyf shall be saued & els not. Thenne he sayd syr knyght with the grene armes. I release the quyte at this damoysels request/for I wyll not make her wroth. I wyll fulfylle all ỹ she chargeth me. And thenne the grene knyght kneled doun & dyde hym homage with his swerde. Thenne sayd the damoysel me repenteth grene knyght of your dommage / & of your broders deth the blacke knyght/for of your helpe I hadde grete nede / for I drede me sore to passe this forest. Nay drede you not sayd the grene knyght/ for ye shall lodge with me this nyght & to morne I shall helpe you through this forest. Soo they toke theyr horses and rode to his manoyr whiche was faste there beside.

How the damoysell euer rebuked Beaumayns & wolde not suffre hym to sytte at her table / but called hym kechyn boye. ca. ix.

And euer she rebuked Beaumayns & wolde not suffre hỹ to sytte at her table / but as the grene knyght toke hym & sette hym at a syde table. Me thynketh merueyll sayd the grene knyght to the damoysell why ye rebuke this noble knyght as ye do/ for I warne you damoysell he is a full noble knyght/& I knowe no knyght is able to matche hym/therfore ye do grete wronge to rebuke hỹ/for he shal do you ryght good seruyce / for what someuer he maketh hymselfe ye shall preue at the ende that he is come of a noble blood & of kynges lygnage. Fye fye sayd the damoysell it is shame for you to saye of hỹ suche worshyp. Truly sayd the grene knyght it were shame for me to saye of hỹ ony dyshonshyp/for he hath preued hymselfe a better knyght than I am/yet haue I met with many knyghtes in my dayes / & neuer or this tyme haue I founde noo knyght his matche/and so that nyght they yede vnto reste / & all that nyght the grene knyght cõmaũded .xxx. knyghtes preuely to watche Beaumayns for to kepe hym from all treason. And so on the morne they all arose and herde theyr masse & brake theyr faste / and thenne they tooke theyr horses & rode on theyr waye/and the grene knyght conueyed hỹ through the forest / and there the grene knyth sayd / my lorde Beaumayns I and these .xxx. knyghtes shall be alwaye at your commaũdement both erly and late at your cal-

lynge and whether that euer ye wyll lende vs. Jt is well sayd sayd Beaumayns/whan that I calle vpon you/ ye muste yelde you vnto kyng Arthur & all your knyghtes. Yf that ye so cōmaūde vs we shall ben redy at all tymes sayd the grene knyght. Fye fye vpon the in the deuyls name sayd the damoysell that ony good knyghtes sholde be obedyent vnto a kechyn knaue. Soo thenne departed the grene knyght & the damoysell. And thenne she sayd vnto Beaumayns/why folowest thou me thou kechyn boye/ caste awaye thy shelne & thy spere/and flee awaye/ yet I counceyll the by tymes or thou shalt sayerynght soone. Allas for were thou as wyght as euer was Wade or Launcelot. Tristram or the good knyght syr Lamerock thou shalt not passe a paas here that is called the paas perylous. Damoysell sayd Beaumayns who is aferde lete hym flee for it were shame to sonne agayne sythen I haue ryden so longe with you/ Well sayth the damoysel ye shal soone whether ye wyll or not.

How the thyrde broder called the rede knyght Justed and faught ayenst Beaumayns/and how Beaumayns ouercame hym. ca.x.

SO within a whyle they sawe a Toure as whyte as ony snowe well matchecolde all about & doubell dyked/and ouer the Toure gate there henge a fyfty sheldes of dyuers colours And vnder that Toure there was a fayre medowe/and therin were many knyghtes and squyres to beholde scaffoldes and pauelyons/for there vpon the morne sholde be a grete tornoyment/and the lorde of the Toure was in his castell & loked out at a wyndowe/and sawe a damoysell & a dwarf and a knyght armed at all poyntes/ So god me helpe sayd the lorde with that knyght wyll I Juste/for I se that he is a knyght arraunt/and so he armed hym & horsed hym hastely. And whan he was on horsbacke with his shelde & his spere/it was all reed both his hors and his harneys & all that to hym longeth. And whan that he came nyghe syr Beaumayns he wende that it hady ben his broder the blacke knyght. And thenne he cryed a loude/ broder what doo ye in these marches/ Nay nay sayd the damoysell it is not he/ this is but a kechyn knaue that was brought vp for almesse in kyng Arthurs courte. Neuertheles sayd the reed knyght I wyll speke with hym or he departe. A sayd the damoysell this knaue hath kylled thy broder/and syr Kay named hym Beaumayns/ and this hors & this harneys was thy brothers the blacke knyght. Also I sawe hym ouercome thy broder the grene knyght of his hondes. Now may ye be reuenged vpon hym/ for I can neuer be quyte of hym. With this eyther knyghtes departed in sondre/and they came togyder with all theyr myght/ and eyther of theyr horses felle to the erthe/and they auoyded theyr horses & put theyr sheldes afore them and dreswe theyr swerdes/ & eyther gaf other many sadde strokes/as now here/and now there/ralynge/tracynge/foynynge and hurlynge lyke two bores the space of two houres. And thenne the damoysell cryed on hyghe to the reed

knyght. Allas thou noble reed knyght thynke what worshyp hath folowed the/lete neuer a kechyn knaue endure the soo longe as he doth. Thenne the reed knyght waxed wrothe & doubled his strokes and hurted Beaumayns wonderly sore / that the blood ranne doun to the groũde that it was wonder to see that stronge batayll. Yet at the laste syr Beaumayns strake hym to the erthe/& as he wolde haue slayne the reed knyght he cryed mercy sayenge. Noble knyght slee me not / and I shal yelde me to the with fyfty knygh with me that be at my cõmaũdement and I forgyue the all the despyte that thou hast done to me & the deth of my broder the blacke knyght. All this auayleth not sayd Beaumayns/ but yf my damoysel praye me to saue thy lyf & therwith he made semblaũt to stryke of his heed. Lete be thou Beaumayns slee hym not/for he is a noble knyght/and not soo hardy vpon thyn heed but thou saue hym. Thenne Beaumayns badde the reed knyght stande vp & thanke the damoysell now of thy lyf. Theñe the reed knyght prayed hym to see his castell and to be there all that nyght. And so the damoysell thenne graunted hym/and there they had mery chere. But alwayes the damoysell spake many foule wordes vnto Beaumayns wherof the reed knyzt had grete merueyl/and all that nyght the reed knyzt made thre score knyghtes to watche Beaumayns that he sholde haue no shame nor velony. And vpon the morne they herde masse and dyned / and the reed knyght came before Beaumayns with his thre score knyghtes / and there he profered hym his homage and feaute at all tymes he & his knyghtes to do hym seruyce/ I thanke you sayd Beaumayns/but this ye shall graũte me/whan I calle vpon you to come afore my lorde kyng Arthur & yelde you vnto hym to be his knyghtes. Syr sayd the reed knyght/ I wyll be redy with my felaushyp at your cõmaundement. Soo syr Beaumayns departed & the damoysell and euer she vde chydynge hym in the foulest manere.

Chow syr Beaumayns suffred grete rebukes of the damoysell/& he suffred it pacyently. ca.xi.

Damoysell sayd Beaumayns/ ye are vncurtoys to to rebuke me as ye do/for me semeth I haue done you good seruyce/& euer ye threate me I shal be beter with knyghtes than we mete / but euer for all your boost they lye in the dust or in the myre/and therfor I praye you rebuke me no more. And whan ye se me beter or polder as recreaunt thenne may ye bydde me go from you shamefully/but fyrste I lete you wete I wyll not departe from you/for I were werse than a foole & I wolde departe from you all the whyle that I wynne worshyp. Well sayd she ryght soone ther shall mete with you a knyght that shall paye the all thy wages / for he is the mooste man of worshyp of the worlde excepte kynge Arthur. I wyll it well sayd Beaumayns/the more he is of worshyp the more shall it be my worshyp to haue adoo with hym. Thenne anone they were ware where as was afore them a lyte ryche and fayre / and betwixt

them & the lyte a myle and an halfe there was a fayre medowe that semed newe mowen/and therin were many pauelyons fayre to beholde. Loo sayd the damoysell / yonder is a lorde that oweth yonder lyte / and his custome is whan the weder is fayre to lye in this medowe to Juste & tornoye. And euer ther ben about hym fyue hondred knyghtes & gentylmen of armes/and there ben of all maner of games that ony gentyll man canne deuyse. That goodly lorde sayd Beaumayns wolde I fayne see. Thou shalt see hym tyme nough sayd the damoysell / & soo as he rode nere she aspyed the pauelyone where he was. Loo sayd she/seest thou yonder pauelyone that is all of the colour of Ynde and all maner of thynge that there is about men & wymmen/ and horses trapped / sheldes & speres were all of the colour of Ynde / & his name is syr Persaũt of Ynde ye mooste worshypfull knyght that euer thou lokest on. That may wel be sayd Beaumayns but be he neuer soo stoute a knyght in this felde I shall abyde tyll that I see hym vnder his shelde. A foole sayd he/thou were better to flee by tymes/ Why sayd Beaumayns & he be suche a knyght as ye make hym he wyll not sette vppon me with all his men / or with his fyue hondred knyghtes. For & ther come no more but one at ones/ I shall hym not fayle whyleste my lyf lasteth. Fye fye sayd the damoysell ye euer suche a stynkynge knaue sholde blowe suche a booste. Damoysell sayd he ye are to blame so to rebuke me/for I had leuer to doo fyue batayls than so to be rebuked / lete hym come and thenne lete hym do his worste. Syr she sayd I meruey ll what thou art and of what kyn thou art come/boldely thou spekest / and boldely thou hast done/ that haue I sene / therfore I praye the saue thy self and thou mayst/for thyn hors & thou haue had grete trauayle. And I drede me we dwelle ouer longe from the syege/for it is but seuen myle hens/and all perylous passages we are past saue all oonly this passage/ and here I drede me lore leste ye shall ketche some hurte/therfore I wolde ye were hens that ye were not bryled nor hurte with this stronge knyght. But I lete you wete ye this syr Persaunt of Ynde is noo thynge of myght nor of strengthe vnto the knyght that leyde the syege about my lady. As for that sayd syr Beaumayns be it as it may be. For sythen that I am come so nygh this knyght I wyll preue his myght or I departe from hym/and els I shal be ashamed & I now withdrawe me from hym/and therfore damoysell haue ye no doubte by the grace of god I shall soo deale with this knyght that within two houres after noone I shal delyuer hym/and thenne shall we come to the syege by daye lyght. Jhesu sayd the damoysell I haue meruey l what maner a man ye be / for it may neuer ben otherwyse but that ye be comen of a noble blood/for so foule nor so shamefully dyde neuer woman rule ne rebuke a knyght as I haue done to you / & euer curtoysly ye haue suffred me/and that came neuer but of a gentyll blood. Damoysell sayd Beaumayns a knyght may lytell doo that may not suffre a damoysell/for what someuer ye sayd vnto me I toke none hede to your wordes / for the more ye

sayd the more ye angred me / and my wrathe I wreked vpon them that I had adoo with all/and therfore all the myssayenge that ye myssayd me furdered me in my bataylle & caused me to thynke to shewe and preue my self at the ende what I was/for peraventure though I had meete in kyng Arthurs kechyn / yet I myght haue had meete ynough in other places/but all that I dyde it for to preue & to assaye my frendes/and that shall be knowen ay other daye/and whether that I be a gentylman borne or none. I lete you wete fayr damoysell I haue done you gentylmans seruyce/and peraventure better seruyce yet wyll I do or I departe from you. Allas she sayd fayre Beaumayns forgyue it me all that I haue myssayd or myldone ayenst the/ With all my herte sayd Beaumayns I forgyue it you/for ye dyde no thynge but as ye sholde do / for all your euyll wordes pleased me / & damoysell sayd Beaumayns syn it lyketh you to speke thus fayre vnto me/wete ye wel it gladdeth my herte gretely/and now me semeth there is no knyght lyuynge but I am able ynough for hym.

How syr Beaumayns faught with syr Perlaũt of Ynde & made hym to be yelden. ca.xij.

With this syr Perlaũt of Ynde hady alyyed them as they houed in the felde/and knyghtly he sente to them whether he came in warre or in peas. Saye to thy lorde sayd Beaumayns I take no force but whether as hym lyst hymselfe. So the messager wente agayne vnto syr Persaunt and tolde hym all his answere/ Well thenne wyll I haue adoo with hym to the vtteraunce/and so he purueyed hym & rode agaynst hym. And Beaumayns sawe hym & made hym redy/and ther they mette with al that euer theyr horses myght renne & braste theyr speres eyther in thre pyeces/and theyr horses rasshed soo togyder that both theyr horses fell deed to the erthe and lyghtly they auoyded theyr horses & put theyr sheldes afore them & drewe theyr swerdes and gaf many grete strokes that somtyme they hurtledy togyder that they felle grouelynge on the grounde. Thus they fought two houres & more that theyr sheldes and theyr hauberkes were all forhewen/& in many stedes they were wouñded. So at the last syr Beaumayns smote hym through the cost of the body/& thenne he retrayed hym here and there / and knyghtly mayntened his batayll longe tyme. And at the laste thenne syr Beaumayns smote syr Perlaũt aboue vpon the helme that he felle grouelynge to the erthe/and thenne he lepte vpon hym ouerthwart & vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym. Thenne syr Perlaũt yelded hym & asked hym mercy. With that came the damoysell and prayed to saue his lyf. I wyl wel sayd Beaumayns / for it were pyte þ this noble knyght sholde deye. Grammercy sayd syr Perlaũt gentyll knyzt & damoysel/for certaynly now I wote wel it was ye that slewe my broder the blacke knyght at the blacke thorne/he was a full noble knyzt/his name was syr Perearde. Also I am sure þ ye are he þ wanne myn other brod the grene knyght/his name was syr Pertolope.

Also ye wanne my broder the reedy knyght syr Perrymones. And now syr syn ye haue wonne thyse/this shall I do for to please you/ye shall haue homage & feaute of me/and ay hondred knyghtis to be alwayes at your cōmaūdement to go & ryde where ye wyll cōmaūde vs/and so they wente vnto syr Perlaūtes pauelyone & dranke ȳ wyne & ete spices/and afterwarde syr Perlaūt made hym to reste vpon a bedde vntyll souper tyme/ & after souper to bedde agayne. Whan Beaumayns was a bedde syr Perlaūt had a lady a fayre doughter of .xviij. yere of age/ & there he called her vnto hym & charged her & cōmaūded her vpon his blessynge to go vnto the knyghtes bedde/ & lye doun by his syde/and make hym no straūge chere but good chere/& take hym in thyn armes & kysse hym/and loke that this be done I charge you as ye wyll haue my loue & my good wyll Soo syr Perlaūtes doughter dyde as her fader badde her/& so she wente vnto syr Beaumayns bedde/and pryuely she dyspoylled her & leyde her doun by hym. And thenne he awoke & sawe her and asked her what she was. Syr she sayd I am syr Perlauntes doughter ȳ by the cōmaūdemeot of my fader am come hyder. Be ye a mayde or a wyfe sayd he. Syre she sayd I am a clene mayden. God defende sayd he that I sholde defoyle you to do syr Perlaunt suche a shame/therfore fayre damoysel aryse out of this bedde or els I wyl Syr she sayd I cam not to you by myn owne wyll but as I was commaūded. Allas sayd syr Beaumayns I were a shamefull knyght & I wolde do your fader ony dyshonour/& so he kyst her and she departed & came vnto syr Perlaūt her fader & tolde hym al how she had spedde. Truly sayd syr Perlaunt what someuer he be/he is comen of a noble blood/and so we leue hym there tyll on the morne.

Of the goodly cōmunycacōn bytwene syr Perlaūt & Beaumayns/& how he tolde hym that his name was syr Gareth. ca.xiij.

And soo on the morne the damoysell and syr Beaumayns herde masse & brake theyr fast/and so toke theyr leue. Fayre damoysell sayd Perlaūt whether warde are ye awaye ledynge this knyght Syr she sayd this knyght is goynge to the syege ȳ besyegeth my syster in the castel Dangerus A a sayd Perlaūt that is the knyght of the reed londe/whiche is the moost peryllous knyght ȳ I knowe now lyuynge/& a man that is without mercy & men sayen that he hath seuen mens strength/god saue you sayd he to Beaumayns from ȳ knyght/for he doth grete wronge to ȳ lady/& that is grete pyte/for she is one of ȳ fayrest ladyes of the worlde/& me semeth ȳ your damoysell is her syster/is not your name Lynet sayd he. Ye syr sayd she/& my lady my systers name is dame Lyones Now shal I telle you sayd syr Perlaūt this reed knyght of the reed londe hath layne longe at the syege wel nygh this two yeres/& many tymes he myght haue had her & he had wolde/but he prolongeth the tyme to this entente/ for to haue syr Laūcelot du lake to do battayll with hym/ or syr Tristram/or syr Lamerock de galys/or syr Gawayn

ne / & this is his taryenge so longe at the syege. Now my lorde syr Persaũt of Ynde sayd the damoysell Lynet. I requyre you ꝙ ye wyll make this gentylman knyght or euer he fyght with the reed knyght. I wyll with all my herte sayd syr Persaũt & it please hym to take the ordre of knyghthode of so symple a may as I am. Syr sayd syr Beaumayns I thanke you for your good wyll/for I am better spedde/for certaynly the noble knyght syr Laũcelot made me knyght. A sayd syr Persaũt of a more renõmed knyzt myght ye not be made knyght / for of all the knyghtes he may be called chyef of al knyghthode/& so all the worlde sayth that betwixt thre knyghtes is departed clerely knyghthode/that is Launcelot du lake/syr Tristram de lyones/and syr Lamerok de galys/thyse bere now the renõmee. There bey many other knyghtes as syr Palompdes the sarasyn & syr Safere his broder. Also syr Bleoberys & syr Blamore de ganys his broder. Also syr Boys de ganys & syr Ector de marys/and syr Percyuale de galys / thyse & many mo bey noble knyghtes/but there be none ꝙ passe the thre aboue sayd/therfor god spede you well sayd syr Persaunt / for & ye may matche the reed knyght ye shal be called the fourth of the worlde. Syr sayd Beaumayns I wold fayne be of good fame & of knyghthode/and I lete you wete I came of good mey/for I dare saye my fader was a noble may/& so that ye wyll kepe it in close & this damoysell I wyll telle you of what kyn I am. We wyll not dyscouer you sayd they bothe tyll ye cõmaunde vs by the fayth we owe vnto god. Truly thene sayd he/my name is Gareth of Orkeney & kyng Lott was my fader/& my moder is kyng Arthurs syster/her name is dame Morgawse/and syr Gawayne is my broder & syr Agrauayne & syr Gaherys/& I am the yongest of them all/and yet wote not kyng Arthur nor syr Gawayne what I am.

How the lady that was belyeged had worde fro her syster how she had brought a knyght to fyght for her / & what bataylles that he had acheued. Capl'm .xiij.

So the boke sayth that the lady that was belyeged hadde worde of her systers comynge by the dwarfe & brought a knyght with her / and how that he hadde passed all the perylous passages. What maner a may is he sayd the lady Lyones. He is a noble knyght truly Madame sayd the dwarf and but a ponge may / but he is as lykely a may as euer ye sawe ony. What is he sayd the damoysell/ and of what kynne is he comen / and of whome was he made knyght. Madame sayd the dwarf he is the kynges sone of Orkeney/but his name I wyl not telle you as at this tyme/but wete ye well of syr Laũcelot was he made knyght/for of none other wolde he be made knyght/& syr Kay named hym Beaumayns. How escaped he sayd the lady from the brethern of Perlaũt Madame he sayd as a noble knyght sholde. Fyrste he slewe two brethern at a passage of a water. A sayd she they were good knyghtes/but they were stronge murtherers / the one hyght Gherarde de breusse / and the other

knyght hyght syr Arnolde le brewse/ thenne madame he recoũtred with the blacke knyght & slewe hym in playne batayll/and so he toke his hors & his armour & fought with the grene knyght & wanne hym in playne batayll/and in lyke wyse he serued the reed knyght & after in the same wyse he serued the blewe knyght & wanne hym in playne batayll. Thenne sayd the lady he hath ouercome syr Persaũt of Ynde one of the noblest knyghtes of the worlde/& the dwarf sayd he hath wonne all the four brethern & slayne the black knyght & yet he dyde more tofore he ouerthrewe syr Kay & lefte hym nyghe dede vp on the groũde. Also he dyde a grete batayll with syr Laũcelot / & there they departed on euen hondes/and thenne syr Laũcelot made hym knyght. The lady sayd dwarf I am gladde of thyse tydynges/therfor go thou in ay hermytage of myn here by/and there shalt ꝑ here with the of myn wyne in two flagans of syluer they are of two galons & also two cast of brede with fatte venelon bake & deynte foules/& a cop of golde here I delyuer the/that is ryche and precyous & bere al this to myn hermytage & put it in the hermytes hondes. And sythen go ꝑ vnto my syster & grete her well/and cõmaunde me vnto that gentyll knyght / and praye hym to ete & to drynke & make hym stronge/and saye ye hym I thanke hym of his curtoysye & goodnes that he wolde take vppon hym suche labour for me that neuer dyde hym bounte nor curtoysye. Also praye hym that he be of good herte and courage / for he shall mete with a full noble knyght/but he is neyther of bounte curtoysye nor gentylnes/for he attendeth vnto no thynge but to murther/& that is the cause I can not prayse hym nor loue hym. So this dwarf departed & came to syr Persaũt where he foũde the damoysel Lynet & syr Beaumayns / and there he tolde hem all as ye haue herde/and thenne they toke theyr leue/but syr Persaũt toke ay amelynge hacney & conueyed them on theyr wayes/& thenne beleefte them to god. And so within a lytell whyle they came to that hermytage/and there they dranke the wyne and ete the venelon & the foules baken And so whan they had repasted them well/the dwarf retorned with his vessell vnto the castell agayne/and there mette with him the reed knyght of the reed londes/& asked hym from whens that he came and where he hadde ben/ Syr sayd the dwarf I haue ben with my ladyes syster of this castell / & she hath ben at kyng Arthurs courte and brought a knyght with her. Thenne I accompte her trauayle but losse/for though she had brought with her syr Launcelot/syr Tristram/syr Lamerock or syr Gawayne I wolde thynke my self good ynough for them all. It may well be sayd the dwarf/but this knyght hath passed all the perylous passages/& slayne the blacke knyght & other two mo/and wonne the grene knyght / the reed knyght & the blewe knyght. Thenne is he one of thyse four that I haue afore reherced. She is none of tho sayd the dwarf/but he is a kynges sone. What is his name sayd the reed knyght of the reed londe. That wyl I not tell you sayd the dwarf/but syr Kay vpon scorne named hym Beaumayns. I care not sayd the knyght

what knyght soeuer he be/for I shall soone delyuer hym. And yf I euer mat che hym he shal haue a shameful deth as many other haue had. That were pyte sayd the dwarf/and it is meruey le that ye make suche shamefull war/ re vpon noble knyghtes.

¶ How the damoysell & Beaumayns came to the syege/& came to a Syha/ more tree/& there Beaumayns blewe an horne/ and thenne the knyght of the reed londes came to fyght with hym. ca.xv.

NOw leue we the knyght & the dwarf and speke we of Beau/ mayns that all nyght laye in the her/ mytage/& vpon the morne he and the damoysell Lynet herde theyr masse & brake theyr faste. And thenne they to/ ke theyr horses & rode through out a fayre forest/ and thenne they came to a playne & sawe where were many pa uelyons & tentes and a fayre castell/& there was moche smoke & grete noyse And whan they came nere the syege/ syr Beaumayns aspyed vppon grete trees as he rode how there henge full goodly armed knyghtes by the necke/ and theyr sheldes about theyr neckes with theyr swerdes & gylte spores vp/ on theyr heles/& so there henge nyghe a fourty knyghtes shamefully with full ryche armes. Thenne syr Beau/ mayns abated his countenaunce and sayd what meneth this. Fayr syr sayd the damoysel abate not your chere for all this syght/ for ye muste courage your self or els ye be all shente/for all thyse knyghtes came hyder to this sye/ ge to welcome my syster dame Lyones and whan the reed knyght of the reed londe had ouercome them he put them to this shamefull deth without mercy & pyte. And in the same wyse he wyll serue you but yf ye quyte you the bet/ ter. Now Jhesu defende me sayd Be/ aumayns from suche a vylaynous deth and shenshyp of armes. For ra/ ther than I sholde so be fared with all I wolde rather bey slayne manly in playne batayll. Soo where ye better sayd the damoysell/ trust not in hym for in hym is no curtoysye but all goth to the deth or shamefull murther/and that is pyte/for he is a ful lykely man well made of body/ and a full noble knyght of prowesse/and a lorde of gre te londes & possessyons. Truly sayd Beaumayns/ he may well be a good knyght/but he vseth shamefull custo/ mes/and it is merueyll that he endu/ reth soo longe that none of the noble knyghtes of my lorde kyng Arthur haue not delt with hym. And thenne they rode to the dykes and sawe them double dyked with full warely wal/ les/and there were lodged many gre/ te lordes nyghe the walles/ and there was grete noyse of mynstrallye/ and the see beted vpon the one syde of the walles where were many shyppes and maryners noyse with hale and how/ And also there was faste by a Syha/ more tree/ & there henge an horne the grettest that euer they sawe of an Oly fantes bone. And this knyght of the reed londe had hanged it vp there that yf there came ony arraunt knyght/he muste blowe that horne/ and thenne he wyll make hym redy and come to hym to do batayll with hym. But syr I praye you sayd the damoysell Lynet

blowe ye not the horne tyll it be hyghe noone/for now it is about pryme and now encreaced his myght / ẏ as men saye he hath seuen mens strengthe. A fye for shame fayre damoysell saye ye neuer so more to me/for & he were as good a knyght as euer was I shall neuer fayle hym in his moost myght/for eyther I wyl wynne worshyp worshyp/fully or deye knyghtly in the felde / & therwith he spored his hors strayte to the Sykamore tree & blewe the horne so egrely that all the syege & the castel range therof. And thenne there lepte out knyghtes out of theyr tentes & pauelyons/and they within the castell looked ouer the walles & out atte wyndowes. Thenne the reed knyght of the reed londes armed hym hastely/& two barons sette on his spores vpon his heles/& all was blood reed his armoure spere & shelde / and an erle bucled his helme vpon his heed/and thenne they brought hym a reed spere & a reed stede and so he rode in to a lytell vale vnder the castell/that all ẏ were in the castel & at the syege myght beholde the bataylle.

How the two knyghtes mette togyder & of theyr talkynge/and how they began theyr batayll. ca.xvi.

SYr sayd the damoysel Lynet vnto syr Beaumayns / loke ye be gladde & lyght/for yonder is your dedely enemye/and at yonder wyndowe is my lady my syster dame Lyones. where sayd Beaumayns/yonder sayd the damoysell & poynted with her fynger/that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns She beleueth a ferre the fayrest lady that euer I loked vpon/& truly he sayd I aske no better quarell than now for to do batayll/for truly she shal be my lady & for her I wyll fyght. And euer he loked vp to ẏ wyndowe with glady countenaũce. And the lady Lyones made curtoysye to hym downe to the erthe with holdynge vp both theyr hondes/ With that the reed knyght of the reed londes called to syr Beaumayns/leue syr knyght thy lokynge & beholde me I coũseyll the/for I warne the wel she is my lady/& for her I haue done many stronge batayls. Yf thou haue soo done sayd Beaumayns/me semeth it was but waste labour / for she loueth none of thy felaushyp/& thou to loue that loueth not the is but a grete foly. For & I vnderstode that she were not gladde of my comynge I wolde be auysed or I dyde batayll for her. But I vnderstande by the beseygynge of this castell she may forbere thy felaushyp/ and therfore wete thou well thou reed knyght of the reed londes I loue her & wyll rescowe her or els to deye. Sayst thou that sayd the reed knyght / me semeth thou ought of reason to beware by ponder knyghtes ẏ thou sawest hange vpon ponder trees. Fye for shame sayd Beaumayns that euer thou sholdest saye or do so cuyll/for in that thou shamest thy self & knyghthode/ and thou mayst be sure ther wyll noo lady loue the that knoweth thy wycked customes. And now thou wenest that the syght of thyse hanged knyghtes sholde fere me / nay truly not so/that shamefull syght causeth me to haue courage & hardynes ayenst the more than I wolde haue had ayenst the. And thou were a well ruled knyght make

the redy layd the reed knyght of the reed londes & talke no lenger with me Thenne syr Beaumayns badde the damoysel go from hym/& thenne they put theyr speres in theyr restes & cam togyder with al theyr myght that they had bothe / and eyther smote other in myddes of theyr sheldes that the payre trellys/surlenglys/& crowpers braste/ & felle to the erthe bothe/and the reynes of theyr brydels in theyr hondes/ and so they laye a grete whyle stonyed sore that all that were in the castell & in the syege wende theyr neckes hadde ben broken/& thenne many a straũger and other layd ꝑ the straunge knyght was a bygge man & a noble Juster/for or now we sawe neuer no knyght mate the the reed knyght of the reed londes thus they layd bothe within ꝑ castel & without/thenne they lyghtly auoyded theyr horsed & put theyr sheldes afore them/and drewe theyr swerdes & rãne togyder lyke two fyers lyons/& eyther gaf other suche buffets upon theyr helmes that they relyd backwarde bothe two strydes/and thenne they recouered both & hewe grete pyeces of theyr harneys and theyr sheldes / that a grete parte felle in to the feldes.

¶How after longe fyghtynge Beaumayns ouercame the knyght & wolde haue slayne hym/but at the requeste of the lordes he saued his lyf & made hym to yelde hym to the lady. ca.xvij.

AND thenne thus they fought tyl it was paste noone & neuer wolde stynte tyll at laste they lacked wynde both/& thenne they stode wagynge and scaterynge pontynge blowynge/ & bledynge that all that behelde them for the moost party wepte for pyte. So whan they hadde rested them a whyle they yede to batayll agayne/tracynge racynge foynynge as two bores. And at some tyme they toke theyr renne as hit hadde ben two rammes and hurtled togyder that somtyme they felle grouelynge to the erthe. And at somtyme they were so amased that eyther toke others swerde in stede of theyr owne. Thus they endured tyll euensonge tyme / that there was none that behelde them myght knowe whether was lyke to wynne the batayll/& theyr armour was so fer hewen that men myght see theyr naked sydes/and in other places they were naked / but euer the naked places they dyde defende/and the reed knyght was a wyly knyght of warre. and his wyly fyghtynge taught syr Beaumayns to be wyse / but he full sore abought hit or he dyde alyye his fyghtynge. And thus by assente of thē bothe they graũted eyther other to rest & so they sette them downe upon two molle hylles there besydes the fyghtynge place / and eyther of them unlaced his helme & toke the colde wynde/for eyther of theyr pages were fast by thē to come whan they called for to unlace theyr harneys & to sette hym on agayn at theyr commaũdement. And thenne whan syr Beaumayns helme was of he loked up to the wyndowe / & there he sawe the fayre lady dame Lyones/ and she made hym suche countenaũce that his herte waxed lyght and Joly/ and therwith he bad the reed knyght of the reed londes make hym redy and lete us do the batayll to the utteraũce I wyll well sayd the knyght/& thenne

they laced vp theyr helmes/and theyr pages auoyded / & they stepte togyder & fought fyersthely/but the reed knyght of the reed londes awayted hym/and at an ouerthwart smote hym within the honde that his swerde felle out of his honde/& yet he gaf hym an other buffet vpon the helme that he felle gro uelynge to the erthe/& the reed knyght felle ouer hym for to holde hym doun. Thenne cryed the damoysel Lynet on hyghe. O syr Beaumayns where is thy courage become. Allas my lady my syster beholdeth the / and she sob beth & wepeth that maketh myn herte heuy. Whan syr Beaumayns herde her saye so / he aroos vp with a grete myght & gate hym vpon his feet/and lyghtly he lept to his swerde & gryped it in his honde and doubled his paas vnto the reed knyght / and there they fought a newe batayll togyder. But syr Beaumayns thenne doubled his strokes & smote so thycke that he smo te the swerde out of the reed knyghtes honde/and thenne he smote hym vpon the helme that he felle to the erthe / & syr Beaumayns felle vpon hym and vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym And thenne the reed knyght yelded hym & asked mercy/and sayd with a loude voys. O noble knyght I yelde me to thy mercy. Thenne syr Beaumayns bethought hym vpon the knyghtes that he had made to be hanged shamefully And thenne he sayd. I may not with my worshyp saue thy lyf for the sha mefull dethes that thou hast caused ma ny full good knyghtes to deye. Syre sayd the reed knyght of the reed lon des/holde your honde & ye shall kno we the cause why I putte them to soo shamefull a deth. Saye on sayd syr Beaumayns. Syr I loued ones a la dy a fayre damoysell/and she had her broder slayne/and she sayd it was syr Launcelot du lake or els syr Gawayne and she prayed me as that I loued her hertly that I wolde make her a promyse by the fayth of my knyghthode for to laboure dayly in armes vnto I mette with one of them / and all that I myght ouercome I sholde put them vnto a vy laynous deth/& this is the cause that I haue put all these knyghtes to deth. and so I enlured her to do all the vy lony vnto kyng Arthurs knyghtes/& that I sholde take vengeaunce vpon all these knyghtes/and syr now I wyll tell the that euery daye my strength encrea ceth tyll noone/& all this tyme haue I seuen mens strength.

How the knyght yelded hym/& how Beaumayns made hym to goo vnto kyng Arthurs courte and to crye syr Launcelot mercy. ca.xviij.

Thenne came there many Erles and Barons & noble knyghtes & prayed that knyght to saue his lyf and take hym your prysoner. And all they felle vpon theyr knees & prayed hym of mercy and that he wolde saue his lyf. And syr they all sayd it were fayrer of hym to take homage & feau te & lete hym holde his londes of you than for to slee hym/for by his deth ye shall haue none auantage/& his myl dedes that ben done may not ben vndone And therfore he shall make amendes to al partyes/and we all wyll become your men & do you homage & feaute/ Fayre lordes sayd Beaumayns/wete

you well I am full loth for to slee this knyght/neuertheles he hath done pal/ lynge ylle and shamefully. But in so moche all ꝑ he dyde was att a ladyes request I blame hym the lesse/& so for your sake I wyll release hym that he shall haue his lyf vpon this couenaũt that he go within the castell and yelde hym there to the lady/and yf she wyll forgyue & quyte hym I wyl wel/with that he make her amendes of all the trelpas he hath done ayenst her & her londes. And also whan that is done ꝑ ye go vnto the courte of kyng Arthur & there that ye alke syr Laũcelot mer/ cy and syr Gawayne for the euyl wyl that ye haue hadde ayenst them. Syre sayd the reed knyght of the reed lon/ des/all this wyll I do as ye cõmaũde and syker assuraũce & borowes ye shal haue. And so thene whan the assuraũ/ ce was made/he made his homage & feaute/and al the erles & barons with hym. And thenne the damoysel Lynet came to syr Beaumayns & vnarmed hym & serched his woundes and styn/ ted his blood/& in lyke wyse she dyde to the reed knyght of the reed londes/ and there they soyourned ten dayes in theyr tentes. And the reed knyght ma/ de his lordes & seruaũtes to do all the plealure ꝑ they myght vnto syr Beau mayns. And so within a whyle ꝑ reed knyght of the reed londes yede vnto the castell & put hym in the lady Lyo/ nes grace. And so she receyued hym vp on suffysaũt sucrte / so all her hurtes were wel restored of all that she coude complayne. And thene he departed vn to the courte of kyng Arthur/& there openly the reed knyght of the reed lon des put hym in the mercy of syr Laũ/ celot and syr Gawayne/and there he tolde openly how he was ouercome & by whom/and also he tolde all the ba tayls from the begynnynge vnto the endynge. Jhesu mercy sayd kyng Ar thur and syr Gawayne/we merueyll moche of what blood he is come / for he is a noble knyght. Haue ye no mer ueyll sayd syr Launcelot / for ye shall ryght well wete that he is comen of a full noble blood/and for his myght & hardynes ther bey but fewe now lyk/ uynge that is so myghty as he is/and so noble of prowesse. It semeth by you sayd kyng Arthur that ye knowe his name/& fro whens he is come and of what blood he is . I suppose I do so sayd syr Laũcelot / or els I wolde not haue gyuen hym thorder of knyghtho de/but he gaf me suche charge at that tyme that I sholde neuer dyscouer hym vntyll he requyred me : els it be kno wen openly by some o r.

How Beaumayns came to the la/ dy / & when he came to the castell the pates were closed ayenst hym/ & of the wordes that the lady sayd vnto hym. Capl'm .xx.

NOw torne we vnto syr Beaus mayns that delyred of Lynet that he myght see her syster his lady/ Syr she sayd I wolde fayne ye sawe her. Thenne syr Beaumayns all ar/ med hym and toke his hors & his spe/ re & rode strayte vnto the castell. And whan he came to the gate he founde there many men armed and pulled vp the drawe brydge / & drewe the porte close. Thenne merueylled he why they wolde not suffre hym to entre . And

thenne he loked vp to the wyndowe/& there he sawe the fayre Lyones that sayd oy hyghe go thy waye syr Beaumayns/for as yet thou shalt not holy haue my loue vnto the tyme that thou be called one of of the nombre of the worthy knyghtes. And therfore goo & labour in worshyp this twelue moneth and thenne thou shalt here newe tydynges. Allas fayre lady sayd Beaumayns I haue not deserued this that ye sholde shewe me this straungenes/ and I hady wened that I sholde haue had ryght good chere with you & vnto my power I haue deserued thanke and well I am sure ꝑ I haue bought your loue with parte of the best blood within my body. Fayr curtoys knyght sayd dame Lyones/be not dysplealed nor ouer hasty/for wete you well that your grete trauayl nor good loue shal not be lost / for I consyder your grete trauayll and labour/your bounte and your goodnes as me ought for to do/ And therfore go oy your wayes & lok be that ye be of good comforte/for all shall be for your worshyp and for the best/and perde a twelue moneth wyll soone be done. And truste ye me fayre knyght I shall be true to you & neuer to betraye you/but to my deth I shall loue you & none other. And therwith all she torned her from the wyndowe & syr Beaumayns rode awaye from the castell makynge grete sorowe and dole/and soo he rode here & there and wyste not ne where he rode vntyll hit was derke nyght. And thenne it happened hym to come to a poore mans house & there he was herborowed all that nyghte. But syr Beaumayns had noo reste but walowed & wrythed for the loue of the lady of the castell/ And so vpon the morowe he tooke his hors & rode tyll to the noone/& thenne he came to a brode water/and therby was a grete lodge & there he alyght to slepe and leyde his heed vpon his shelde & betoke his hors to the dwarf/and commaũded hym for to watche all the nyght. ¶ Now torne we to the lady of the same castell that thought moche vpon syr Beaumayns. And thenne she called vnto her syr Gryngamor her broder/& prayed hym in all maner as he loued her hertely that he wolde ryde after syr Beaumayns/and euer haue ye wayte vpon hym tyll ye may fynde hym sleppynge/for I am sure in his heuynesse he wyll alyght doun in some place & lye hym doun for to slepe. And therfor haue ye your wayte vpon hym & in the preuyest wyse ꝑ euer ye can take his dwarf fom hym & goo ye your waye with hym as faste as euer ye may or syr Beaumayns awake. For my syster Lynet telleth me that he can telle of what kynreed he is come/and what his ryght name is/& the meane whyle I and my syster wyll ryde vnto your castell to awayte whan ye bryngе with you the dwarf. And thenne whan ye haue brought hym vnto your castel I wyll haue hym in exampnacyon my self vnto the tyme that I knowe what his ryght name is/& of what kynreed he is come or els I shall neuer be mery at my herte. Syster sayd syr Gryngamor all this shal be done after your entente. And so he departed & rode all the other daye and the nyght tyll that he foũde syr Beaumayns lyenge by a water / and his heed vpon his shelde for to slepe. And thenne whan he sawe

syr Beaumayns faste on slepe/he came stylly stalkynge behynde the dwarfe & plucked hym fast vnder his arme and soo he roode awaye with hym as faste as euer he myght vnto his owne castell. And this syr Gryngamors armes were all blacke & all that to hym longeth. But euer as he rode with the dwarf towarde his castell/he cryed vnto his lorde & prayd hym of helpe. And therwith awoke syr Beaumayns / & vp he lepte lyghtly and sawe where syr Gryngamor roode his waye with the dwarf/& so syr Gryngamor rode out of his syght.

¶ How syr Beaumayns rode after to relcowe his dwarf/and came in to the castell where he was. ca.xx.

Thenne syr Beaumayns putte on his helme anone/& buckled his shelde/and toke his hors & rode after hym all that euer he myght ryde through mareys & feldes and grete dales/that many tymes his hors & he plonged ouer the heed in depe myres for he knewe not the waye/but he toke the next waye in that woodenes/ that many a tymes he was lyke to perysshe. And at the last hym happened to come to a fayre grene waye/& there he mette with a poore man of the coũtree whome he salewed & asked hym/ whether he mette not with a knyght vpon a blacke hors & all blacke harneys and a lytell dwarf syttynge behynde hym with heuy chere. Syr sayd this poore man here by me came syr Gryngamor the knyght with suche a dwarf mournynge as ye saye/& therfore I rede you that ye folowe hym not for he is one of the perylloust knyghtes of the worlde / & his castell is here nyghe honde within this two myle/& therfore I aduyse you to ryde not after syr Gryngamor but yf ye owe to hym good wyl. ¶ So leue we now syr Beaumayns rydynge towarde the castell and speke of syr Gryngamor & of the dwarf. Anone as the dwarf was come to the castell / thenne dame Lyones and dame Lynet her syster asked the dwarf where that his mayster was borne & of what lygnage he was come. And but yf thou telle me the trouthe sayd dame Lyones thou shalt neuer escape this castell / but for euer here to be pryloner. As for that sayd the dwarf I fere not gretely for to telle his name & of what hynne that he is come. Wete ye well ỹ he is a kynges sone/and his moder is syster to kyng Arthur / and he is broder to the good knyght syr Gawayne/and his name is syr Gareth of Orkeney / & now I haue tolde you his ryght name / now I praye you fayre lady lete me go to my lorde agayne/for he wyl neuer out of this coũtree vntyll he haue me agayne. And yf he be angry he wyll do moche harme or that he be stynte/and werke you wrake in this coũtree. As for that thretynge sayd syr Gryngamor be it as it be may / we wyll go to dyner/and so they washed & wente to mete & made them mery & were well at ease / by cause the lady Lyones of the castell was there they made grete Joye. Truly madame sayd Lynet vnto her syster/well may he be a kynges sone / for he hath many good tatches on hym / for he is curtoys and mylde the moost suffrynge may that euer I

mette with al. For I dar laye ther was neuer gentyll woman that ruled man in so foule a maner as I haue rebuked hym/& at all tymes he gaf me goodly and meke answers agayne. And as they sate thus talkynge/there came in syr Gareth at the gate with an angry countenaūce & his swerde drawen in his honde/and cryed a loude that all the castell myght here it sayenge/thou traytour syr Gryngamor delyuer me my dwarf agayne/or by the fayth that I owe to the ordre of knyghthode I shall do the all the harme that euer I can. Thenne syr Gryngamor loked out at a wyndowe & sayd/syr Gareth of Orkeney leue thy boostynge wordes/for thou gettest not thy dwarf agayne. Thou cowarde knyght sayd syr Gareth brynge hym with the and come & do batayll with me/& wynne hym and take hym. So wyl I do sayd syr Gryngamor & me lyst/but for all thy grete wordes thou getest hym not A fayre broder sayd dame Lyones I wolde that he had his dwarf agayne for I wolde he were not wroth/for now he hath tolde me all my desyre I kepe no more of the dwarf. And also broder he hath done moche for me & delyuered me from the reed knyght of the reed londes/and therfore broder I owe hym my seruyce afore all knyghtes lyuynge/& wete ye well that I loue hym aboue all other knyghtes & full fayne wolde I speke with hym. But in no wyse I wolde that he wyst what I were/but that I were an other straūge lady. Well sayd syr Gryngamor sythen that I knowe now your wyll/ I wyll obeye now vnto hym. And soo ryght therwith all he wente doun vnto syr Gareth & sayd. Syr I crye you mercy / and all that I haue myssdone I wyll amende it at your wyll. And therfore I praye you that ye wolde alyght & take suche chere as I can make you in this castell. Shall I thenne haue my dwarf sayd syr Gareth. Ye syr & all the pleasaūce that I can make you / for as soone as your dwarfe tolde me what that ye were & of what blood ye are come/and what noble dedes ꝑ ye haue done in these marches/ thenne I repented of my dedes. And thenne syr Gareth alyght & there came his dwarf & toke his hors. O my felowe sayd syr Gareth. I haue had many aduentures for thy sake. And so syr Gryngamor toke hym by the honde & ledde hym in to the halle where his owne wyf was.

Chow syr Gareth otherwyse called Beaumayns came to the presence of his lady/& how they toke acqueyntaūce & of theyr loue. ca.xxi.

And thenne came forth dame Lyones arrayed lyke a prynceresse/ & there she made hym passynge good chere & he her agayne/and they had goodly langage & louely countenaūce togyder. And syr Gareth many tymes thought yf he wolde god ꝑ the lady of the castell perylous were so fayr as she was there were all maner of games & pleasaūce dauncynge and spryngynge more & more syr Gareth beheld that lady the more he loued her & so he brenned in loue that he was past hymself in his reason / & forth towarde nyght they yede vnto souper / and syr Gareth myght

not ete/for his loue was soo hote that he wyst not where he was. All thele lokes alpped syr Gryngamor/& then after soupet he called his syster dame Lyones vnto a chambre & sayd. Fayre syster I haue well alpped your coũte/ naũce betwixt you & this knyght/and I wyll syster that ye wete he is a full noble knyght/& yf ye can make hym to abyde here I wyll do to hym all the pleasure that I can/for & ye were bet/ ter than ye are ye were well bewarde vppon hym. Fayre broder sayd dame Lyones I vnderstande well that the knyght is good & come he is of a noble hous. Notwithstandynge I wyl assaye hym better/how be it I am moost be/ holdynge to hym of ony erthely man/ for he hath grete labour hady for my loue/& passed many a daũgerous pas sage. Ryght so syr Gryngamor went/ te vnto syr Gareth & sayd/syr make ye good chere/for ye shall haue none other cause/for this lady my syster is yours at all tymes her worshyp saued for wete you well ỳ she loueth you as well as ye do her and better/yf better may be. And I wyst that sayd syr Ga reth / there lyued not a gladder man than I wolde be. Uppon my w[illegible]shyp sayd syr Gryngamor truste vnto my prompse / & as longe as it lyeth you ye shall soyourne with me and this la dy shall be with v[illegible]apely & nyghtely to make you all the ch[illegible] that she can I wyll well sayd syr Gareth / for I haue prompsed to [illegible] nyghe this coũ/ tree this twelue moneth. And well I am sure that kyng Arthur & other no ble knyghtes wyll fynde me where ỳ I am within this twelue moneth / for I shall be sought & foundey yf that I be oy lyue. And theñe the noble knyzt syr Gareth wente vnto dame Lyones whiche he thenne moche loued & kyst her many tymes/& eyther made grete Joye of other. And there she promysed hym her loue certaynly to loue hym & none other the dayes of her lyf. And thenne this lady dame Lyones by the assente of her broder tolde syr Gareth all the trouth what she was/and how she was the same lady that he dyde ba tayll for / & how she was lady of the castell perylous / and there she tolde hym how she cauled her broder to ta/ ke awaye his dwarf.

¶How at the nyght came ay armed knyght & faught with syr Gareth/& hurted hym sore in the thyge/and how syr Gareth smote of the knyghts heed Capĩm .xxij.

For this cause to knowe the cer taynte what was your name/ & of what kynne ye were come. And theñe she lete fetche tofore hym the da moysell Lynet that hadde rydey with hym many wylsome wayes. Thenne was syr Gareth more gladder than he was tofore. And thenne the trouth/ plyte eche other to loue & neuer to fay le whyles theyr lyues lasteth. And soo they brente both in loue that they were accorded to abate theyr lustes secretly. and there dame Lyones coũseylled syr Gareth to slepe in none other place but in the halle/and there she promy/ sed hym to come to his bedde a lytell afore mydnyght. This coũseyll was not so pryuely kepte but it was vnder/ stande/for they were but ponge bothe and tender of age / & hadde not vsed

none suche crafftes to fonne. Wherfore the damoysell Lynet was a lytell dys-pleased/and she thought her syster dame Lyones was a lytell ouer hasty as that she myght not abyde the tyme of her marryage. And for sauynge theyr worshyp she thought to abate theyr hote lustes. And so she lete ordeyne by her subtyl craftes that they had not theyr ententes neyther with other as in her delytes vntyll they were maryed. And so it past on. At after souper was made clene auoydaūce/that euery lorde & lady sholde go vnto his reste. But syr Gareth sayd playnly he wolde go no further than the halle/for in suche places he sayd was conuenyent for any arraūt knyght for to take his reste in/& so there were ordeyned grete couches/ and theron fether beddes/& there leyde hym down to slepe. And within a whyle came dame Lyones wrapped in a mantell furred with Ermyne and leyde her downe beslydes syr Gareth/ And therwith al he began to kysse her And thenne he loked afore hym & there he apperceyued and sawe come an armed knyght with many lyghtes about hym/& this knyght had a longe gyssarme in his honde/& made grym coūtenaūce to smyte hym. Whan syr Gareth sawe hym come in that wyse/ he lepte out of his bedde & gate his swerde in his honde and lepte strayte towarde that knyght. And whan as the knyght sawe syr Gareth come so fyersly vpon hym/he smote hym with a foyne thrugh the thycke of the thyge that the wounde was a shaftmon brode & had cutte atwo many vaynes & senewes. And there with all syr Gareth smote hym vppon the helme suche a buffet that he felle grouelynge to the erthe/and thenne he lepte ouer hym & vnlaced his helme & smote of his heed fro the body. And thenne he bledde so faste that he myght not stande/but so he leyde hym down vpon his bedde/& there he swowned and laye as he had ben deed. Thenne dame Lyones cryed aloude that her broder syr Gryngamor herde her/& he came down. And whan he sawe syr Gareth so shamefully woūded/he was sore dysplesed & sayd. I am ashamed that this noble knyght is thus dyshonoured. Syr sayd syr Gryngamor vnto his syster dame Lyones/ how may this be that ye be here & this noble knyght so sore woūded. Broder she sayd I can not telle you/for it was not done by me nor by myn assente. For he is my lorde and I am his/& he must be myn husbonde/ therfore my broder I wyll that ye wete I shame me not to be with hym/ nor to do hym all the pleasure that I can. Syster sayd syr Gryngamor/ and I wyll that ye wete & syr Gareth both that it was neuer done by me nor by myn assente that this vnhappy dede was done. And there they staūched his bledynge as well as they myght/and grete sorowe made syr Gryngamor & dame Lyones. And forth withall came dame Lynet & toke vp the heed in syght of them all/& enoynted it with ay oynement there as it was smyten of/ and in the same wyse she dyde to the other parte there as the heed stake and thenne she sette it togyder & it stake as faste as euer it dyde/and the same knyght arose lyghtly vp/& the damoysell Lynet put hym in her chambre. All this sawe syr Gryngamor &

dame Lyones / & so dyde syr Gareth / and well he aspyed that it was the damoysell Lynet þ rode with hȳ thrugh the perylous passages. A well damoysell sayd syr Gareth I wende ye wolde not haue done as ye haue done. My lorde Gareth sayd Lynet / all that I haue done I wyll auowe / & all that I haue done shall be for your honour & worshyp / and to vs all. And so within a whyle syr Gareth was nyghe hole and waxed lyght & Jocoũde and lange / daunced & gamed / and he & dame Lyones were so hote in brennynge loue that they made theyr couenaũte at the tenth nyght after that she sholde come to his bedde. And by cause þ he was wounded afore / he layde his armour & his swerde nyghe his beddes syde.

¶ How the same knyght came agayn de the next nyght & was byheded agayne / & how at the feest of Pentecost all the knyghtes that syr Gareth had ouercome came & yelded them to kyng Arthur. ca. xxiij.

Ryght as she promysed she came / and she was not so soone in his bedde but she aspyed an armed knyght compynge towarde the bedde / therwith all she warned syr Gareth / and lyghtely through the good helpe of dame Lyones he was armed anone & they hurtled togyder with grete yre and malyce all about the halle / & ther was grete lyght as it had ben the nombre of .xx. torches both before & behynde / so that syr Gareth strayned hym / so that his olde wounde braste out agayne on bledynge / but he was hoote and couragyous & toke noo kepe / but with his grete force he stroke doun þ knyght & voyded his helme and strake of his heed. Thenne he hewe the heed in an hondred pyeces. And whan he had done so / he toke vp all tho pyeces & threwe them out at a wyndowe in to the dyches of the castell / and by this done / he was so faynte that vnnethes he myght stande for bledynge. And by thenne he was all moost vnarmed / he felle in a deedly swowne in the floore. And thenne dame Lyones cryed soo that syr Gryngamor herde her. And whan he came & founde syr Gareth in that plyte / he made grete sorowe / and there he awaked syr Gareth / & gaf hym a drynke that releued hym wonderly well / but the grete sorowe that dame Lyones made that may no tonge telle / for she soo fared with her self as she wolde haue deyed Ryght so came this damoysell Lynet before them all / and she had fette all the lytell gobbettes of the heed that syr Gareth hadde throwen out at a wyndowe / and there she enoynted them as she had done tofore / & sette them togyder agayne. Well damoysell Lynet sayd syr Gareth I haue not deserued all this despyte that ye doo vnto me / Syr knyght she sayd I haue no thynge do but I wyll auowe / & all that I haue done shall be for your worshyp / & for vs all. And thenne was syr Gareth staũched of his bledynge. But the leches sayd / that there was noo man on lyue that sholde hele hym through out of his wounde / but yf they heled hym that caused that stroke by enchaũtement. So leue we syr Gareth there with syr Gryngamor & his systers / &

Ryght as she promysed she came / and she was not so soone in his bedde but she aspyed an armed knyght compynge towarde the bedde / therwith all she warned syr Gareth / and lyghtely through the good helpe of dame Lyones he was armed anone & they hurtled togyder with grete yre and malyce all about the halle / & ther was grete lyght as it had ben the nombre of .xx. torches both before & behynde / so that syr Gareth strayned hym / so that his olde wounde braste out agayne on bledynge / but he was hoote

come we vnto kyng Arthur that at the next feest of Pentecost helde his feest/ and there came the grene knyght with fyfty knyghtes & yelded them all vnto kyng Arthur. And soo there came the reed knyght his broder & yelded hym to kyng Arthur & thre score knyghtes with hym. Also there came the blewe knyght broder to them with an hondred knyghtes and yelded them vnto kyng Arthur/and the grene knyghtes name was Partolope / and the reedy knyghtes name was Perymones/and the blewe knyghtꝭ name was syr Persaũt of Ynde/these thre brethery tolde kyng Arthur how they were ouercome by a knyzt that a damoysell had with her & called hym Beaumayns. Jhesu sayd the kyng I merueyll what knyzt he is and of what lygnage he is come he was with me a twelue moneth / & poorely & shamefully he was fostred/ and syr Kay in scorne named hym Beaumayns. So ryght as the kyng stode so talkynge with these thre brethery/there came syr Laũcelot du lake & tolde the kyng that there was come a goodly lorde with .v. hondred knygh tes with hym/thenne the kyng wente out of Carlyon/for there was the feest and there came to hym this lorde and salewed the kyng in a goodly maner. What wyll ye sayd kyng Arthur to hym and what is your erande. Syre he sayd my name is the reed knyght of the reed londes/but my name is syr Ironsyde/and syr wete ye well here I am sente to you of a knyght that is called Beaumayns/for he wanne me in playne batayll hande for hande/& so dyde neuer noo knyght but he that had the better of me this .xxx. wynter the whiche cõmaunded to yelde me to you at your wyl. Ye are welcome sayd the kyng/for ye haue bey longe a gre/ te foo to me and my courte / and now I truste to god I shall so entreate you that ye shall be my frende. Syr bothe I & these fyue hondred knyghtes shal alwayes be at your commaũdement/ to do you seruyce as may lye in our powers. Jhesu mercy sayd kyng Ar/ thur I am moche beholdynge vnto ꝑ knyght ꝑ hath put so his body in de/ uoyre to worshyp me and my courte. And as to the Ironsyde that art cal/ led the reed knyght of the reed londes thou art called a perylous knyght/ And yf thou wylt holde of me I shall worshyp the and make the knyght of the table roũde/but thenne thou must be noo more a murtherer. Syr as to that I haue promysed vnto syr Beau mayns neuer for to vse suche a custo/ mes / for all the shamefull customes that I haue vsed I dyde it at the re/ quest of a lady that I loued/and ther/ fore I must goo vnto syr Launcelot & vnto syr Gawayne & aske them forgy uenes of the euyl wyl that I had vnto them / for all them that I put to deth was all oonly for the loue of syr Laũ celot and of syr Gawayne. They bey here now afore the sayd the kyng / & now may ye saye vnto them what ye wyll. And thenne he kneled doun vn/ to syr Launcelot and to syr Gawayne and prayed them of forgyuenes of his enemytee that euer he hadde agaynst them.

¶ How kyng Arthur pardoned them and demaũded of them where syr Ga reth was. ca.xxiiij.

Thenne goodly they sayd all at ones/god forgyue you & we do & praye you that ye wyll telle vs whe re we may fynde syr Beaumayns/ fayr lordes sayd syr Ironsyde I can not telle you/for it is ful harde to fyn de hym/for suche ponge knyghtes as he is one/whan they be in theyr aduen tures ben neuer abydynge in no place. But to saye the worshyp that the reed knyght of the reed londes & syr Per= saunt and his broder sayd of Beau= mayns/it was merueyll to here. Well my fayr lordes sayd kyng Arther/we= te you well I shall do you honour for the loue of syr Beaumayns / and as soone as euer I mete with hym I shal make you all vpon one daye knyghtꝭ of the table roũde . And as to the syr Persaũt of Ynde thou haste ben euer called a full noble knyght / & so haue euer ben thy thre brethern called. But I merueyll sayd the kyng that I here not of the blacke knyght your broder/ he was a full noble knyght. Syr sayd Pertolope the grene knyght syr Beau= mayns slewe hym in a recoũtre with his spere/his name was syr Perearde That was grete pyte sayd the kyng and so sayd many knyghtes mo . For these four brethern were full well kno wen in the courte of kyng Arthur for noble knyghtes / for longe tyme they had holden warre ayenst the knyghtes of the roũde table. Thenne sayd Per= tolope the grene knyght to the kyng/ at a passage of the water of Mortayse there encoũtred syr Beaumayns with two brethern that euer for the moost party kepte that passage/& they were two dedely knyghtes/& there he slewe the eldest broder in the water/& smote hym vpon the heed suche a buffet that he felle downe in the water/and there he was drowned / and his name was syr Gerarde le brewse. And anone af ter he slewe the other brother vppon the londe/and his name was syr Ar= nolde le brewse.

How the quene of Orkeney came to this feest of Pentecost/& syr Gawayn= e & his brethern cam to aske her bles= synge. ca.xxv. and .xxvi.

So thenne the kynge & they went to mete & were serued in the best maner. And as they satte at theyr mete/ther cam in the quene of Orke= ney with ladyes and knyghtes a grete nombre. And thenne syr Gawayne syr Agrauayne & syr Gaherys arose and wente to her & saluted her vpon theyr knees & asked her blessynge/for in.xv. yere they hadde not sene her. Thenne she spake on hyghe to her broder kyng Arthur. Where haue ye done my yon= ge sone syr Gareth / he was here a= monge you a twelue moneth/& ye ma de a kechyn knaue of hym the whiche is shame to you all. Allas where haue ye done my dere sone ꝑ was my Joye & blysse. O dere moder sayd Gawayn= e I knewe hym not . Nor I sayd the kyng ꝑ me now repenteth/but than= ked be god he is preued a worshypfull knyght as ony is now lyuynge of his peres/and I shall neuer be gladde tyll I may fynde hym . A broder sayd the quene vnto kyng Arthur & vnto syr Gawayne and to all her sones. Ye do de your self a grete shame whan that ye amonges you kepte my sone in the kechyn and fedde hym lyke as a poore

hogge. Fayr syster sayd kyng Arthur ye shall vyght well wete I knewe hym not/nor nomore dyde syr Gawayne/ nor his brethern / but sythen hit is so sayd the kyng ꝑ he is thus gone from vs all/we must seke a remedye to fynde hym. Also syster me semeth that ye myght haue done me to wete of his comynge/and thenne & I had not done well to hym ye myght haue blamed me. For whan he came to this courte he came lenynge vpon two mens sholders as though he myght not haue gone. And thene he asked me thre gyftes and one he asked the same daye/that was ꝑ I wolde gyue hym mete ynough that twelf moneth/and the other two gyftes he asked ꝑ daye a twelue moneth/& that was that he myght haue thaduenture of the damoysell Lynet/ and the thyrde was that syr Launcelot sholde make hym knyght whan he desyred hym/and so I graunted hym all his desyre/& many in this courte merueylled that he desyred his sustenaunce for a twelue moneth. And therby we demed many of vs that he was not come of a noble hous. Syr sayd the quene of Orkeney vnto kyng Arthur her broder/wete ye well that I sente hym vnto you vyght well armed & horsed/ and worshypfully besene of his body/ & golde and syluer plente to spende/ It may well be sayd the kyng / but therof sawe we none / sauf that same daye as he departed from vs/knyghtes tolde me that ther came a dwarf hyder sodenly & brought hym armour and a good hors full well and rychely bysene/& therat we all had merueyll fro whens that rychesse came/that we demed all that he was come of mey of worshyp. Broder sayd the quene all that ye saye I byleue / for euer sythen he was growen he was merueyllously wytted / and euer he was kaythfull & true of his promesse. But I merueyll sayd she that syr Kay dyde mocke hym and scorne hym & gaf hym that name Beaumayns. Yet syr Kay sayd the quene named hym more vyghteuously than he wende/for I dare saye & he be ony lyue/he is as fayr ay handed may and well dysposed as ony is lyuynge/ Thenne sayd kyng Arthur lete this langage be stylle/and by the grace of god he shall be founde & he is within these seuen royames/and lete all this passe & be mery/for he is proued to be a may of worshyp & that is my Joye.

How kyng Arthur sente for the lady Lyones / & how she lete crye a tornoye at her castell/where as came many knyghtes. ca.xxvij.

Thenne sayd syr Gawayne & his brethern vnto kyng Arthur Syr and ye wyll gyue vs leue we wyl go and seke our broder. Nay sayd syr Launcelot that shall ye not nede/& soo sayd syr Bawdewyne of Bretayne/ for as by our aduyse the kyng shall sende vnto dame Lyones a messager/ & praye her that she wyll come to the courte in all the haste that she may/& doubte ye not she wyll come. And then she may gyue you the beste counseyll where ꝑ ye shall fynde hym. This is well sayd of you sayd the kyng. Soo thenne goodly lytters were made/and the messager sente forth that nyght & daye he wente tyll he came vnto the castell perylous. And thenne the lad»

dame Lyones was sente fore there as she was with syr Gryngamor her bro der & syr Gareth. And whan she vn⁊ derstode this message / she badde the messager ryde on his waye vnto kyng Arthur/& she wolde come after in all goodly haste. Thenne whan she cam to syr Gryngamor & syr Gareth/she tolde them all how kyng Arthur had sente for her. That is by cause of me sayd syr Gareth. Now auyse me sayd dame Lyones/what shall I saye & in what maner I shall rule me. My lady and my loue sayd syr Gareth I praye you in no wyse be ye knowen where I am/but wel I wote my moder is there & all my brethern/and they wyll take vpon them to seke me. I wote wel that they do. But this madame I wolde ye sayd and aduysed the kyng whan he questyoned with you of me. Thenne may ye saye/this is your aduyse that & hit lyke his good grace/ye wyll doo make a crye ayenst the feest of the Al⁊ lumpcyon of our lady ꝑ what knyght there preueth hym best he shall welde you and all your londe. And yf so be that he be a wedded man that his wyf shall the degre & a coronall of golde belette with stones of vertue to the va lowe of a thoulande poũde & a whyte Jarfawcon. Thenne dame Lyones de parted & came to kyng Arthur where she was nobly receyued/and there she was sore questyoned of the kyng & of the quene of Orkeney. And she an⁊ swerd where syr Gareth was she cou de not telle. But thus moche she sayd vnto kyng Arthur/syr I wyll lete crye a tornoyment that shal be done before my castell at the Assumpcyon of our lady/and the crye shall be this / that you my lorde Arthur shall be there & your knyghtes/& I wyll purueye that my knyghtes shall be ayenst yours/ and thenne I am sure ye shall here of syr Gareth This is well aduysed sayd kyng Arthur/& so she departed. And thenne the kyng & she made grete pro uysyon to that tornoyment. Whan da⁊ me Lyones was come to the ple of A⁊ uysyon that was the same ple there as her broder syr Gryngamor dwelt / & thenne she tolde hym all how she had done/and what promyse she had ma⁊ de vnto kyng Arthur. Allas sayd syr Gareth. I haue ben so wounded with vnhappynes sythen I came in to this castell that I shall not be able to do at that tornoyment lyke a knyght/for I was neuer all well hole syn I was hur te. Be ye of good chere sayd the da⁊ moysell Lynet / for I vndertake with in these .xv. dayes to make you hoole & as lusty as euer ye were. And thenne she leyde an oynement and a salue to hym as it pleased to her that he was neuer so fresshe nor so lusty. Thenne sayd the damoysell Lynet / sende you vnto syr Persaũt of Ynde & cõmaũde hym and his knyghtes to be here with you as they haue promysed. Also that ye sende vnto syr Ironsyde that is the reed knyght of the reed londes/& char ge hym that he be redy with you with his hoole company of knyghtes / and thenne shall ye be able to matche with kyng Arthur & his knyghtes. So this was done and all knyghtes were sent for vnto the castell perylous. And the reed knyght thenne answered & sayd vnto dame Lyones and syr Gareth/ Madame & my lorde syr Gareth ye shall vnderstande that I haue ben at

the courte of kyng Arthur and syr Per saũt of Ynde & his brethern/and there we haue done our homage as ye com maũded vs. Also syr Ironsyde sayd I haue taken vpon me with syr Persaũt of Ynde & his brethern to holde party ayenst my lorde syr Laũcelot and the knyghtes of that courte. And this ha; ue I done for the loue of my lady da; me Lyones & you my lorde syr Gareth Ye haue well done sayd syr Gareth/ But wete you well ye shal be full sore matched with the mooste noble knygh; tes in the worlde/therfore we must pur ueye vs of good knyghtes where we may gete them. That is well sayd/ sayd syr Persaũt & worshypfully. And soo the crye was made in Englonde/ Wales and Scotlonde. Irlonde Lor newayle / and in all the out yles & in Bretayne/& in many coũtrees that at the feest of the Assumpcyon of our la; dy next comynge men sholde come to the castell Perylous belyde the yle of Auylyon. And there all the knyghtes that ther came sholde haue the choyse whether them lyst to be on the one par ty with the knyghtes of the castell/or on the other party with kyng Arthur. And two monethes was to the daye that the tornoyment sholde be/and so there came many good knyghtes that were at large and helde them for the mooste party ayenst kyng Arthur & his knyghtes of the roũde table/and cam in the syde of them of the castell. For syr Eppinogrus was the fyrste/and he was the kynges sone of Northumber; londe/and syr Palompydes the saraszyn was an other & syr Safere his broder and syr Segwarydes his broder / but they were crystened/& syr Malegryne an other/and syr Bryan des les Yles a noble knyght/& syr Grũmore grũ; murlum a good knyght of Scotlonde & syr Lamados of the dolorous toure a noble knyght & syr Turquyne his broder/and syr Arnolde & syr Gaũter two brethern good knyghtes of Lor; newayle/there came syr Trystram de lyones/& with hym syr Dynadas the seneschal/and syr Saduk/but this syr Trystram at ỳ tyme was not knyght of the table roũde/but he was one of the best knyghtes of the worlde. And so all these noble knyghtes accompa; nyed them with the lady of the castell and with the reed knyght of the reed londes/but as for syr Gareth he wol; de not take vpon hym more but as o; ther meane knyghtes.

¶ How kyng Arthur wente to the tor; noyment with his knyghtes / & how the lady receyued hym worshypfully/ and how the knyghtes encountred. Capĩ .xxviij.

AND thene ther cam with kyng Arthur syr Gawayne. Agra; uayne. Gaheris his brethern/& thene his neuewes syr Ewayne le blaunche maynes/& syr Aglouale/syr Tor/syr Perceuale de galys / & syr Lamerock de galys. Thenne came syr Laũcelot du lake with his brethern neuewes & cosyns / as syr Lyonell/syr Ector de marys/syr Bors de ganys & syr Ga lyhodyn/syr Galyhud and many mo of syr Laũcelots blood / & syr Dyna; day / syr la cote male tayle his broder a good knyght / and syr Agramore a good knyght/& all the mooste party of the roũde table. Also ther cam with

kyng Arthur thele knyghtꝭ the kyng of Irlonde kyng Aguylaunce/& the kyng of Scotlonde kyng Carados/& kyng Urpence of the londe of Gore/ and kyng Bagdemagus & his sone syr Melyaganus/and syr Galahault the noble prynce. All thele kyngꝭ prynces and Erles Barons & other noble knyghtes / as syr Braũdyles/and syr Ewayne les auowtres/& syr Kay/syr Bedeuere/syr Melyot de logrus / syr Petypace of Wynkelsee/syr Godelake / all these come with kyng Arthur and moo that can not be reherced. ¶ Now leue we of these kynges and knyghtes/& lete vs speke of the grete arraye ꝑ was made within the castell and about the castell for both partyes The lady dame Lyones ordeyned grete araye vpon her partye for her noble knyghtes for all maner of lodgynge & vytayll that came by londe and by water that there lacked no thynge for her partye nor for the other/but there was plente to be had for golde & syluer for kyng Arthur & his knyghtes/ And then there came the herbegeours from kyng Arthur for to herberowe hym and his kynges/dukes/erles/barons & knyghtes. And thenne syr Gareth prayed dame Lyones & the reed knyght of the reed londes / & syr Persaũt & his broder / and syr Gryngamor that in no wyse there sholde none of them telle not his name and make no more of hym than of the lest knyght that there was/for he sayd I wyll not be knowen of neyther more ne lesse/ neyther at the begynnynge neyther at the endynge. Thenne dame Lyones sayd vnto syr Gareth / syr I wyll lene you a rynge/but I wolde praye you as ye loue me hertely lete me haue it agayne whan the tornoyment is done for that rynge encreaceth my beaute moche more than it is of hym selfe. And the vertue of my rynge is that/ that is grene it wyll torne it to reed/& that is reed it wyll torne in lykenes to grene/and that is blewe it wyll torne to lykenes of wh[illegible]e/& that is whyte it wyll torne in lykenes to blewe/and so it wyl do of al maner of colours. Also who that bereth my rynge shall lese no blood/and for grete loue I wyll gyue you this rynge. Gramercy sayd syr Gareth myn owne lady/for this rynge is passynge mete for me/for it wyll torne all maner of lykenes that I am in / & that shall cause me that I shall not be knowen. Thenne syr Gryngamor gaaf syr Gareth a baye courser that was a passynge good hors. Also he gaaf hym good armoure and sure and a noble swerde that sometyme syr Gryngamors fader wanne vpon an hethen Tyraunt. And so thus euery knyght made hym redy to that tornoyment. And kyng Arthur was come two dayes tofore the Assumpcyon of our lady. And there was all maner of Royalte & of all mynstralsye that myght be founde. Also there came the quene Gueneuer & the quene of Orkeney syr Garethꝭ moder. And vpon the Assumpcyon daye whan masse & matyns were done there were herowdes with trompettes commaunded to blowe to the felde. And so there came out syr Eppynogrus the kynges sone of Northumberlonde from the castell/ and there encountred with hym syr Sagramore le delyrus/and eyther of them brake theyr speres to theyr hon-

des.And thenne came in syr Palomy-
des out of the castell/and there encoũ-
tred with hym syr Gawayne/& eyther
of them smote other so harde that bo-
the the good knyghtes & theyr horses
felle to the erthe. And thenne knygh-
tes of eyther partye relcowed theyr
knyghtes.And theñe came in syr Sa-
fere & syr Segwarydes brethery to syr
Palomydes / and there encoũtred syr
Agrauayne with syr Safere/and syr
Gaherys encoũtred with syr Segwa
rydes.So syr Safere smote doun A-
grauayne syr Gawayns broder/& syr
Segwarydes syr Saferes broder smo
te doun syr Gaherys. And syr Mal-
gryne a knyght of the castell encoun-
tred with syr Ewayne le blaũce may-
nys/& there syr Ewayne gaf syr Mal
gryne a falle that he had almoost bro
ke his necke.

¶ How the knyghtes bare them in the batayll. ca.xxix.

Thenne syr Bryan des les yles and Grummore grũmorsum knyghtes of the castell encoũtred with syr Aglouale & syr Tor / & syr Aglo-
uale & syr Tor smote doun syr Grũ-
more & syr Grũmorsum to the erthe/ Thenne came in syr Larados of the dolorous toure & syr Turquyne knygh tes of the castell / and there encoũtred with them syr Percyuale de galys & syr Lamerock de galys that were two brethery.And there encoũtred syr Per cyuale with syr Larados/& eyther bra ke theyr speres vnto theyr hondes / & thenne syr Turquyne & syr Lamerock and eyther of them smote doun others hors & all to the erthe/and eyther par-
tyes relcowed other & horled them a-
agayn.And syr Arnolde & syr Gaũter knyghtes of the castell encoũtred with syr Braũdyles & syr Kay / and these foure knyghtes encoũtred myghtely & brake theyr speres vnto theyr hondes. Thenne came in syr Trystram / syr Saduk & syr Dynas knyghtes of the castell & there encoũtred syr Trystram with syr Bedcuere/& there syr Bede-
uere was smyten to the erthe both hors & man.And syr Saduk encoũtred w syr Petypace/& there syr Saduk was ouerthrowen . And there Ewayne les auowtres smote doun syr Dynas the senelchal.They came in syr Persaũt of Ynde a knyzt of the castell/& there encoũtred with hym syr Launcelot du lake/and there he smote syr Persaũts hors & may to the erthe.Theñe came in syr Pertolope from the castell/and there encoũtred with hym syr Lyonell & there syr Pertolope the grene knyzt smote doun syr Lyonell broder to syr Laũcelot.All this was marked by no-
ble heroudes who that bare hym belt/ & theyr names. And they came in to ẏ felde syr Perymones the grene knyght syr Persaũts broder that was a knyzt of the castell/& he encoũtred with syr Ector de marys/& eyther smote other so harde that both theyr horses & they felle to the erthe . And thenne came in the reed knyght of the reed londes and syr Gareth from the castell/and there encoũtred with them syr Bors de ga-
nys and syr Bleoberys/and there the reed knyght and syr Bors smote other so harde that her speres braste & theyr horses felle grouelynge to the erthe/ Thenne syr Bleoberys brake his spe re vpon syr Gareth/but of that stro-

he syr Bleoberys felle vnto the erthe/ Whan syr Galyhodyn sawe that / he badde syr Gareth kepe hym / and syr Gareth smote hym to the erthe/thenne syr Galyhud gate a spere to auenge his broder/& in the same wyse syr Gareth serued hym. And syr Dynadan & his broder la cote male taple / and syr Sagramor delyrus & syr Dodynas le saueage. All these he bare doun with one spere. Whan kyng Aguysaũce of Irlonde sawe syr Gareth fare so / he merueylled what he myght be that one tyme semed grene & an other tyme at his agayne comynge he semed blewe. And thus at euery course that he rode to and fro he chaũged his colour so that ther myght neyther kyng nor knyght haue redy conguysaunce nor knowleche of hym. Thenne kyng Aguysaũce the kyng of Irlonde encountred with syr Gareth / and there syr Gareth smote hym from his hors sadell & all. And thenne came kyng Carados of Scotlonde & syr Gareth smote hym doun hors & man. And in the same wyse he serued kyng Uryence of the londe of Gore. And thenne came in kyng Bagdemagus/and syr Gareth smote hym doun hors & man to the erthe. And kyng Bagdemagus sone Melyganus brake a spere vpon syr Gareth myghtely and knyghtely. And thenne syr Galahault the noble prynce cryed on hyghe knyzt with the many colours well haste thou Justed/ Now make the redy that I may Juste with the. Syr Gareth herde hym and he gate a grete spere/& so they encoũtred togyder/& there the prynce brake his spere/but syr Gareth smote hym vpon the lyfte syde of the helme that he relyd here & there/and he had falle doun had not his men recouered hym So god me helpe sayd kyng Arthur/ that same knyght with the many colours is a good knyght/wherfore the kyng called vnto hym syr Laũcelot & prayed hym to encoũtre with ẏ knyzt Syr sayd Laũcelot I may well fynde in my herte for to forbere hym as at this tyme/for he hath had trauayl ynough this daye/& whan a good knyzt doth so wel some daye/it is no good knyghtes parte to lette hym of his worshyp And namely whan he seeth a knyght ẏ hath done so grete labour/for peradueture sayd syr Laũcelot his quarell is here this daye/& peraduenture he is best byloued with this lady of all that ben here/for I see well he payneth hym & enforceth hym to do grete dedes/and therfore sayd syr Laũcelot as for me this daye he shall haue the honour/ though it laye in my power to put hym fro it yet I wolde not.

Yet of the sayd tornoyment ca.xxx.

Thenne whan this was done / there was drawynge of swerdes/& there began a sore tornoyment. And there dyde syr Lamerock meruelous dedes of armes/& betwixt syr Lameroche & syr Ironsyde that was the reed knyzt of the reed londes ther was stronge batayl/& betwixt syr Palomydes & Bleoberys was a stronge batayl & syr Gawayne & syr Trystram met & there syr Gawayne had the worse/ for he pulled syr Gawayne from his hors/& there he was longe vpon foot & defouled. They came in syr Laũcelot & he smote syr Turquyne/& he hym

and thenne came syr Larados his bro der & both at ones they assayled hym and he as the mooste noblest knyght of the worlde worshypfully fought with them both / that all may wondred of the noblesse of syr Laũcelot. And they came in syr Gareth & knewe that it was syr Launcelot ℔ fought with tho two perylous knyghtes. And they syr Gareth came with his good hors and hurtled them in sonder / and no stroke wolde he smyte to syr Laũcelot. That aspyed syr Laũcelot & demed it sholde be the good knyght syr Gareth / & they syr Gareth rode here & there / & smote on the ryght honde & on the lyfte hon de that all the folke myght well aspye where that he rode. And by fortune he mette with his broder syr Gawayne / & there he put syr Gawayn to ℔ worse for he put of his helme / & so he serued fyue or sixe knyghtes of the roũde ta ble / that all men sayd he put hym in ℔ mooste payne / & best he dyde his deuour For whan syr Trystram beheld hym how he fyrst Justed & after fought so well with a swerde / thenne he rode vn to syr Ironsyde & to syr Persaunt of Ynde and asked them by theyr fayth / what maner a knyght is yonder knyght that semeth in soo many dyuerse co lours / truly me semeth sayd Trystram that he putteth hymselfe in grete pay ne for he ceaseth neuer. Wote ye not what he is sayd syr Ironsyde. No syr Trystram sayd. Thenne shall ye kno we that this is he that loueth the lady of the castell & she hym agayne / and this is he that wanne me whan I had belyeged the lady of this castell / and this is he that wanne syr Persaunt of Ynde and his thre brethern. What is his name sayd syr Trystram and of what blood is he come. He was called in the courte of kyng Arthur Beau mayns / but his ryght name is syr Ga reth of Orkeney broder vnto syr Ga wayn. By my heed sayd syr Trystram he is a good knyght & a bygge man of armes / & yf he be yonge he shal pre ue a ful noble knyght. He is but a chil de they all sayd & of syr Laũcelot he was made knyght. Therfor is he my khell the better sayd Trystram. And thenne syr Trystram / syr Ironsyde / syr Persaũt & his broder rode togyder for to helpe syr Gareth / & theñe there were gyuen many stronge strokes / & theñe syr Gareth rode out on the one syde to amende his helme. And thenne sayd his dwarf take me your rynge ℔ ye lese it not whyle that ye drynke / & so whan he had dronken he gate on his helme / & egrely toke his hors & rode in to the felde & lefte his rynge with hi dwarf / and the dwarf was glad rynge was from hym / for ther well he sholde be knowen. whan syr Gareth was i folkes sawe hym we he was in yelow he rallyd of h knyghtes th uepll wha kyng Ar came kn

Thow
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Arthur vnto dyuerse heroudes & ryde about hym and aspye what maner a knyght he is/for I haue asked of many knyghtes this daye that ben vpon his partye/& al saye they knowe hym not. And so ay heroude rode as nyghe syr Gareth as he coude/& there he sawe wrytten about his helme in golde/ This is syr Gareth of Orkeney. Thenne the heroude cryed as he were wood & many heroudes w̄ hym. This is syr Gareth of Orkeney in the yelowe armes that by all kynges & knyghtes of Arthurs beheelde hym & awayted and thenne they pressyd all to beholde hym/& euer the heroudes cryed this is syr Gareth of Orkeney kyng Lots sone. And whan syr Gareth aspyed þ he was dyscouered/thenne he doubled his strokes & smote doun syr Agrauamore & his broder syr Gawayne. O broder sayd syr Gawayn I wende ye ...de not haue stryken me. So whan ...e hym saye so he thrange here ...d so with grete payne he ga... ...rees/& there he mette w̄ ...ye sayd syr Gareth ...e foule this daye ...re/gyue it me ... hyde my ... it hym/ where he ... hady in ...eth rode all his ...h & ro ...a ne yr rf f/ e escaped fro syppenge that ye sende my lady dame Lyones her ryng. It is well aduysed sayd syr Gareth / now haue it here & bere it to her / and saye that I recōmaunde me vnto her good grace/& saye her I wyll come whan I may/& I praye her to be true & kayth-full to me as I wyll be to her. Syr þ dwarf sayd it shall be done as ye cō-maūde/and so he rode his waye & dyde his erande vnto the lady. Thenne she sayd where is my lorde syr Gareth Madame sayd the dwarf he badde me saye that he wolde not be longe from you. And so lyghtely the dwarf came agayne vnto syr Gareth þ wolde full fayne haue had a lodgyng/for he had nede to be reposed. And they fell there a thonder & a rayne as heuen & erthe sholde go togyder/& syr Gareth was not a lytell wery / for of all that daye he had but lytell rest neyther his hors nor he. So this syr Gareth rode so lonr ge in that forest vntyll the nyght cam And euer it lyghtned & thondred as it had ben wood. At the last by fortune he came to a castell / & there he herde the wayters vpon the walles.

Chow syr Gareth came to a castell where he was well lodged / & how he Justed with a knyght and slewe hym Capl'm .xxxij.

Thenne syr Gareth rode vnto the barbycan of the castell and prayed the porter fayre to lete hym in to the castell. The porter answered vn goodly agayne & sayd/thou gettest no lodgynge here. Fayre syr saye not so/ for I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs/ and praye the lorde or the lady of this

castell to gyue me herberowe for the loue of kyng Arthur. Thenne the porter wente vnto the duchesse and tolde her how there was a knyght of kyng Arthurs wolde haue herberowe. Lete hym in sayd the duchesse/for I wyll se that knyght / and for kyng Arthurs sake he shall not be herberowles. And thenne she yode vp in to a toure ouer the gate with grete torche lyght Whan syr Gareth sawe that torche lyght he cryed on hyghe whether thou be lorde or lady gyaũt or champyon I take no force soo that I may haue herberowe this nyght / & yf it so be that I must nedes fyght/spare me not to morowe when I haue rested me for both I and my hors bey wery. Syre knyght sayd the lady thou spekest knyghtly & boldely/but wete thou well ꝑ the lorde of this castell loueth not kyng Arthur ne none of his courte/for my lorde hath euer bey agaynst hym/& therfore thou were better not to come within this castell/for & thou come in this nyght thou must come in vnder suche fourme that where somcuer thou mete my lorde by strete or by waye / thou must yelde the to hym as prysoner Madame sayd syr Gareth what is your lorde & what is his name. Syr my lordes name is the duke de la roule. Well mada sayd syr Gareth I shall promyse you in what place I mete your lorde I shal yelde me vnto hym and to his good grace with that I vnderstand he wyll do me no harme. And yf I vnderstande that he wyll thenne wyll I release my self and I can with my spere and with my swerde. Ye saye ryghe well sayd the duchesse/and thenne she lete the drawe bryege downe/and so he rode in to the halle and there he alyght/ & his hors was ledde in to a stable / & in the halle he vnarmed hym & sayd/ Madame I wyll not out of this halle this nyght/and whan it is daye lyght lete see who wyll haue adoo with me/ he shall fynde me redy. Thenne was he sette vnto souper & had many good dyshes. Thenne syr Gareth lyst well to ete/& knyghtely he ete his mete and egrely / there was many a fayre lady by hym/and some sayd they sawe neuer a goodlyer man nor so wel of etynge. Thenne they made hym passynge good chere/& shortly whan he had souped his bedde was made there/soo he rested hym all nyght. And on the morne he herde masse & brake his fast and toke his leue at the duchesse & at them all/and thanked her goodly of her lodgynge & of his good chere. And thenne she asked hym his name. Madame he sayd truly my name is syr Gareth of Orkeney/& some men calle me Beaumayns. Thenne knewe she well it was the same knyght that fought for dame Lyones. So syr Gareth departed & rode vp in to a mountayne/and there met hym a knyght his name was syr Bendelayne & sayd to syr Gareth ꝑ shalt not passe this waye / for eyther thou shalt Juste with me or els be my prysoner. Thenne wyll I Juste sayd syr Gareth/and so they lete theyr horses renne/& there syr Gareth smote hym throughout the body/and syr Bendelayne rode forth to his castel the[re]
de & there deyed. So syr [Ga]
de fayne haue rest
me rydynge
Ther
as

lorde. Thenne they armed .xx. good men & cam out and assayled syr Gareth/and so he had no spere but oonly his swerde/& put his shelde afore hym and ther they brake theyr speres vpon hym/& they assayled hym passyngly sore. But euer syr Gareth defended hym as a knyght.

¶ How syr Gareth fought w̄ a knyȝt that helde within his castel.xxx.ladyes & how he slewe hym. ca.xxxiij.

So whan as they sawe that they myght not ouercome hym/they rode from hym & toke theyr coũseyll to slee his hors/& so they came vpon syr Gareth/& with speres they slewe his hors/& thenne they assayled hym harde. But whan he was on foot/ther was none that he raught but he gaf hym suche a buffet that he dyde neuer recouer. So he slewe them by one and one tyll they were but foure/and there they fledde/& syr Gareth toke a good hors that was one of theyrs and rode his waye. Then he rode a grete paas tyll that he came to a castell & there he herde moche mornynge of ladyes and gentylwymmen/so ther came by hym a page. What noyse is this sayd syr Gareth that I here within this castell Syre knyght sayd the page/here ben within this castell .xxx. ladyes and all they be wydowes/for here is a knyght that wayteth dayly vppon this castell/ his name is the browne knyght [illegible]/and he is the peryllous[t] knyght. And therfore [illegible]ede you flee. Nay [illegible] how [illegible]ey the page sawe where that the browne knyght came. Loo sayd the page yonder he cometh. Lete me deale with hym sayd syr Gareth. And whan eyther of other had a syght they lete theyr hors renne/and the browne knyght brake his spere & syr Gareth smote hym through out the body that he ouerthrewe hym to the groũde starke deed. So syr Gareth roode in to the castell and prayed the ladyes that he myght repose hym. Allas sayd the ladyes ye may not be lodged here. Make hym good chere sayd the page/for this knyght hath slayne your enemye. Thẽne they al made hym as good chere as laye in theyr power. But wete ye well they made hym good chere for they myght none otherwyse doo for they were but poore. And so on the morne he wente to masse/and there he sawe the .xxx. ladyes knele & laye grouelynge vpon dyuerse tombes makynge grete doole & sorowe. Thenne syr Gareth wyst well that in the tombes laye theyr lordes. Fayre ladyes sayd syr Gareth ye must at the next feest of Pentecost be at the court of kyng Arthur/and saye that I syr Gareth sente you thyder/ We shall do this sayd the ladyes/soo he departed/and by fortune he came to a mountayne/and there he founde a goodly knyght that badde hym abyde syr knyght and Juste with me. What are ye sayd syr Gareth. My name is sayd he the duke de la rouse. A syr ye are the same knyght that I lodged ones in your castell/and there I made promyse vnto your lady that I sholde yelde me vnto you. A sayd the duke art thou that proude knyght that presentest to fyght with my knyghtes/ther-

fore make the redy for I wyll haue a-
doo with you. So they lete theyr hor-
ses renne/and there syr Gareth smote
the duke doun from his hors. But the
duke lyghtly auoyded his hors & dres-
syd his shelde and drewe his swerde/
and badde syr Gareth alyght & fyght
with hym. Soo he dyde alyght & they
dyde grete batayll togyder more than
ay houre / and eyther hurte other full
sore. At the laste syr Gareth gate the
duke to the erthe & wolde haue slayne
hym/and thenne he yelded hym to hym
Thenne must ye go sayd syr Gareth
vnto kyng Arthur my lorde atte next
feest of Pentecost/and saye that I syr
Gareth of Orkeney sente you vnto
hym. It shall be done sayd the duke/
and I wyll do to you homage & feau-
te with ay hondred knyghtes with me
and all the dayes of my lyf to do you
seruyce where ye wyll cõmaũde me.

How syr Gawayne & syr Gareth foughte eche ayenst other / & how they knewe eche other by the damoysell Lynet. ca.xxxiiij.

SO the duke departed / and syr
Gareth stode there allone/and
there he sawe ay armed knyght comyn
ge towarde hym. Thenne syr Gareth
toke the dukes shelde & moũted vpon
horsback / and soo without byddynge
they ranne togyder as it hadde ben the
thonder/and there that knyght hurted
syr Gareth vnder the syde with his
spere. And thenne they alyghte & drewe
theyr swerdes & gaf grete strokes that
the blood trayled to the groũde. And
so they fought two houres. At the last
there came the damoysell Lynet that
some men call the damoysell saueage/
and she came rydynge vpon ay ame-
lynge mule/and there she cryed all on-
hyghe / syr Gawayne syr Gawayne
leue thy fyghtynge with thy broder syr
Gareth. And whan he herde her saye
so he threwe awaye his shelde and his
swerde & ranne to syr Gareth and to
ke hym in his armes/& sythen kneled
downe & asked hym mercy. What are
ye sayd syr Gareth that ryght now
were so stronge & so myghty/and now
so sodaynly yelde you to me. O Ga-
reth I am your broder syr Gawayne
that for your sake haue had grete so-
rowe & labour. Thenne syr Gareth
vnlaced his helme & kneled downe to
hym & asked hym mercy. Thenne they
rose both and enbraced eyther other in
theyr armes/& wepte a grete whyle or
they myght speke/and eyther of them
gaf other the pryce of the batayll. And
there were many kynde wordes be-
twixt them. Alas my fayre broder sayd
syr Gawayne perde I owe of ryght
to worshyp you & ye were not my bro
der/for ye haue worshypped kyng Ar-
thur & all his courte/for ye haue sente
hym moo worshypfull knyghtes this
twelue moneth than sixe of the best of
the rounde table haue done except syr
Laũcelot. Thenne cam the damoysell
saueage that was the lady Lynet that
rode with syr Gareth so longe / and
there she dyde launche syr Gareths
woũdes & syr Gawayns. Now what
wyll ye do sayd the damoysel saueage
me semeth that it were well do ỹ kyng
Arthur had wetynge of you both / for
your horses are soo bryed ỹ they may
not bere. Now fayre damoysell sayd
syr Gawayne. I praye you ryde vnto

my lorde myn vncell kyng Arthur/& telle hym what auenture to me betyed here/and I suppose he wyll not tarye longe. Thenne she toke her mule and lyghtly she came to kyng Arthur that was but two myle thens. And whan she had tolde hym tydynges/the kyng badde gete hym a palfroy. And whan he was vppon his backe he badde the lordes & ladyes come after who that wolde/and there was ladelynge & bry delynge of quenes horles & of prynces horles / & well was hym that soonest myght be redy. So whan the kyng came there as they were he sawe syr Gawayne & syr Gareth sytte vpon a lytell hylle syde/& then the kyng auoyded his hors. And whan he came nygh syr Gareth he wolde haue spoken but he myght not/and therwith he sanke downe in a swowne for gladnesse / & soo they starte vnto theyr vncell & requyred hym of his good grace to be of good comforte. Wete ye well the kyng made grete Joye and many a pyteous complaynte he made to syr Gareth/ & euer he wepte as he had ben a childe With that came his moder the quene of Orkeney dame Morgause. And as she sawe syr Gareth redely in the vysage she myght not wepe but sodaynly felle downe in a swowne and laye there a grete whyle lyke as she had ben deed. And thenne syr Gareth recomforted his moder in a suche wyse that she recouered and made good chere/ Thenne the kyng cõmaũded that all maner of knyghtes that were vnder his obeyssaũce sholde make theyr lodgynge ryght there for the loue of his neuewe / & so it was done & all maner of purueaũce purueyed that there lacked no thynge that myght be goten of tasme nor wylde for golde or syluer. And thenne by the meanes of the damoysel saueage syr Gawayne & syr Gareth were heled of theyr woũdes/and there they soyourned .viij. dayes. Thenne sayd kyng Arthur vnto the damoysel saueage. I merueylle that your syster dame Lyones cometh not here to me/ & in especyall that she cometh not to vysyte her knyght myn neuewe syr Gareth that hath had so moche trauayll for her loue. My lorde sayd the damoysel Lynet ye must of your good grace holde her excused / for she knoweth not that my lorde syr Gareth is here. Thenne goo for her sayd kyng Arthur that we may be apoynted what is best to be done accordynge to the plesure of myn neuewe. Syr sayd the damoysell that shall be done/& so she rode vnto her syster. And as lyghtly as she myght make her redy she dyde / & came on the morne with her broder syr Gryngamor & with her .xl. knyghtes & as she was come she had al the chere that myght be done bothe of the kyng & of many other kynges & quenes.

How syr Gareth knowleched that they loued eche other to kyng Arthur/& of the daye of theyr weddynge. Ca.xxxv.

AMonge all these ladyes was she named the fayrest & pyrtles They whan syr Gawayne sawe her. ther was many goodly lokes & goodly wordes that all men of worshyp had joye to beholde them. They cam kyng Arthur & many other kynges and dame Gueneuer and the quene of Orkeney And there the kyng asked his neuewe

syr Gareth whether he wolde haue that lady as peramour or to haue her to his wyf. My lorde wete you well ꝑ I loue her aboue all ladyes lyuynge. Now fayre lady sayd kyng Arthur to her what saye ye. Moost noble kyng sayd dame Lyones wete you well that my lorde syr Gareth is to me more leuer to haue & welde as my husbonde/ than ony kyng or prynce that is cryste/ ned/and yf I may not haue hym I pro myse you I wyll neuer haue none. For my lorde Arthur sayd dame Lyones wete ye well he is my fyrste loue & he shall be the last. And yf ye wyll suffre hym to haue his wyll and free choyse. I dare saye ꝑ he wyll haue me. That is trouth sayd syr Gareth/and I ha/ ue not you & welde not you as my wyf ther shal neuer lady ne gentylwoman reioyce me. What neuewe sayd the kyng is the wynde in that doze / for wete ye well I wolde not for the sty/ te of my crowne to be cauler to with/ drawe your hertes. And wete ye well ye can not loue so well but I shall ra/ ther encreace hit than dystresshe hit/& also ye shall haue my loue & my lord/ shyp in the vttermest wyse that may lye in my power. And in the same wy/ se sayd syr Gareths moder. Thenne there was made a prouysyon for the daye of maryage / and by the kynges aduyse it was prouyded that it sholde be at Pynkenadon by the see syde/for there is a plentyfull coũtree. And so it was cryed in all the places thrugh the roy/ ame. And thenne syr Gareth sente his messagers to all these knyghtes & la/ dyes that he hadde wonnen in batayll tofore that they sholde be at his daye of his maryage at kynkenadon by the landys. And thenne dame Lyones & the damoysell Lynet with syr Gryn/ gamor rode to theyr castel/& a goodly & a ryche ryng she gaf to syr Gareth and he gaf her an other. And kyng Arthur gaf her a ryche bee of golde/ & so she departed/and kyng Arthur & his felaulhyp rode towarde kynkena/ don / & syr Gareth brought his lady on the waye/and so came to the kyng agayne & rode with hym. Lorde the grete chere that syr Lañcelot made of syr Gareth/and he of hym/for there was neuer no knyzt that syr Gareth loued so well as he dyde syr Lañcelot & euer for the mooste partye he wolde be in syr Lañcelots compañye/for af/ ter syr Gareth hady alyyed syr Ga/ wayns condycyons he withdrewe hym self fro his broder syr Gawayns fe/ laulhyp/for he was vengeable/& whe re he hated he wolde be auenged with murther & that hated syr Gareth.

¶ Of the grete ryalte & what offycers were made at the feest of the weddyn ge/and of the Justes at the same feest Capl'm .xxxvi.

SO it drewe fast to Myghelmas & thyder came dame Lyones the lady of the castell Perylous & her sy/ ster dame Lynet with syr Gryngamor her broder with them / for he hady the condupte of these ladyes. And there they were lodged at ꝑ deuyse of kyng Arthur. And vpon Myghelmas daye the byshop of Lañterburye made the weddynge betwixt syr Gareth & the la dy Lyones with grete solempnyte/and kyng Arthur made Gaheris to wed/

de the damoyſell laueage/that was dame Lynet/and kyng Arthur made ſyr Agrauayne to wedde ꝑ dame Lyones nees a fayr lady/her name was dame Laurell. And ſo whan this ſolempnyſacyon was done / thenne came in the grene knyght ſyr Perſolope with .xxx. knyghtes / and there he dyde homage & feaute to ſyr Gareth & thele knyghtes to holde of hym for euermore. Alſo ſyr Perſolope ſyd. I praye you that at this feeſt I may be your chamberlayne. With a good wyl ſayd ſyr Gareth ſyth it lyketh you to take ſo ſymple an office. Thenne came in the reed knyght with thre ſcore knyghtes with hym/& dyde to ſyr Gareth homage & feaute/ and all tho knyghtes to holde of hym for euermore/and thenne this ſyr Perymonyes prayed ſyr Gareth to graũte hym to be his chyef botteler at that hyghe feeſt. I wyll well ſayd ſyr Gareth that ye haue this office & it were better. Thenne came in ſyr Perſaũt of Ynde with an hondred knyghtes with hym & there he dyde homage & feaute & all his knyghtꝭ ſholde do hym ſeruyce & holde theyr londes of hym for euer and there he prayed ſyr Gareth to make hym his chyef ſewar at the feſt. I wyll well ſayd ſyr Gareth that ye haue it & it were better. Thenne came the duke de la rowle wᵗ an hondred knyghtꝭ with hym / & there he dyde homage & feaute to ſyr Gareth/and ſo to holde theyr londes of hym for euer/& he requyred ſyr Gareth that he myght ſerue hym of the wyne that daye at that feeſt. I wyll well ſayd ſyr Gareth & it were better. Thenne came in the reed knyght of the reed londes that was ſyr Ironſyde / and he brought with hym thre hondred knyghtes/& there he dyde homage & feaute/& all thele knyghtes to holde theyr londes of hym for euer / and thenne he aſked ſyr Gareth to be his ſeruer. I wyll well ſayd ſyr Gareth & it pleaſe you. Thenne cam in to the courte .xxx. ladyes & all they ſemed wydowes/and tho .xxx. ladyes brought with them many fayre gentylwymen . And all they kneled doun at ones vnto kyng Arthur & vnto ſyr Gareth/and there all tho ladyes tolde the kyng how ſyr Gareth delyuerd them from the doloꝛous Toure & ſlewe the browne knyght without pyte/& therfore we & our heyres for euermore wyll doo homage vnto ſyr Gareth of Orkeney. So thenne the kynges and quenes Prynces and Erles Barons & many bolde knyghtꝭ wente vnto mete and well may ye wete ꝑ there was all maner of mete plenteuouſly/all maner rules & games with all maner of mynſtralſy that was vſed in tho dayes Alſo there was grete Juſtes thre dayes But the kyng wolde not ſuffre ſyr Gareth for to Juſte by cauſe of his newe bryde. For as the frenſſhe boke ſayth / that dame Lyones deſyred of the kyng that none that were wedded ſholde Juſte at that feeſt. So the fyrſt daye there Juſted ſyr Lamerock de gales/for he ouerthrewe .xxx. knyghtꝭ & dyde paſſynge merueyllouſly dedes of armes. And thenne kyng Arthur made ſyr Perſaunt of Ynde and his two brethern knyghtes of the rounde table to theyr lyues ende and gaf them grete londes . Alſo the ſeconde daye there Juſted ſyr Tryſtram beſt/and he ouerthrewe fourty knyghtes / and he dyde there merueyllous dedes of armes /

And there kyng Arthur made Iron-
syde that was the reed knyght of the
reed londes a knyght of the table rou-
de to his lyues ende/and gaf hym gre
te londes. The thyrd daye ther Iusted
syr Launcelot du lake and he ouerthre-
we fyfty knyghtes & dyde many mer-
ueyllous dedes of armes that all men
woundred vpon hym. And there kyng
Arthur made the duke de la roule a
knyght of the rounde table to his lyues
ende/& gaf hym grete londes to spen-
de. But whan this Iustes were done/
syr Lamerock and syr Trystram de-
parted sodaynly & wolde not be kno-
wen/for the whiche kyng Arthur and
all the courte were sore dysplealed/
& so they helde the courte fourty dayes
with grete solempnyte. And this syr
Gareth was a full noble knyght and
a well ruled and fayre langaged.

¶ Thus endeth this tale of syr Ga-
reth of Orkeney that wedded dame
Lyones of the castell Perylous. And
also syr Gahers wedded her syster
dame Lynet / that was called the da-
moysell laueage. And syr Agrauayne
wedded dame Laurell a fayre lady &
grete and myghty londes with grete
rychesses gaf with them kyng Arthur
that ryally they myght lyue tyll theyr
lyues ende.

¶ Here foloweth the .viij. booke the
whiche is the fyrste boke of syr Try-
stram de Lyones/and who was his fa
der & his moder/and how he was bor-
ne & fostred / and how he was made
knyght.

Here folowyth the .viij. booke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

¶ How kyr Tristram de Lyones was borne and how his moder deyed at his byrth/ wherfore she named hym Tristram. Capl'm primū.

There was a kyng that hyght Melyodas/ & he was lorde & kyng of the coūtree of Lyones. & this Melyodas was a lykely knyght as ony was that tyme lyuynge. And by fortune he wedded kyng Markes syster of Cornewayle. And she was called Elyzabeth that was cald both good and fayre. And at that tyme kyng Arthur regned / & he was sole kyng of Englonde. Wales and Scotlonde/ and of many other royames/ how be it there were many kynges that were lordes of many coūtrees/ but all they held theyr londes of kyng Arthur. For in Wales were two kynges/ and in the North were many kynges / and in Cornewayle & in the West were two kynges Also in Irlonde were two or thre kynges/ and all were vnder the obeyssaūce of kyng Arthur/ & so was the kyng of Fraunce and the kyng of Bretayne and all the lordshyppes vnto Rome Soo whan this kynge Melyodas had ben certayn tyme with his wyf/ within

a whyle she waxed grete with childe/ and she was a full meke lady / & well she loued her lorde/and he her agayne so there was grete Joye betwixt them Thenne there was a lady in that cõ tree that hady loued kyng Melyodas longe/& by no maner meane wyle she coude neuer gete his loue/therfore she lete ordeyne vpon a daye as kyng Melyodas rode on huntynge / for he was a grete chacer/and there by an enchaũ tement she made hym chace an herte by hymself allone tyll that he came to an olde castell / & there anone he was taken prysoner by the lady that hym loued. Whan Elyzabeth kyng Melyodas wyf myst her lorde/thcñe she was nyghe out of her wytte/& also as grete with childe as she was she tooke a gentylwoman with her/and ranne in to the forest for to seke her lorde. And whan she was ferre in the forest she myght no ferther/for she began to trauayle fast of her childe. And she hady many grymly throwes/her gentylwoman halpe her all that she myght. And so by myracle of our lady of heuen she was delyuered with grete paynes. But she had taken suche colde for the defaute of helpe that depe draughtes of deth toke her/that she must nedes depe & departe out of this worlde/ there was none other bote. And whan this quene Elyzabeth sawe that there was none other bote/thenne she made grete dole and sayd vnto her gentylwoman. Whan ye see my lorde kynge Melyodas recommaunde me vnto hym/and telle hym what paynes I endure for his loue/& how I must deye here for his sake for defaute of good helpe/& lete hym wete that I am full sory to departe out of this worlde fro hym / therfore praye hym to be frende to my soule. Now lete me see my lytell childe for whome I haue had all this sorowe. And whan she sawe hym she sayd thus. A my lytell sone thou hast murthered thy moder / and therfore I suppose thou that art a murtherer soo ponge thou art full lykely for to be a manly man in thyn age. And by cause I shall dye of the byrthe of the. I charge the gentylwoman/that thou praye my lorde kyng Melyodas that whan my sone is crystened/lete hym be called Trystram/that is as moche for to save as a sorowfull byrthe. And therwith all this quene gaf vp her ghoost and deyed. Thenne the gentylwoman leyde her vnder an vmbre of a grete tree/and thenne she lapped the childe as well as euer she myght for colde. Ryght soo forwith all there came the Barons folowynge after the quene/ And whan they sawe that the quene was deed / and vnderstode none other but the kyng was destroyed.

How the stepmod of syr Trystram had ordeyned poyson for to haue poysoned syr Trystram. ca. ij.

Thenne certayne of them wolde slayne the childe by cause they wolde haue ben lordes of the countree of Lyonce. But then through the fayr spechc of the gentylwoman / & by the meanes that she made the moost parte of the Barons wolde not assente therto. And thenne they lete carye home the deed quene/& moche dole was made for her. This meane whyle Merlyn delyuered kyng Melyodas out of

pysoy on the morne after his quene was deed. And so whan the kyng was come home/the mooste party of the barons made grete Joye. But the sorowe that the kyng made for his quene that myght no tonge telle. So thenne the kyng lete burye her rychely/& after he lete crystene the childe as his wyf had cõmaũded afore her deth. And thenne he lete calle hym Trystram the sorowfull borne childe. Thenne ỹ kyng Melyodas endured seuen yere without a wyf. And al this tyme Trystram was nourysshed well. Thenne it befelle ỹ kyng Melyodas wedded kyng Howels doughter of Bretayne/and anone she had childern of kyng Melyodas/they was she heuy & wroth that her childern sholde not reioyse the countree of Lyones/wherfore this quene ordeyned for to poysone yong Trystram. Soo she lete poyson be put in a pyece of syluer in ỹ chambre where as Trystram & her childern were togyder/vnto that entente ỹ whan Trystram were thursty he sholde drynke that drynke. And so it felle vpon a daye the quenes sone as he was in that chambre aspyed the pyece with poyson/& he wende it had ben good drynke/and by cause the childe was thursty he toke the pyece with poyson & dranke frely/and therwith sodaynly the childe brast & was deed/ Whan the quene wyste of the dethe of her sone wete ye wel she was ful heuy But yet the kyng vnderstode no thynge of her tresoy. Notwithstandynge the quene wolde not leue this/but efte she lete ordeyne more poyson & put it in a pyece. And by fortune kyng Melyodas her husbande founde the pyece with wyne where as the poyson was in/and he that was mooste thursty toke the pyece for to drynke ther out/& as he wolde haue dronken therof/the quene aspyed hym/& thenne she ranne vnto hym and pulled the pyece from hym sodaynly. The kyng merueylled why she dyde so/and remembred hym how her sone was sodaynly slayne w poyson. And thenne he toke her by the honde & sayd/thou fals traytresse thou shalt telle me what maner of drynke this is/or els I shall slee the. And therwith he pulled out his swerde & swore a grete othe that he sholde slee her/but yf she tolde hym trouth. A mercy my lorde sayd she & I shall telle you all. And thenne she tolde hym why she wolde haue slayne Trystram/by cause her childern sholde reioyce his londe/ Well sayd kyng Melyodas/& therfore shal ye haue the lawe. And so she was dampned by the assente of the barons to be brente/and thenne was there made a grete fyre/& ryght as she was at the fyre to take her execucyon/ ponge Trystram kneled afore kyng Melyodas his fader & besought hym to gyue hym a bone. I wyll well sayd ỹ kyng agayne. They sayd ponge Trystram gyue me the lyf of thy quene my stepmoder. That is vnryghtfully alsedy sayd Melyodas/for thou oughtest of ryght to hate her/for she wolde haue slayne the with that poyson and she myght haue had her wyll/& for thy sake moost is my cause that she sholde deye. Syr sayd Trystram as for that I beseche you of your mercy ỹ ye wyl forgyue it her/& as for my parte god forgyue it her & I do/and so moche it lyked your hyhenes to graũte me my bone/ for goddes loue I requyre you

holde your promyse. Sythen hit is so sayd the kyng I wyll that ye haue her lyf/thenne sayd the kyng I gyue her to you/& go ye to the fyre and take her & do wt her what ye wyll. So syr Trystram wente to the fyre/& by the commaũdement of the kyng delyuerd her from the deth. But after that kyng Melyodas wolde neuer haue adoo wt her as at bedde & borde. But by the good meanes of ponge Trystram he made the kyng and her accorded. But then the kyng wolde not suffre ponge Trystram to abyde noo lenger in his courte.

¶How syr Trystram was sente in to fraũce & had one to gouerne hym named Gouernale / & how he lerned to harpe hawke & hunte. ca.ij.

AND thenne he lete ordeyne a gentylman that was well lerned & taught/his name was Gouernale/& then he sente ponge Trystram with Gouernale in to fraũce to lerne the langage/and norture/& dedes of armes/and there was Trystram more than seuen yere. And thenne whan he coude well speke the langage & hadde lerned all that he myght lerne in that coũtrees/thenne he came home to his fader kyng Melyodas agayne/and so Trystram lerned to be an harper passyng all other that there was none suche called in no coũtree/& so in harpynge & on Instrumentes of musyke he applyed hym in his yongthe for to lerne. And after as he growed in his myght and strength he laboured euer in huntynge & hawkynge soo that we neuer rede of no gentylman more that so vsed hym therin. And as the booke sayth he began good mesures of blowynge of beestes of venery and beestes of chace/and all maner of vermayns & all these termes we haue yet of hawkynge & huntynge. And therfore the boke of venery of hawkynge & huntynge is called the booke of syr Trystram. Wherfore as me semeth all gentylmen that bereth olde armes oughten of ryght to honour syr Trystram for the goodly termes that gentylmen haue & vse/and shal to the daye of dome & there by in a maner all men of worshyp may dysseuer a gentylman fro a yoman/and from a yoman a vylayne for he that is gentyl wyll drawe hym vnto gentyll tatches & to folowe the custome of noble gentylmen Thus syr Trystram endured in Cornewayle vntyll he was bygge & stronge of the age of .xviij. yere. And thenne the kyng Melyodas had grete Joye of syr Trystram/& so had the quene his wyf/for euer after in her lyf by cause syr Trystram saued her from the fyre she dyd neuer hate hym more after/but loued hym euer after/& gaf Trystram many grete gyftes/for euery estate loued hym where that he wente.

¶How syr Marhaus came out of Irlonde for to aske truage of Cornewayle or els he wolde fyght therfore. ca.iiij

THenne it befelle that kyng Angusshe of Irlonde sente vnto kyng Marke of Cornewayle for his truage that Cornewayle hadde payed many wynters. And all ỳ tyme kyng Marke was behynde of the truage for seuen yere/ and kyng Marke and his

barons gaf vnto the meſſager of Ir-
londe theſe wordes and anſwere that
they wolde none paye/& badde the mel
ſager go vnto his kyng Anguyſſhe/&
telle hym we wyl paye hym no truage
but telle your lorde & he wyll alwayes
haue truage of vs of Cornewey le / ſo
bydde hym ſende a truſty knyȝt of his
londe that wyll fyght for his ryght/&
we ſhall fynde an other for to defende
our ryght. With this anſwere the mel
lagers departed in to Irlonde. And
whan kyng Anguyſſhe vnderſtode the
anſwere of ꝑ meſſagers/he was won
derly wroth. And thenne he called vn-
to hym ſyr Marhaus the good knyght
that was nobly preued/& a knyght of
the table rounde. And this Marhaus
was broder vnto the quene of Irlon-
de. Thenne the kyng ſayd thus. Fayr
broder ſyr Marhaus I praye you go in
to Cornewayle for my ſake & do ba-
tayll for our truage that we of ryght
ought to haue / and what ſomeuer ye
ſpende ye ſhall haue ſuffycyently more
than ye ſhal nede. Syr ſayd Marhaus
wete ye well that I ſhall not be lothe
to do batayll in the ryght of you and
your londe with the beſt knyght of the
table roũde/for I knowe them for the
mooſt partye what theyr dedes bey/&
for to auaunce my dedes & to encreace
my worſhyp wyll ryght gladly go vn-
to this Journeye for our ryght. So in
all haſte there was made purueaunce
for ſyr Marhaus/& he had all thynge
that to hym neded and ſo he departed
out of Irlonde/& arryued vp in Cor-
newayle euen faſte by the caſtell of
Tyntagyll. And whan kyng Marke
vnderſtode that he was there arryued
to fyght for Irlonde / thenne made
kyng Marke grete ſorowe whan he
vnderſtode ꝑ the good & noble knyght
ſyr Marhaus was come/for they knew
we no knyght ꝑ durſt haue adoo with
hym. For at that tyme ſyr Marhaus
was called one of the famouſt and re-
nõmed knyghtes of the worlde. And
thus ſyr Marhaus abode in the ſee/&
euery daye he ſente vnto kyng Marke
for to paye the truage that was behyn
de of ſeuen yere / eyther els to fynde a
knyȝt to fyght with hym for the truā-
ge. This maner of meſſage ſyr Mar-
haus ſente dayly vnto kyng Marke.
Thenne they of Cornewayle lete ma
ke cryes in euery place ꝑ what knyght
wolde fyght for to laue the truage of
Cornewayle he ſholde be rewarded ſo
that he ſholde fare the better the terme
of his lyf. Thenne ſome of the barons
ſayd to kyng Marke & coũſeylled hym
to ſende to the courte of kyng Arthur
for to ſeke ſyr Launcelot du lake that
was ꝑ tyme named for ꝑ merueyllouſt
knyght of all the worlde. Thene ther
were ſome other barons that coũſeyl-
led the kyng not to do ſo/& ſayd that
it was labour in vayne / by cauſe ſyr
Marhaus was a knyght of the roũde
table/therfor ony of them wyl be loth
to haue adoo with other/but yf it we-
re ony knyght at his owne requeſt wol
de fyght diſguyſed & vnknowen. So
the kyng & all his barons aſſented ꝑ it
was no bote to ſeke ony knyght of the
roũde table. This meane whyle came
the langage and the noyſe vnto kyng
Melpodas how ſyr Marhaus abode
batayll faſt by Tyntagyll / and how
kyng Marke coude fynde noo maner
knyght to fyght for hym. Whan yon-
ge Tryſtram herde this he was wroth

and sore ashamed that there durste no knyght in Cornewayle haue ado with syr Marhaus of Irlonde.

¶ How Trystram enterpryled the bataill to fyght for the truage of Cornewayle/& how he was made knyght Capl'm .v.

Therwith all Trystram wente vnto his fader kyng Melyodas & asked hym counseyll what was best to doo for to recouer Cornewayle from truage. For as me semeth sayd syr Trystram it were shame that syr Marhaus the quenes broder of Irlonde sholde go awaye onles that he were foughten with all. As for that sayd kyng Melyodas wete you well sone Trystram that syr Marhaus is called one of the best knyghtes of the worlde and knyght of the table roũde. And therfore I knowe noo knyght in this countree that is able to matche with hym. Allas sayd syr Trystram that I am not made knyght/and yf syr Marhaus sholde al thus departe in to Irlonde/god lete me neuer haue worshyp and I were made knyght I sholde matche hym/& syr sayd Trystram I praye you gyue me leue to ryde vnto kyng Marke/& so ye be not displeased/of kyng Marke wyll I be made knyght. I wyll well sayd kyng Melyodas that ye be ruled as your courage wyll rule you. And thenne syr Trystram thanked his fader moche/and so he made hym redy to ryde in to Cornewayle. In the meane whyle there came a messager with letters of loue fro kyng Faramon of Fraũces doughter vnto syr Trystram that were full pyteous letters/and ten many Complaynt. syr Trystram had no Joye ters nor regarde vnto her. Alle te hym a lytell brachet that was + synge fayre. But whan the kynges doughter vnderstode that syr Trystram wolde not loue her/as the boke sayth/she deyed for sorowe. And thenne the same squyre that brought the letter & the brachet came agayne vnto syr Trystram as ye shal here after in the tale. So this ponge syr Trystram rode vnto his eme kyng Marke of Cornewayle. And whan he came there/he herde saye that ther wolde no knyght fyght with syr Marhaus. And so rode syr Trystram vnto his vnkell & sayd Syr yf ye wyll gyue me the order of knyghthode. I wyll doo batayll with syr Marhaus. What are ye sayd the kyng & from whens be ye comen. Syr sayd Trystram I come fro kyng Melyodas that wedded your syster & wete ye well I am a gentylman. Kyng Marke beheelde syr Trystram & sawe that he was but a ponge man of age/but he was passyngly well made & bygge fayre syr sayd the kyng what is your name and where are ye borne. Syr he sayd agayne/my name is Trystram & in the coũtree of Lyones was I born Ye saye well sayd the kyng/& ye wyll doo this batayll I shall make you a knyght. Therfore I come to you sayd syr Trystram and for none other cause. But thenne kyng Marke made hym knyght. And therwith all anone as he had made hym knyght he sente a messager vnto syr Marhaus with letters that sayd thus/that he hady founde a ponge knyght redy for to take the bat-

neſt. Hit may well be
rhaus. But telle to kyng
yat I wyll not fyght with no
ȝot but he be of blood royall/that
o for to saye / eyther kynges sone or
a quenes sone borne or of a prynce or
a prynceſſe. Whan kyng Marke vnder
stode ꝑ he sent for syr Trystram de lyo
nes and tolde hym what was the an/
swere of syr Marhaus. And theñe syr
Trystram sayd / sythen that he sayth
so / lete hym knowe that I am comen
of faders syde & of moders syde of as
noble blood as he is. For now shall ye
knowe that I am kynge Melyodas
sone borne of your owne syster dame
Elyzabeth that deyed in the forest in
the byrth of me. O Jhesu sayd kyng
Marke ye are welcome fayre neuewe
to me. And theñe in all haste the kyng
lete horse syr Trystram & arme hym
in the best maner that myght be hadȝ
or gotenȝ for golde or syluer. And theñe
kyng Marke sente vnto syr Marhaus
& dyde hym to wete that a better bor
man than he was hȳselfe sholde fyght
with hym / & his name was syr Tryſ/
tram de lyones begotenȝ of kyng Me/
lyodas and borȝ of kyng Markes syl
ter. And thenne was syr Marhaus ful
gladde & blythe that he sholde fyght
with suche a gentylmanȝ/and so by the
assent of kyng Marke & of syr Mar/
haus/they lete ordeyne that they shol/
de fyght withiȝ an Ylonde nyghe syr
Marhaus shyppes / and soo was syr
Trystram put in to a vessell bothe he
and his horse and all that to hym lon/
ged both for his body and for his horse
Syr Trystram lacked noo thynge/
And whan kyng Marke and his ba/
rons of Cornewayle beheldе how that
yonge syr Trystram departed with su
che a carpage to fyght for the ryght
of Cornewaylle / there was neyther
man ne woman of worshyp but they
wepte for to see and to vnderstonde so
yonge a knyght to Jeoparde hymselfe
for theyr ryght.

¶ How syr Trystram arryued in to
the Ylonde for to fursyshe the batay
le with syr Marhaus. ca. vi.

Also for to shortenȝ this tale ꝑ
whan syr Trystram was ar/
ryued within the Ylonde/thenne he lo
ked to the ferther syde/& there he sawe
at an anker like shyppes nyghe to the
londe / and vnder the shadowe of the
shyppes vppon the londe there houed
the noble knyght syr Marhaus of Ir
londe. And thenne syr Trystram com
maũded his seruaunt Gouernale for
to bringe his hors to the londe & dresse
his harneys at all maner of ryghtes/
And thenne whan he had so done / he
moũted vpon his hors. And whan he
was in his sadell well apparayllcd/&
his shelde dressyd vppon his sholder/
Trystram asked Gouernale where
is this knyght that I shall haue adoo
with all. Syr sayd Gouernale/see ye
hym not. I wende ye hadde seeȝ hym/
ponder he houeth vnder the vmbre of
his shyppes on horseback with his spe/
re in his honde & his shelde vpon his
sholder. It is trouthe sayd the noble
knyght syr Trystram/now I see hym
well ynough. And so he cõmaũded his
seruaũt Gouernale to go to his vesſ/
sell agayne/and commaũde me vnto
myn eme kyng Marke/& praye hym
yf that I be slayne in this bataylle/

for to entre my body so as hym semed best / and as for me lete hym wete þ I wyll neuer yelde me for cowardyse / & yf I be slayne and flee not / thenne haue they lost no truage for me . And yf so be that I flee or yelde me as recreaunt / bydde myn eme neuer bury me in Cryste burysels. And vpon thy lyf sayd syr Tristram to Gouernale / come me thou not nyghe to this Ylonde tyll that thou see me ouercomen or slayne or els that I wynne yonder knyght / & so eyther departed from other sore wepynge.

How syr Tristram faught ayenst syr Marhaus & achyeued his batayll. And how syr Marhaus fledde to his shyppes. ca. vij.

AND thenne syr Marhaus aduysed syr Tristram and sayd thus . Yonge knyght syr Tristram what dost thou here / me sore repenteth of thy courage / for wete thou well I haue ben assayed / and the best knyghtes of this londe haue ben assayed of myn honde. And also I haue matched with the best knyghtes of the worlde / and therfore by my counseyll retorne agayne vnto thy vessell . And fayre knyght and well preued knyght sayd syr Tristram thou shalt well wete þ I may not forsake the in this quarell. for I am for thy sake made knyght / And thou shalt well wete that I am a kynges sone borne and begoten vpon a quene / & suche promyse I haue made at my neuews request & myn owne sekynge þ I shal fyght wt the vnto the vttermest / and to delyuer Corneway le from the olde olde truage. And also wete thou wel syr Marhaus / that this is the grettest cause that thou couragest me for to haue adoo with the. For thou art called one of the renommed knyghtes of the worlde / and by cause of that noyse and fame that thou hast thou gyuest me courage to haue adoo with the / for neuer yet was I preued with good knyght. And sythen I toke the ordre of knyghthode this daye . I am well pleased that I may haue ado with soo good a knyght as thou art . And now wete thou wel syr Marhaus that I caste me to gete worshyp on thy body . And yf that I be not preued. I trust to god that I shall be worshypfully preued vpon thy body / and to delyuer the countree of Cornewayle for euer fro all maner of truage from Irlonde for euer . Whan syr Marhaus had herde hym saye what he wolde / he sayd then thus agayne. Fayre knyght sythen it is soo that thou castest for to wynne worshyp of me. I lete the wete worshyp may thou none lese by me yf thou mayst stande me thre strokes / for I lete the wete that for my noble dedes preued & seen kyng Arthur made me knyght of the table rounde . Thenne they began to feutre theyr speres / and they mette so fyersly togyder that they smote eyther other doun both hors and all. But syr Marhaus smote syr Tristram a grete woũde in the syde with his spere / & thenne they auoyded theyr horses and pulled out theyr swerdes / and threwe theyr sheldes afore them / And thenne they lasshed togyders as men that were wylde and couragyous And whan they hadde stryken so togyder a longe whyle / thenne they lefte theyr strokes & foyned at theyr brethes

and vylours / & whan they sawe that that myght not preuayle them / thenne they hurtled togyder lyke rāmes to bere eyther other doun / thus they fought stylle more than half a daye / & eyther were woūded passynge sore ꝑ the blood ranne doun frestlhely fro them vppon the groūde. By thenne syr Trystram waxed more fresslher than syr Marhaus and better wynded & bygger / and vp a myghty stroke he smote syr Marhaus vppon the helme suche a buffet that it wente through his helme / and through ꝑ coyfe of stele & through the brayne pan / & the swerde stake so fast in the helme & in his brayne pan that syr Trystram pulled thryes ar̄e his swerde or euer he myght pulle it out from his heed / & there syr Marhaus felle doun on his knees & the edge of Trystrams swerde lefte in his brayne pan. And sodaynly syr Marhaus rose grouelynge / & threwe his swerde and his shelde from hym / and so ranne to his shyppes & fledde his waye / and syr Trystram hadde ener stylle his owne shelde and his swerde. And whan syr Trystram sawe syr Marhaus withdrawe hym / he sayd. A syr knyght of the roūde table why withdrawest thou the / thou dost thy self & thy kynne grete shame / for I am but a ponge knyzt or now I was neuer preued / & rather than I sholde withdrawe me from the I had rather be hewen in hondred ppeces. Syr Marhaus answerde no worde but yede his waye sore gronynge / Well syr knyght sayd syr Trystram I promyse the thy swerde & thy shelde shall be myn / and thy shelde shall I were in al places where I ryde on myn aduentures and in the syght of kyng Arthur and all the rounde table.

How syr Marhaus after ꝑ he was arryued in Irlonde deyed of the stroke that syr Trystram had gyuen to hym & how Trystram was hurte. ca. viij.

Anone syr Marhaus & his fe/lawshyp departed in to Irlonde. And as soone as he came to ꝑ kyng his broder he lete serche his woundes. And whan his heed was serched a pyece of syr Trystrams swerde was foū/den therin / & myght neuer be had out of his heed for no surgeons / and so he deyed of syr Trystrams swerde / & that ppece of the swerde ꝑ quene his syster kepte it for euer vp̄ her / for she thought to be reuenged & she myght. Now torne we agayne vnto syr Trystram ꝑ was sore woūded / & bledde full sore that he myght not within a lytel whyle when he had taken colde vnneth stere hym of his lymes. And then he sette hym doun softely vpon a lytell hylle & bledde fast. Then anone cam Gouernale his may with his vessell. And the kyng & his barons came with procession ayenst hym. And whan he was come vnto the londe / kyng Marke toke hym in his armes / and the kyng & syr Dynas the seneschall ladde syr Trystram in to the castel of Tyntagyll / & then was he serched in the best maner & leyde in his bedde. And whan kyng Marke sawe his woūdes / he wept hertely & so dyde all his lordes. Soo god me helpe sayd kyng Marke I wolde not for all my londes that my neuewe deyed. Soo syr Trystram laye there a moneth & more / and euer he was lyke to deye of that stroke ꝑ syr Marhaus

smote hym fyrst with the spere. For as the frenshe boke sayth/ ꝑ speres heed was enuenymed that syr Trystram myght not be hole. Theñe was kyng Marke & all his barons passynge hey up/ for they demed none other but that syr Trystram sholde not recouer. So the kyng lete sende after all maner of leches & surgyns bothe vnto mey and wymmey/ & there was none that wolde behote hym the lyf. Thenne came there a lady that was a ryght wyse lady & she sayd playnly vnto kyng Marke and to syr Trystram & to all his barons ꝑ he sholde neuer be hole/ but ꝑ syr Trystram wente in to the same coũtree that the venym came fro/ & in that coũtree sholde he be holpen or els neuer/ thus sayd the lady vnto ꝑ kyng Whan kyng Marke vnderstode that/ he lete purvey for syr Trystram a fayre vessell well vytaylled/ & therin was put syr Trystram & Gouernale with hym/ and syr Trystram toke his harpe with hym/ & so he was put in to the see to sayle in to Irlonde/ and soo by good fortune he arryued vp in Irlonde euen fast by a castell where ꝑ kyng & the quene was/ and at his arryuayll he satte & harped in his bedde a mery lay suche one herde they neuer none in Irlonde afore that tyme. And whan it was tolde the kyng and the quene of suche a knyght that was suche an harper. Anone the kyng sente for hym & lete serche his woundes/ and thenne he asked hym his name. Thenne he answered I am of the coũtree of Lyonnes/ and my name is syr Tramtrystt that thus was wounded in a batayll as I fought for a layes ryght. So god me helpe sayd kyng Anguysshe ye shall haue all the helpe in this londe that ye may haue here. But I lete you wete in Cornewayle I had a grete losse as euer hadde kyng/ for there I lost the best knyght of the worlde/ his name was Marhaus a noble knyght & knyght of the table rounde/ and there he tolde syr Trystram wherfore ꝑ syr Marhaus was slayne. Syr Trystram made semblaũt as he had bey sory/ & better knewe he how hit was than the kyng.

Chow syr Trystram was put to the keppynge of la beale Isoude fyrst for to be helpd of his woũde. .ix.

Thenne the kyng for grete fauour made Tramtrystt to be put in his doughters warde & keppynge by cause she was a noble surgeon/ And whan she had serched hym/ she founde in the bottome of his wounde that therin was poyson/ and so she helpd hym within a whyle/ and therfore Tramtrystt cast grete loue to la beale Isoude/ for she was at that tyme the fayrest mayde and lady of the worlde And there Tramtrystt lerned her for to harpe/ and she began to haue a grete fantalye vnto hym. And at that tyme syr Palompdes the saraly was in that countree and well cherysshed with the kyng and with the quene/ And euery daye syr Palompdes drewe vnto la beale Isoude/ and profered her many grete gyftes/ for he loued her passyngly well. All that ayped Tramtrystt/ & ful well knewe he syr Palompdes for a noble knyght & a myghty may. And wete ye well syr Tramtrystt hady grete delyyte at syr

Palompdes/for la beale Jloude tolde Tramtryst that Palompdes was in wyll to be crystened for her sake/thus was ther grete enuye betwixt Tramtryst & syr Palompdes. Thenne it befelle that kyng Angwysshe lete crye a grete Justes & a grete tornoyment for a lady that was called the lady of the Laũdes/& she was nyghe colyn vnto the kyng. And what man wanne her/ he sholde wedde her thre dayes after & haue all her londes. This crye was made in Englonde Wales Scotlonde and also in Fraũce & in Brytayne. It befelle vpon a daye la beale Jloude came vnto syr Tramtryst & tolde hym of this tornoyment. She answerde and sayd/fayr lady I am but a feble knyzt & but late I had ben deed had not your good ladyshyp ben. Now fayre lady what wolde ye I sholde do in this mater/well ye wote my lady that I may not Juste. A Tramtryst sayd la beale Jloude why wyll ye not haue adoo at that tornoyment/well I wote syr Palompdes shal be there & to do what he maye. And therfor Tramtryst I praye you for to be there/for els syr Palompdes is lyke to wynne the degree. Madame sayd Tramtryst as for that it may be so/for he is a proued knyght/ and I am but a ponge knyght & late made/& the fyrst batayl that I dyde it myshapped me to be sore wounded as ye see. But & I wyst þ ye wolde be my better lady/at that tornoyment wyl I be so þ ye wyll kepe my coũseyll & lete no creature haue knowleche þ I shall Juste but your self & suche as ye wyll to kepe your coũseyll/my poore persone shal I jeoparde there for your sake that peraventure syr Palompdes shal knowe whan that I come. Therto la beale Jloude sayd do your best/& as I can sayd la beale Jloude I shall purueye hors & armour for you at my deuyse. As ye wyll so be it sayd syr Trãtryst I wyll be at your cõmaũdement. So at the daye of Justes ther cam syr Palompdes with a blacke shelde/& he ouerthrewe many knyghtes & all the people had merueyll of hym. For he put to the worst syr Gawayne. Gaheris. Agrauayne. Bagdemagus. Kay. Dodyus le saucage. Sagramore le desyrus. Gũret le petitte/& Gryflet le fyse de dieu/al these þ fyrst daye syr Palompdes strake down to therthe/& they all maner knyghtes were adred of syr Palompdes/many called hym the knyzt with the blacke shelde. Soo that daye syr Palompdes hadde grete worshyp/ Thenne came kyng Angwysshe vnto Tramtryst & asked hym why he wolde not Juste. Syr he sayd I was but late hurte/& as yet I dare not auenture me. They came there the same squyre that was sente from the kyngs doughter of Fraũce vnto syr Trystram. And whan he had aspyed syr Trystram he felle flat to his feet. All that aspyed la beale Jloude what curtoysye the squyre made vnto syr Trystram. And therwithall sodenly syr Trystram ranne vnto his squyre whos name was Hebes le renõmes & prayed hym hertly in no wyse to telle his name. Syr sayd Hebes I wyll not dyscouer your name but yf ye cõmaũde me.

Chow syr Trystram wanne the degree at a tornoyment in Irlonde/& there made Palompdes to bere no harneys in a yere. ca.x.

Thenne syr Trystram asked hym what he dyde in those coũtrees Syr he sayd I came hyder wt syr Gawayne for to be made knyght. And yf it please you of your handes that I may be made knyght. Awayte upon me as to morne secretly & in the felde I shall make you a knyght. Thenne had la beale Ioude grete suspeccyon unto Tramtryst that he was some man of worshyp proued & therwith she comforted her self and cast more loue unto hym than she had done tofore. And so on the morne syr Palomydes made hym redy to come in to the felde as he dyde the fyrst daye / and there he smote doun the kyng wt the hondred knyghtes & the kyng of Scottes. Thenne had la beale Ioude ordeyned and wel arayed syr Trystram in whyte hors & harneys / and ryght so she lete putte hym out at a preuy posterne / & so he came in to the felde as it hadde ben a bryght angell. And anone syr Palomydes aspyed hym / & therwith he feutryd a spere unto syr Tramtryst / and he agayne unto hym. And there syr Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes unto the erthe. And thenne there was a grete noyse of people / some sayd syr Palomydes had a falle / some sayd the knyght with the blacke shelde hadde a falle. And wete you well la beale Ioude was passynge gladde. And thenne syr Gawayn & his felowes nyne had merueyll what knyght it myght be that had smyten doun syr Palomydes. And thenne wolde there none Juste with Tramtryst / but all that were there forsoke hym / mooste & leste. Thenne syr Trystram made Hebes a knyght / and caused hym to put hymself forth and dyde ryght well that daye. So after syr Hebes helde hym wt syr Trystram And whan syr Palomydes had receyued this falle / wete ye well that he was sore ashamed / and as pryuely as he myght he withdrewe hym out of the felde. And all that aspyed syr Trystram & lyghtly he rode after syr Palomydes and ouertoke hym / & badde hym torne for he wolde better assaye hym or euer he departed. Thenne syr Palomydes torned hym / & eyther lasshed at other with theyr swerdes. But at the fyrst stroke syr Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes / and gaf hym suche a stroke uppon the heed that he felle to the erthe. So thenne Trystram badde yelde hym and do his cõmaundement or els he wolde slee hym. And whan syr Palomydes beheldc his cõtenaunce / he dredde his buffettes soo that he graũted hym all his askynges Well sayd / sayd syr Trystram / this shall be your charge. Fyrst upon payne of your lyf that ye forsake my lady la beale Ioude / and in no maner wyse that ye drawe not to her. And also this twelue moneth & a daye that ye bere none armour nor none harneys of warre. Now promyse me this or here shalt thou deye. Alas sayd Palomydes now am I for euer ashamed And thenne he swore as syr Trystram had cõmaunded hym / thenne for grete despyte & angre syr Palomydes cutte of his harneys & threwe them awaye And so syr Trystram torned agayne to the castell where as la beale Ioude was / and by the waye he mette with a damoysell that asked after syr Launcelot that wanne the dolorous garde worshypfully / & this damoysell asked

syr Trystram what he was / for hit was tolde her that it was he that smote doun syr Palomydes/by whom the ten knyghtes of kyng Arthurs were smyten doun. And thenne the damoysell prayed syr Trystram to telle her what he was/& whether that he were syr Launcelot du lake or not/for she demed that there was no knyght in the worlde myght doo suche dedes of armes but yf it were syr Launcelot. Fayr damoysell sayd syr Trystram wete ye well that I am not syr Launcelot / for I was neuer of suche prowesse/but my good is all that he may make me as good a knyght as the good knyght syr Launcelot. Now gentyll knyght sayd she put vp thy vysure / and whan she beheldc his vysage/she thought she sawe neuer a better mans vysage nor a better farynge knyght. And thenne as the damoysell knewe certaynly that he was not syr Launcelot/thenne she toke her leue and departed from hym. And thenne syr Trystram rode pryuely vnto the posterne where la beale Isoude kept hym/& there she made hym good chere & thanked god of his good spede Soo anone within a whyle the kyng and the quene vnderstode that it was Tramtrystt that smote doun syr Palomydes/thenne was he moche made of more than he was before.

Chow the quene aspyed how that syr Trystram hady slayne her broder syr Marhaus by his swerde and in what Jeopardye he was. ca.xi.

Thus was syr Tramtrystt longe there well cherysshed / with the kyng & the quene/& namely with la beale Isoude. Soo vpon a daye the quene & la beale Isoude made a bayne for syr Tramtrystt. And whan he was in his bayne / the quene & Isoude her doughter romed vp and downe in the chambre / & there whyles Gouernale and Hebes attended vpon Tramtrystt & the quene beheldc his swerde there as it laye vpon his bedde. And thenne by vnhappe the quene drewe out his swerde & beheldc it a longe whyle/and both they thought it a passynge fayre swerde/but within a foot and an half of the poynte there was a grete pyece broken out of the edge. And whan the quene aspyed that gap in the swerde/ she remembred her of a pyece of a swerde that was founde in the brayne pan of syr Marhaus the good knyght that was her broder. Allas she sayd thenne to her doughter la beale Isoude / this is the same traytour knyght that slewe my broder thyn eme. Whan la beale Isoude herde her saye soo / she was thenne passynge sore abasshed/for she loued passyngly well syr Tramtrystt/ and full well she knewe the cruelnes of her moder the quene. And so anone there with all the quene wente in all haste vnto her owne chambre/and she sought thenne in her cofre and there she founde and tooke out the pyece of the swerde that was pulled out of syr Marhaus heed after that he was deed And thenne anone she ranne with the same pyece of yron vnto syr Tramtrystes swerde that laye vppon the bedde. And whan she putte that same pyece of stele and of yron vnto the same swerde / hit was thenne as mete as euer it myght be whan it fyrst was newe broken. And soo forthe with all

thenne the quene gryped that swerde in her honde fyersly/and with all her myght she ranne straycte vpon Tram tryst where he sat in his bayne/& there she had ryued hym through had not syr Hebes gotey her in his armes/and pulled the swerde from her / & els she had threst hym through. They whan she was letted of her cuyll wyll / she ranne to the kyng Angwysshe her bus bande & sayd on her knees. O my lorde here haue ye in your hous that traytour knyght that slewe my broder & your seruaunt that noble knyght syr Marhaus. Who is ꝑ sayd kyng Angwysshe & where is he. Syr she sayd it is syr Tramtryst the same knyght ꝑ my doughter helpe. Allas sayd ꝑ kyng therfore am I ryght heuy for he is ful noble knyght as euer I sawe in felde. But I charge you sayd ꝑ kyng to the quene that ye haue not adoo with that knyght / but lete me deale with hym. Thenne the kyng wente in to the chambre vnto syr Tramtryst & thenne was he gone vnto his chambre/& the kyng founde hym all redy armed to mou̅te vpon his hors. Whan the kyng sawe hym all redy armed to goo vnto horsback/the kyng sayd nay Tramtryst yit wyll not auaylle to compare the agaynst me. But thus moche I shal do for my worshyp and for thy loue in so moche as thou art within my courte/ it were no worshyp for me to slee the/ Therfore vpon this condycyon I wyll gyue the leue for to departe from this courte in saufte/so thou wylt telle me who is thy fader & what is thy name/ & yf ꝑ slewe syr Marhaus my broder.

Thow syr Trystram departed from the kyng & la beale Isoude out of Yrlonde for to come in to Cornewayle.

Capl'm .xij.

SYr sayd Trystram now I shall telle you all the trouthe/my fadors name is syr Melyodas kyng of Lyones & my moder hyght Elyzabeth that was syster vnto kyng Marke of Cornewayle/& my moder deyed of me in the forest/and bycause therof she mau̅ded or she deyed that whan I were crystened ꝑ they sholde crystene me Trystram/& by cause I wolde not be knowen in this countree I torned my name & lete me calle Tramtryst/and for ꝑ truage of Cornewayle I fought for myn emes sake/& for the ryght of Cornewayle that ye had possessed many yeres. And wete ye well sayd Trystram vnto the kyng I dyde ꝑ batayll for the loue of myn vnkell kyng Marke & for the loue of the co̅utree of Cornewayle/and for to encreace myn honour. for that same daye ꝑ I fought with syr Marhaus I was made knyght and neuer or than dyde I noo batayll with no knyght/& fro me he wente a lyue & lefte his shelde and his swerde behynde. Soo god me helpe sayd the kyng I may not saye but ye dyde as a knyght sholde/& it was your parte to do for your quarell / and to encreace your worshyp as a knyght sholde/howbe it I may not mayntene you in this co̅utree with my worshyp ones that I sholde displease my barons & my wyf & her kynne. Syr sayd Trystram I thanke you of your good lordshyp ꝑ I haue had with you here/and the grete goodnes that my lady your doughter hath shewed me/and therfore sayd syr

Trystram it may soo happen that ye shall wynne more by my lyfe than by my deth/for in the partyes of Englon de it may happen I may doo you ser= uyce at some season that ye shall be gladde ꝑ euer ye shewed me your good lordshyp. With more I promyse you as I am true knyght ꝑ in all places I shall be my lady your doughters ser= uaũt & knyght in ryght and in wron= ge/and I shal neuer fayle her to do as moche as a knyght may do. Also I be= seche your good grace that I may ta= ke my leue at my lady your dougter & all the barons & knyghtes. I wyll well sayd the kyng. Thenne syr Try stram wente vnto la beale Isoude and toke his leue of her. And thenne he tol de her all what he was & how he had chaũged his name by cause he wolde not be knowen/and how a lady tolde hym that he sholde neuer be hole tylle he came in to this countree where the poyson was made/where through I was nere my deth had not your lady= shyp ben. O gentyll knyzt sayd la bea le Isoude full woo am I of thy depar= tynge/for I sawe neuer man that I ought so good wyll to/& therwith all she wepte hertely. Madame sayd syr Trystram ye shall vnderstande that my name is syr Trystram de Lyones begoten of kyng Melyodas & borne of his quene. And I promyse you fayth= fully that I shall be all the dayes of my lyf your knyght. Gramercy sayd la beale Isoode/and I promyse you there agaynst that I shall not be ma= ryed this .vij. yere but by your assent/ and to whome that ye wyll I shall be maryed to hym wyll I haue & he wyll haue me yf ye wyll consente. And then syr Trystram gaf her a ryng & she gaf hym an other/and therwith he de parted fro her/leuynge her makynge grete dole & lamentacõn/and he went strayte vnto the courte amonge all the barons/& there he toke his leue at the moost & best/and openly amonge them all he sayd. Fayre lordes now it is soo that I muste departe/yf there be ony may here that I haue offended vnto/ or that ony may be with me greued le te hym complayne here afore me or ꝑ euer I departe & I shall amende it vn= to my power. And yf ther be ony that wyll prefer me wronge or saye of me wronge or shame behynde my bache/ saye hit now or neuer/& here is myn body to make it good body ayenst bo= dy. And all they stode stylle/ther was not one that wolde saye one wonde/yet were there some knyghtes that were of the quenes blood & of syr Marhaus blood/but they wolde not medle with hym.

Chow syr Trystram & kyng Marke hurted eche other for ꝑ loue of a knygh tes wyf. ca.xiij.

So syr Trystram departed and toke the see/& with good wynde he arryued vp at Tyntagyll in Cor= newayle/and whan kyng Marke was hole in his prosperyte ther came tydyn ges that syr Trystram was arryued & hole of his woũdes/therof was kyn ge Marke passynge glad de/& so were all the barons. And whan he sawe his tyme he rode vnto his fader kyng Me lyodas/and there he had all the chere that the kyng & the quene coude make hym. And thẽne largely kyng Melyo=

das & his quene departed of theyr lon des and goodes to syr Trystram. So thenne by the lycence of kyng Melyo= das his fader he retorned agayne vnto the courte of kyng Marke/& there he lyued in grete Joye longe tyme/vntyll at the last there befelle a Jalousye and an vnkyndenes betwixe kyng Marke and syr Trystram/for they loued both one lady / and she was an Erles wyf that hyght syr Segwarydes. And this lady louedy syr Trystram passyngly well/and he loued her agayne for she was a passynge fayre lady / and that aspyed syr Trystram well. Thenne kyng Marke vnderstode that & was Jalous / for kyng Marke loucdy her passyngly well. So it befelle vppon a daye/this lady sente a dwarf vnto syr Trystram & badde hym as he loued her/that he wolde be with her the next nyght folowynge. Also she charged you that ye come not to her but yf ye be wel armed/for her lorde was called a good knyght. Syr Trystram answe red to the dwarf/recōmaūde me vnto my lady & telle her I wyll not fayle/ but I wyll be with her the terme that she hath sette me/& with this answere the dwarf departed. And kyng Mar= ke aspyed that the dwarf was with syr Trystram vpon message from Seg= warydes wyf/they kyng Marke sente for the dwarf. And whan he was co= men / he made the dwarf by force to telle hym all why & wherfore that he came on message vnto syr Trystram. Now sayd kyng Marke go where thou wolt / and vpon payne of deth that thou saye no worde that thou spakest with me/so the dwarf departed from the kyng. And that same nyght that the tyme was sette betwixt Segwary des wyf & syr Trystram/kyng Mar= ke armed hym and made hym redy & toke two knyghtȝ of his coūseyll with hym/and so he rode afore for to abyde by the waye for to awayte vppon syr Trystram. And as syr Trystram ca= me rydynge vpon his waye with his spere in his honde/kyng Marke cam hurtlynge vppon hym with his two knyghtes sodaynly/and all thre smote hym with theyr speres/& kyng Marke hurte syr Trystram on the brest ryght sore. And thenne syr Trystram feu= tryd his spere & smote his vnkell kyn ge Marke so sore that he rashed hym to the erthe / and brysed hym that he laye stylle in a swowne/and longe hit was or euer he myght welde hymself. And thēne he ranne to the one knyght & efte to the other and smote them to the colde erthe ꝯ they laye stylle. And therwith all syr Trystram rode forth sore woūded to the lady / and founde her abydynge hym at a posterne.

How syr Trystram laye with the la dy / & how her husbonde faught with syr Trystram. ca.xiiij.

And there she welcomedy hym fayre/and eyther halsed other in armes/& so she lete put vp his hors in the best wyse/and thenne she vnar= med hym. And so they souped lyghtly and wente to bedde with grete Joye & plealaūce / and soo in his ragynge he toke no kepe of his grene woūde that kyng Marke had gyuen hym. And so syr Trystram bebledde both the ouer shete & the nether and pelowes & heed shete / and within a whyle there came

one afore that warned her that her lor de was nere honde within a draught of a bowe. Soo she made Trystram to aryse/& so he armed hym and toke his hors & so departed. By thene was come Segwarydes her lorde / & whan he foũde her bedde troubled & broken he wente nere & beheldе it by candell lyght/thenne he sawe that ther hadde layne a woũded knyght. A fals traytresse sayd he thenne / why hast thou bytrayed me/& therwithal he swange out a swerde & sayd / but yf thou telle me who hath ben here/here thou shalt deye. A my lorde mercy sayd the lady and helde vp her hondes sayenge/slee me not & I shal telle you all who hath ben here. Telle anone sayd Segwarydes all the trouth. Anone for drede she sayd here was syr Trystram with me and by the waye as he came towarde me he was sore woũded. A fals traytresse sayd Segwarydes where is he become. Syr she sayd he is armed & departed on horsbak not yet hens half a myle. Ye saye well sayd Segwarydes / thenne he armed hym lyghtly/& gate his hors and rode after syr Trystram that rode strayte the waye vnto Tyntagyll. And within a whyle he ouertoke syr Trystram/and thenе he badde hym torne fals traytour knyght And syr Trystram torned hym anone agaynst hym. And therwith all Segwarydes smote syr Trystram with a spere that it all to braste. And thenne he swange out his swerde & smote at syr Trystram sore. Syr knyght sayd syr Trystram I coũseyll you that ye smyte no more how be it for the wronges ꝯ I haue done you. I wyll forbere you as longe as I may. Nay sayd Segwarydes that shall not be / for eyther thou shalt deye or I So syr Trystram drewe out his swerde and hurtled his hors vnto hym fyersly/& through the waste of the body he smote syr Segwarydes that he felle to the erthe in a swowne. And so syr Trystram departed & lefte hym there / and so he rode vnto Tyntagyll & toke his lodgynge secretely/for he wolde not be knowen that he was hurte. Also syr Segwarydes men rode after theyr mayster whome they founde lyenge in the felde sore wounded & brought hym home on his shelde / and there he laye longe or that he was hole/but at the laste recouered. Also kyng Marke wolde not be aknowen of that syr Trystram & he had mette that nyght. And as for syr Trystram he knewe not that kynge Marke had mette with hym. And soo the kynges astaunce came to syr Trystram to comforte hym as he laye sicke in his bedde. But as longe as kyng Marke lyued he loued neuer afterwarde syr Trystram / though there was fayre speche betwene them/loue was there none. And thus it paste many wekes and dayes/and all was forgyuen and forgoten. For syr Segwarydes durst no more haue adoo with syr Trystram by cause of his noble prowesse. And also by cause that he was neuewe vnto kyng Marke / therfore he lete it slyppe ouer/for he that hath a preuy hurte is loth to haue a shame outwarde.

¶ How syr Bleoberys demaũded the fayrest lady in kyng Markes courte/whome he toke awaye & how he was foughten with. ca.xv.

Thenne hit befelle vpon a daye that the good knyght Bleoberys de ganys broder to Blamore de ganys / & nyghe colyn vnto the good knyght syr Launcelot du lake. This Bleoberys came vnto ỹ court of kyng Marke / and there he asked of kyng Marke a bone to gyue hym what yefte that he wolde aske in his courte. And whan the kyng herde hym aske so / he merueylled of his askynge / but by cause he was a knyght of the roũde table and of a grete renõmee / kyng Marke graũted hym his hole askynge. Then sayd syr Bleoberys. I wyll haue the fayrest lady in your court that me lyst to chese. I may not saye nay sayd kyng Marke / now chese at your aduenture. And so syr Bleoberys dyde chese syr Segwarydes wyf & toke her by the honde and soo wente his waye with her / and so he toke his hors and dyde sette her behynde his squyre & rode vpon his waye. Whan syr Segwarydes herde telle that his lady was gone with a knyght of kyng Arthurs courte. Thenne he armed hym & rode after that knyght for to rescowe his lady. So whan Bleoberys was gone with this lady / kyng Marke & all the courte was wroth that she was awaye Thenne were there certayne ladyes that knewe that there was grete loue bytwene syr Trystram & her / and also that lady loued syr Trystram aboue all other knyghtes. And thenne there was one lady that rebuked syr Trystram in the horryblest wyse & called hym cowarde knyght / that he wolde for shame of his knyghthode see a lady so shamefully be taken awaye fro his vnkels courte. But the mente that eyther of them hady loued other with entyere herte. But syr Trystram answered her thus. Fayre lady it is not my parte to haue ado in suche maters whyle her lorde & husbande is present here. And yf it had bey so that her lord de had not bey here in this courte / they for the worshyp of this court peraventure I wolde haue bey her champyon. And yf so be ỹ syr Segwarydes spede not well / it may happey that I wyll speke with that good knyght or euer he passe from this coũtree. Soo within a whyle came one of syr Segwarydes squyres & tolde in the courte that syr Segwarydes was sore betey & woundded to the poynte of dethy as he wolde haue rescowed his lady syr Bleoberys ouerthrewe hym & hath sore wounded hym. Thenne was kyng Marke heuy therof & all the courte. Whey syr Trystram herde of this / he was ashamedy & sore greued. And thene was he soone armed & on horsback / and Gouernale his seruaũt bare his shelde and spere / And so as syr Trystram rode fast / he mette with syr Andret his colyn that by the cõmaũdement of kyng Marke was sente to bryngе forth & euer it lay in his power two knyghtes of Arthurs courte that rode by the coũtree to seke theyr aduentures Whan syr Trystram sawe syr Andret he asked hym what tydynges. Soo god me helpe sayd syr Andret / hit was neuer worse with me. for here by the cõmaũdement of kyng Marke I was sent to fetche two knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte / and that one bete me and woũded me and sette nought by my message. Fayr colyn syr Trystram sayd ryde on your waye / & yf I mete them it may happey I shall

reuenge you. So syr Andret rode in to Cornewayle/and syr Trystram rode after the two knyghtꝭ the whiche one hyght Sagramore le delyrus/& the other hyght Dodynas le saueage.

How syr Trystram faught with two knyghtes of the rounde table. Capl'm .xvi.

Thene within a whyle syr Trystram sawe them afore hym two lykely knyghtes. Syr sayd Gouernale vnto his mayster / syr I wolde counseyll you nought to haue adoo with them/for they ben two proued knyghtes of Arthurs courte. As for that sayd syr Trystram haue ye no doubte/but I wyll haue adoo with them to encrease my worshyp/for it is many a daye sythen I dyde ony dedes of armes. Do as ye lyst sayd Gouernale/and there withall anone syr Trystram asked them from whens they came & whyder they wolde/and what they dyde in the marches. Syr Sagramore loked vpon syr Trystram and had scorne of his wordes/& asked hym agayne. Fayre knyght be ye a knyght of Cornewayle. Wherby aske ye hit sayd syr Trystram. For it is seldom seen sayd syr Sagramore that ye Cornysshe knyghtes ben valyaunt men of armes / for within these two houres ther mette vs one of you Cornysshe knyghtes & gret e wordes he spake & anone with lytel myght he was leyde to the erthe. And as I trowe sayd syr Sagramore ye shall haue the same handsell ꝑ he had fayr lordes sayd syr Trystram it may so happen ꝑ I may better withstande thay he dyde/& whether ye wyl or not I wyll haue adoo with you / by cause he was myn colyn ꝑ ye bete/& therfore here do your best/and wete ye wel but yf ye quyte you the better here vppon this groũde one knyght of Cornewayle shall bete you both. Whan syr Dodynas le saueage herde hym saye so he gatte a spere in his honde & sayd/syr knyght kepe well thy self. And thenne they departed and came togyder as it had ben thonder/& syr Dodynas spere brast in sonder/but syr Trystram smote to hym with a more myght ꝑ he smote hym clene ouer the hors croupe that nyghe he had broken his necke. Whan syr Sagramore sawe his felowe haue suche a falle/they he merueylled what knyght he myght be/& he dresseth his spere with all his myght/& syr Trystram agaynst hym & they came togyder as the thonder/and there syr Trystram smote syr Sagramore a stronge buffet that he bare his hors & hym to the erthe/and in the fallynge he brake his thyghe. Whan this was done/syr Trystram asked them/fayre knyghtꝭ wyll ye ony more. Be there no bygger knyghtꝭ in the courte of kyng Arthur it is to you shame to saye of vs knyghtes of Cornawayle dyshonour / for it may happen a Cornysshe knyght may matche you both. It is so sayd syr Sagramore ꝑ haue we well proued/but I requyre the sayd syr Sagramore telle vs your ryght name by the fayth and trouth ꝑ ye owe to the hyghe order of knyghthode. Ye charge me with a gret e thynge sayd syr Trystram/& sythen ye lyst to wete it/ye shall knowe & vnderstande ꝑ my name is syr Trystram de lyones kyng Melyodas sone & neuewe vnto kyng Marke. They were

they two knyghtes gladde that they had mette with Trystram/& soo they prayed hym to abyde in theyr felaushyp Nay sayd syr Trystram / for I muste haue adoo with one of your felowes/ his name is syr Bleoberys de ganys/ God spede you well sayd syr Sagramore & Dodynas. Syr Trystram departed & rode on warde on his waye/ And thenne was he ware before hym in a valeye where syr Bleoberys rode with syr Segwarydes lady that rode behynde his squyre upon a palfroy.

¶How syr Trystram caught with syr Bleoberys for a lady/& how the lady was put to choyse to whome she wolde go. ca.xvij.

Thenne syr Trystram rode more than a paas untyll that he had ouertaken hym. Then spake syr Trystram abyde he sayd knyzt of Arthurs courte/bynge agayne that lady or delyuer her to me. I wyll not sayd syr Bleoberys / for I drede no Cornysshe knyght so sore that me lyst to delyuer her. Why sayd syr Trystram may not a Cornysshe knyght do as well as any other knyght/this same daye within this thre myle two knyghtes of your courte mette with me/& or euer we departed they foũde a Cornysshe knyzt good ynough for them both. What were theyr names sayd Bleoberys. Syr Trystram sayd they tolde hym that the one of them hyght syr Sagramore le delyrus/& the other hyght Dodynas le saueage. A sayd syr Bleoberys haue ye mette with them/so god me helpe they were two good knyghtes and men of worshyp. And yf ye haue bete them bothe / ye muste nedes knyght / but yf it be so that ye them bothe yet shall ye not but ye shall bete me or euer ye this lady. Defende you thenne sayd Trystram/soo they departed & cam togyder lyke thonder/& eyther bare ther doun hors & all to the erthe. Soo they auoyded theyr horses & lasshed togyder egrely with swerdes & myghtly now tracynge and trauersynge on the ryght honde & on the lyfte honde more than two houres. And somtyme they rasshed togyder with suche a myght that they laye both grouelynge on the grou de. Thenne syr Bleoberys de ganys starte aback & sayd thus. Now gentyl good knyght a whyle holde your hondes & lete vs speke togyder. Say what ye wyll sayd syr Trystram & I wyll answere you. Syre sayd Bleoberys I wolde wete of whens ye be & of whom ye be come/& what is your name. So god me helpe sayd syr Trystram I fere not to telle you my name. Wete ye wel I am kyng Melyodas sone/& my moder is kyng Markes syster / & my name is syr Trystram de lyones and kyng Marke is myn vnkell. Truly sayd Bleoberys I am ryght gladde of you for ye are he that slewe syr Marhaus the good knyzt hande for hande in an Ylonde for the truage of Cornewayle Also ye ouercame syr Palompydes the good knyght at a tornoyment in an Ylonde/where ye bete syr Gawayne & his nyne felowes. So god me helpe sayd syr Trystram wete ye well that I am the same knyght. Now I haue tolde you my name/telle me yours wt a good wyll. Wete ye well that my name is syr Bleoberys de ganys / & my

ght syr Blamore de ganys/
lled a good knyght/& we be
ldery vnto my lorde syr Laū-
a lake that we calle one of the
nyghtes of the worlde. That is
th sayd syr Trystram/syr Laūce-
is called pyerles of curtoysye and of
nyghthode/and for his sake sayd syr
Trystram I wyll not with my goody
wyll fyght no more with you for the
grete loue ꝑ I haue to syr Laūcelot du
lake. Iy good fayth sayd Bleoberys
as for me I wyll be lothe to fyght w̄
you. But sythen ye folowe me here to
haue this lady. I shall profer you kyn
denes curtoysye & gentylnes ryght here
vpon this groūde. This lady shall be
betwixt vs both/& to whome that she
wyll go lete hym haue her in peas. I
wyll well sayd syr Trystram / for as
I deme she wyll leue you and come to
me. Ye shall preue it anone sayd syr
Bleoberys.

How the lady forsoke syr Trystram
and abode with syr Bleoberys/& how
she desyred for to go to her husbonde.
Capl'm .xviij.

So whan she was sette betwixt
them both / she sayd these wor-
des vnto syr Trystram. Wete ye well
syr Trystram de lyones that but late
thou were the may in the worlde that
I moost loued & trusted/and I wende
thou haddest loued me agayne aboue
al ladyes. But whan thou sawest this
knyght lede me awaye ꝑ madest noo
chere to reskowe me / but suffered my
lorde Segwarydes ryde after me/but
vntyll ꝑ tyme I wende thou haddest
loued me. And therfore now I wyll le-
ue the & neuer loue the more/and ther-
withall she went vnto syr Bleoberys
Whan syr Trystram sawe her do so/
he was wonderly wroth with that la-
dy and ashamed to come to the court/
Syr Trystram sayd syr Bleoberys ye
are in the defaute/for I here by these
ladyes wordes ꝑ she before this daye
trusted you aboue all erthely knyghtes
& as she sayth ye haue deceyued her/
therfore wete ye wel ther may no man
holde that wyll awaye/& rather than
ye sholde be hertly displeased with me
I wolde ye had her & she wolde abyde
with you . Nay sayd the lady/so god
me helpe I wyll neuer goo with hym/
for he that I loued moost I wende he
had loued me. And therfore syr Try-
stram she sayd ryde as thou came/for
though ꝑ haddest ouercome this knyzt
as ye was lykely/yet with the neuer I
wolde haue gone . And I shall praye
this knyzt so fayre of his knyghthode
that or euer he passe this countree ꝑ he
wyll lede me to the Abbaye there my
lorde Segwarydes lyeth. Soo god me
helpe sayd syr Bleoberys . I lete you
wete good knyght syr Trystram by
cause kyng Marke gaf me the choyse
of a gyfte in his courte/& so this lady
lyked me best. Not withstandynge she
is wedded & hath a lorde / and I haue
fulfylled my queste/she shall be sent to
her husbonde agayne/and in especyall
moost for your sake syr Trystram/&
yf she wolde goo with you. I wolde ye
had her . I thanke you sayd syr Try-
stram/but for her loue I shall beware
what maner a lady I shal loue or trust
for had her lorde syr Segwarydes bey
awaye from the courte I sholde haue
bey the fyrste ꝑ sholde haue folowed

pou/but sythen she hath refused me/ as I am a true knyght I shall knowe her passyngly well that I shall loue or trust/& so they toke their leue one fro thother & departed. And so syr Trystram rode vnto Tyntagyll / and syr Bleoberys rode vnto the Abbaye where syr Segwarydes laye sore woũded. & there he delyuered his lady and departed as a noble knyght. And whan syr Segwarydes sawe his lady he was gretely comforted. And thenne she tolde hym that syr Trystram hadȳ done grete batayll with syr Bleoberys/and cauled hȳ to brynge her agayne. And these wordes pleased syr Segwarydes ryght well ꝑ syr Trystram wolde doo so moche/& soo that lady tolde all the batayll vnto kyng Marke betwixt syr Trystram & syr Bleoberys.

¶ How kyng Marke sente syr Trystram for la beale Isoude towarde Irlonde/& how by fortune he arryued in to Englonde. ca.xix.

Thenne whan this was done/ kyng Marke caste alwayes in his herte how he myght destroye Trystram. And then he ymagyned in hym self to sende syr Trystram in to Irlonde for la beale Isoude/for syr Trystram had so praysed her beaute & her goodnes ꝑ kyng Marke sayd he wolde wedde her/wherupon he prayed syr Trystram to take his waye in to Irlonde for hȳ on message. And all this was done to thentente to slee syr Trystram. Not withstandynge syr Trystram wolde not refuse ꝑ message for no daũger nor peryll that myght falle for the plesure of his vnkell / but to goo he made hym redy in the moost goodlyest wyse that myght be deuysed for syr Trystram toke with hym the moost goodlyest knyghtes ꝑ he myght fynde in the courte/& they were arayed after the gyse that was thenne vsed in the goodlyest maner. Soo syr Trystram departed & toke the see with all his felaushyp. And anone as he was in the brode see/a tempest toke hym & his felaushyp and drofe them back in to the cost of Englonde/and ther they arryued fast by Camelot/& full fayne they were to take the londe. And whan they were londed syr Trystram sette vp his pauelyone vppon the londe of Camelot/and there he lete hange his shelde vpon the pauelyone. And that same daye came two knyghtes of kyng Arthurs / that one was syr Ector de marys & that other syr Morganor/ & they touched the shelde / and badde hym come out of the pauelyone for to Juste & he wolde Juste. Ye shall be answered sayd syr Trystram & ye wyll tarye a lytell whyle. So he made hym redy/& fyrst he smote doun syr Ector de marys/and after he smote doun syr Morganor all with one spere / & sore brysed them. And whan they laye vpon the erthe / they asked syr Trystram what he was and of what coũtree he was knyght. Fayre lordes sayd syr Trystram wete ye well that I am of Cornewayle. Allas sayd syr Ector now am I ashamed that euer ony Cornysshe knyght sholde ouercome me/& thenne for despyte syr Ector put of his armour fro hym / and wente on foot and wolde not ryde.

¶ How kyng Angwysshe of Irlonde

was sommoned to come to kyng Arthurs courte for trealoy. ca.xx.

Thenne it befelle that syr Bleoberys & syr Blamor de ganys that were two brethery they had assomoned kyng Angusshe of Irlonde for te come vnto Arthurs courte vpon payne of forfeture of kyng Arthurs good grace. And yf the kyng of Irlonde cam not in at the daye assygned & sette / the kyng sholde lese his londes. Soo by hit happened that at the daye assygned kyng Arthur neyther syr Laũcelot myght not be there for to gyue the Jugement / for kyng Arthur was wt Laũcelot at the castell Joyous garde. And so kyng Arthur assygned kyng Carados & the kyng of Scottes to be there that daye as Juges. Soo whan the kynges were at Camelot/ kyng Angusshe of Irlonde was come to knowe his acculars. Thenne was there syr Blamor de ganys & appeled the kyng of Irlonde of trealoy that he hadde slayne a colpy of his in his court in Irlonde by trealoy. The kyng was sore abasshed of his accusacyon/for why/he was come at the sõmons of kyng Arthur/and or that he came at Camelot/he wyst not wherfore he was sente after. And whan the kyng herde syr Blamor saye his wyll he vnderstode well there was none other remedye but for to answere hym knyghtely/for the custome was suche in tho dayes/that and ony man were appeled of ony trealoy or murther/he sholde fyght body for body / or els to fynde ony other knyght for hym. And all maner of murtherers in tho dayes were called trealoy. And whan kyng Angusshe vnderstode his accusynge/ he was passynge heuy / for he knewe syr Blamor de ganys that he was a noble knyght & of noble knyghtes comeny. Thenne the kyng of Irlonde was symply purueyed of his answere. therfore the Juges gaf hym respyte by the thyrde daye to gyue his answere/ Soo the kyng departed vnto his lodgynge. The meane whyle there came a lady by syr Tristrams pauelyone makynge grete dole. What eyleth you sayd syr Tristram that ye make suche dole. A fayre knyght sayd the lady I am ashamed onles that some good knyght helpe me / for a grete lady of worshyp sente by me a fayre childe & a ryche vnto syr Laũcelot du lake/and here by there mette with me a knyght & threwe me doun fro my palfroy and toke awaye the childe from me. Well my lady sayd syr Tristram & for my lorde syr Launcelots sake I shall gete you that childe agayne / or els I shall be beten for hit. And so syr Tristram toke his hors & asked the lady whiche waye the knyght rode. And thẽne she tolde hym. And he rode after hym/& within a whyle he ouertoke ỹ knyght. And thẽne syr Tristram badde hym torne & gyue agayne the childe.

How syr Tristram relcowed a childe fro a knyght / & how Gouernale tolde hym of kyng Angusshe. ca.xxi.

The knyght torned his hors and he made hym redy for to fyght And thẽne syr Tristram smote hym with a swerde suche a buffet / that he tombled to the erthe. And thenne he yelded hym vnto syr Tristram. Sos

me then thy waye sayd syr Trystram & bringe the childe to the lady agayne So he toke his hors wekely and rode with syr Trystram / & thenne by the waye syr Trystram asked hym his name. And he sayd my name is Breunys saunce pyte. So whan he had delyuered that childe to the lady he sayd / syr as in this the childe is well remedyed And thenne syr Trystram lete hym go agayne that sore repented hym after / for he was a grete foo vnto many good knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte. Thenne whan syr Trystram was in his pauelyone. Gouernale his man came & tolde hym how that kyng Anguysshe of Irlonde was come thyder and he was put in grete dystresse / and there Gouernale tolde syr Trystram how kyng Anguysshe was somoned & appeled of murther. So god me helpe sayd syr Trystram these ben the best tydynges that euer came to me this seuen yeres / for now shall the kyng of Irlonde haue nede of my helpe / for I dare saye there is no knyght in this coũtre that is not of Arthurs courte dare do batayll with syr Blamor de ganys / & for to wynne the loue of the kyng of Irlonde I wyll take the batayll vpon me / & therfore Gouernale bringe me I charge the to the kyng. So Gouernale wente vnto kyng Anguysshe of Irlonde & saluted hym fayre. The kyng welcomed hym and asked hym what he wolde. Syr sayd Gouernale here is a knyght here honde that desyreth to speke with you / he badde me saye he wolde do you seruyce. What knyght is he sayd the kyng. Syr sayd he hit is syr Tristram de lyones that for your good grace that ye shewed to hym in your londes wyll reward you in this coũtrees. Come on felowe sayd the kyng with me anone & shewe me vnto syr Trystram. So the kyng tooke a lytell hackeney & but fewe felaweshyp with hym vntyl he came vnto syr Trystrams pauelyone. And whan syr Trystram sawe the kyng / he ranne vnto the kyng & wolde haue holden his stirope. But the kyng lepte from his hors lyghtly / & eyther halsed other in armes. My gracyous lorde sayd syr Trystram / gramercy of your grete goodnesses shewed vnto me in your marches & londes. And at that tyme I promysed you to do my seruyce and euer it laye in my power. And gentyll knyght sayd the kyng vnto syr Trystram / now haue I grete nede of you neuer had I so grete nede of no knyghtes helpe. How so my good lorde sayd syr Trystram. I shall telle you sayd the kyng. I am assomoned & appeled fro my coũtree for the deth of a knyght that was kynne vnto the good knyght syr Launcelot / wherfore syr Blamor de ganys broder to syr Bleoberys hath appeled me to fyght with hym / eyther to fynde a knyght in my stede. And I wote well sayd the kyng these that are come of kyng Bans blood / as syr Launcelot & these other are passynge good knyghtes and harde men for to wynne in batayll as ony that I knowe now lyuynge. Syr sayd syr Trystram / for the good lordshyp that ye shewed vnto me in Irlonde and for my lady your doughters sake la beale Isoude I wyll take the bataylle for you vpon this condycyon / that ye shall graunte me two thynges / that one is that ye shall swere to me that ye are

in the ryght that ye were neuer conlen tynge to the knyghtes deth. Syr thenne layd syr Tryſtram / when that I haue done this batayll yf god gyue me grace that I ſpede that ye ſhall gyue me a rewarde what thynge reſonable that I wyll aſke of you. Soo god me helpe layd the kyng ye ſhal haue what ſomeuer ye wyll aſke. It is well layd layd syr Tryſtram.

Chow syr Tryſtram faught for kynge Angwyſſhe & ouercame his aduerſary / and how his aduerſary wolde neuer yelde hym. ca.xxij.

NOw make your anſwere that your champyon is redy. For I ſhall deye in your quarell rather than to be recreaunt. I haue no doubte of you layd the kyng / that & ye ſholde haue adoo with syr Launcelot du lake / Syre layd syr Tryſtram / as for syr Laũcelot he is called the nobleſt knyzt of the worlde. And wete ye well that the knyghtes of his blood are noble men & drede ſhame / and as for Bleoberys broder vnto syr Blamor I haue done batayll with hym / therfore vpon my heed it is noo ſhame to calle hym a good knyght. It is noyſed layd the kyng that syr Blamor is the hardyer knyght. Syr as for ỹ lete hym be / he ſhall neuer be refuſed / and as he were the beſt knyght that now bereth ſhelde or ſpere. Soo kyng Angwyſſhe departed vnto kyng Carados and the kynges that were that tyme as Juges and tolde them that he hadde founde his champyon redy. And thenne by the commaundementes of the kynges syr Blamor de ganys and syr Tryſtram de lyones were ſente for to here theyr charge. And whan they were comen before the Juges / there were many kynges and knyghtz that behelde syr Tryſtram / and moche ſpeche hadde they of hym by cauſe that he ſlewe syr Marhaus the good knyght / and alſo by cauſe he foriuſted syr Palomydes that noble knyght. So when they had taken theyr charge / thenne they withdrewe them for to make them redy to do batayll. Thenne layd syr Bleoberys vnto his broder syr Blamor / fayr dere broder now remembre of what kynne that we are come of / and what a man that syr Launcelot du lake is / neyther ferther nor nerer but broders childern / and there was neuer none of our kynne that euer was aſhamed in batayll / and rather ſuffre deth broder than to be aſhamed. Broder layd Blamor haue ye noo doubte of me / for I ſhall neuer ſhame none of my blood / how be it I am ſure that ponder knyzt is called a paſſynge good knyght as of his tyme one of the beſt of the worlde / yet ſhall I neuer yelde me nor ſaye the lothe worde / well may he happen to ſmyte me doun wyth his grete myght of chyualrye / but rather ſhall he ſlee me than I ſhall yelde me as recreaũt / God ſpede you well layd syr Bleoberys / for ye ſhall fynde hym the myghtyeſt knyght that euer ye hadde adoo withall / for I knowe hym for I haue hadde adoo with hym. God me ſpede layd syr Blamor de ganys / and there with he tooke his hors at the one ende of the lyſtes & syr Tryſtram at ỹ other ende of the lyſtes / and ſo they feutryd theyr ſperes & came ogyder as it had ben thonder / and there syr Tryſtram

through grete myght smote doun syr Blamore & his hors to the erthe. And anone syr Blamor auoyded his hors & pulled out his swerde & threwe his shelde afore hym and badde syr Trystram alyght/for though an hors hath fayled me I truste to god the erthe wyl not fayle me. And they syr Trystram alyght and dressyd hym vnto batayll & there they lasshed togyder strongely as racynge & tracynge/foynynge and dasshynge many sad strokes that the kynges & knyghtes had grete wonder that they myght stande / for euer they fought lyke wood men soo that there were neuer knyghtes seen fyght more fyercely than they dyde/for syr Blamor was soo hasty he wolde haue no reste & all men wondred that they had brethe to stande on theyr feet/and all the place was blody that they fought in. And at the laste syr Trystram smote syr Blamor suche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle there doun vpon his syde & syr Trystram stode & beheld hym.

the lothe worde / and therfore yf thou dar slee me/slee me I requyre the. And whan syr Trystram herde hym saye so knyghtly/he wyste not what to doo with hym/he remembred hym of both partyes of what blood he was comen. and for syr Launcelots sake he wolde be lothe to slee hym / and in the other partye in no wyse he myght not chese but that he muste make hym to saye the lothe worde or els to slee hym. And thenne syr Trystram starte abacke & wente to the kynges that were Juges and there he kneled doun tofore them & beseught them for theyr worshyppes and for kyng Arthur & syr Launcelots sake that they wolde take this mater in theyr hondes. For my fayre lordes sayd syr Trystram it were shame and pyte that this noble knyght that yonder lyeth sholde be slayne/for ye here well that shamed he wyll not be/and I praye to god that he neuer be slayne nor a shamed for me. And as for the kyng for whome I fyght fore I shal requyre hym as I am his true champyon & true knyght in this felde that he wyll haue mercy vppon this knyght. So god me helpe sayd kyng Angusshe I wyll for your sake syr Trystram be ruled as ye wyll haue me/for I know you for my true knyght/and therfore I wyll hertely praye the kynges that ben here as Juges for to take hit in theyr hondes. And thenne the kynges that were Juges called syr Bleoberys to them and asked hym his aduyse. My lordes sayd syr Bleoberys/ though my broder be beten and hath the worse through myght of armes. I dare saye though syr Trystram hath beten his body / he hath not beten his

Chow syr Blamor defyed Trystram to slee hym/& how syr Trystram spared hym and how they toke appoynte ment. ca.xxiij.

Thenn whan syr Blamor myght speke he sayd thus. Syr Trystram de lyones I requyre the as thou art a noble knyght & the best knyght that euer I founde that thou wylt slee me out/for I wolde not lyue to be made lorde of all the erthe/for I haue leuer dye with worshyp than lyue with shame/and nedes syr Trystram thou muste slee me or ellys thou shalt neuer wynne the felde/for I wyll neuer saye

herte. I thanke god he is not shamed this daye. And rather than he sholde be shamed. I requyre you sayd Bleoberys lete syr Trystram slee hym out. Yt shall not be soo sayd the kynges/ for his parte aduersary bothe the kynge & the champyon haue pyte of syr Blamors knyghthode. My lordes syr Bleoberys sayd I wyll ryght well as ye wyll. Thenne the kynges called to them the kyng of Irlonde and foūde hym goodly & treatable. And thenne by all theyr aduyses syr Trystram & syr Bleoberys tooke vp syr Blamor/ & the two brethern were accorded with kyng Anguysshe / and kyssed & made frendes for euer. And thenne syr Blamor & syr Trystram kyssed togyder/ and there they made theyr othes that they wolde neuer none of them two brethern fyght with syr Trystram/ & syr Trystram made the same othe/ and for that gentyll bataylle all the blood of syr Laūcelot loued syr Trystram for euer. Thenne kyng Anguysshe and syr Trystram toke theyr leue & sayled in to Irlonde with grete noblesse and Joye. Soo whan they were in Irlonde the kyng lete make it know wen throuh out all the londe how & in what manere syr Trystram hadde done for hym. And thenne the quene and all that there were made all the mooste of hym that euer they myght. But the Joye that la beale Isoude made of syr Trystram that myght no tonge telle/ for all men erthely she loued hym mooste.

¶ How syr Trystram demaunded la beale Isoude for kyng Marke/ & how syr Trystram & la beale Isoude dron ken the loue drynke. ca. xxiiij.

Thenne vpon a daye kyng Anguysshe asked syr Trystram why he asked not his bone. For what someuer he had promysed hym he shol de haue hit without fayle. Syre sayd syr Trystram now is hit tyme / this is all that I wyll desyre that ye wyll gyue me la beale Isoude your doughter not for my self but for myn vnkell kyng Marke that shall haue her vnto his wyf/ for so haue I promysed hym. Allas sayd the kyng I had leuer than all the londe that I haue that ye wolde wedde her your self. Syre sayd syr Trystram and I dyde so than I were alhamed for euer in this worlde and fals of my promyse / therfore sayd syr Trystram I praye you holde your promyse that ye haue promysed me / for this is my desyre that ye wyll gyue me la beale Isoude to goo with me in to Cornewayle for to be wedded vnto kyng Marke myn vnkell. As for that sayd kyng Anguysshe ye shall haue her with you to doo with her what it please you/ that is for to saye/ yf that ye lyst to wedde her your self that were me leuest. And yf ye wyll gyue her vnto kyng Marke your vnkell that is in your choyse. Soo to make shorte conclusyon la beale Isoude was made redy for to go with syr Trystram and dame Bragwayne went with her for her chyef gentylwoman with many other. And thenne the quene la beale Isoudes moder gaf to her and to dame Bragwayne her doughters gentyl woman and vnto Gouernale a dyn ne and charged them that what daye that kyng Marke sholde wedde that

same daye they sholde gyue hym that drynke/soo that kyng Marke sholde drynke to la beale Isoude. And thenne sayd the quene I vndertake eyther shal loue other the dayes of theyr lyf. Soo this drynke was gyuen vnto Gouernale & vnto dame Bragwayne. And thenne anone syr Tristram toke the see & la beale Isoude / and whan they were in theyr caban hit happened soo that they were thurst/and they sawe a lytel flacked of golde stande by them & it semed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wyne. So syr Tristram toke the flacked in his honde & sayd. Madame Isoude here is the best drynke that euer ye dranke that dame Bragwayne your mayden & Gouernale my seruaūt haue kepte for them self. And thenne they lough and made good chere & eyther dranke to other frely / and they thought neuer drynke that euer they dranke to other was so swete nor so good. But by that theyr drynke was in theyr bodyes / they loued eyther other so well that theyr loue neuer departed for wele neyther for wo And thus it happed the loue fyrst betwixt syr Tristram & la beale Isoude the whiche loue neuer departed al the dayes of theyr lyf. So thenne they sayled tyll by fortune they came nyghe a castell that hyght Pluere / and therby arryued for to repose them wenynge to them to haue had good herberowe/ but anone as syr Tristram was within the castel they were taken prysoners for the custome of the castell was suche who that rode by that castell and brought ony lady he must nedes fyght with the lorde of that castell & hyght Brewnor. And yf it were so that the same Brewnor wanne the felde/they sholde the straūger knyght & his lady be putte to deth what euer they were/ & yf it were so that the straūge knyght wanne the felde of syr Brewnor/they sholde he deye and his lady both/this custome was vsed many wynters / for it was called the castell Pluere/that is to saye the weppynge castell.

How syr Tristram & la beale Isoude were in prysoy/and how he faught for her beaute & smote of ay other ladyes heed. ca.xxv.

Thus as syr Tristram and la beale Isoude were in prysoy/it happed a knyght & a lady came vnto them where they were to chereste them I haue merueyll sayd syr Tristram vnto the knyght and the lady what is the cause that the lorde of this castell holdeth vs in prysoy / it was neuer the custome of noo place of worshyp that euer I came in / that whan a knyght and a lady asked herberowe/and they to receyue them & thay after to destroy them that ben his gestes it is an vile custome. Syr sayd the knyght this is the olde custome of this castell / that whan a knyght cometh here he muste nedes fyght with our lorde/& he that is wyner muste lese his heed. And whan that is done yf his lady that he bryngeth with hym be fouler than our lordes wyf she must lese her heed/and yf she be fayrer preued than our lady is/thenne shall the lady of this castell lese her heed. Soo god me helpe sayd syr Tristram this is a foule custome and a shamefull. But one auauntage haue I sayd syr Tristram. I haue a

lady is fayre ynough fayrer sawe I ne uer in all my lyfe dayes. And I doub= te not for lacke of beaute she shal not lese her heed / and rather than I sholde lese my heed I wyll fyght for hit on a fayre felde. Wherfore syr knyght I praye you telle your lorde that I wyll be redy as to morne with my lady and my self to batayll yf it be so þ I may haue myn hors and myn armour. Syr sayd that knyght I vndertake þ your desyre shall be spedde ryght well. And thenne he sayd take your reste & loke that ye be vp by tymes and make you redy & your lady / for ye shall wante no thynge that to you belongeth / and therwith he departed / & on the morne by tymes that same knyght came to syr Tristram & fetched hym out and his lady and brought hym hors & ar= mour that was his owne / and badde hym make hym redy to the felde / for all the estates & comyns of that lord= shyp were there al redy to beholde that batayll and Jugement. Thenne came syr Brewnor the lorde of that castell with his lady in his honde muffelde / and asked syr Tristram where his la dy was / for & thy lady be fayrer than myn with thy swerde smyte of my la dyes heed / and yf myn lady be fayrer than thyn with my swerde I must stry ke of her heed. And yf I wynne the yet shal thy lady be myn / & thou shalt lese thy heed. Syr sayd syr Tristram this is a foule custome & an horryble / and rather than my lady sholde lese her heed yet had I leuer for to lese my heed. Nay nay sayd syr Brewnor the ladyes shall be fyrst shewed togyder / and the one shall haue her Jugement Nay I wyl not so sayd syr Tristram for here is none that wyll gyue ryght= full Jugement. But I doubte not sayd syr Tristram my lady is fayrer than thyn / and that wyll I preue & make it good with my honde. And who som= euer he be that wyll saye the coũtrary I wyll preue it on his heed. And there with syr Tristram shewed la beale Alloude and torned her thyes about with his naked swerde in his honde / And whan syr Brewnor sawe that he dyde the same wyse torne his lady a= bout. But whan syr Brewnor behel= de la beale Alloude / hym thought that he sawe neuer a fayrer lady / and then he dradde þ his ladyes heed sholde be smyten of / & so all the people that we re there present gaf Jugement that la beale Alloude was the fayrer lady and the better made. How now sayd syr Tristram / me semeth it were pyte þ my lady sholde lose her heed / but by cause þ thou & thy lady of longe tyme haue vsed this wycked custome / & by you bothe haue many good knyghtes and ladyes ben destroyed / for that cau se it were noo losse for to destroye you all bothe. Soo god me helpe sayd syr Brewnor for to saye the trouth thy la dy is fayrer than the myn / & that me sore repenteth. And so I here the peo= ple prpuely saye / for of all wymmen I sawe none so fayre / & therfore yf þ wylt slee my lady I doubte not but I shall slee the & haue thy lady. Thou shalt wynne her sayd syr Tristram as dere as euer knyght wanne lady / & by cause of thyn owne Jugement as thou woldest haue done vnto my lady yf that she hadde ben fouler / and by cause of the euyll custome gyue me thy lady sayd syr Tristram / & there

withall syr Trystram strode vnto hym & toke his lady from hym / and with ay auke stroke he smote of her heed clene. Well knyght sayd syr Brewnor now hast thou done me a despyte.

¶ How syr Trystram faught with syr Brewnor / and atte laste smote of his heed. ca.xxvi.

NOw take thyn hors sythen ꝑ I am lady les I wyll wynne thy lady & I may/thenne they toke theyr horses & came togyder as hit had ben the thonder/and syr Trystram smote syr Brewnor clene from his hors/and lyghtly he rose vp . And as syr Trystram came agayne by hym/he threst his hors throughout both the sholders that his hors hurtled here & there and felle deed to the groũde. And euer syr Brewnor ranne after to haue slayne syr Trystram/but syr Trystram was lyght & nymell and voyded his hors lyghtly/& or euer syr Trystram coude dresse his shelde & his swerde/the other gaaf hym thre or foure sadde strokes. And thenne they rasshed togyder lyke two bores tracynge & trauersynge full nyghtly & wysely as two noble knyghtes. For this syr Brewnor was a proued knyght & had ben or than the deth of many good knyghtes / that it was pyte that he had so longe endured / & thus they fought hurtlynge here and there nyghe two houres/& eyther were woũded sore/they atte last syr Brewnor rasshed vpon syr Trystram & toke hym in his armes / for he trusted moche to his strengthe. And they was syr Trystram called the strengest & the hyest knyght of the worlde/for he was called bygger than syr Launcelot/but syr Launcelot was better brethed. Soo anone syr Trystram thrust syr Brewnor doun grouelynge/& thenne he vnlaced his helme & strake of his heed/ And thenne all they that longed to the castel came to hym & dyde hym homage and feaute / prayenge hym that he wolde abyde there stylle a lytell whyle to fordo that foule custome. Syr Trystram graũted therto/the meane whyle one of the knyghtes of the castell rode vnto syr Galahad the hault prynce the whiche was syr Brewnors sone whiche was a noble knyght and tolde hym what mysauenture his fader had and his moder.

¶ How syr Galahad faught with syr Trystram/& how syr Trystram yelded hym and promysed to felawshyp with Launcelot. ca.xxvij.

THenne came syr Galahad & the kyng w̃ the hondred knyghtes with hym/and this syr Galahad profered to fyght with syr Trystram hande for hande/& so they made them redy to goo vnto batayll on horsback with grete courage. So syr Galahad & syr Trystram mette togyder so harde that eyther bare other doun hors & all to the erthe. And thenne they auoyded theyr horses as noble knyghtes & dressyd theyr sheldes and drewe theyr swerdes with Ire & rancour/and they lasshed togyder many sadde strokes/& one whyle strykynge & an other whyle foynynge / tracynge and trauersynge as noble knyghtes/thus they fought longe nere half a daye & eyther were sore woũded. At the last syr Trystram

waxed lyght & bygge and doubled his strokes & droke syr Galahad abacke on the one syde & on the other/so that he was lyke to haue ben slayne. With that came the kyng with the hondred knyghtes & all that felawshyp wente fyersly upon syr Trystram. Whan he sawe them comynge upon hym/thenne he wyst well he myght not endure. So as a wyse knyght of warre he sayd to syr Galahad de haut prynce / syr ye shewe to me no knyghthode for to suffre al your men to haue adoo with me all at ones. And as me semeth ye be a noble knyght of your hondes / hit is grete shame to you. So god me helpe sayd syr Galahad there is none other waye but thou must yelde the to me/ eyther els to deye sayd syr Galahad to syr Trystram. I wyll rather yelde me to you than deye/for that is more for ỹ myght of your men than of your hondes. And therwith all syr Trystram tooke his owne swerde by the poynte & put the pomell in the honde of syr Galahad. And therwith all came the kyng with the hondred knyghtes & began harde to assayle syr Trystram. Lete be sayd syr Galahad/be ye not so hardy to touche hym / for I haue gyuen this knyght his lyf. And that is your shame sayd the kyng with the hondred knyghtꝭ/hath he not slayne your fader and your moder. As for that sayd syr Galahad I may not wyte hym gretely/for my fader had hym in pryson & enforced hym to do batayl with hym/and my fader had suche a custome that was a shameful custome that what knyght came there to aske herbergowe his lady muste nedes deye but yf she were fayrer than my moder And yf my fader ouercame that knyght he must nedes deye/this was a shame full custome & vsage a knyght for his herbergowe at kynge to haue suche herbarage/and for this custome I wolde neuer drawe about hym. Soo god me helpe sayd the kyng this was a shame full custome. Truly sayd syr Galahad so semed me / & me semed it had ben grete pyte that this knyght shold haue ben slayne/for I dare saye he is the noblest man that bereth lyf/but yf it were syr Lañcelot du lake. Now fayre knyght sayd syr Galahad I requyre ỹ telle me thy name & of whens thou art & wheder thou wolt. Syr he sayd my name is syr Trystram de lyones/and from kyng Marke of Cornewayle I was sente on message to kyng Angwysshe of Irlonde for to fetche his doughter to be his wyf/& here she is redy to go with me in to Cornewayle & her name is la beale Isoude. And syr Galahad de haut prynce sayd to syr Trystram / well be ye founde in these marches/& soo ye wyll promyse me to go vnto syr Lañcelot du lake & accompanye with hym ye shall go where ye wyll and your fayre lady with you/ And I shall promyse you neuer in all my dayes shall suche customes more be vsed in this castell as haue ben vsed Syre sayd syr Trystram now I lete you wete so god me helpe I wende ye had ben syr Launcelot du lake whan I sawe you fyrst/and therfore I drede you the more. And syr I promyse you sayd syr Trystram as soone as euer I may I wyll see syr Launcelot & enfelawshyp me with hym / for of all the knyghtes of the worlde I desyre moost his felawshyp.

¶ How syr Launcelot mette with kyng Carados berynge awaye syr Gawayne/ & of the relcowe of syr Gawayne Capl'm .xxviij.

AND thenne syr Trystram toke his leue whan he sawe his tyme and toke the see. And the meane whyle came worde vnto syr Launcelot & to syr Trystram that syr Carados the myghty kyng that was made lyke a gyaunt/that fought with syr Gawayne & gaaf hym suche strokes that he swowned in his sadell/& after that he toke hym by the coller & pulled hym out of his sadell/and bounde hym fast to the sadell bowe & so rode his waye with hym towarde his castell. And as he rode/by fortune syr Launcelot mette with kyng Carados & anone he knewe syr Gawayne that laye bounde after hym. A sayd syr Launcelot vnto syr Gawayne / how stande it with you/ Neuer soo harde sayd syr Gawayne onles that ye helpe me/for so god me helpe without ye relcowe me I knowe no knyght that may but eyther you or syr Trystram. Wherfore syr Launcelot was heuy of syr Gawayns wordes/ And thenne syr Launcelot badde syr Carados leye doun that knyght & fyght with me. Thou art but a foole sayd syr Carados / for I wyll serue you in the same wyse. As for that sayd syr Launcelot spare me not / for I warne the I wyll not spare the. And thenne he bounde syr Gawayne hande & foot & so he threwe hym to the grounde. And thenne he gate his spere of his squyre and departed from syr Launcelot to fet the his cours/and so eyther met with other & brake theyr speres to theyr hon des/and thenne they pulled out theyr swerdes & hurtled togyder on horsback more than any houre. And at the laste syr Launcelot smote syr Carados suche a buffet vppon the helme that it perched his brayne pan. So thenne syr Launcelot toke syr Carados by the coller & pulled hym vnder his hors feet. And thenne he alyght & pulled of his helme & strake of his heed. And thenne syr Launcelot vnbounde syr Gawayne/ so this tale was tolde to syr Galahad & to syr Trystram/here may ye here the noblenes that foloweth syr Launcelot. Allas sayd syr Trystram & I had not this message in honde w̄ this fayr lady / truly I wolde neuer stynte or I had founde syr Launcelot. Thenne syr Trystram & la beale Isoude wente to the see & came in to Lomewayle/and there all the barons mette them.

¶ Of the weddynge of kyng Marke to la beale Isoude / & of Bragwayne her mayde & of Palompdes. ca.xxix.

AND anone they were rychely wedded with grete nobley/but euer as the frenshe booke sayth syr Trystram and la beale Isoude loued euer togyder. Thenne was there grete Justes & grete tornoyenge/and many lordes and ladyes where at that feest/ & syr Trystram was moost prayled of all other/thus dured the feest longe/& after the feest was done/within a lytel whyle after by the assente of two ladyes þ were with quene Isoude/they ordeyned for hate and enuye for to destroye dame Bragwayne / that was mayden & lady vnto la beale Isoude/ and she was sente in to the forest for

to fetche herbes/& there she was mette and boũde honde & feet to a tree/and so she was boũden thre dayes. And by fortune syr Palompdes founde dame Bragwayne & there he delyuered her from the deth/& brought her to a nonnery there belyde for to be recouered/ Whan Ilonde ỹ quene myst her mayden / wete ye well she was ryght heuy as euer was ony quene / for of all erthely wymmen she loued her best / the cause was for she came with her out of her countree. And so vppon a daye quene Ilonde walked in to the forest to put awaye her thoughtes/and ther she wente her self vnto a welle & made grete mone. And sodaynly there came syr Palompdes to her & had herde all her complaynte & sayd. Madame Ilonde & ye wyll graũte me my bone. I shal bringe to you dame Bragwayne sauf & sonde. And the quene was so gladde of his profer/ that sodaynly vnauysed she graũted all his askynge. Well madame sayd Palompdes I trust to your promyse/and yf ye wyll abyde here half an houre I shall bringe her to you. I shall abyde you sayd quene Ilonde. And syr Palompdes went forth his waye to that nonnery / and lyghtely he came agayne with dame Bragwayne/but by her good wyll she wolde not haue comen agayne/by cause for loue of the quene she stode in auenture of her lyf. Notwithstandynge half agaynst her wyll she wente with syr Palompdes vnto the quene. And whan the quene sawe her she was passynge gladde. Now madame sayd syr Palompdes/remembre vpon your promyse/for I haue fulfylled my promyse. Syr Palompdes sayd the quene I wote not what your desyre is. But I wyl that ye wete how be it I promysed you largely I thought none euyll/nor I warne you none yll wyll I do. Madame sayd syr Palompdes / as at this tyme ye shall not knowe my desyre/ for my lorde your husbonde there shal ye knowe that I wyll haue my desyre that ye haue promysed me. And there with the quene departed & rode home to the kyng/and syr Palompdes rode after her. And whan syr Palompdes came afore the kyng/he sayd syr kyng I requyre you as ye be a ryghtuous kyng that ye wyll Juge me the ryght Telle me the cause sayd the kyng & ye shall haue ryght.

How syr Palompdes demaunded quene Ilonde/& how Lambegus rode after to welcome her / and of the escape of quene Ilonde. ca.xxx.

Syre sayd Palompdes I promysed your quene Ilonde to bringe agayne dame Bragwayne that she had lost vpon this couenaũt / that she sholde graũte me a bone that I wolde aske/and without grutchynge eyther auysement she graũted me. What say ye my lady sayd the kyng. Hit is as he sayth so god me helpe sayd the quene/ to saye the sothe I promysed hym his askynge for loue & Joye that I had to see her. Well madame sayd the kyng/ & yf ye were hasty to graũte hym what bone he wolde aske. I wyll well that ye perfourme your promyse. Thenne sayd Palompdes. I wyll that ye wete that I wyll haue your quene to lede her and gouerne her where as me lyst Therwith the kyng stode styll and he

bethought hym of syr Trystram/and demed that he wolde relcowe her. And thenne haſtely the kyng anſwered take her with the aduentures that ſhall falle of hit/for as I ſuppoſe thou wylt not longe enioye her. As for that ſayd Palompdes . I dare ryght well abyde the aduenture. And ſo to make a ſhort tale Palompdes toke her by the honde and ſayd. Madame grutche not to go with me / for I deſyre noo thynge but your owne promyſe. As for that ſayd the quene I fere not gretely to go with the/how be it thou haſt me at auaũtage vpon my promyſe/for I doubte not I ſhall be worſhypfully relcowed fro the . As for that ſayd ſyr palompdes be it as it be may. Soo quene Iſoude was ſette behynde Palompdes & ſo rode his waye. Anone the kyng ſente after ſyr Tryſtram/but he coude not be foũde/for he was in the foreſt an hunt tynge/for that was alwayes his cuſtome but yf he vſed armes to chace & to hunte in the foreſtes . Allas ſayd the kyng now am I ſhamed for euer that by myn owne aſſente my lady and my quene ſhall be deuoured. Thenne came forth a knyȝt his name was Lambegus/& he was a knyght of ſyr Tryſtram. My lorde ſayd this knyght ſythen ye haue truſt in my lorde ſyr Tryſtram/wete ye well for his ſake I wyl ryde after your quene & relcowe her/or els I ſhal be beten. Gramercy ſayd the kyng/and I lyue ſyr Lambegus I ſhall deſerue hit. And thenne ſyr Lambegus armed hym and rode after as faſt as he myght. And thenne within a whyle he ouertoke ſyr Palompdes/thenne ſyr Palompdes lefte the quene What art thou ſayd Palompdes/art thou Tryſtram . Nay he ſayd I am his ſeruaũt/& my name is ſyr Lambegus. That me repenteth ſayd Palompdes. I hadde leuer thou hadeſt ben ſyr Tryſtram . I byleue you well ſayd ſyr Lambegus/but when thou meteſt with ſyr Tryſtram thou ſhalt haue thyn handes full. And thenne they hurtled togyder & all to braſte theyr ſperes / and thenne they pulled out theyr ſwerdes & hewed on helmes & hauberkes. At the laſt ſyr Palompdes gaf ſyr Lambegus ſuche a woũde that he fell doun lyke a deed knyght to the erthe/ Thenne he loked after la beale Iſoude/& ſhe was gone he nyſt not where/ Wete ye well ſyr Palompdes was neuer ſo heuy. So the quene ranne in to the foreſt/and there ſhe foũde a welle therin ſhe had thought to haue drowned her ſelf. And as good fortune wolde ther came a knyght to her that had a caſtell therby his name was ſyr Aldyerp. And when he founde the quene in that myſchyef he relcowed her/and brought her to his caſtell . And whan he wyſt what ſhe was he armed hym and toke his hors & ſayd/he wolde be auenged vpon Palompdes/& ſo he rode on tyll he mette with hym/and there ſyr Palompdes woũded hym ſore/ & by force he made hym to telle hym the cauſe why he dyde batayll wh hym and how he had ladde the quene vnto his caſtell. Now bynge me there ſayd Palompdes or thou ſhalt deye of my hondes. Syr ſayd ſyr Aldyerp . I am ſo woũded that I may not folowe/but ryde you this waye & hit ſhall bynge you in to my caſtell/and there within is the quene. Thenne ſyr Palompdes rode ſtylle tyll he came to the caſtell/

And out at a wydowe la beale Iloude sawe syr Palompdes/thenne she made the pates to be shette strongly. And whan he sawe þ he myght not come within the castell/he put of his brydel & his sadell and put his hors to pasture & sette hymself doun atte pate lyke a man that was out of his wytte that retched not of hymself.

¶ How syr Trystram rode after Palompdes & how he foũde him & faught with hym/& by the moyne of Iloude the batayll ceaced. ca.xxxi.

NOw come we vnto syr Trystram that whan he was come home/& wyst la beale Iloude was gone with syr Palompdes / wete ye well he was wroth out of mesure. Allas syr Trystram sayd this daye am I alhãmed. Thenne he cryed to Gouernale his man/haste the that I were armed & on horsback/for well I wote Lambegus hath noo myght nor strengthe to withstande syr Palompdes. Allas that I haue not ben in his stede. So anone as he was armed & horsed / syr Trystram and Gouernale rode after in to the forest/and within a whyle he foũde his knyght Lambegus almoost to the deth to woũded/and syr Trystram bare hym to a foster & charged hym to kepe hym well. And thenne he rode forth and there he foũde syr Alotherp sore woũded / & he tolde hym how the quene wolde haue drowned her self & he had not ben / and how for her sake & loue he had taken vpon hym to doo bataylle with syr Palompdes. Where is my lady sayd syr Trystram? Syre sayd the knyzt she is sure ynough with in my castell & she can holde her with in hit. Gramercy sayd syr Trystram of thy grete goodnes/& so he rode tyll he came nyghe to that castell/& thenne syr Trystram sawe where syr Palompydes sat at the gate sleppynge / & his hors pastured fast afore hym. Now go thou Gouernale sayd syr Trystram and bydde hym awake & make hym redy. So Gouernale rode vnto hym/ & sayd syr Palompdes aryse and take to thy hym harneys/but he was in suche a studye þ he herde not what Gouernale sayd. So Gouernale came agayne & tolde syr Trystram he slepte or els he was madde. Go thou agayn sayd syr Trystram & bydde hym aryse & telle hym that I am here his mortal foo. So Gouernale rode agayne and put vpon hym the but of his spere and sayd/syr Palompdes make the redy/ for wete wel syr Trystram houeth yonder & sendeth the worde he is thy mortall foo. And therwith all syr Palompdes aroos stylly without worde & gate his hors/and sadeled hym & brydeled hym/& lyghtly he lepte vpon and gate his spere in his honde/& eyder feutryd theyr speres & hurtled fast togyder/& there Trystram smote doun syr Palompydes ouer his hors taple. So lyghtly syr Palompdes putte his shelde afore hym and drewe his swerde. And there beganne stronge batayll on both partyes/for both they fought for the loue of one lady / and euer she laye on the walles and beheelde them how þ they fought out of mesure/and eyther were wounded passynge sore / but Palompydes was moche sorer wounded / & thus they faught tracynge and trauersynge more than two houres that wel

nyghe for doole and sorowe la beale Isoude swowned. Allas she sayd that one I loued & yet do/and that other I loue not / yet it were grete pyte that I sholde see syr Palomydes slayne / for well I knowe by that tyme ꝑ the ende be done syr Palomydes is but a deed knyght/by cause he is not crystened I wolde be lothe that he sholde deye a Saralyn. And therwith all she came doun & besought syr Trystram for to fyght noo more. A madame sayd he what meane you/wyll ye haue me ashamed / ye knowe well I wyll be ruled by you. I wyll not your dyshonour sayd la beale Isoude/but I wolde ꝑ ye wolde for my sake spare this vnhappy Saralyn Palomydes. Madame sayd syr Trystram I wyll leue fyghtynge at this tyme for your sake And thenne she sayd to syr Palomydes / this shall be your charge that thou shalt go out of this coūtree whyle I am therin. I wyll obeye your cōmaūdement sayd syr Palomydes/the whiche is sore agaynst my wyll. Take thenne thy waye sayd la beale Isoude vnto the courte of kyng Arthur / & there recōmaūde me vnto quene Gueneuer/& telle her that I sende her worde / that ther be within this londe but foure louers/that is syr Launcelot du lake & quene Gueneuer/and syr Trystram de lyones & quene Isoude.

Chow syr Trystram brought quene Isoude home/& of the debate of kyng Marke & syr Trystram. ca.xxxij.

AND so syr palomydes departed with grete heuynes. And syr Trystram toke ꝑ quene & brought her agayne to kyng Marke/& thenne was there made grete Joye of her home comynge. Who was cherysshed but syr Trystram. And thenne syr Trystram lete fetche syr Lambegus his knyght fro the fosters hous & hit was longe or he was hole/but at the last he was wel recouered/thus they lyued wt Joye & playe a longe whyle. But euer syr Andret that was nyghe colyn to syr Trystram laye in a watche for to wayte betwixt syr Trystram & la beale Isoude for to take them & sclaūdre them. So vpon a daye syr Trystram talked with la beale Isoude in a wyndowe / and that aspyed syr Andret & tolde it to the kyng. So kyng Marke toke a swerde in his honde & came to syr Trystram & called hym fals traytour / and wolde haue stryken hym. But syr Trystram was nyghe hym & ranne vnder his swerde and toke hit out of his honde. And thenne the kyng cryed where are my knyghtes and my men. I charge you slee this traytour/ But at that tyme there was not one wolde meue for his wordes. Whan syr Trystram sawe ꝑ there was not one that wolde be agaynst hym / he shoke the swerde to the kyng & made coūtenaūce as though he wolde haue strykey hym. And thenne kyng Marke fledde/& syr Trystram folowed hym and smote vpon hym fyue or sixe strokes flatlynge on the necke that he made hym to falle vppon the nose/& then syr Trystram yede his waye & armed hym and toke his hors & his men and so he rode in to that forest. And there vpon a daye syr Trystram mette with two brethern that were knyghtes with kyng Marke/& there he strake of the

heed of the one/& woũded the other to the deth/and he made hym to bere his broders heed in his helme vnto ỹ kyng and .xxx. moo there he wounded. And whan the knyzt came before the kyng to saye his message/he deyed there afore the kyng & the quene. And thenne kyng Marke called his coũseyll vnto hym/and asked aduyse of his barons what was best to doo with syr Trystram. Syre sayd the barons in especyall Dynas the Senelschall/syr/ we wyll gyue you coũseyll for to sende for syr Trystram/for we wyll that ye wete/many men wyl holde with syr Trystram & he were harde bestade. And syr sayd syr Dynas ye shal understande that syr Trystram is called pyerles & makeles of ony crysten knyght/and of his myght & hardynes we knowe none soo good a knyght / but yf it be syr Launcelot du lake. And yf he departe from your courte & go to kyng Arthurs courte / wete ye well he wyll gete hym suche frendes there that he wyll not sette by all your malyce. And therfore syr I coũseyll you for to take hym to your grace. I wyll well sayd the kyng that he be sente for that we may be frendes. And they the barons sente for syr Trystram vnder a sauf conduyte. And so whan syr Trystram came to the kyng/he was welcome/& no rehersayll was made / & there was game & playe / and thenne the kyng and the quene wente on huntynge and syr Trystram.

¶ How syr Lamerock Justed with .xxx. knyghtes/& how syr Trystram at the requeste of kyng Marke smote his hors doun. ca.xxxiij.

The kyng and the quene made theyr pauelyons & theyr tentes in that forest besyde a Ryuer / & there was dayly huntynge & Justynge / for there were euer .xxx. knyghtes redy to Juste vnto all them that came in at that tyme. And there by fortune came syr Lamerock de galys & syr Dryaũt and there syr Dryaunt Justed ryght well / but at the laste he hadȳ a falle/ And thenne syr Lamerock profered to Juste. And whan he began he farde so with the .xxx. knyghtȝ that there was not one of them but that he gaf hym a falle/& some of them were sore hurte. I merueyll sayd kyng Marke what knyght he is that doth suche dedes of armes. Syr sayd syr Trystram I knowe hym well for a noble knyght as fewe now ben lyuynge/and his name is syr Lamerock de galys. It were grete shame sayd the kyng that he sholde go thus awaye onles that some of you mette with hym better. Syre sayd syr Trystram me semeth it were no worshyp for a noble man to haue adoo with hym/& for by cause at this tyme he hath done ouermoche for ony meane knyght lyuynge / therfore as me semeth it were grete shame & vylony to tempte hym ony more at this tyme/in soo moche as he & his hors are wery both/for the dedes of armes that he hath done this daye & they be well consydered / hit were ynough for syr Launcelot du lake. As for that sayd kyng Marke I requyre you as ye loue me & my lady the quene la beale Jsoude take your armes and Juste with syr Lamerock de galys. Syre sayd syr Trystram ye bydde me doo a thynge that is agaynst knyghthode. And wel

I can deme that I shall gyue hym a falle/for it is no mayster/for my hors and I ben fresshe both/& so is not his hors & he/and wete ye wel that he wyl take it for grete vnhyndenes/for euer one good is lothe to take ay other at dysauauntage. But by cause I wyl not dysplease you as ye requyre me so wyl I do & obeye your commaundement/ And syr Tristram armed hym & tok his hors & put hym forth/and there syr Launcrock mette with hym mygh tely/and what with the myght of his owne spere & of syr Tristrams spere syr Lamerocks hors felle to the erthe/ and he lyttynge in the sadell. And soo anone as lyghtly as he myght he auoy ded the sadell & his hors and put his shelde afore hym & drewe his swerde/ and thenne he badde syr Tristram a/ lyght thou knyght & thou darst. Nay sayd syr Tristram I wyll noo more haue adoo with the/for I haue done to the ouermoche vnto my dyshonour and to thy worshyp. As for that sayd syr Lamerock I ay the no thanke/syn thou hast forfusted me on horsback I requyre the & I beseche the/and thou be syr Tristram fyght with me on foot. I wyll not soo sayd syr Tri/ stram. And wete ye well my name is syr Tristram de lyones/& well I kno we ye be syr Lamerock de galys. And this that I haue done to you was a/ gaynst my wyll/but I was requyred therto/but to saye that I wyll doo at your requeste/as at this tyme I wyll haue no more adoo with you/for me shameth of that I haue done. As for the shame sayd syr Lamerock on thy party or on myn/here thou it & thou wylt. For though a marys sone hath fayled me/now a quenes sone shall not fayle the. And therfore yf thou be suche a knyght as men calle the. I re/ quyre the alyght and fyght with me/ Syr Lamerock sayd syr Tristram I vnderstande your herte is grete/and cause why ye haue/to saye the sothe/ for hit wolde greue me & ony knyght sholde kepe hym fresshe and thenne to stryke doun a wery knyght/for that knyght nor hors was neuer fourmed that alwaye myght stande or endure. And therfor sayd syr Tristram I wyl not haue adoo with you/for me for/ thynked of that I haue done. As for that sayd syr Lamerocke I shal quyte you & euer I see my tyme.

How syr Lamerock sente ay horne to kyng Marke in delpyte of syr Tri stram/& how syr Tristram was dry/ uen in to a chappell. ca.xxxiij.

SO he departed from hym with syr Dryaunt/and by the waye they mette with a knyght ꝑ was sente from Morgan le fay vnto kyng Ar/ thur/and this knyght hadde a fayre horne harnesst with golde/& the horne hadde suche a vertue that ther myght noo lady ne gentylwoman drynke of that horne but yf she were true to her husbonde/& yf she were fals she shol/ de spylle all the drynke/and yf she were true to her lorde she myght dryn ke peasyble/and by cause of the quene Gueneuer & in the delpyte of syr Lan celot this horne was sente vnto kyng Arthur. And by force syr Lamerock made that knyght to telle all the cause why he bare that horne. And thenne sayd syr Lamerock vnto that knyghe

Now shalt thou bere that horne vnto kyng Marke or els chese thou to deye for hit. For I telle the playnly in delyy te and repreef of syr Trystram thou shalt bere that horne vnto kyng Mar ke his vnkell / and saye thou to hym that I sende hit hym for to assaye his lady. And yf she be true to hym he shall preue her. So the knyght wente his waye vnto kyng Marke & brought hym that ryche horne / and sayd that syr Lamerock sente hit hym / and there to he tolde hym the vertue of that hor/ ne. And thenne the kyng made quene Isoude to drynke therof / and an hon/ dred ladyes moo / and there were but four ladyes of all tho that dranke cle ne. Allas sayd kyng Marke this is a grete delyyte / and swore a grete othe / that the quene sholde be brente & the other ladyes also. Thenne the barons gadred them togyder & sayd playnly / they wolde not haue tho ladyes brente for any horne made by sorcery that ca/ me from as fals a sorceresse & wytche as tho was lyuynge. For that horne dy de neuer good but cauled stryfe & de/ bate / & alwayes in her dayes she hadz ben an enemye to all true louers. So there were many knyghtes that made theyr auowe / and euer they mette with Morgan le fay that they wolde shewe her shorte curtoysye. Also syr Trystram was passynge wrothe that syr Lame/ rock sente that horne vnto kyng Mar ke / for well he knewe that it was done in the delyyte of hym / and therfore he thought to quyte syr Lamerock. And thenne syr Trystram vsed dayly and nyghtly to go to quene Isoude whan he myght / and euer syr Andret his co/ syn watched hym nyght and daye for to take hym with la beale Isoude. And so vppon a nyght syr Andret aspyed the houre & the tyme whan syr Try/ stram wente to his lady. And thenne syr Andret gate vnto hym .xij. knygh tes / and at mydnyght he sette vpon syr Trystram secretely & sodaynly / and there syr Trystram was take naked a bedde with la beale Isoude / & thene was he bounde hande & foot / and soo was he kepte vntyll daye. And thenne by the assente of kyng Marke & of syr Andret and of some of the barons syr Trystram was ladde vnto a chapell that stode vpon the see rockes & there for to take his Jugement / & so he was ladde & boũdey with fourty knyghtes. And whan syr Trystram sawe that there was none other booth / but nedes that he must deye / thenne sayd he fay re lordes remembre what I haue done for the coũtree of Cornewayle / and in what Jeopardy I haue bey in for the wele of you all. For whan I fought for the truage of Cornewayle with syr Marhaus the good knyhht. I was pro myled for to be better rewarded whan all ye refused the batayll / therfore as ye be good gentyll knyghtes / see me not thus shamefully to deye / for it is shame to all knyghthode thus to see me deye. For I dare well saye sayd syr Trystram that I neuer yet mette with no knyght but that I was as good as he or somwhat better. Fye vppon the sayd syr Andret fals traytour that thou art with thyn auaunenge / for all thy boost that thou makest thou shalt dye this daye. D Andret Andret sayd syr Trystram thou sholdest be myn hymelman / & now ÿ art to me ful vnfrendely / but and there were no mo

but thou & I thou woldest not put me to deth. No sayd syr Andret/and therwith he drewe his swerde & wolde haue slayne hym. Whan syr Tristram sawe hym make suche countenaunse/ he loked vppon bothe his hondes that were fast bounden vnto two knyghtes and sodaynly he pulled them bothe to hym & vnwraste his hondes/and thenne he lepte vnto his colyn syr Andret and tooke his swerde out of his hondes/& thenne he smote syr Andret that he felle to the erthe/and so syr Tristram foughte tyll ye he had kylled .x. knyghtes. And thenne syr Tristram gate the chappell and kepte hit myghtely/ thenne the crye was grete/and the people drewe faste vnto syr Andret moo than an hondred. Whan syr Tristram sawe the people drawe vnto hym he remembred that he was naked & spered faste the chappell dore and brake the barres of a wyndowe/& so he lept out and felle vppon the stakes in the see. And soo at that tyme syr Andret nor none of his felowes myght gete to hym at that tyme.

¶ How syr Tristram was holpen by his men/and of quene Isoude whiche was put in a lazar cote / and how syr Tristram was hurte. ca.xxv.

SO whan as they were departed Gouernale and syr Lambegus and syr Sentraylle de lulhoy that were syr Tristrams men sought theyr maister. Whan they herde he was escaped/thenne were they passynge gladde & on the rockes they foũde hym / and with towels they pulled hym vp. And they syr Tristram asked them where la beale Isoude was/for he wende she had ben had away of Andrets people Syre sayd Gouernale she is put in a lazar cote. Allas sayd syr Tristram that is a full vngoodly place for suche a fayre lady / and yf I may she shall not be longe there. And so he toke his men & wente there as la beale Isoude was / and fette her away & brought her in to a forest to a fayre manoyre/ & there syr Tristram abode with her. Soo the good knyght badde his men go from hym/for at this tyme I may not helpe you. Soo they departed all sauf Gouernale. And so vpon a daye syr Tristram yede in to the forest for to dysporte hym/& thenne it happened that he felle there on slepe. And there came a man that syr Tristram afore honde had slayne his broder / & whan this man had founde hym / he shotte hym through the sholder with an arowe/and syr Tristram lepte vp & kylled that man. And in the meane tyme it was tolde kyng Marke / how syr Tristram & la beale Isoude were in that same manoyr/& as soone as euer he myght thyder he came with many knyghtes to slee syr Tristram. And whan he came there / he founde hym gone/& there he toke la beale Isoude home with hym/and kepte her straytely that by noo meane neuer she myght were nor sende vnto syr Tristram nor he vnto her. And thenne syr Tristram came toward[s] noyr/he foũde the trak[es] ses/& there by he wyst hym was gone. And toke grete sorowe [for] te payne lo[ng] he was h[ym]

They by the meane of la beale Jlou-
de she tolde a lady that was colyn vn
to dame Bragwayne / & she came to
syr Trystram and tolde hym that he
myght not be hole by no meanes / for
thy lady la beale Jloude may not hel-
pe the/therfor she byddeth you hast iy
to Bretayne to kyng Howell/& there
ye shall fynde his doughter Jloude le
blaūche maynys & she shall helpe the
Thenne syr Trystram & Gouernale
gate them shyppynge & so sayled iy to
Bretayne. And whan kyng Howell
wyste that it was syr Trystram / he
was full gladde of hym. Syr sayd syr
Trystram I am comen iy to this coū-
tree to haue helpe of your doughter/
for hit is tolde me that there is none
other that may hele me but she/and so
within a whyle she helpd hym.

¶ How syr Trystram serued iy warre
the kyng Howell of Bretayne & slewe
his aduersary iy the felde. ca.xxxvi.

There was an Erle that hyght
Gryp. And this Erle made
grete warre vpon the kyng and putte
the kyng to the worse / and belyeged
hym. And on a tyme syr Kay hedyus
that was sone to kyng Howell/as he
yssued out he was sore wounded to the
deth. Thenne Gouernale went vnto
kyng & sayd. Syr I counseyll you
my lorde syr Trystram as iy
helpe you. I wyll do by
sayd the kyng/and loo
Trystram & prayed
to helpe hym / for
may not goo iy
Trystram
do what I
may. Thenne syr Trystram yssued
out of the towne with suche felaushyp
as he myght make / and dyde suche
dedes that al Bretayne spake of hym
And thenne at the last by grete mygh
te and force he slewe the Erle Gryp
with his owne hondes / and moo than
an hondred knyghtes he slewe that
daye. And thenne syr Trystram was
receyued worshyppfully with processyon
Thenne kyng Howell enbraced hym
iy his armes and sayd/syr Trystram
all my kyngdome wyl I resygne vnto
the. God defende sayd syr Trystram
for I am beholden vnto you for your
doughters sake to do for you. Thenne
by the grete meanes of kyng Howell
and Kay hedyus his sone by grete pro
fers there grewe grete loue betwixt
Jloude and syr Trystram/for that la
dy was bothe good and fayre/and a
woman of noble blood & fame. And
for by cause syr Trystram had suche
chere and rychesse and all other plea-
saunce that he had / he had all moost
forsaken la beale Jloude. And so vpon
a tyme syr Trystram agreed to wedde
Jloude la blaunche maynys. And at
the laste they were wedded & solemp-
nely helde theyr maryage. And soo
whan they were abedde both / thenne
syr Trystram remembred hym of his
olde lady la beale Jloude. And thenne
he toke suche a thought sodaynly that
he was all abasshed and delmayed/
and other chere made he her none but
with clepynge and kyssynge / and as
for other fleshely lustes syr Trystram
neuer thought nor had adoo with her
suche mencyon maketh the frenshe
booke. Also it maketh mencyon that
the lady wende that there had ben no

pleasure but kyssynge and clyppynge. And in the meane tyme there was a knyght in Bretayne / his name was Suppynabyles/& he came ouer the see in to Englonde. And thenne he came in to the court of kyng Arthur/& ther he mette with syr Laũcelot du lake & tolde hym of the maryage of syr Tristram. Thenne sayd syr Laũcelot. Fye vpon hym untrue knyght to his lady/ þ so noble a knyght as syr Tristram is sholde be founde to his fyrste lady fals / la beale Isoud quene of Cornewayle. But saye to hym sayd Laũcelot that of all knyghtes in the worlde I loued hym moost & had moost Joye of hym/and all was for his noble dedes & lete hym wete the loue betwene hym & me is done for euer. And I gyue hym warnynge from this daye forth as his mortall enemye.

¶ How syr Suppynabyles tolde syr Tristram how he was defamed in the courte of kyng Arthur/and of syr Laũcelot. ca.xxxvij.

Thenne departed syr Suppynabyles unto Bretayne agayne. and there he founde syr Tristram & tolde hym that he had ben in kyng Arthurs courte. Thenne sayd syr Tristram herde ye ony thynge of me. So god me helpe sayd syr Suppynabyles there I herde syr Laũcelot speke of you grete shame/& that ye be a fals knyght to your lady/and he badde me do you to wete that he wyll be your mortall enemye in euery place where he may mete you. That me repenteth sayd syr Tristram / for of all knyghtes I loued to be in his felaushyp. Soo syr Tristram made grete mone and was ashamed that noble knyghtes sholde defame hym for the sake of his lady. And this meane whyle la beale Isoude made a letter unto quene Gueneuer complaynynge her of the untrouth of syr Tristram/& how he hady wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne/ Quene Gueneuer sente her an other letter and badde her be of good chere/ for she sholde haue Joye after sorowe for syr Tristram was so noble a knyght called/that by crafftes of sorcery ladyes wolde make suche noble mery to wedde them/but in the ende quene Gueneuer sayd hit shall be thus/that he shal hate her and loue you better than euer he dyde tofore. ¶ Soo leue we syr Tristram in Bretayne & speke we of syr Lamerock de galys/that as he sayled his shyp felle on a rock & perysshed al saue syr Lamerock & his squyre/and there he swãme myghtely / & fyshers of the Yle of seruage toke hym up and his squyre was drowned / & the shyp men had grete laboure to saue syr Lamerocks lyf/for all the comforte that they coude doo. And the lorde of that Yle hyght syr Nabon le noyre a grete myghty gyaũt/& this syr Nabon hated all the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs & in no wyse he wolde do them fauour And these fyshers tolde syr Lamerock all the gyle of syr Nabon / how there came neuer knyght of kyng Arthurs/ but he destroyed hym. And at the laste bataylle that he dyde was slayne syr Nanowne le petyte/the whiche he put to a shameful deth in despyte of kyng Arthur / for he was drawen lymme meale. That forthynketh me sayd syr Lamerock for that knyghtes deth/for

he was myn colyn. And yf I were at myn ease as well as euer I was I wol de reuenge his deth. Peas sayd the fyl shers & make here no wordes/for or e/ uer ye departe from hens syr Nabon must knowe that ye haue ben here/or els we sholde deye for your sake. Soo that I be hoole sayd syr Lamerock of my dysease that I haue taken in the see I wyll that ye telle hym that I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs / for I was neuer aferde to reneye my lorde.

How syr Trystram & his wyf arry ued in Wales/& how he met there with syr Lamerock. ca.xxxviij.

NOw torne we vnto syr Try/ stram that vpon a daye he to/ ke a lytell Barget & his wyf Isoude la blaūche maynys with syr Kay he/ dyus her broder to playe them in the costes. And whan they were from the londe/there was a wynde drofe them in the coste of Wales vpon this Yle of seruage where as syr Lamerock was/ & there the Barget all to rofe/& there dame Isoude was hurte/and as well as they myght they gate in to the fo/ rest / & there by a welle he sawe Seg/ warydes & a damoysell. And thenne eyther saluted other. Syr sayd Seg/ warydes I knowe you for syr Try/ stram de lyones the man that I haue moost cause to hate in the worlde / by cause ye departed the loue betwixt me & my wyf / but as for that sayd Seg/ warydes I wyll neuer hate a noble knyght for a lyght lady/and therfore I praye you be my frende & I wyll be yours vnto my power/for wete ye wel ye are harde bestade in this valey/and we shall haue ynough to do eyther of vs to socour other. And thenne syr Seg warydes brought syr Trystram to a lady there by that was borne in Lor/ newayle/and she tolde hym all the pe ryls of that valey / & how there came neuer knyght there but he were taken pryloner or slayne. Wete you well fay re lady sayd syr Trystram þ I slewe syr Marhaus & delyuered Lornewa/ le from the truage of Irlonde/and I am he that delyuered the kyng of Ir/ londe from syr Blamor de ganys/& I am he that bete syr Palompdes / and wete ye well I am syr Trystram de lyones that by the grace of god shall delyuer this woful Yle of seruage. So syr Trystram was well ealed/thenne one tolde hym there was a knyght of kyng Arthur that had wracked on the rockes. What is his name sayd syr Trystram. We wote not sayd the fysh/ shers/but he kepeth it no coūseyll but that he is a knyght of kyng Arthurs/ & by the myghty lorde of this Yle he setteth nought by. I praye you sayd syr Trystram & ye may bringe hym hyder that I may see hym / & yf he be ony of the knyghtes of Arthurs I shal knowe hym/Thenne the lady prayed the fyshers to bringe hym to her pla/ ce. Soo on the morowe they brought hym thyder in a fysshers rayment. And as soone as syr Trystram hym sawe he smyled vpon hym and knewe hym well/but he knewe not syr Trystram Fayre syr sayd syr Trystram me se/ meth by your chere ye haue ben dysea sed but late/& also me thynketh I shol de knowe you here tofore. I wyl wel sayd syr Lamerock that ye haue seen me & mette with me. Fayre syr sayd

toke a vessell & sayled in
vnto kyng Howel where he was
come. And whan he herde of this a
uentures they merueylled of his noble
dedes. Now torne we vnto syr Lame-
rock ꝑ whan he was departed from syr
Trystram/he rode out of the forest tyl
he came to an hermytage. Whan the
hermyte sawe hym/he asked hȳ from
whens he came. Syr Lamerock sayd
I come fro this valey. Syre sayd he
therof I meruey l/for this .xx. wynter
I sawe neuer no knyght passe this coū
tree/but he was other slayne or vylay-
nously woūded or passe as a poore pry
soner. Tho vile customes sayd syr La
merock are forgone/for syr Trystram
slewe your lorde syr Nabon & his sone
Thenne whas the hermyte gladde &
all his brethern/for he sayd there was
neuer suche a tyraunt amonge crysten
men/& therfore sayd the hermyte this
valey & fraūcyse we wyll holde of syr
Trystram. So on the morowe syr La
merock departed. And as he rode he
sawe foure knyghtes fyght ayenst one
& that one knyght defended hym well
but at the last the foure knyghtes had
hym doun. And thenne syr Lamerock
went betwixt them/& asked them why
they wolde slee ꝑ one knyght / & sayd
it was shame foure ayenst one. Thou
shalt wel wete sayd the foure knyghtes
that he is fals That is your tale sayd
syr Lamerock/& whan I here hym al-
so spekē I wyll saye as ye saye. They
sayd syr Lamerock a knyght can ye not
excuse you but ꝑ ye are a fals knyght
Syr sayd he yet can I excuse me both
with my worde & with my hondes / ꝑ
wyll I make good vpon one of ꝑ best
of them my body to his body. Thenne

lye in his power to laue his lyf. That
is to moche sayd/sayd syr Lamerock/
but many spekē behynde a man more
than they wyll saye to his face. And
by cause of your wordes ye shal vnder
stande that I am one of the symplest
of kyng Arthurs court/in the worshyp
of my lorde now do your best/& in de-
spyte of you I shal recowe hym. And
thenne they lasshed all at ones to syr
Lamerock / but anone at two strokes
syr Lamerok had slayne two of them
& thenne the other two fledde. So then
syr Lamerock torned agayne to that
knyght & asked hym his name. Syre
he sayd my name is syr Frolle of the
out Yles/thenne he rode with syr La-
merock & bare hym company. And as
they rode by the waye they sawe a se-
mely knyght rydynge agayst them/&
all in whyte. A sayd syr Frolle yonder
knyght Justed late with me & smote
me doun/therfore I wyll Juste wō hym
Ye shall not do so sayd syr Lamerock
by my coūseyll/& ye wyl tell me your
quarel whether ye Justed at his request
or he at yours. Nay sayd syr Frolle. I
Justed with hym at my request. Syre
sayd syr Lamerock then I wyl coūseyl
you dele no more with hym/for me se
meth by his coūtenaūce he sholde be a
noble knyght & no Japer/for me thyn
keth he sholde be of the table rounde/
Therfore I wyll not spare hym sayd
syr Frolle / & thenne he cryed & sayd/
syr knyght make the redy to Juste. It
needeth not sayd the whyte knyght/for
I haue no luste to Juste with the / but

...nde his squyre Do lyr
...rode after syr Gawayne &
...o syr Gawayne torne agayne. And
...ney sayd syr Gawayne what wyll ye
do w̄ me/for I am neuewe vnto kyng
Arthur. Syre sayd he for that cause I
wyll spare you/els ꝑ lady sholde abyde
with me/or els ye sholde Juste with
me. Thenne syr Gawayne torned hym
& ranne to hym ꝑ ought the lady with
his spere/but the knyght w̄ pure myght
smote douy syr Gawayne & toke his
lady with hym. All this syr Lamerok
sawe & sayd to hymself/but I reuenge
my felowe/he wyll saye dyshonour of
me in kyng Arthurs courte. So syr La
merock retorned & profered ꝑ knyght
to Juste. Syre sayd he I am redy/& so
they came togyder w̄ all theyr myght
& there syr Lamerock smote ꝑ knyght
through both sydes that he felle to the
erthe deed. Thenne ꝑ lady rode to that
knyghtꝭ broder that hyght Belleaūce
le orgulus ꝑ dwelled fast therby/& then
she tolde hym̄ how his broder was la...
ne. Allas sayd he I wyll be reuenged/
& so he horsed hym & armed hym/and
within a whyle he ouertoke syr Lame
rock & badde hym torne & leue ꝑ lady.
for ꝑ & I must playe a newe playe/for
thou hast slayne my broder syr Frolle
that was a better knyght than euer ꝑ
were. It myght well be sayd syr La
merock / but this daye in the felde I
was foūde the better. So they rode to
gyder & vnhorsed other & torned theyr
sheldes & drewe theyr swerdes & fought
myghtly as noble knyghtes preued by
the space of two houres. Thenne syr
Belleaūce prayed hym to telle hym̄ his
name. Syr sayd he my name is syr La
merok de galys. A sayd syr Belleaūce

Thow syr Lamerok slewe syr Frolle & of the curtoys fyghtynge with syr Belleaūce his broder. ca. xli.

Thenne within two or thre dayes syr Lamerock foūde a knyght at a welle slepynge/& his lady sate w̄ hym & waked. Rygh̄t so came syr Gawayne & toke the knyghtes lady/and

thou art the may that I mooſt hate in this worlde / for I ſlewe my ſones for thy ſake where I ſaued thy lyf / & now thou haſt ſlayne my broder ſyr Frolle Allas how ſholde I be accorded with the / therfore defende the / for ꝑ ſhalt depe there is none other remedy. Allas ſayd ſyr Lamerock full well me ought to knowe you / for ye are the may that mooſt haue done for me. And there withall ſyr Lamerock kneled doun & beſought hym of grace. Aryſe ſayd ſyr Belleaũce or els there as thou kneleſt I ſhall ſlee the. That ſhall not nede ſayd ſyr Lamerok / for I wyl yelde me vnto you / not for fere of you / nor for your ſtrengthe / but your goodnes maketh me full lothe to haue adoo with you / wherfore I requyre you for godes ſake & for the honour of knyghthode forgyue me all that I haue offended vnto you. Allas ſayd Belleaũce leue thy knelynge or els I ſhall ſlee the without mercy. Then they yede agayne vnto batayll / & eyther woũded other that al the groũde was blody there as they fought. And at the laſte Belleaũce withdrewe hym aback & ſette hym doun ſoftely vpon a lytell hylle / for he was ſo faynte for bledynge ꝑ he myght not ſtande. Then ſyr Lamerock threwe his ſhelde vpon his backe & aſked hym what chere. Well ſayd ſyr Belleaũce. A ſyr yet ſhall I ſhewe you fauoure in your inale eaſe. A knyght ſyr Belleaunce ſayd / ſyr Lamerock thou art a foole / for & I had had the at ſuche auaũtage as thou haſt done me I ſholde ſlee the / but thy gentylnes is ſo good & ſo large that I muſt nedes forgyue the myn euyll wyll. And then ſyr Lamerock kneled adowne & vnlaced

fyrſt his vmberere / & thenne his owne & thenne eyther kyſſed other with weppynge terys. Thenne ſyr Lamerock ledde ſyr Belleaũce to an Abbaye faſt by / and there ſyr Lamerock wolde not departe from ſyr Belleaunce tyll he was hole. And thenne they ſwore togyder ꝑ none of them ſholde neuer fyght agaynſt other. Soo ſyr Lamerock departed & wente to the courte of kyng Arthur.

¶ Here leue we of ſyr Lamerock and of ſyr Tryſtram.

¶ And here foloweth the hyſtorye of ſyr la cote male tayle.

Here foloweth the .ix. booke of that noble prynce kyng Arthur.

¶ How a ponge man came in to the court of kyng Arthur/ & how syr Kay called hym in scorne la cote male tayle Capitm Primū.

There came to the court of kyng Arthur a ponge man & byggely made/and he was rychely bylene/and he desyred to be made knyght of the kyng / but his ouer garment latte ouerthwartly/how be it / it was ryche clothe of golde. What is your name sayd kyng Arthur. Syr sayd hemy name is Brewnor le noyre / and within shorte space ye shall knowe that I am of good kynne. It may well be sayd syr Kay the seneschall/but in mockage ye shall be called la cote male tayle that is as moche to saye the euyll shapen cote. It is a grete thynge that ꝑ asketh sayd the kyng. And for what cause wereth thou that ryche cote/telle me/for I can wel thynke for some cause it is. Syr he answered I had a fader a noble knyght/& as he rode on hunsynge vpon a daye/hit happed hym to lye hym down to slepe. And there came a knyght ꝑ had bey longe his enemye And whan he sawe he was fast on slepe he all to hewe hym/and this same

cote hadȝ my fader oȝ the same tyme/ & ꝑ maketh this cote to sytte so euyll vpoȝ me/foȝ the strokes beȝ oȝ hit as I foũde hit/& neuer shall be amended foȝ me. Thus to haue my faders deth in remembraũce I were this cote tyll I be reuenged. And by cause ye are called the mooste noblest kyng of the worlde I come to you that ye sholde make me knyght. Syr sayd syr Lamerock & syr Gaherys/it were well done to make hym knyght/foȝ hym belemeth wel of persone & of coũtenaunce ꝑ he shall preue a good may & a good knyght/& a myghty/foȝ syr & ye be remembred euen suche one was syr Launcelot du lake whan he came fyrste in to this courte/& full fewe of vs knewe from whens he came/and now is he preued the mooste may of worshyp in the worlde/and all your courte & all your roũde table is by syr Laũcelot worshypped & amended more than by ony knyght now lyuynge. That is trouth sayd the kyng / & to morowe at your requeste I shall make hym knyght. Soo on the morowe there was ay herte foũdey/& thyder rode kyng Arthur with a company of knyghtȝ to slee the herte. And this ponge may that syr Kay named la cote male tayle was there lefte behynde with quene Gueneuer/and by sodayne aduenture there was ay horyble lyon kepte in a stronge Toure of stone / it happened that he at ꝑ tyme brake loos/& came hurlynge afore the quene & her knyghtes. And whan the quene sawe the lyon/she cryed and fledde & prayed her knyghtes to relcowe her / and there was none of them all but .xij. that abode & all the other fledde. Thẽne sayd la cote male tayle

Now I see well that all the cowarde knyghtes beȝ not deed / and therwith all he drewe his swerde & dressyd hym afore the lyon. And that lyon gapedȝ wyde & came vppon hym raumpynge to haue slayne hym. And he smote hȳ in the myddes of ꝑ heed suche a myghty stroke that it clafe in sonder & dalshed to the erthe. Thenne was it told de the quene how the ponge may that syr Kay named in scorne la cote male tayle hadde slayne the lyon. With that the kyng came home. And whan the quene tolde hym of thas aduenture/he was well pleased & sayd/vppon payne of my heed he shall preue a noble may and a faythful knyght & true of his promyse. And thenne the kyng forth withal made hym knyght. Now syr sayd this ponge knyght I requyre you & all the knyghtes of your courte that ye calle me by none other name but la cote male tayle / in soo moche that syr Kay hath named me so/and so wyll I be called. I assente me well therto sayd the kyng.

Chow a damoysell came in to the courte & desyred a knyght to take on hym an enquest / whiche la cote male tayle emprysed. ca. ij.

Thenne that same daye there came a damoysel in to the kynges courte / and she brought with her a grete blacke shelde with a whyte honde in the myddes holdynge a swerde/ Other pycture was there none in that shelde. Whan kyng Arthur sawe her/ he asked her from whens that she came/and what she wolde. Syre sayd she. I haue rydeȝ longe and many a

daye with this blacke shelde & many wayes/and for this cause I am come vnto your courte. There was a good knyght that ought this shelde/& this knyght hadde vndertaken a grete dede of armes to enchyeue hit/and soo hit myschaunced hym/that an other stronge knyght mette with hym by sodeyne aduenture/and there they fought longe/and eyther wounded other passyngе sore/and they were soo wery that they left that batayll euen honde. So this knyght that ought this shelde sawe none other waye but that he muste deye. And thenne he cõmaunded me to bere this shelde to the courte of kyng Arthur/he requyrynge and prayenge some good knyght to take this shelde & that he wolde fulfylle the quest that he was in. Now what saye ye to this quest sayd kyng Arthur. Is there ony of you here that wyll take vpon hym to welde this blacke shelde. Thenne was there not one þ wolde speke one worde. Thenne syr Kay toke the blacke shelde in his hondes. Syr knyght sayd the damoysel what is your name Wete ye well sayd he my name is syr Kay the seneschal that wyde where is knowen. Syr sayd that damoysel laye doun that shelde/for wete ye well it falleth not for you/for he muste be a better knyght than ye that shal welde this blacke shelde. Damoysel sayd syr Kay/wete ye wel I take this shelde in my hondes by your leue for to beholde it not to that entent/but go where soeuer thou wylt/for I wyll not go with you. Thenne the damoysel stode styll a grete whyle & beheldе many of the knyghtes. Thenne spake the knyght la cote male tayle. Fayre damoysell I wyll take the blacke shelde and that aduenture vpon me/so I wyst I sholde knowe wheder warde my Journey sholde be/for by cause I was this daye made knyght I wolde take this aduenture vpon me. What is your name fayre yonge may sayd the damoysell. My name is sayd he syr la cote male tayle Well mayst thou be called so sayd the damoysell/the knyght with the euyll shapen cote/but & thou be so hardy to take vpon the to bere that blacke shelde & to folowe me/wete thou well thy shynne shall be as well hewen as thy cote. As for that sayd la cote male tayle/whan I am so hewen I wyll aske you no salue to hele me with all. And forthwith all there came in to the courte two squyres and brought hym grete horses & his armour and his speres/& anone he was armed & toke his leue/I wolde not by my wyl sayd the kynge that ye toke vppon you that harde aduenture. Syr sayd he/this aduenture is myn & the fyrst that euer I toke vpon me/and that wyl I folowe what someuer come of me. Thenne that damoysell departed/& la cote male tayle folowed fast after. And within a whyle he ouertoke the damoysell/& anone she myssayd hym in the foulest maner

¶ How la cote male tayle ouerthrewe syr Dagonet the kynges foole/and of the rebuke that he had of the damoysell. ca. iij.

Thenne syr Kay ordeyned syr Dagonet kyng Arthurs foole to folowe after syr la cote male tayle/and there syr Kay ordeyned that syr Dagonet was horsed and armed and

badde hym folowe la cote male tayle. and profer hym to Juste & so he dyde/ And whan he sawe la cote male tayle he cryed and badde hym make hym re dy to Juste. So syr la cote male tayle smote syr Dagonet ouer his hor croup pe. Thenne the damoysell mocked la cote male tayle and sayd/fye for shame/now art thou shamed in Arthurs whan they sende a foole to haue adoo with the/& specyally at thy fyrst Justes thus she rode longe & shyde hym. And within a whyle there came syr Bleoberys the good knyght / and there he Justed with la cote male tayle/& there syr Bleoberys smote hym so sore that hors & all felle to the erthe. Thenne la cote male tayle arose vp lyghtely & dressyd his shelde & drewe his swerde and wolde haue done bataylle to the vtteraunce / for he was wood wrothe. Not soo sayd Bleoberys de ganys/as at this tyme I wyll not fyght vppon foot. Thenne the damoysell Maledysaũt rebuked hym in the foulest maner/and badde hym torne agayne cowarde. A damoysell sayd he I praye you of mercy to myshaye me no more/ my grefe is ynough though ye gyue me no more. I calle my self neuer the worse knyght whan a marys sone fayleth me / and also I compte me neuer the worse knyght of a falle of syr Bleoberys. So thus he rode with hym two dayes/& by fortue there came syr Palompdes & encountred with hym/and he in the same wyse serued hym as syr Bleoberys dyde tofore honde. What doost thou here in my felaushyp sayd the damoysell Maledysaũt/thou canst not syttе noo knyght/nor withstande hym one buffet/but yf it were syr Dagonet. A fayre damoysell I am not the worse to take a falle of syr Palomydes / and yet grete dyshonour haue I none / for neyther syr Bleoberys nor yet Palompdes wolde not fyght with me on foot. As for ꝑ sayd the damoysel wete thou well that they haue dysdayne and scorne to lyght of theyr horses for to fyght with suche a lewde knyght as thou art. So in the meane whyle there came syr Mordred syr Gawayns broder / and soo he felle in the felaushyp with the damoysell Maledysaunt. And they came for the castel Dygulous/and there was suche a custome that there myght no knyght come by that castell/but eyther he must Juste or be prysoner / or at the lesse to lese his hors and his harneys. And so there came out two knyghtes agaynst them / and syr Mordred Justed with the formest / and that knyght of the castell smote syr Mordred doun of his hors. And thenne syr la cote male tayle Justed with that other knyght/and eyther of them smote other doun hors and all to the erthe. And whan they auoyded theyr horses / thenne eyther of them toke others horse. And thenne syr la cote male tayle roode vnto that knyght that smote doun syr Mordred and Justed with hym / and there syr la cote male tayle hurted and woũded that knyght passynge sore / and putte hym from his hors to the erthe as he hadde bey deed. And thenne he torned vnto hym that mette hym tofore/and that knyght toke the flyght towarde the castell / and syr la cote male tayle rode after hym in to the castell Dygulous/and there la cote male tayle slewe hym.

¶How la cote male tayle fought a/ gaynst an hondred knyghtes / & how he escaped by the meane of a lady/ Capĺm .iiij.

AND anone there came an hondred knyghtes about hym & assayled hym. And whan he sawe his hors sholde be slayne/he alyght & voyded his hors & putte the brydell vnder his feet/and so put hym out of the gate. And whan he had so done / he hurled in amonge them & dressyd his backe vnto a ladyes chambre walle/thynkynge hymself that he had leuer deye there with worshyp than to abyde the rebukes of the damoysell Maledysaũt And in the meane tyme as he stood & fought / that lady whos the chambre was wente out sly ly at her posterne/& without the gates she founde la cote male tayles hors/and lyghtly she gate hym by the brydell and tyed hym to the posterne. And thenne she wente vn to her chambre sly ly agayne for to beholde how that one knyght fought a/gaynst an hondred knyghtes. And soo whan she hadde beholden hym longe/ she wente to a wyndowe behynde his backe & sayd / thou knyght ꝑ fyghtest wonderly well/but for all that at the last ꝑ must nedes deye / but & ꝑ canst through thy myghty prowesse wynne vnto yonder posterne/for there haue I fastned thy hors to abyde the/but wete ꝑ well ꝑ must thynke on thy worshyp & thynke not to deye / for ꝑ mayst not wynne vnto ꝑ posterne without ꝑ doo nobly & myghtly. Whan la cote male tayle herde her saye so / he gryped his swerde & put his shelde fayr afore hym & through ꝑ thyckest prees he thrulled through them. And whan he came to the posterne/he foũde there redy foure knyghtes/& at two the fyrst strokes he slewe two of the knyghtes/& the other fledde/& so he wanne his hors & rode from them/& all as it was it was reherced in kyng Arthurs court/how he slewe .xij. knyghtes within the castell Dyrgulous/& soo he rode on his waye. And in the meane whyle the damoysel sayd to syr Mordred. I wene my foolysshe knygh be eyther slayne or taken prysoner. They were they ware where he came rydynge. And whan he was come to them he tolde all how he had spedde & escaped in despyte of them al & some of the best of them wyl tell no tales. Thou lyest fally sayd ꝑ damoysel ꝑ dare I make good/but as a foole & a dastarde to al knyghthode they haue lete ꝑ passe. Ye may preue it sayd la cote male tayle. With ꝑ she sente a currour of hers ꝑ rode alwaye wt̃ her for to knowe the trouth of this dede/& so he rode thyder lyghtly & asked how & in what maner that la cote male tayle was escaped out of the castel. Thenne all the knyghtes cursed hym & sayd ꝑ he was a fende & no man. For he hath slayne here .xij. of our best knyghtes/ and we wende vnto this daye that hit hadde ben to moche for syr Launcelot du lake or for syr Trystram de lyones And in the despyte of vs all he is departed from vs & maugre our hedes/ With this answere the currour departed and came to Maledysaunt his lady/and tolde her all how ꝑ syr la cote male tayle hadde spedde at the castell Dyrgulous. And thenne she smote doun her heed and sayd but lytell. By my heed sayd syr Mordred thenne to the

damoysell ye are gretely to blame soo to rebuke hym/for I warne you playnly he is a good knyght/& I doubte not but he shall preue a noble knyght/but as yet he may not yet sytte sure on horsback/for he that shall be a good horsman it must come of vsage & exercyse. But whan he cometh to the strokes of his swerd/he is then noble & myghty/and that sawe syr Bleoberys & syr Palomydes / for wete ye well the are wyly men of armes/& anone they knowe whan they see a ponge knyght by his rydynge/how they are sure to gyue hym a falle from his hors or a grete buffet. But for the moost party they wyl not lyght on foot w̄ ponge knyghtes/for they are wyght & strongly armed . For in lyke wyse syr Launcelot du lake whan he was fyrst knyzt made/he was often put to the worse vpon horsback/but euer vpon foot he recouered his renōmee/and slewe & defoyled many knyghtes of the roūde table And therfore the rebukes that syr Laūcelot dyde vnto many knyghtes causeth them that be men of prowesse to bewa re / for often I haue seen the olde prey ued knyghtes rebuked & slayne by them that were but ponge begynners. Thus they roode sure talkynge by the waye togyder. Here leue we of a whyle of this tale & speke we of syr Launcelot du lake.

How syr Laūcelot came to the court & herde of la cote male tayle/& how he folowed after hym/& la cote male tayle was prysoner. ca.v.

AND whan he was come to the courte of kyng Arthur/thenne herde he telle of the ponge knyght la cote male tayle how he slewe the lyon and how he toke vpon hym the aduenture of the blacke shelde / the whiche was named at that tyme the hardyest aduenture of the worlde. Soo god me saue sayd syr Laūcelot vnto many of his felowes / it was shame to all the noble knyghtes to suffre suche a ponge knyght to take suche aduenture vpon hym for his destruccyon/for I wyll that ye wete sayd syr Launcelot/that that damoysel Maledysaūt hath borne that shelde many a daye for to seke the moost proued knyghtes / and that was she that Bicunys launce pyte to ke that shelde from her. And after syr Trystram de lyones relcowed ꝑ shelde from hym & gaf it to the damoysel agayne . A lytell afore that tyme that syr Trystram fought with my neuew syr Blamor de ganys for a quarel that was betwixt the kyng of Irlonde and hym. Thenne many knyghtes were sory that syr la cote male tayle was gone forthe to that aduenture. Truly sayd syr Launcelot I caste me to ryde after hym / and within seuen dayes syr Launcelot ouertoke la cote male tayle. And they he salewed hym and the damoysell Maledysaūt. And whan syr Mordred sawe syr Laūcelot thenne he lefte theyr felaushyp / and so syr Launcelot roode with them all the daye/and euer that damoysell rebuked la cote male tayle. And thenne syr Launcelot answered for hym/and thenne she lefte of & rebuked syr Laūcelot. Soo this meane tyme syr Trystram sente by a damoysell a letter vnto syr Laūcelot excusynge hym of the weddynge of Isoude le blaūche may-

nys / and sayd in the letter as he was a true knyght/he had neuer adoo flel shely with Isoude la blaūche maynys and passynge curtoysly & gentylly syr Trystram wrote vnto syr Launcelot/ euer belechynge hym to be his goody frende & vnto la beale Isoude of Lor newayle/and that syr Laūcelot wolde excule hym yf that euer he sawe her. And within shorte tyme by the grace of god sayd syr Trystram that he wol de speke with la beale Isoude & with hym ryght hastely. Thenne syr Laū/ celot departed from the damoysel and from syr la cote male tayle for to ouer see that letter / and to wryte ay other letter vnto syr Trystram de lyones/ And in the meane whyle la cote male tayle roode with the damoysell vntyll they came to a castell that hyght Pen dragon/and there were sixe knyghtes stode afore hym/& one of them profe/ red to Juste with la cote male tayle/& there la cote male tayle smote hym o/ uer his hors croupe. And then the fyue knyghtes sette vppon hym all at ones with theyr speres/and there they smo/ te la cote male tayle doun hors & may And thenne they alyght sodaynly and sette theyr hondes vpon hym all atto/ nes & toke hym prysoner/and so ledde hym vnto the castell & kepte hym as prysoner. And on the morne syr Laun celot arose & delyuered the damoysell with letters vnto syr Trystram / and thenne he toke his waye after la cote male tayle. And by the waye vppon a bydge there was a knyght profred syr Launcelot to Juste/and syr Launcelot smote hym doun/& thenne they fough te vpon foot a noble batayll togyders and a myghty/& at the last syr Laū/ celot smote hym doun grouelynge vp/ on his hondes & his knees/and thēne that knyght yelded hym/& syr Laūce/ lot receyued hym fayre. Syr sayd the knyght I requyre the telle me your na me / for my herte gyueth moche vnto you. Nay sayd syr Laūcelot as at this tyme I wyll not telle you my name/ onles thenne that ye telle me your na/ me. Certaynly sayd the knyght my name is syr Neroueus that was ma/ de knyght of my lorde syr Launcelot du lake. A Neroueus de lyle sayd syr Launcelot I am ryght gladde that ye are proued a good knyght/for now we te ye well my name is syr Launcelot du lake. Allas sayd syr Neroueus de lyle what haue I done/& therwith all he felle flatlynge to his feet & wolde haue kyste them/but syr Laūcelot wol de not lete hym/and thenne eyther ma de grete Joye of other. And thenne syr Neroueus tolde syr Launcelot that he sholde not go by the castell of Pendra gon/for ther is a lorde a myghty knyzt & many knyghtes with hym/and this nyght I herde saye that they toke yes/ terdaye a knyght prysoner that roode with a damoysell / & they saye he is a knyght of the roūde table.

Chow syr Laūcelot faught with sixe knyghtes/and after with syr Bryan/ and how he delyuered the prysoners/ Capl'm .vi.

A Sayd syr Laūcelot that knyzt is my felowe / and hym shall I rescowe or els I shall lese my lyf for hym. And therwith all he rode fast tyl he came before the castell of Pendra/ gon/& anone therwith all there came

male tayle/& many grete woũdes they gaf hym vpon his heed and vpon his brest & vppon his sholders. And as he myght euer amonge he gaf sadde stro kes agayne. And thenne the two bre/ brethern traced and trauersyd for to be of bothe hondes of syr la cote male tayle/but he by fyne force & knyghtly prowesse gate hem afore hym. And so thenne whan he felte hymself so woũ ded / thenne he doubled his strokes & gaf them so many woũdes ꝑ he felde them to the erthe & wolde haue slayne them hadd they not yelded them. And ryght soo syr la cote male tayle tooke the best hors that there was of them thre & so rode forth his waye to the o/ ther fortresse & bydge / and there he mette with the thyrde broder whos na me was syr Plenorius a full noble knyght/& there they Justed togyder/ and eyther smote other down hors and man to the erthe. And theñe they auoy ded theyr horses & dressyd theyr shel/ des and drewe theyr swerdes / & gaf many sadde strokes / and one whyle the one knyght was afore on the bryd/ ge and an other whyle the other/and thus they fought two houres & more/ & neuer rested/and euer syr Launcelot and the damoysel beheelde them. Allas sayd the damoysell my knyght fyght passynge sore & ouer longe. Now may ye see sayd syr Laũcelot ꝑ he is a noble knyzt for to conspder his fyrst batayll & his greuous woũdes. And euery forth withall all so woũded as he is / it is merveyll that he may endure this lon ge batayll with that good knyght.

¶ How la cote male tayle was taken pryloner/& after relcowed by syr Laũ celot/and how syr Laũcelot ouercame foure brethern. ca. viij.

¶ This meane whyle syr la cote male tayle sanke ryght down vpon the erthe/what forwoũded and forbledde he myght not stande. Then the other knyght had pyte of hym / & sayd fayre ponge knyght dysmay you not/for hadde ye ben fresshe whan ye mette with me as I was. I wote well that I sholde not haue endured so lon ge as ye haue done/& therfor for your noble dedes of armes I shall shewe to you kyndenes & gentylnes in all that I maye. And forth withall this noble knyght syr Plenorius toke hym vp in his armes & ledde hym in to his toure And thenne he commaunded hym the wyne / and made to serche hym & to stoppe his bledynge woundes. Syre sayd la cote male tayle withdrawe you from me / and hye you to yonder bydge agayne / for there wyll mete with you an other maner knyght than euer I was. Why sayd Plenorius / is there an other maner knyght behynde of your felaulhyp. Ye sayd la cote ma le tayle/there is a moche better knyzt than I am. What is his name sayd Plenorius. Ye shall not knowe hit for me at this tyme sayd la cote male tay le. Well sayd the knyght/he shall be encountred with all what someuer he be. Then syr Plenorius herde a knyzt calle that sayd / syr Plenorius where art thou/eyther thou must delyuer me the pryloner that thou hast ledde vnto thy toure/or els come and doo batayll with me. Thenne Plenorius gate his hors / and came with a grete spere in his honde walloppynge towardes syr

Laũcelot/& thenne they began to feu/
tre theyr speres & cam togyder as thon
der/& smote eyther other so myghtely
that theyr horses fell doun vnder them
& thenne they auoyded theyr horses &
pulled out theyr swerdes/& lyke two
bulles they lasshed togyder with grete
strokes & foynes/but euer syr Laũcelot
recouered groũde vpon hym/& syr ple
norius traced to haue gone about hym
But syr Laũcelot wolde not suffre ꝑ/
but bare hym backer & backer tyll he
came nyghe his toure gate. And theñe
sayd syr Laũcelot I knowe the wel for
a good knyght/but wete thou wel thy
lyf & deth is in my honde/& therfore
yelde the to me & thy prysoner. The
other answered no worde/but strake
myghtly vpon syr Laũcelots helme ꝑ
the fyre sprange out of his eyen/theñe
syr Launcelot doubled his strokes soo
thycke & smote at hym so myghtely ꝑ
he made hym knele vppon his knees/
& therwith syr Laũcelot lepte vpon hȳ
& pulled hym grouelynge doun. Then
syr Plenorius yelded hym/& his toure
and all his prysoners at his wyll. And
thenne syr Laũcelot receyued hym & to
ke his trouthe/& thenne he rode to the
other brydge/and there syr Launcelot
Justed with other thre of his brethern
the one hyght Pylloures/& the other
hyght Pellogrys/& the thyrde syr Pel
landris/and fyrst vpon horsback syr
Laũcelot smote them doun/& after/
warde he bete them on foot and made
them to yelde them vnto hym/& theñe
he retorned vnto syr Plenorius/& there
he foũde in his pryson kyng Carados
of Scotlonde & many other knyghtes
& all they were delyuered. And thenne
syr la cote male tayle came to syr Laũ
celot/& thenne syr Laũcelot wolde ha/
ue gyuen hym all these fortresses and
these brydges. Nay sayd la cote male
tayle I wyll not haue syr Plenorius ly
uelode/with that he wyll graũte you
my lorde syr Laũcelot to come to kyng
Arthurs courte & to be his knyght and
all his brethern I wyll praye you my
lorde to lete hym haue his lyuelode. I
wyll well sayd syr Laũcelot with this
ꝑ he wyll come to the courte of kyng
Arthur & become his man/& his bre/
thern fyue. And as for you syr Pleno/
rius I wyll vndertake sayd syr Laũce
lot at the next feest so there be a place
voyded that ye shall be knyght of the
roũde table. Syr sayd Plenorius atte
next feest of Pentecost I wyl be at Ar
thurs courte/and at that tyme I wyll
be gyuerned & ruled as kyng Arthur &
ye wyl haue me. Thenne syr Laũcelot
& syr la cote male tayle repoised them
there vnto the tyme ꝑ syr la cote male
tayle was hole of his woũdes/& there
they had mery chere & good reste and
many good games/& there were ma/
ny fayre ladyes.

Chow syr Laũcelot made la cote ma le tayle lorde of the castell of Pendra gon/& after was made knyght of the roũde table. ca. ix.

And in the meane whyle came
syr Kay the seneschal and syr
Brandyles/& anone they felaushyp/
ped with them. And thenne within .x.
dayes departed tho knyghtes of Ar/
thurs courte from these fortresses. And
as syr Laũcelot came by the castell of
Pendragon/there he put syr Bryan de
les yles from his londes/for cause he

wolde neuer be with holden wit kyng Arthur/and all that castell of Pendragon & all the londes therof he gaf to syr la cote male tayle. And thenne syr Launcelot sente for Nerouens that he made ones knyght/& he made hym to haue all the rule of that castell and of that coũtree vnder la cote male tayle/ & so they rode to kyng Arthurs courte all holy togyders. And at Pentecost next folowynge there was syr Plenorius & syr la cote male tayle called otherwyse by right syr Brewnor le noyre both made knyghtes of the rounde table/& grete londes kyng Arthur gaf them/and there syr Brewnor le noyre wedded that damoysell Maledysaunt & after she was called Beau viuant/ but euer after for the mooste parte he was called la cote male tayle/& he preued a passynge noble knyght & myghty / and many worshypfull dedes he dyde after in his lyf/and syr Plenorius proued a noble knyght & full of prowesse / and all the dayes of theyr lyf for the mooste partye they awayted vp on syr Launcelot/and syr Plenorius bre thern were euer knyghtes of kyng Arthur. And also as the frenshe booke maketh mencyon/syr la cote male tayle auenged his faders deth.

Chow la beale Isoude sente letters to syr Trystram by her mayde Bragwayne/& of dyuerse aduentures of syr Trystram. ca.x.

Now leue we here of syr la cote male tayle/and come we vnto syr Trystram de Ysones that was in Brytayne. Whan la beale Isoude vnderstode that he was wedded/she sente to hym by her mayden Bragwayne as pyteous letters as coude be thought & made/and her conclusyon was /that/ and hit pleased syr Trystram that he wolde come to her courte and bynge with hym Isoude le blaũche maynys/ & they sholde be kepte as well as she her self. Thenne syr Trystram called vnto hym syr Kay hedyus and asked hym whether he wolde goo with hym in to Cornewayle secretely. He answered hym that he was redy at all tymes And thenne he lete ordeyne pryuely a lytell vessell/and therin they wente syr Trystram. Kay hedyus/dame Bragwayne & Gouernale syr Trystrams squyre. So when they were in the see/ a contraryous wynde blewe them on the costes of Northwales nyghe ỳ castell Peryllous. Thenne sayd syr Trystram here shall ye abyde me these .x. dayes / & Gouernale my squyre with you. And yf so be I come not agayne by that daye/take the next waye in to Cornewayle/for in this forest are many straũge aduentures as I haue herde saye/& some of them I caste me to preue or I departe/and whan I may I shall hyde me after you. Thenne syr Trystram & Kay hedyus tooke theyr horses & departed fro theyr felaushyp. And so they rode within that forest a myle & more/and at the last syr Trystram sawe afore hym a lykely knyght armed syttynge by a welle/& a stronge myghty hors passynge nyghe hym tyed on an oke/and a man houynge & rydynge by hym leadynge an hors lade with speres. And this knyght that sat at the welle semed by his countenaũce to be passynge heup. Thenne syr Trystram rode nere hym and sayd / fayre

knyght why lytte ye so drouppynge/ye seme to be a knyght errauntby your armes & harneys / and therfore dresse you to Juste with one of vs or ẅ both Therwith all that knyght made noo wordes/but toke his shelde & bokeled hit about his necke/& lyghtly he toke his hors & lepte vpon hym/and thenne he toke a grete spere of his squyre/and departed his waye a furlonge. Syre Kay hedyus asked leue of syr Trystram to Juste fyrst/do your best sayd syr Trystram/soo they mette togyder & there syr Kay hedyus had a falle & was sore woũded on hyghe aboue the pappys. Thenne syr Trystram sayd knyght that is well Justed/now make you redy ony to me. I am redy sayd the knyght. And thenne ꝑ knyght toke a grete spere in his honde & encountred with syr Trystram / & there by grete force that knyght smote doun syr Trystram from his hors & had a grete falle. Thenne syr Trystram was sore ashamed/& lyghtly he auoyded his hors & put his shelde afore his sholder and drewe his swerde. And thenne syr Tystram requyred that knyght of his knyghthode to alyght vpon foot and fyght with hym. I wyll well sayd the knyght / and so he alyght vpon foot/ and auoyded his hors / and caste his shelde vppon his sholder and drewe his swerde / and there they fought a longe batayll togyder full nyghe two houres. Thenne syr Trystram sayd/ fayre knyght holde thy honde/& telle me of whens thou arte & what is thy name. As for that sayd the knyght I wyll be auysed / but and thou wolte telle me thy name peraduenture I wyl telle the myn.

Chow syr Trystram mette with syr Lamerock de galys / and how they fought & after accorded neuer to fyght togyder. ca.xi.

Now fayre knyght he sayd my name is syr Trystram de lyones. Syr sayd the other knyght/& my name is syr Lamerock de galys. A syr Lamerock sayd syr Trystram well be we mette / & bethynke the now of the delyyte thou dydest me of the sendynge of the horne vnto kyng Markes courte to the entente to haue slayne or dyshonoured my lady the quene la beale Jsoude/and therfore wete thou well sayd syr Trystram the one of vs shal deye or we departe. Syr sayd syr Lamerock remembre that we were togyder in the Ile of seruage/and at that tyme ye promysed me grete frendshyp Thenne syr Trystram wolde make noo lenger delayes but lasshed at syr Lamerock/& thus they fought longe/ tyll eyther were wery of other. Thenne syr Trystram sayd to syr Lamerock/ in all my lyf mette J neuer with suche a knyzt ꝑ was so bygge & wel brethed as ye be / therfore sayd syr Trystram it were pyte that ony of vs both sholde here be myschyeued. Syr sayd syr Lamerock for your renommee & name J wyll that ye haue the worshyp of this batayll & therfore & wyll yelde me vnto you/& therwith he toke the poynte of his swerde to yelde hym. Nay sayd syr Trystram ye shall not do so/for J knowe well your profers & more of your gentylnes than for my fere or drede de ye haue of me. And therwith al syr Trystram profered hem his swerde & sayd/syr Lamerock as ay ouercomen

knyght I yelde me vnto you / as to a man of the mooſt noble prowelle that euer I mette with all. Nay layd ſyr Lamerock I wyll do you gentylnes. I requyre you lete vs be ſworne togyder that neuer none of vs ſhall after this daye haue adoo with other / & therwith all ſyr Tryſtram & ſyr Lamerock ſwore that neuer none of them ſholde fyght ayenſt other for wele nor for woo.

How ſyr Palomydes folowed the queſtynge beeſt & ſmote doun ſyr Tryſtram & ſyr Lamerock with one ſpere Capl'm .xij.

AND this meane whyle there came ſyr Palomydes the goody knyght folowynge the queſtynge beeſt that hady in ſhap ay heed lyke a ſerpentes heed/& a body lyke a lybarde/ buttockes lyke a lyon/& foted lyke an herte/& in his body there was ſuche a noyſe as hit had bey the noyſe of .xxx. couple of houdes queſtynge/and ſuche a noyſe that beeſt made where ſomeuer he wente/& this beeſt euermore ſyr Palomydes folowed/for hit was called his queſt. And ryght ſo as he folowed this beeſt it came by ſyr Tryſtram/& ſoone after came Palomydes / and to breue this matere / he ſmote doun ſyr Tryſtram & ſyr Lamerock both with one ſpere/and ſo he departed after the beeſt Glatyſaut / that was called the queſtynge beeſt / wherfore thele two knyghtes were paſſynge wrothe that ſyr Palomydes wolde not fyght with them on foot. Here men may vnderſtande that bey of worſhyppe that he was neuer fourmed that at all tymes myght ſtande / but ſomtyme he was put to the worſt by mas fortune. And at ſomtyme the worſt knyght put the better knyght to a rebuke. So thenne ſyr Tryſtram & ſyr Lamerok gate ſyr Kay hedyus vppon a ſhelde betwixt them bothe and ledde hym to a fosters lodge/& there they gaf hym in charge to kepe hym well/& with hym they abode thre dayes. And thenne the two knyghtes toke theyr horſes and at the croſſe they departed. And thenne ſayd ſyr Tryſtram to ſyr Lamerock I requyre you yf ye happen to mete with ſyr Palomydes/ſaye hym that he ſhal fynde me at the ſame welle there as I mette hym / & there I ſyr Tryſtram ſhall preue whether he be better knyȝt than I / and ſo eyther departed from other a ſondry waye/& ſyr Tryſtram rode nyghe there as ſyr Kay hedyus was/and ſyr Lamerock rode vntyl he came to a chappell/& there he put his hors vnto paſture. And anone there came ſyr Melyagaunce that was kyng Bagdemagus ſone/& he there put his hors to paſture & was not ware of ſyr Lamerock/and thene this knyght ſyr Melyagaũce made his mone of the loue that he had to quene Gueneuer/& there he made a wofull complaynte. All this herde ſyr Lamerock/& on the morne ſyr Lamerock toke his hors & rode vnto the foreſt / & there he mette with two knyghtȝ houynge vnder the wood ſhadowe. Fayre knyghtes ſayd ſyr Lamerock what do ye houynge here & watchynge/and yf ye be knyghtȝ arraunt that wyll Juſte/loo I am redy. Nay ſyr knyght they ſayd not ſo/ we abyde not here for to Juſte wt̃ you/ but we lye here in awayte of a knyght hat ſlewe our broder. What knyght

was that sayd syr Lamerock that ye wolde fayne mette with all. Syr they sayd it is syr Lañcelot that slewe our broder / & yf euer we may mete with hym he shall not escape but we shall slee hym. Ye take vppon you a grete charge sayd syr Lamerock / for syr Launcelot is a noble proued knyght / As for that we doubte not / for ther is none of vs but we are good ynough for hym. I wyll not byleue that sayd syr Lamerock / for I herde neuer yet of no knyght the dayes of my lyf but syr Lañcelot was to bygge for hym.

Thow syr Lamerock mette with syr Melyagañce & faught togyder for the beaute of quene Gueneuer. ca. xiij.

Byght so as they stode talkynge thus / syr Lamerock was ware how syr Lañcelot came rydynge strayte towarde them / thenne syr Lamerok salewed hym / & he hym agayne. And thenne syr Lamerock asked syr Lañcelot yf there were ony thynge that he myght doo for hym in these marches. Nay sayd syr Lañcelot not at this tyme. I thanke you / and so eyther departed from other / & syr Lamerock rode agayne there as he left the two knyghtes / and thenne he foũde them hydde in the leued wood. Fye on you sayd syr Lamerock fals cowardes / it is pyte & shame that ony of you sholde take the hyghe ordre of knyghthode. Soo syr Lamerock departed fro them / and soo within a whyle he mette with syr Melyagaunce. And thenne syr Lamerock asked hym why he loued quene Gueneuer as he dyde / for I was not ferre from you whan ye made your complaynte by the chappell. Dyde ye soo sayd syr Melyagaunce / thenne wyll I abyde by hit. I loue quene Gueneuer what wyll ye with hit. I wyll preue it and make it good that she is the fayrest lady and mooste of beaute in the worlde. As to that sayd syr Lamerock I saye nay therto / for quene Morgaule of Orkeney moder to syr Gawayne and his moder is the fayrest quene & lady that now bereth lyf. That is not soo sayd syr Melyagaunce / and that wyll I preue with my hondes vppon thy body. Wyll ye soo sayd syr Lamerock / and in a better quarell kepe I not to fyght. And thenne they departed eyther from other in grete wrathe and thenne came rydynge togyder as hit had ben thonder / and eyther smote other so sore that theyr horses felle bacwarde to the erthe. And thenne they auoyded theyr horses & dressyd theyr sheldes and drewe theyr swerdes / and thenne they hurtled togyder as wylde bores / and thus they fought a grete whyle / for Melyagaunce was a good knyght and a may of grete myght / but syr Lamerock was to harde and to bygge for hym / and putte hym alwayes a back / but eyther hadde other sore wounded. And as they stode thus fyghtynge / thenne by fortune came syr Launcelot and syr Bleoberys rydynge. And thenne anone syr Launcelot rode betwixt them / and asked them for what cause that they fought so togyder / and ye are bothe knyghtes of kyng Arthur.

Thow syr Launcelot and syr Bleoberys came rydynge and founde syr Lamerock & syr Melyagaunce fygh-

cynge/and how syr Lamerock Jusked with kyng Arthur. ca.xiiij.

SYre sayd Melyagaunce I shall telle you for what cause we doo this batayll. I prayed my lady quene Gueneuer/and sayd she was the fayrest lady of the worlde/and syr Lamerock sayd nay therto. For he sayd that quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrer than she and more of beaute. A syr Lamerock why sayst thou soo / hit is not thy parte to dysprayse thy princesse that thou arte vnder theyr obeyssaūce & we all/and therwith he alyght on foot and sayd/for this quarell make the redy for I wyll pryue hit vpon the that quene Gueneuer is the fayrest lady & moost of bounte in this worlde/ Syr sayd syr Lamerock I am loth to haue adoo with you in this quarell/ for euery man thynketh his owne lady fayrest/& though I prayse the lady that I loue moost / ye sholde not be wroth/for though that my lady quene Gueneuer be fayrest in your eye/wete ye well quene Morgause of Orkeney is the fayrest in myn eye/and so euery knyght thynketh his owne lady fayrest / and wete ye well syr ye are the man in the worlde except syr Trystram that I am moost lothest to haue adoo withall. But and ye wyll nedes fyght w̄ me I shal endure so inoge as I may. Thenne spake syr Bleoberys and sayd . My lorde syr Launcelot I wyst you neuer so mysaupled as ye are now / for syr Lamerock sayd you but reason and knyghtely . For I warne you I haue a lady / and me thynketh that she is the fayrest lady of all the worlde / were this a grete reason that ye sholde be wroth with me for suche langage . And well ye wote that syr Lamerock is as noble a knyght as I knowe/and he hath ought you and vs euer good wyll / and therfore I praye you be good frendes . And thenne syr Launcelot sayd vnto syr Lamerock. I praye you forgyue me myn euyll wyll And yf I was mysaupled I wyl amende hit. Syr sayd syr Lamerock the amendes is soone made betwixt you & me. And so syr Laūcelot & syr Bleoberys departed/and syr Melyagaunce and syr Lamerock toke theyr horses/ and eyther departed from other. And within a whyle came kyng Arthur & mette with syr Lamerock and Justed with hym / & there he smote doun syr Lamerock & wounded hym sore with a spere/& so he rode from hym/wherfore syr Lamerock was wroth that he wolde not fyght with hym on foot/ how be it that syr Lamerock knewe not kyng Arthur.

How syr Lyay mette with syr Trystram/and after of the shame spoken of the knyghtes of Cornewayle/and how they Justed. ca.xv.

NOw leue we of this tale / and speke we of syr Trystram/ that as he rode he mette with syr Lyay the seneschall / and ther syr Lyay asked syr Trystram of what countree that he was. He answered that he was of the countree of Cornewayle. Hit may well be sayd syr Lyay/for yet herde I neuer that euer good knyght came out of Cornewayle. That is euyll spoken sayd syr Trystram/but and it please you for to telle me your name I

requyre you. Syr wete ye wel sayd syr Lyay that my name is syr Lyay the se-nescha11. Is that your name sayd syr Tristram / now wete ye well that ye are named the shamefullest knyght of your tonge that now is lyuynge / how be it ye are called a good knyght but ye are called vnfortunate / & pal-synge ouerthwarte of your tonge. And thus they rode togyder tyll they came to a brygge / and there was a knyght wolde not lete them passe tyll one of them Justed with hym / and soo that knyght Justed with syr Lyay / & there that knyght gaf syr Lyay a falle / his name was syr Tor syr Lamerocks half broder / and thenne they two rode to theyr longynge. And there they foũ de syr Brandyles / and syr Tor came thyder anone after. And as they satte atte souper these foure knyghtes / thre of them spake al shame by Cornysshe knyghtes. Syre Tristram herde all that they sayd / and he sayd but lytell / but he thought the more / but at that tyme he dyscouered not his name. Vp on the morne syr Tristram toke his hors and abode them vpon theyr waye And there syr Brandyles profered to Juste with syr Tristram / and soo syr Tristram smote hym doun hors and all to the erthe. And thenne syr Tor le fyse de vayshoure encountred with syr Tristram / & there syr Tristram smote hym doun / and thenne he rode his waye / and syr Lyay folowed hym / but he wolde not of his felaushyppe. And theñe syr Brandyles came to syr Lyay and sayd. I wolde fayne wete what that knyghtes name is. Come on with me sayd syr Lyay & we shall praye hym to telle vs his name. Soo they rode togyder tyll they came nyghe hym / & thenne they were ware where he satte by a welle and had put of his helme to drynke at ꝑ welle. And whan he sawe them come he laced on his hel-me lyghtly / and toke his hors & profe-red them to Juste. Nay sayd syr Brandyles we Justed late ynough with you we come not to that entente. But for this we come to requyre you of knyght hode to telle vs your name. My fayre knyghtes sythen that it is your delyre & to please you ye shall wete ꝑ my na-me is syr Tristram de lyones neueue vnto kyng Marke of Cornewayle. In good tyme sayd syr Brandyles / & wel be ye foũden / & wete ye well that we be ryght gladde ꝑ we haue foũde you & we be of a felaushyp that wolde be ryght gladde of your company. For ye are the knyght in the worlde that the noble felaushyp of the table roũde de-syreth moost to haue your company / God thanke them sayd syr Tristram of theyr grete goodnes / but as yet I fele well that I am vnable for to be of theyr felaushyp. For I was neuer yet of suche dedes of worthynes to be in the company of suche a felaushyp. A sayd syr Lyay & ye be syr Tristram de lyones ye are the man now called moost of prowesse excepte syr Laũcelot du lake. For he bereth not the lyf cry-sten ne hethen that can fynde suche an other knyght to speke of his prowesse and of his hondes & his trouthe with all. For yet coude there neuer creature saye of hym ony dyshonour and ma-ke hit good. And thus they talked a grete whyle / and thenne they departed eyther from other suche wayes as to them semed best.

How kyng Arthur was brought in to the forest Perylous / and how syr Trystram saued his lyf. ca.xvi.

NOw shal ye here what the cause was that kyng Arthur came in to the forest Perylous/that was in Northwales by the meanes of a lady/ her name was Annowre/& this lady came to kyng Arthur at Cardyf/and she by fayre prompse & fayre byhestes made kyng Arthur to ryde with her in to that forest Perylous/& she was a grete sorceresse / and many a dayes she hadde loued kyng Arthur/and by cause that she wolde haue hym to lye by her / she came in to that countree/ Soo whan the kyng was gone with her / many of his knyghtes folowed after kyng Arthur. And whan they myste hym/as syr Launcelot syr Bran dyles & many other. And whan she had brought hym to her Toure/she desyred hym to lye by her/and thene the kyng remembred hym of his lady & wolde not lye by her for no crafte that she coude do. Thenne euery daye she wolde make hym ryde in to that forest with his owne knyghtes to the entent to haue had kyng Arthur slayne. For whan this lady Annowre sawe þ she myght not haue hym at her wyl/they she laboured by fals meanes to haue destroyed kyng Arthur & slayne. And thenne the lady of the Lake that was alwaye frendely to kyng Arthur / she vnderstode by her subtyll crafftes that kyng Arthur was lyke to be destroyed And therfore this lady of the Lake that hyght Nyneue came in to that forest to seke after syr Launcelot du lake or syr Trystram for to helpe kyng Arthur/for as that same daye this lady of the Lake knewe well that kyng Arthur sholde be slayne/onles þ he had helpe of one of these two knyghtes/& thus she rode vp & doun tyll she mette with syr Trystram/anone as she sawe hym she knewe hym. O my lorde syr Trystram she sayd / well be ye mette/and blessyd be the tyme that I haue mette with you/for as this same daye & within these two houres shall be done the foulest dede that euer was done in this londe. O fayre damoysel sayd syr Trystram may I amende it. Come on with me she sayd & that in all the hast ye may/for ye shall see the moost worshypfullest knyght of the worlde harde bestade. Thenne sayd syr Trystram I am redy to helpe suche a noble man. She is neyther better ne wors sayd the lady of the Lake but the noble kyng Arthur hymself. God defende sayd syr Trystram that euer he sholde be in suche dystresse. Thenne they rode togyder a grete paas vntyll they came to a lytell Turret a castell. & vndernethe that castell they sawe a knyght standynge vpon foot fyghtynge with two knyghtes/& so syr Trystram behelde them. And at the laste the two knyghtes smote doun the one knyght / & þ one of them vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym. And the lady Annowre gate kyng Arthurs swerde in her honde to haue stryken of his heed. And therwith all came syr Trystram with all his myght crynge. Traytresse traytresse leue that/& anone there syr Trystram smote þ one of the knyghtꝭ through the body that he felle dede/& they he rasshed to thother and smote his bache in sonder. And in

the incane whyle the lady of the Lake cryed to kyng Arthur lete not that fal se lady escape. So kyng Arthur ouer-toke her / & with the same swerde he smote of her heed. And the lady of the Lake toke vp her heed & henge hit vp by the heyre of her sadell bowe. And thenne syr Trystram horled kyng Ar thur and rode forth with hym/but he charged the lady of the Lake not to dyscouer his name as at that tyme. Whan the kyng was horled he thanked hym ly syr Trystram/and desyred to wete his name / but he wolde not telle it hym / but that he was a poore knyght auenturous/& so he bare kyng Arthur felaushyp tyll he mette with some of his knyghtes. And within a whyle they mette with Ector de ma-rys/& he knewe not kyng Arthur nor syr Trystram/and he desyred to Juste with one of them. Thenne syr Try-stram rode vnto syr Ector and smote hym from his hors. And whan he had done soo he came agayne to the kyng & sayd/my lorde yonder is one of your knyghtes/he may bere you felaushyp and ay other daye that dede that I ha ue done for you I truste to god ye shal vnderstande that I wyll do you seruy ce. Allas sayd kyng Arthur lete me wete what ye are. Not atte this tyme sayd syr Trystram / soo he departed and lefte kyng Arthur and syr Ector togyder.

How syr Trystram came to la beale Jloude/& how Kay hedyus began to loue la beale Jloude / & of a letter that syr Trystram foũde. ca.xvij.

AND thenne at a daye sette syr Trystram & syr Lamerock mette at the welle/& thenne they toke Kay he-dyus at the fosters hous/& so they ro-de with hym to the shyp where as they lefte dame Bragwayne & Gouerna-le & soo they sayled in to Lonewayle all holy togyder / and by assente & en-formacõn of dame Bragwayne whan they were londed they roode vnto syr Dynas the seneschall a trusty frende of syr Trystrams/& so dame Brag-wayne & syr Dynas rode to the court of kyng Marke / & tolde the quene la beale Jloude that syr Trystram was nyghe her in that coũtree. Thenne for very pure Joye la beale Jloude swow-ned/& whan she myght speke she sayd gentyll knyght seneschal helpe that I myght speke with hym other my her-te wyll braste. Thenne syr Dynas & dame Bragwayne brought syr Try-stram & Kay hedyus pryuely vnto the courte to a chambre where as la beale Jloude had allygned hit. And to telle the Joyes that were betwixt la beale Jloude & syr Trystram / there is noo tonge can telle it/nor herte thynke it/ nor pen wryte it. And as the frenshe boke maketh mencyon at the fyrst ty-me that euer syr Kay hedyus sawe la beale Jloude he was so enamoured vp on her / that he for very pure loue he myght neuer withdrawe hit. And at the last as ye shall here or the boke be ended / syr Kay hedyus deyed for the loue of la beale Jloude/& thenne pry-uely he wrote vnto her letters & balla-des of the moost goodlyest ỹ were vsed in tho dayes. And whan la beale Jlou de vnderstode his letters she had grete pyte of his complaynt/& vnauysed she wrote ay other letter to comforte hym

with all. And syr Trystram was all this whyle in a turret at the cõmaũdement of la beale Isoude / & whan she myght she came vnto syr Trystram/ So on a daye kyng Marke played at the chesse vnder a chambre wyndowe/ & at that tyme syr Trystram and syr Kay hedyus were within the chambre ouer kyng Marke/and as it myshappened syr Trystram foũde that letter that Kay hedyus sente vnto la beale Isoude/also he hadȳ founde the letter that she wrote vnto Kay hedyus/and at that same tyme la beale Isoude was in the same chambre. Thenne syr Trystram came vnto la beale Isoude & sayd. Madame here is a letter that was sente vnto you/& here is the letter that ye sente vnto hym that sente you that letter. Allas madame the good loue that I haue loued you / and many londes & rychesse haue I forsaken for your loue/and now ye are a traytresse to me the whiche doth me grete payne But as for the syr Kay hedyus I haue brought ẏ out of Bretayne in to this coũtree/and thy fader kyng Howell I wanne his londes/how be it I wedded thy syster Isoude le blaũche maynys for the goodenes ẏ she dyde vnto me/ And yet as I am true knyght she is a clene maydeȳ for me / but wete thou wel he sayd to syr Kay hedyus for this falshede & treasoȳ thou hast done me I wyll reuenge hit vpoȳ the. And therwithall syr Trystram drewe out his swerde & sayd/syr Kay hedyus kepe/ the/& thenne la beale Isoude swowned to ẏ erthe. And whan syr Kay hedyus sawe syr Trystram come vpoȳ hym/ he sawe none other bote/but lepte out at a bay wyndowe euen ouer the heed where kyng Marke satte playenge at the chesses. And whan the kyng sawe one come hurlynge ouer his heed he sayd/felowe what art thou/& what is the cause thou lepest out of that wyndowe. My lorde the kyng sayd Kay hedyus/hit fortuned me that I was a slepe in the wyndowe aboue your heed/& as I slepte I slommered & soo I felle doun/& so syr Kay hedyus excused hym

How syr Trystram departed from Tyntagyll & how he sorowed & was so longe in a forest tyll he was out of his mynde. ca. xviij.

Thenne syr Trystram dredde sore lest he were dyscouered vnto the kyng ẏ he was there/wherfore he drewe hym to the strengthe of the Toure & armed hym in suche armour as he had for to fyght with them that wolde withstande hym. And so whan syr Trystram sawe there was no resystence agaynst hym/he sente Gouernale for his hors & for his spere / and knyghtly he rode forth out of the castell openly that was called the castell of Tyntagyll. And euen at the gate he mette wt Gyngalyn syr Gawayns sone. And anone syr Gyngalyn putte his spere in his reste & ranne vpon syr Trystram & brake his spere / and syr Trystram at that tyme hadde but a swerde / and gaaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme ẏ he fylle doun from his sadell/and his swerde slode adoun and carf a sonder his hors necke. And so syr Trystram rode his waye in to the forest / and all this doynge sawe kyng Marke. And thenne anone he sente a squyre vnto the hurte knyght

and cõmaunded hym to come to hym/ & so he dyde. And whan hym Marke wyst þ it was syr Gyngalyn he welcomed hym/and gaf hym an hors & asked hym what knyght hit was þ had encountred with hym. Syre sayd syr Gyngalyn I wote not what knyght he was/but wel I wote that he syghed & maketh grete doole. And thenne syr Trystram within a whyle mette with a knyght of his owne that hyght syr Fergus. And whan he had mett with hym he made grete sorowe/in so moche that he felle down of his hors in a swowne/and in suche sorowe he was in thre dayes & thre nyghtes. Thenne at the laste syr Trystram sente vnto the courte by syr Fergus for to spere what tydynges. And so as he rode by the waye he mette with a damoysell þ came from syr Palomydes to knowe & seke how syr Trystram dyde. And thenne syr Fergus tolde her how þ he was almoost out of his mynde. Allas sayd the damoysell where shall I fynde hym. In suche a place sayd syr Fergus. And thenne syr Fergus founde quene Isoude seke in her bedde makynge the grettest doole that euer ony erthely woman made. And whan the damoysell founde syr Trystram/she made grete doole by cause she myght not amende hym/for the more she made of hym / the more was his payne/ And at the last syr Trystram toke his hors & rode his waye from her / and thenne was hit thre dayes or that she coude fynde hym / & then she brought hym mete & drynke but he wolde none and then an other tyme syr Trystram escaped awaye from the damoysell/& it happened hym to ryde by the same castel where syr Palomydes & syr Trystram dyde batayll whan la beale Isoude departed them. And there by fortune the damoysell mette with syr Trystram agayne makynge the grettest doole that euer erthely creature made/ and she yede to the lady of the castell & tolde her of the mysauenture of syr Trystram. Alas sayd the lady of that castel/where is my lord syr Trystram Ryght here by your castel sayd the damoysell. Iy good tyme sayd the lady. is he so nyghe me he shall haue mete & drynke of the best / and ay harpe I haue of his wherupon he taught me/ for of goodly harpynge he bereth ý prys in the worlde. So this lady & the damoysell brought hym mete & drynke/ but he ete lytell therof. Upon a nyght he put his hors from hym/& thẽne he vnlaced his armour & wente in to the wyldernesse & braste down the trees & bowes/& otherwhyle whan he founde the harpe that the lady sent hym/they wolde he harpe & playe thrupon and wepe togyder. And some tyme whan syr Trystram was in the wood that the lady wyst not where he was / and thenne wolde she sette her down and playe vpon that harpe. And so wolde syr Trystram come to that harpe and herken therto/and somtyme he wolde harpe hymselfe / thus he endured there a quarter of a yere. And at the last he ranne his waye/& she wyst not where he was become. And thẽne was he naked & waxed lene and poore of flesshe and soo he felle in to the felaulhyp of herde men & sheepherdes / and ayty they wolde gyue hym some of theyr mete & drynke. And whan he dyde ony shrewde dede they wolde bete hym

with roddes/& so he clypped hym with cheres & made hym lyke a foole.

¶ How syr Trystram sowled syr Dagonet in a welle/and how Palompdes sente a damoysell to seke Trystram/ & how Palompdes mette with kyng Marke. ca.xix.

AND vpon a daye syr Dagonet kyng Arthurs foole came in to Cornewayle with two squyres with hym/& as they rode through that forest/they came by a fayre welle where syr Trystram was wonte to be/& the whether was hote/and they alyght to drynke of that welle / & in the meane whyle theyr horses brake lous. Ryght so syr Trystram came vnto them/and fyrste he sowled syr Dagonet in that welle & after his squyres/and there at lough the sheepherdes/and forthwith all he ranne after theyr horses and so brought them agayne one by one/and ryght so as wete as they were/he made them lepe vp & ryde theyr wayes Thus syr Trystram endured there an half yere naked & wolde neuer come in to towne ne vyllage. The meane whyle the damoysell ꝑ syr Palompdes sente to seke syr Trystram / she yede vnto syr Palompdes and tolde hym all the myschyef that syr Trystram endured Allas sayd syr Palompdes hit is grete pyte ꝑ euer so noble a knyght shulde be myschyued for the loue of a lady But neuerthelesse I wyl go & seke hym & comforte hym and I may. Thenne a lytel before that tyme la beale Isoude hady commaunded syr Kay hedyus out of the countree of Cornewayle/ So syr Kay hedyus departed with a dolorous herte. And by aduenture he mette with syr Palompdes / and they enfelaulhypped togyder / and eyther complayned to other of theyr hote loue that they loued la beale Isoude. Now lete vs sayd syr Palompdes seke syr Trystram that louedy hem as well as we/and lete vs preue yf we may recouer hym. So they rode in to that forest/and thre dayes and thre nyghtes they wolde neuer take theyr lodgynge but euer sought syr Trystram. And vpon a tyme by aduenture they mette with kyng Marke that was ryden all alone from his men. Whan they sawe hym/syr Palompdes knewe hym/but syr Kay hedyus knowe hym not. A fals kyng sayd syr Palompdes / it is pyte that thou haste thy lyf / for thou art a destroyer of al worshypful knyghtes/and by thy myschyef & thy vengeaunce thou hast destroyed that moost noble knyght syr Trystram de lyones And therfore defende the sayd syr Palompdes/for thou shalt deye this daye That were shame sayd kyng Marke for ye two are armed and I am vnarmed. As for that sayd syr Palompdes I shall fynde a remedye therfore. Here is a knyght with me & thou shalt haue his harneys. Nay sayd kyng Marke I wyll not haue adoo with you for cause haue ye none to me. For all the mysseale that syr Trystram hath was for a letter that he foũde/for as to me I dyde to hym no dysplesure / & god knoweth I am full sory for his dysease and malady. Soo whey the kyng had thus excused hym/they were good frende/and kyng Marke wolde haue had them vnto Tyntagyl/but syr Palompdes wolde not / but torned vnto

the Realme of Logrys/& syr Ray he-dyus sayd that he wolde go in to Bry tayne. ¶ Now come we vnto syr Da-gonet ayene/that whan he & his squy res were vpon horsback/he demed that the sheepherdes hady sente that foole to araye hem so by cause that they lau ghed at hem/and so they rode vnto the kepers of beestes and all to bete them. Syr Trystram sawe them bete that were wonte to gyue hym mete & dryn-ke/thenne he ranne thyder & gate syr Dagonet by the heed & gaf hym su-che a falle to the erthe that he bryseth hym sore so ꝑ he laye stylle. And thenne he wraste his swerde out of his honde. & therwith he ranne vnto one of his squyres & smote of his heed / and the other fledde. And so syr Trystram to-ke his waye with that swerde in his honde rennynge as he had bey wylde wood. Thenne syr Dagonet roode to kyng Marke & tolde hym how he had spedde in that forest / & therfore sayd syr Dagonet/beware kyng Marke ꝑ thou come not about that welle in the forest/for there is a naked foole / and that foole & I foole mette togyder / & he had almost slayne me. A sayd kyn ge Marke ꝑ is syr Matto le breune ꝑ felle out of his wytte by cause he loste his lady. For whan syr Gaherys smo-te doun syr Matto & wanne his lady of hym/neuer syns was he in his myn de/& that was pyte/for he was a good knyght.

¶ How it was noysed ꝑ syr Trystram was deed & how la beale Isoude wol-de haue slayne her self. ca.xx.

Thenne syr Andret that was co syn vnto syr Trystram made a lady that was his peramour to saye & to noyse hit that she was with syr Trystram or euer he deyed. And this tale she brought vnto kyng Markes courte that she buryed hym by a welle & that or he deyed he besought kyng Marke to make his cosyn syr Andret kyng of the countree of Lyones of the whiche syr Trystram was lorde of. All this dyde syr Andret by cause he wolde haue had syr Trystrams lon-des. And whan ꝑ kyng Marke herde telle that syr Trystram was deed/he wepte & made grete doole. But whan quene Isoude herde of these tydynges she made suche sorowe that she was nyghe out of her mynde. And so vpon a daye she thought to slee her self and neuer to lyue after syr Trystrams deth And so vpon a daye la beale Isoude gate a swerde pryuely & bare hit in to her gardyn/& there she pyght the swer de through a plumme tree vp to the hyltes/so that hit stake fast & hit stode brest hyhe. And as she wolde haue rō-ney vpon the swerde & to haue slayne her self. All this aspyed kyng Marke how she kneled doun & sayd/swete lor de Jhesu haue mercy vppon me / for I may not lyue after ꝑ deth of syr Try stram de Lyones/for he was my fyrste loue/& he shall be the laste / and with these wordes came kyng Marke & to-ke her in his armes/and thenne he to-ke vp the swerde and bare her awaye with hym in to a Toure/and there he made her to be kepte & watched ryght surely / and after that she laye longe seke nyghe at the poynt of deth. This meane whyle ranne syr Trystram na ked in the forest with the swerde in his honde/& so he came to ay hermytage

and there he leyde hym doun & slepte/ & the meane whyle the hermyte stale awaye his swerde & leyde meete doun by hym. Thus was he kept there a .x. dayes/and at last he departed & came to the herde men agayne. And there was a gyaũt in that coũtree ꝑ hyght Tauleas/& for fere of syr Trystram more than .vij. yere he durst neuer mo the go at large/but for the moost partye he kept hym in a sure castell of his owne/and so this Tauleas herde tell ꝑ syr Trystram was deed by the noyse of the courte of kyng Marke. And thenne this Tauleas wente dayely at large. And so he happed vpon a daye he came to the herde men wanderynge & langerynge/and there he sette hym doun to reste amonge them. The mean whyle there came a knyght of Lorreway le that ledde a lady with hym/ and his name was syr Dynaũt. And whan the gyaunt sawe hym/he wente from the herde men & hydde hym vnder a tree/& so the knyght came to that welle/& there he alyght to repose hym And as soone as he was from his hors this gyaũt Tauleas cam betwixt this knyght & his hors/& lepte vpon hym/ Soo forth with he rode vnto syr Dynaũt & toke hym by the coller/ & pulled hym afore hym vpon his hors/and there wolde haue stryken of his heed/ Then ꝑ herde men sayd to syr Trystram/helpe yonder knyght. Helpe ye hym sayd syr Trystram. We dare not sayd the herde men. Thenne syr Trystram was ware of the swerde of the knyght there as it laye/& so thyder he ranne & toke vp the swerde and stroke of syr Tauleas heed & so he yede his waye to the herde men agayne.

¶ How kyng Marke foũde syr Trystram naked & made hym to be borne home to Tyntagyl & how he was there knowen by a brachet. ca.xxi.

Thenne the knyght toke vp the gyaũtes heed & bare hit with hym vnto kyng Marke/ & tolde hym what aduenture betyed hym in the forest/ and how a naked man relcowed hym from the grymly gyaũt Tauleas Where hadde ye this aduenture sayd kyng Marke. Forsoth sayd syr Dynaũt at the fayre fontayne in your forest where many aduenturous knyghtes mete/ & there is the madde may/ Well sayd kyng Marke I wyl se that madde may. So within a daye or two kyng Marke cõmaũded his knyghtes & his hunters that they sholde be redy on the morne for to hunte/ & so vpon the morne he wente vnto that forest/ And whan the kyng came to ꝑ welle/ he foũde there lyenge by that welle a fayre naked man & a swerde by hym/ Theñe kyng Marke blewe & straked & therwith his knyghtes came to hym and thenne the kyng commaũded his knyghtes to take ꝑ naked man with fayrenes/& brynge hym to my castell/ So they dyde sauely & fayre and caste mantels vpon syr Trystram and soo ledde hym vnto Tyntagyll/and there they bathed hym & wasshed hym & gaf hym hote suppynges tyll they hadde brought hym well to his remembraũce. But all this whyle there was no creature ꝑ knewe syr Trystram nor what man he was. So hit felle vpon a daye that the quene la beale Isoude herde of suche a man that rãne naked in the forest/and how the kyng hadde

brought hym home to the courte. And thenne la beale Isoude called vnto her dame Bragwayne and sayd come on with me/for we wyll go see this man that my lorde brought from the forest the last daye. Soo they passed forth & spered where the seke man was. And thenne a squyre tolde the quene that he was in the gardyn takynge his reste/ and repose hym ayenst the sonne. Soo whan the quene loked vpon syr Trystram she was not remembred of hym but euer she sayd vnto dame Bragwayne/me semeth I sholde haue seen hym here tofore in many places / but as soone as syr Trystram sawe her/ he knewe her well ynough. And thenne he torned awaye his vysage & wepte/ And the quene hady alwayes a lytell brachet with her that syr Trystram gaf her the fyrste tyme that euer she came in to Cornewayle/& neuer wolde that brachet departe from her / but yf syr Trystram was nyghe there as la beale Isoude was/and this brachet was sente from the kynges doughter of fraūce vnto syr Trystram for grete loue/& anone as these lytell brachet felte a saueour of syr Trystram she lepte vpon hym & lycked his leays & his eeys / and thenne he whyned and quested & she smelled at his feet & at his hondes/and on all partyes of his body that she myght come to. A my lady sayd dame Bragwayne vnto la beale Isoude. Allas allas sayd she I se it is myn owne lorde syr Trystram/ And therupon Isoude felle doun in a swowne & so laye a grete whyle. And whan she myght speke she sayd. My lorde syr Trystram blessyd be god ye haue your lyf/& now I am sure ye shal be discouered by this lytel brachet/for she wyll neuer leue you. And also I am sure as so soone as my lorde kyng Marke do knowe you/he wyl banysshe you out of the countree of Cornewayle/or els he wyll destroye you. For goddes sake myn owne lorde graunte kyng Marke his wyll/& thēne drawe you vnto the courte of kyng Arthur/ for there are ye byloued/& euer whan I may I shall sende vnto you. And as ye lyst ye may come to me/& at all tymes erly & late I wyll be at your commaūdement/to lyue as poore a lyf as euer dyde quene or lady. O madame sayd syr Trystram goo from me/ for myckell anger & daunger haue I escaped for your loue.

Thow kyng Marke by thaduyse of his coūseyl banysshed syr Trystram out of Cornewayle the terme of ten yere. ca.xxij.

Thenne the quene departed/but the brachet wolde not from hym and therwith all came kyng Marke/ & the brachet satte vpon hym & bayed at them all. And therwith all syr Andret spake & sayd/syr this is syr Trystram that I see by the brachet. Nay sayd the kyng I can not suppose that Soo the kyng asked hym vppon his fayth what he was / & what was his name. Soo god me helpe sayd he my name is syr Trystram de lyones/now doo by me what ye lyst. A sayd kyng Marke me repenteth of your recouer/ and thenne he lete calle his barons to Juge syr Trystram to the deth. Soo many of his barons wolde not assent therto / & in especyall syr Dynas the

lencelchall/and lyr Fergus.And lo by the aduyle of them all lyr Tryſtram was bannyſſhed out of the coũtree of Lonnewayle for ten yere / & therupon he toke his othe vppon a booke before the kyng & his barons/and ſo he was made to departe out of the coũtree of Lonnewayle/& there were many barons brought hym vnto his ſhyp / of the whiche ſome were his frendes and ſome his foos.And in the meane whyle there came a knyght of kyng Arthurs his name was Dynadan/& his compynge was to ſeke after lyr Tryſtram/thenne they ſhewed hym where he was armed at all poyntes goynge to the ſhyp . Now fayre knyght ſayd lyr Dynadan or ye paſſe this courte but ye wyll Juſte with me I requyre the/ With a good wyl ſayd lyr Tryſtram & theſe lordes wyll gyue me leue.Soo the barons graunted therto/& ſo they ranne togyder/& there lyr Tryſtram gaf lyr Dynadan a falle.And thenne he prayed lyr Tryſtram to gyue hym leue to go in his felaulhyp . Ye ſhall be ryght welcome ſayd lyr Tryſtram & ſoo they toke theyr horſes and rode to theyr ſhyppes togyder . And whan lyr Tryſtram was in the ſee he ſayd. Grete well kyng Marke & all myn enemyes / and ſaye them I wyll come agayne whan I may.And well am I rewarded for the fyghtynge with lyr Marhaus/& delyuered all this coũtree from ſeruage & well am I rewarded for the fetchynge and coſtes of quene Jſoude out of Irlonde/& the daũger that I was in fyrſt & laſte/and by the waye compynge home what daũger I had to brynge agayne quene Jſoude from the caſtell Pluere / and well am I rewarded whan I fought with lyr Bleoberys for lyr Segwarydes wyf/ & well am I rewarded whan I fought with lyr Blamor de ganys for kyng Anguyſſhe fader vnto la beale Jſoude and well am I rewarded whan I ſmote doun the good knyght lyr Lamerok de galys at kyng Markes requeſt / & well am I rewarded whan I fought with the kyng w̃ the hondred knyghtes and the kyng of Northgalys/and bothe theſe wolde haue put his londe in ſeruage/& by me they were put to a rebuke / and well am I rewarded for the ſleynge of Tauleas the myghty gyaũt/and many other dedes haue I done for hym/& now haue I my warylon.And telle kyng Marke that many noble knyghtes of the table roũde haue ſpared the barons of this coũtre for my ſake . Alſo am I not well rewarded whan I fought with the good knyght lyr Palompdes and reſcowed quene Jſoude from hym.And at that tyme kyng Marke ſayd afore all his barons I ſholde haue bey better rewarded/& forth withall he toke the ſee.

Chow a damoyſell ſought helpe to helpe lyr Laũcelot ayenſt .xxx. knyghtes/& how lyr Tryſtram fought with them. ca.xxiij.

And at the next londynge faſte by the ſee there mette with lyr Tryſtram & with lyr Dynadan lyr Ector de marys and lyr Boors de ganys / and there lyr Ector Juſted with lyr Dynadan/and he ſmote hym and his hors doun . And thenne lyr Tryſtram wolde haue Juſted w̃ lyr Boors and lyr Boors ſayd that he wolde not

Juste with noo Cornysshe knyghtes/ for they are not called men of worshyp and all this was done vpon a brydge. & with this came syr Bleoberys & syr Dryaunt/and syr Bleoberys profred to Juste with syr Trystram / & there syr Trystram smote doun syr Bleoberys. Thenne sayd syr Bors de gany s . I wyst neuer Cornysshe knyght of so grete valoure nor so valyaũt as that knyght that bereth the trappours enbroudred with crownes. And thenne syr Trystram & syr Dynadan departed fro them in to a forest/& there met them a damoysel that came for the lo ue of syr Laũcelot to seke after some noble knyghtes of kyng Arthurs cour te for to relcowe syr Laũcelot / and so there was ordeyned for syr Launcelot by the treason of quene Morgan le fay to haue slayne syr Laũcelot/& for that cause she ordeyned .xxx. knyghtes to lye in a wayte for syr Laũcelot/& this damoysell knewe this treason . And for this cause the damoysell came to seke noble knyghtes to helpe syr Laũcelot/for that nyght or the daye after syr Laũcelot sholde come where these .xxx. knyghtes were . And so this da moysel mette with syr Bors syr Bleo berys syr Ector & syr Dryaunt / and there she tolde them all foure of the treason of Morgan le fay/and thenne she prompted her that they wolde be nyghe where syr Laũcelot sholde mete with the .xxx. knyghtes / and yf so be that they sette vpon hym we wyll doo relcowes as we can. So the damoysell departed/and by aduenture the damoy sell mette with syr Trystram & with syr Dynadan / & there the damoysell tolde them all the treason that was or deyned for syr Laũcelot. Fayre damoy sell sayd syr Trystram bryng me to ỹ same place where they sholde mete with syr Launcelot. Thenne sayd syr Dynadan what wyll ye do/hit is not for vs to fyght with .xxx. knyghtes/& wete you well I wyll not therof/as to matche one knyght or two or thre is ynough and they be men . But for to matche .xv. knyghtes that wyll I ne uer vndertake. Fye for shame sayd syr Trystram do but your parte Nay sayd syr Dynadan I wyl not therof/but yf ye wyl lene me your shelde/for ye bere a shelde of Cornwayle/& for the co wardyse that is named to the knygh tes of Cornwayle ye be euer forborne Nay sayd syr Trystram I wyl not de parte from my shelde for her sake that gaf it me . But one thynge sayd syr Trystram I promyse the syr Dyna dan/but yf thou wylt promyse me to abyde with me / here I shall slee the. For I desyre noo more of the but an swere one knyght/& yf thy herte wyll not serue the stande by and loke vpon me & them. Syr sayd syr Dynadan I promyse you to loke vpon & doo what I may to saue my selfe / but I wolde that I hadde not mette with you . So thenne anone these .xxx. knyghtes ca me faste by these foure knyghtes/and they were ware of them / & eyther of other. And so these .xxx. knyghtes lete for this cause ỹ they wolde not wrathe them yf cause be ỹ they had ado with syr Laũcelot/& the foure knyghtes le te them passe to this entent that they wolde see & beholde what they wolde do with syr Laũcelot and so the .xxx. knyghtes past on/& came by syr Try stram & by syr Dynadan/and thenne

syr Trystram cryed on hyghe/loo here is a knyght agaynst you for the loue of syr Launcelot / & there he slewe two with one spere and .x. with his swerde And thenne came in syr Dynadan & he dyde passynge well/& so of the .xxx. knyghtes there wente but .x. awaye & they fledde . All this bataylle sawe syr Bors de ganys & his thre felowes/and thenne they sawe well hit was the same knyght that Justed with them at the brydge/thenne they toke theyr horses & rode vnto syr Trystram & prayed hym and thanked hym of his good dedes/& they al delyred syr Trystram to go with them to theyr lodgynge/& he sayd nay he wolde not go to no lodgynge. Thenne they all foure knyghtes prayed hym to telle them his name fayre lordes sayd syr Trystram / as at this tyme I wyll not telle you my name.

How syr Trystram & syr Dynadan came to a lodgynge where they muste Juste with two knyghtes. ca. xxiiij.

Thenne syr Trystram and syr Dynadan rode forth on theyr waye tyll they came to the shepherdes & to the herde men/and there they asked them yf they knewe ony lodgynge or herberowe there nyghe honde. ffo sothe syrs sayd the herde men/here by is good lodgynge in a castel/but there is suche a custome that there shall no knyght be herberowed but yf he Juste with two knyghtes/and yf ye be but one knyght he must Juste with two/& as ye be therin soone shall ye be matched. Soo there is shrewde herberowe sayd syr Dynadan / lodge where ye wyll for I wyl not lodge there. Fye for shame sayd syr Trystram are ye not a knyght of the table rounde/wherfore ye may not with your worshyp refuse your lodgynge. Not so sayd the herde men / for & ye be beten and haue the wors ye shall not be lodged there/& yf ye bete them ye shall be well herberowed . A sayd syr Dynadan they are two sure knyghtes/thenne syr Dynadan wolde not lodge there in no maner / but as syr Trystram requyred hym of his knyghthode/& so they rode thyder/and to make shorte tale syr Trystram & syr Dynadan smote hem doun both/and so they entred in to the castell & hadde good chere as well as they coude thynke or deuyse / & whan they were vnarmed and thought to be mery & in good reste/there came in at the yates syr Palompdes & syr Saherys requyrynge to haue the custome of the castell . What arraye is this sayd syr Dynadan. I wolde haue my rest/ That may not be sayd syr Trystram now must we nedes defende the custome of this castell / in soo moche as we haue the better of the lordes of this castel/& therfore sayd syr Trystram nedes must ye make you redy. In the deuyls name sayd syr Dynadan came I in to your company/& soo they made them redy. And syr Saherys encountred with syr Trystram/& syr Saherys had a falle/& syr Palompdes encoũtred with syr Dynadan & syr Dynadan had a falle/thenne was hit falle for falle. Soo thenne must they fyghte on foot/that wolde not syr Dynadan for he was so sore brysed of the falle that syr Palompdes gaf hym. Thenne syr Trystram vnlaced syr Dynadans hel

me & prayed hym to helpe hym. I wyl not sayd syr Dynadan / for I am sore woũded of the .xxx. knyghtes that we had but late agoo to do withall. But ye fare sayd syr Dynadan vnto syr Trystram as a madde man and as a man that is out of his mynde þ wold de caste hymself awaye / & I may curse the tyme that euer I sawe you. For in all the worlde are not suche two knyghtes that ben soo wood as is syr Laũcelot & ye syr Trystram / for ones I felle in the felaulhyp of syr Laũcelot as I haue done now with you & he sette me a werke that a quarter of a yere I kepte my bedde. Jhesu defende me sayd syr Dynadan from suche two knyghtes / & specyally from your felaulhyp. Thenne sayd syr Trystram I wyll fyght with them both. And so syr Trystram badde them come forth both / for I wyll fyght with you. And thenne syr Palompdes & syr Saherys dressyd them & smote at them both / & thene syr Dynadan smote at syr Saherys a stroke or two / & torned from hym. Nay sayd syr Palompdes it is to moche shame for vs two knyghtes to fyght with one / and thenne he dyde bydde syr Saherys stande a syde wt that knyght þ hath no lyste to fyght / And thene they rode togyder & fought longe / and at the laste syr Trystram doubled his strokes & drofe syr Palompdes a backe more than thre thydes And thenne by one assente syr Saherys and syr Dynadan wente betwixt them & departed them in sonder. And thenne by assente of syr Trystram they wolde haue lodged togyder. But syr Dynadan wolde not lodge in that castell / & thene he cursed the tyme that euer he came in theyr felaulhyp / & soo he toke his hors & his harneys and departed / thenne syr Trystram prayed the lordes of that castell to lene hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgynge / & so they dyde & ouertoke syr Dynadan and rode to theyr lodgynge two myle thens with a good man in a pryory & there they were well at ease. And that same nyght syr Hors & syr Bleoberys & syr Ector and syr Dryaũt abode stylle in the same place there as syr Trystram fought wt the .xxx. knyghtes / & there they mette with syr Laũcelot the same nyght / and had made promyse to lodge with syr Colgrcuaũce the same nyght.

How syr Trystram Justed with syr Kay & syr Sagramor le delyrus / and how syr Gawayne torned syr Trystram fro Morgan le fay. ca. xvb.

But anone as the noble knyght syr Laũcelot herde of the shelde of Cornewayle thenne wyst he wel that hit was was syr Trystram that fought with his enemyes / & thene syr Laũcelot prayed syr Trystram and called hym the man of moost worshyp in the worlde. So there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght Pellynore / & he desyred to wete þ name of syr Trystram / but in no wyse he coude not / & thenne syr Trystram departed & lefte syr Dynadan in the pryory / for he was soo wery and soo bryssed that he myght not ryde. And they this knyght syr Pellynore sayd to syr Dynadan / sythen that ye wyll not telle me that knyghtes name / thenne wyll I ryde after hym and make hym to telle me

his name or he shall deye therfore. Be ware syr knyght sayd syr Dynadan/ for & ye folowe hym ye shall repente hit. So that knyght syr Pellynore rode after syr Trystram and requyred hym of Justes. Thenne syr Trystram smote hym doun and wounded hym through the sholder & so paste on his waye. And on the next daye folowynge syr Trystram mette with purlyuaūtes/and they tolde hym that there was made a grete crye of tornoyment bytwene kyng Carados of Scotlonde & the kyng of Northgalys/and eyther sholde Juste agayne other at the castel of Maydens/and these purlyuauntes sought all the coūtree after the goody knyghtes/and in a specyall kyng Carados lete make sekynge for syr Laūcelot du lake/and the kyng of Northgalys lete seke after syr Trystram de lyones. And at that tyme syr Trystram thought to be at that Justes/& soo by aduenture they mette with syr Kay the seneschall & syr Sagramore le delyrus/ and syr Kay requyred syr Trystram to Juste/& syr Trystram in a maner refused hym/ by cause he wolde not be hurte ne bysyed agaynst the grete Justes that sholde be byfore the castell of Maydens/ & therfore he thought to repose hym & to reste hym. And alwaye syr Kay cryed syr knyght of Lonewayle Juste with me/ or els yelde the to me as recreaūt. Whan syr Trystram herde hym saye so/he retorned to hym/& thenne syr Kay refused hym & torned his backe. Thenne syr Trystram sayd as I fynde the I shall take the. And thenne syr Kay torned with euyll wyll/& syr Trystram smote syr Kay doun & rode forth. Thenne syr Sagramore le delyrus roode after syr Trystram & made hym to Juste with hym/& there syr Trystram smote doun syr Sagramore le delyrus from his hors & rode his waye/ and the same daye he mette with a damoysell & tolde hym that he sholde wynne grete worshyp of a knyght aduenturous that dyde moche harme in all that coūtree Whan syr Trystram herde her saye so/he was gladde to goo with her for to wynne worshyp. So syr Trystram rode with that damoysell a syxe myle. and thenne mette hym syr Gawayne & there withall syr Gawayne knewe the damoysell that she was a damoysell of quene Morgan le fay. Soo syr Gawayne vnderstode that she ladde that knyght to some mylchyef. Fayre knyght sayd syr Gawayne whyder ryde you now with that damoysell. Syr sayd syr Trystram I wote not whyder I shall ryde/but as the damoysell wyl lede me. Syr sayd syr Gawayne ye shall not ryde with her/for she and her lady dyde neuer good but ylle. So thenne syr Gawayne pulled out his swerde & sayd/damoysell/but yf thou telle me anone for what cause thou ledest this knyght with the thou shalt deye for it anone. I knowe all your ladyes treason & yours. Mercy syr Gawayne she sayd/ and yf ye wyll saue my lyf I wyll telle you. Saye on sayd syr Gawayne & thou shalt haue thy lyf. Syre she sayd quene Morgan le fay my lady hath ordeyned a .xxx. ladyes to seke & aspye after syr Laūcelot or syr Trystram/ & by that traysnes of these ladyes who that may fynde mete ony of these two knyghtes yf they sholde torne them vnto Morgan

le fays castell/sayenge that they shol-
de do dedes of worshyp/and yf ony of
tho two knyghtes came there/there be
.xxx. knyghtes lyenge & watchynge in
a Toure to wayte vpon syr Launcelot
or vpon syr Trystram. Fye for shame
sayd syr Gawayne þ euer suche fals
trealon sholde be wrought or vsed in
a quene & a kynges syster/and a kyng
and a quenes doughter.

¶ How syr Trystram & syr Gaway-
ne rode to haue foughten agaynst the
.xxx. knyghtes/but they durst not co-
me out. ca.xxvi.

Syre sayd syr Gawayne wyll ye
stande with me/and we wyll se
the malyce of these .xxx. knyghtes/
Syr sayd syr Trystram go ye to hem
& it please you/and ye shall see I wyll
not fayle you/for it is not longe agoo
syn I and a felowe mette with .xxx.
knyghtes of that quenes felaushyp/&
god spede vs soo that we may wynne
worshyp. So thenne syr Gawayne &
syr Trystram rode towarde the castel
where Morgan le fay was / and euer
syr Gawayne demed wel that he was
syr Trystram de lyones / by cause he
herde telle þ two knyghtes had slayne
and beten .xxx. knyghtes . And whan
they came afore the castell / syr Ga-
wayne spake on hyghe & sayd. Quene
Morgan le fay sende out your knygh-
tes that ye haue leyde in a watche for
syr Launcelot or for syr Trystram.
Now sayd syr Gawayne I knowe
your fals trealon/& through al places
where that I ryde men shal knowe of
your fals trealon/& now lete see sayd
syr Gawayne whether ye dare come
out of your castell ye .xxx. knyghtes/
Thenne the quene spake and all the
.xxx. knyghtes attones & sayd/syr Ga
wayne full wel wetest thou what thou
doost & sayst/for by god we knowe the
passynge well. But all that þ spekest
& doost þ sayst hit vpon pryde of that
good knyght that is there with the.
For there be some of vs that knowen
full well the hondes of that knyght
ouer all well. And wete thou well syr
Gawayne it is more for his sake than
for thyn that we wyll not come out of
this castell . For wete ye well syr Ga-
wayne the knyght that bereth the ar-
mes of Lornewayle/we knowe hym &
what he is. And thenne syr Gawayne
& syr Trystram departed and rode on
theyr wayes a daye or two togyder/&
there by aduenture they mette with syr
Kay & syr Sagramor le desyrus/and
thenne they were gladde of syr Ga-
wayne & he of them/but they wyst not
what he was with the sheldc of Lor-
newayle / but by dempnge. And thus
they rode togyder a daye or two . And
thenne they were ware of syr Breuse
saūce pyte chacynge a lady for to ha-
ue slayne her/for he hadde slayne her
paramoure afore . Holde you all stylle
sayd syr Gawayne & shewe none of
you forth and ye shal see me reward
ponder fals knyght/for & he aspye you
he is so well horsed that he wyll escape
awaye. And thenne syr Gawayne ro-
de betwixt syr Breuse & the lady and
sayd/fals knyght leue her & haue ado
with me. Whan syr Breuse sawe noo
moo but syr Gawayne he feutryd his
spere/& syr Gawayne agaynst hym/
and there syr Breuse ouerthrewe syr
Gawayne/& thenne he rode ouer hym

and ouerthwart hym twenty tymes to haue destroyed hym. And whan syr Tristram sawe hym do so vylaynous a dede / he hurled out agaynst hym / And whan syr Breule sawe hym with the shelde of Cornewayle / he knewe hym well that it was syr Tristram / & thenne he fledde / and syr Tristram folowed after hym. And syr Breule sauce pyte was so horled that he went to his waye quyte / & syr Tristram folowed hym longe / for he wolde fayne haue ben auenged vpon hym. And so whan he had longe chaced hym / he sawe a fayre welle and thyder he rode to repose hym / & tyed his hors tyll a tree.

How the damoysell Bragwayne founde syr Tristram slepynge by a welle & how she delyuered letters to hym fro la beale Isoude. ca. xxvij.

AND thenne he pulled of his helme & washed his vysage and his hondes / and soo he felle on slepe. In the meane whyle came a damoysell that hadde sought syr Tristram many wayes & dayes within this londe. And whan she came to the welle she loked vpon hym and had forgeten hym as in remembraūce of syr Tristram / but by his hors she knewe hym that hyght passe Brewell / that hadde ben syr Tristrams hors many yeres. For whan he was madde in the forest syr Fergus kepte hym. Soo this lady dame Bragwayne abode stylle tyll he was awake. Soo whan she sawe hym wake / she salewed hym / and he her agayne / for eyther knewe other of olde acqueyntaunce. And thenne she tolde hym how she hady sought hym longe and brode / & there she tolde hym how she hadde letters from quene la beale Isoude. And thenne anone syr Tristram redde them / & wete ye well he was gladde / for therin was many a pyteous complaynte. Thenne sayd syr Tristram / lady Bragwayne ye shall ryde with me tyll that tornoyment be done at the castell of Maydens. And thenne shall ye bere letters & tydynges with you. And thenne syr Tristram toke his hors & sought lodgynge / and there he mette with a good auncyent knyght that prayed hym to lodge with hym. Ryght so came Gouernale vnto syr Tristram that was gladde of that lady. Soo this olde knyghtes name was syr Pellounes / & he tolde of the grete tornoyment that sholde be at the castel of Maydens. And there syr Launcelot and .xxxij. knyghtes of his blood had ordeyned sheldes of Cornewayle. And ryght so there came one vnto syr Pellounes & tolde hym that syr Perlydes de bloyse was comen home. And thenne that knyght held vp his handes and thanked god of his comynge home / and there syr Pellounes tolde syr Tristram that in two yere he had not seen his sone syr Perlydes. Syre sayd syr Tristram I knowe your sone wel ynough for a good knyght. Soon a tyme syr Tristram & syr Perlydes came to theyr lodgynge bothe at ones / and so they vnarmed them & put vpon them theyr clothynge. And they these two knyghtes eche welcomed other. And whan syr Perlydes vnderstode that syr Tristram was of Cornewayle / he sayd he was ones in Cornewayle / and there I Justed afore kynge Marke. And so it happened me at

that tyme to ouerthrowe tey knyghtes & thenne came to me syr Trystram de lyones & ouerthrewe me/and toke my lady from me/and that shall I neuer forgete/but I shall remembre me and euer I see my tyme. A sayd syr Trystram now I vnderstande that ye hate syr Trystram/what deme ye wene ye þ syr Trystram is not able to withstande your malyce. Yes sayd syr Perlydes I knowe well þ syr Trystram is a noble knyght and a moche better knyght than I/yet shall I not owe hym my good wyll. Ryght as they stode thus talkynge at a baye wyndowe of that castel/they sawe many knyghtes rydynge to & fro towarde the tornoyment. And thenne was syr Trystram ware of a lykely knyght rydynge vpon a grete black hors/& a black couered shelde/what knyght is that sayd syr Trystram with þ black hors & the black shelde/he semeth a good knyght. I knowe hym well sayd syr Perlydes he is one of the best knyghtes of the worlde. It is theñe syr Launcelot sayd syr Trystram. Nay sayd syr Perlydes/it is syr Palompydes that is yet vncrystened.

How syr Trystram hadd a falle of syr Palompydes/& how syr Launcelot ouerthrewe two knyghtes ca.xxviij.

Thenne they sawe moche peoples of the countree salewe syr Palompydes. And within a whyle after there came a squyre of the castell that tolde syr Pellounes that was lorde of that castell/that a knyzt with a blacke shelde had smyten doun .xij. knyghtes Fayre broder sayd syr Trystram vnto syr Perlydes/lete vs caste vpon vs vs clokes & lete vs go see the playe. Not so sayd syr Perlydes/we wyll not goo lyke knaues thyder/but we wyll ryde lyke men & good knyghtes to withstande our enemyes. Soo they armed them & tooke theyr horses & grete speres/and thyder they went there as many knyghtes assayed themselfe before the tornoyment. And anone syr Palompydes sawe syr Perlydes/and thenne he sente a squyre vnto hym & sayd/go thou to yonder knyght with the grene shelde & therin a lyon of gooldys/and saye hym I requyre hym to Juste with me/and telle hym that my name is syr Palompydes. Whan syr Perlydes vnderstode that request of syr Palompydes/he made hym redy/and there anone they mette togyder/but syr Perlydes had a falle. And thenne syr Trystram dressyd hym for to be reuenged vpon syr Palompydes/& that sawe syr Palompydes that was redy/& so was not syr Trystram and toke hym at a vauntage & smote hym ouer his hors taple whan he hadde noo spere in his reste. Thenne starte vp syr Trystram & toke his hors lyghtly & was wrothe out of mesure and sore ashamed of that falle. And thenne syr Trystram sente vnto syr Palompydes by Gouernale his squyre and prayed hym for to Juste with hym at his requeste. Nay sayd syr Palompydes as at this tyme I wyll not Juste with that knyght/for I knowe hym better than he weneth/and yf he be wrothe he may ryght it to morne at the castell of Maydens/where he may see me and many other knyghtes. With that came syr Dynadan/& whan he sawe syr Trystram

wrothe/he lyst not to Jape/lo sayd syr Dynadan here may a man preue/be a man neuer so good yet may he haue a falle/and he was neuer so wyse but he myght be ouerseen/& he rydeth well ꝑ neuer fylle. So syr Trystram was passynge wrothe & sayd to syr Persydes & to syr Dynadan I wyll reuenge me Ryght so as they stode talkynge there came by syr Trystram a lykely knyzt rydynge passynge sobrely and heuyly with a blacke shelde. What knyght is that sayd syr Trystram vnto syr Persydes. I knowe hym wel sayd syr Persydes/for his name is syr Bryaũt of Northwalys/loo he paste on amonge other knyghtes of Northwalys. And there came in syr Laũcelot du lake wꝫ a shelde of the armes of Lonewayle/ & hym sente a squyre vnto syr Bryaunt and requyred hym to Juste with hym/ Well sayd syr Bryaunt/sythen I am requyred to Juste I wyl do that I may and there syr Laũcelot smote doun syr Bryaunt from his hors a grete falle. And thenne syr Trystram merueyled what knyght he was ꝑ bare the shelde of Lonewayle. What loo euer he be sayd syr Dynadan I warante you he is of kyng Bans blood / the whiche ben knyghtes of the moost noble prowesse in the worlde for to accompte so many for so many. And thenne there came two knyghtes of Northgalys/ that one hyght Hewe de la montayne and the other syr Madock de la montayne/and they chalenged syr Laũcelot foot hoot. Syr Laũcelot not refusynge them but made hym redy / with one spere he smote them doun both ouer theyr hors croupes/and so syr Laũcelot rode his waye. By the good lorde sayd syr Trystram he is a good knyzt that bereth the shelde of Lonewayle & me semeth he rydeth in the best maner that euer I sawe knyght ryde. So thenne the kyng of Northgalys rode vnto syr Palomydes and prayed hym hertely for his sake to Juste with that knyght that hath done vs of Northgalys despyte. Syr sayd syr Palomydes I am full lothe to haue adoo with ꝑ knyght/& the cause why/for as to morne the grete tornoyment shall be/and therfore I wyll kepe my self freshe by my wyll. Nay sayd the kyng of Northgalys I praye you requyre hym of Justes. Syre sayd syr Palomydes I wyll Juste at your request / & requyre that knyght for to Juste with me/and often I haue seen a man haue a falle at his owne request.

¶ How syr Launcelot Justed with syr Palomydes & ouerthrewe hym / and how he after was assayled with .xij. knyghtes. ca.xxix.

Thenne syr Palomydes sente vnto syr Launcelot a squyre and requyred hym of Justes. Fayre fellowe sayd syr Laũcelot telle me what is thy lordes name. Syr sayd the squyre my lordes name is syr Palomydes Ay a good houre sayd syr Launcelot. For there is no knyght in this worlde that I sawe this seuen yere that I wold de leuer haue adoo with withall than with hym. And thenne eyther knyghtes made hem redy with two grete speres. And thenne sayd syr Dynadan / ye shall see that syr Palomydes wyll quyte hym ryght well. Hit may well be loo sayd syr Trystram/but I

vndertake that knyght with the shelde of Cornewayle shall gyue hym a falle. I byleue it not sayd syr Dynadan. Ryght so they spored theyr horses & feutryd theyr speres and eyther hytte other / and so syr Palomydes brake a spere vpon syr Laũcelot / & he sat and mened not / but syr Laũcelot smote hym so lyghtly that he made his hors to auoyde the sadell / and the stroke brake his shelde & the hauberke / and had he not falley he had be slayne. How now sayd syr Trystram. I wyst wel by the maner of theyr rydynge bothe that syr Palomydes sholde haue a falle. Ryght so syr Laũcelot rode his waye & rode to a welle to drynke & repose hym / and they of Northgalys aspyed hym whyther he rode / & thenne there folowed hym .xij. knyghtes for to haue myschyeued hym / for this cause that vpon the morne at the tornoyment of the castell of Maydens that he sholde not wynne the vyctorye. So they came vpon syr Laũcelot sodaynly & vnneth he myght put vpon hym his helme & take his hors but they were in handes wt hym / & thenne syr Launcelot gate his spere & rode through them / and there he slewe a knyght & brake his spere in his body. Thenne he drewe his swerde & smote vpon the ryght honde and vpon the lyfte honde soo that within fewe strokes he hadd slayne other thre knyghtes / & the remenaũt that abode he woũded them sore all that dyde abyde / thus syr Laũcelot escaped from his enemyes of Northgalys / & thenne syr Laũcelot rode his waye tyll a frende & lodged hym tyl on the morne / for he wolde not the fyrst daye haue adoo in to that tornoyment by cause of his grete labour. And on the fyrst daye he was wt kyng Arthur there as he was sette on hyghe vpon a shaffolde to dyscerne who was best worthy of his dedes. So syr Laũcelot was with kyng Arthur & Jusied not the fyrst daye.

How syr Trystram behaued hym the fyrst daye of the tornoyment / and there he had the pryce. ca.xxx.

NOw torne we vnto syr Trystram de lyones that cõmaunded Gouernale his seruaũt to ordeyne hym a blacke shelde with none other remembraunce therin. And so syr Perlydes and syr Trystram departed from theyr hoost syr Pellounes / & they rode erly towarde the tornoyment / & thenne they drewe them to kyng Larados syde of Scotlonde / and anone knyghtes beganne the felde what of the kyng of Northgalys partye / and what of kyng Larados partye / & there began grete partye. And they there was hurlynge & rasshynge. Ryght so came in syr Perlydes & syr Trystram and so they dyde fare that they putte the kyng of Northgalys aback. And thenne came in syr Bleoberys de ganys and syr Gaherys with them of Northgalys / & thenne was syr Perlydes smyten doun & all moost slayne. for moo than .xl. horsmen wente ouer hym. For syr Bleoberys dyde grete dedes of armes / and syr Gaherys kayled hym not. Whan syr Trystram beheldе them & sawe hem do suche dedes of armes / he merueylled what they were. Also syr Trystram thought shame that syr Perlydes was so done to / and thenne he gate a grete spere in

his honde & so he rode to syr Gaheryes & smote hym doun from his hors. And thenne was syr Bleoberys wrothe & gate a spere & rode agaynst syr Trystram in grete yre/and there syr Trystram mette with hym and smote syr Bleoberys from his hors. Soo thenne the kyng with the hondred knyghtes was wrothe / & he horled syr Bleoberys & syr Gaheryes agayne/and there began a grete medle/& euer syr Trystram held them passynge shorte/and euer syr Bleoberys was passynge hely vpon syr Trystram. And there came syr Dynadan agaynst syr Trystram & syr Trystram gaf hym suche a buffet that he swowned in his sadell. So anone syr Dynadan came to syr Trystram & sayd / syr I knowe the better than thou wenest / but here I promyse the my trouthe I wyll neuer come agaynst the more/for I promyse ÿ that swerde of thyn shall neuer come more on myn helme. With ÿ came syr Bleoberys & syr Trystram gaf hym suche a buffet that doun he leyde his heed/ & thenne he raught hym so sore by the helme that he pulled hym vnder his feet. And thenne kyng Arthur blewe to lodgynge. And syr Trystram departed to his pauelyone/& syr Dynadan rode with hym. And thene syr Perydes & kyng Arthur and the kynges vpon bothe partyes merueylled what knyght that was with the black shelde. Many sayd theyr aduyse/& some knewe hym for syr Trystram & held theyr peas & wolde nought saye. So ÿ fyrst daye kyng Arthur & al the kyngs & lordes that were Juges gaf syr Trystram the pryce/how be it they knewe hym not but named hym the knyght with the blacke shelde.

Chow syr Trystram returned ayenst kyng Arthur partye by cause he sawe syr Palomydes on ÿ partye. ca.xxxi.

Thenne vpon the morne syr Palomydes returned from ÿ kyng of Northgalys and rode to kyng Arthurs syde where was kyng Carados & the kyng of Irlonde/and syr Lañcelots kynne & syr Gawayns kynne. So syr Palomydes sente the damoysell vnto syr Trystram that he sente to seke hym whan he was out of his mynde in the forest/and this damoysell asked syr Trystram what he was and what was his name. As for that sayd syr Trystram telle syr Palomydes ye shall not wete as at this tyme vnto the tyme I haue broken two speres vpon hym. But lete hym wete thus moche sayd syr Trystram/that I am the same knyght that he smote doun in ouer euenynge at the tornoyment/ & telle hym playnly / on what partye that syr Palomydes be I wyl be of the contrary partye. Syr sayd the damoysell ye shall vnderstande that syr Palomydes wyll be on kyng Arthurs syde where the moost noble knyghtes of the worlde ben. In the name of god sayd syr Trystram/thenne wyll I be with the kyng of Northgalys by cause syr Palomydes wyll be on kyng Arthurs syde/and els I wolde not but for his sake. So whan that kyng Arthur was come they blewe vnto the felde/ and thenne beganne there a grete partye / and soo kyng Carados Justed with the kyng of the hondred knyghtes/and there kyng Carados hadde a

falle/thenne was there hurlynge and raſshynge/& ryght ſo came in knyghtes of kyng Arthurs/and they bare on backe the kyng of Northgalys knyghtes. And thenne came in ſyr Tryſtram and began ſo roughly & ſo bygly that there was none that myght withſtande hym / & thus ſyr Tryſtram durſt longe. And at the laſte ſyr Tryſtram felle amonge the felauſhyp of kyng Ban/& there felle vpon hym ſyr Bors de ganys & ſyr Ector de maris/& ſyr Blamor de ganys with many other knyghtes. And thenne ſyr Tryſtram ſmote on the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde that all lordes and ladyes ſpake of his noble dedes. But at the laſte ſyr Tryſtram ſholde haue had the worſte had not the kyng with the hondred knyghtes ben his good frende And thenne he came with his felauſhyp & welcomed ſyr Tryſtram / and brought hym awaye from the knyghtes that bare the sheldes of Corneway le. And thenne ſyr Tryſtram ſawe an other felauſhyp by themſelfe / & there were a fourty knyghtes togyder / and ſyr Kay the ſeneſchall was there gouernour. And thenne ſyr Tryſtram rode in amongeſt them/and there ſmote doun ſyr Kay from his hors / & there he fared amonge tho knyghtes lyke a grcye honde amonge conyes. Soo ſyr Launcelot founde a knyght that was ſore woũded vpon the heed. Syr ſayd ſyr Laũcelot who woũded you ſo ſore Syre he ſayd a knyght that bereth a blacke ſhelde/& I may curſe the tyme that euer I mette with hym for he is a deuyll & no man. So ſyr Laũcelot departed fro hym & thought to mete wt ſyr Tryſtram/& ſoo he rode with his ſwerde drawen in his honde to ſeke ſyr Tryſtram / & thenne he aſpyed hym how he hurled here & there/and at euery ſtroke ſyr Tryſtram wel nyghe ſmote doun a knyght. O mercy Jhu ſayd kyng Arthur ſyth the tyme I bare armes ſawe I neuer no knyght do ſo merueyllous dedes of armes. Yf I ſholde ſette vpon this knyght ſayd ſyr Laũcelot to hymſelf I dyde ſhame to myſelf & therwith all ſyr Laũcelot put vp his ſwerde. And thenne the kyng with the hondred knyghtes & an hondred more of Northgalys ſette vpon .xx. knyghts of ſyr Laũcelots kyn/& they .xx. knyghtes helde them euer togyder as wylde ſwyne & none wolde faple other. And ſo whan ſyr Tryſtram behelde the noble ſeſſe of thele .xx. knyghts/he merueyled of theyr good dedes/for he ſawe by theyr fare and by theyr rule that they had leuer deye than auoyde the felde/ Now Jheſu ſayd ſyr Tryſtram well may he be valyaũt & full of proweſſe that hath ſuche a ſorte of noble knyghtes vnto his kynne/& ful lyke is he to be a noble man that is her leder and gouernour/he mente hit by ſyr Laũcelot du lake. Soo whan ſyr Tryſtram had beholden them longe/he thought ſhame to ſee two hondred knyghts bat terynge vpon .xx. knyghtes. And then ſyr Tryſtram rode vnto the kyng wt the hondred knyghtes and ſayd / ſyr leue your fyghtynge wt tho .xx. knyghtes/for ye wynne no worſhyp of them for ye be ſoo many and they ſoo fewe. And wete ye well they wyll not out of the felde I ſee by theyr chere and coũtenaũce / and worſhyp gete ye none & ye ſlee them / therfore leue your fyghtynge with them/for I to encreace my

worshyp I wyll ryde to the .xx. knyghtes to helpe them with all my myght and power. Nay sayd the kyng with the hondred knyghtes/ye shall not do so. Now I see your courage & curtosye I wyll withdrawe my knyghtes for your pleasure/for euermore a good knyght wyll fauoure an other/& lyke wyll drawe to lyke.

How syr Tristram foūde Palonydes by a welle & brought hym w̄ hym to his lodgynge. ca.xxxij.

Thenne the kyng with the hondred knyghtes withdrewe his knyghtes. And all this whyle & longe tofore syr Launcelot had watched vpon syr Tristram with a very purpose to haue felaushypped with hym. And so thenne sodaynly syr Tristram/syr Dynadan/and Gouernale his man rode theyr waye in to the forest that no man perceyued where they wente/ Soo thenne kyng Arthur blewe vnto lodgynge/& gaf the kyng of Northgalys the pryce by cause þ syr Tristram was vpon his syde. Thenne syr Launcelot rode here and there so wood as a lyon that fauted his fylle by cause he had lost syr Tristram/& soo he retorned vnto kyng Arthur/and thenne in all the felde was a noyse that with the wynde hit myght be herde two myle thens/how the lordes & ladyes cryed the knyght with the black shelde hath wonne the felde. Allas sayd kyng Arthur where is that knyght become/it is shame to all tho in the felde so to lete hym escape awaye from you/but with gentylnes & curtosye ye myght haue brought hym vnto me to þ castel of Maydens. Thenne the noble kyng Arthur wente vnto his knyghtes & comforted them in the best wyse þ he coude & sayd/my fayre felowes be not dysmayed/how be it ye haue lost the felde this daye/and many were hurte & sore woūded/& many were hoole. My felowes sayd kyng Arthur loke that ye be of good chere/for to morne I wyll be in the felde with you & reuenge you of your enemyes. So that nyght kyng Arthur & his knyghtes reposed them selfe. The damoysell that came from la beale Isoude vnto syr Tristram al the whyle the fornoyment was adoynge she was with quene Guencuer/and euer the quene asked her for what cause she came in to that coūtree. Madame she answerd I come for none other cause but for my lady la beale Isoude to wete of your welfare. For in no wyse she wolde not telle the quene that she came for syr Tristrams sake. So this lady dame Bragwayne toke her leue of quene Gueneuer/and she rode after syr Tristram. And as she rode thrugh the forest she herde a grete crye thenne she cōmaunded her squyre to go in to that forest to wete what that noyse was/and soo he came to a welle and there he founde a knyght boūden tyl a tree cryenge as he had ben wood and his hors & his harneys standynge by hym. And whan he aspyed the squyre/therwith he abraped & brake hym selfe loos and toke his swerde in his honde and ranne to haue slayne that squyre. And the squyre toke his hors and fledde all that euer he myght or coude vnto dame Bragwayne/and tolde her of his aduenture. So she rode vnto syr Tristrams pauelyone and

tolde syr Trystram what aduenture
she had foũde in the forest. Allas sayd
syr Trystram vpon my heed there is
some good knyght at mischyef. And
thenne syr Trystram toke his hors &
his swerde & rode thyder/there he her-
de how the knyght complayned vnto
hymself & sayd. I wofull knyght syr
Palompdes what mysauenture befal-
leth me / that thus am defoyled with
falshede & treason through syr Hors &
syr Ector. Allas he sayd why lyue I so
longe. And thenne he gate his swerde
in his hondes & made many straunge
sygnes & tokens / and so through his
ragynge he threwe his swerde in to ꝑ
fontayne. And thenne syr Palompdes
wayled & wrange his hondes. And at
the last for pure sorowe he ranne in to
that fontayne ouer his bely & sought
after his swerde. Soo syr Trystram
sawe that & ranne vpon syr Palomp-
des and helde hym in his armes fast/
What art thou sayd Palompdes that
holdeth me so. I am a man of this fo
rest that wolde the none harme. Allas
sayd Palompdes I may neuer wynne
worshyp where syr Trystram is / for
euer where he is / & I be there thenne
gete I no worshyp / & yf he be awaye
for the moost partye I haue the gree/
onles that syr Lãcelot be there or syr
Lamerock. Thenne sayd syr Palomp
des onces in Irlonde syr Trystram
put me to the worst / & ay other tyme
in Cornewayle and in other places in
this londe. What wolde ye do sayd syr
Trystram & ye had syr Trystram. I
wolde fyght with hym sayd syr Palo-
mydes & eale my herte vpon hym / and
yet to saye the sothe syr Trystram is
the gentylest knyght in this worlde ly
uynge. What wyl ye do sayd syr Try
stram wyl ye go with me to your lod-
gynge. Nay sayd he I wyl go to ꝑ kyn
ge with the hondred knyghtes / for he
relcowed me from syr Hors de ganys
& syr Ector/and els had I bey slayne
traytourly. Syr Trystram sayd hym
suche kynde wordes that syr Palomy-
des wente with hym to his lodgynge/
Thenne Gouernale wente tofore &
charged dame Bragwayne to go out
of the waye to her lodgynge/& bydde
ye syr Perlydes that he make hym no
quarels. And so they rode togyder tyll
they came to syr Trystrams pauelyo-
ne/& there syr Palompdes had all the
chere that myght be had all ꝑ nyght/
But in noo wyse Palompdes myght
not knowe what syr Trystram was/
and so after souper they yede to reste.
and syr Trystram for grete trauayle
slepte tyll it was daye. And syr Pa-
lompdes myght not slepe for angysh-
she/& in the daunynge of the daye he
toke his hors pryuely & rode his waye
vnto syr Gaherys & vnto syr Sagra-
mor le delyrus where they were in theyr
pauelyons/for they thre were felowes
at the begynnynge of the tornoyment
And thenne vpon the morne the kyng
blewe vnto the tornoyment vppon the
thyrde daye.

¶ How syr Trystram smote down syr Palompdes/and how he Justed with kyng Arthur & other feates ca. xxxiij.

So the kyng of Northgalys and
the kyng with ꝑ hondred knygh
tes they two encoũtred with kyng La
rados & with the kyng of Irlonde/&
there the kyng w̃ the hondred knygh-

tes smote doun kyng Carados & the kyng of Northgalys smote doun the kyng of Irlonde. With that came in syr Palomydes/and whan he came he made grete werke/for by his endented shelde he was well knowen. So came in kyng Arthur & dyde grete dedes of armes togyder & put ỹ kyng of North galys and the kyng with the hondred knyghtes to the worst. With this came in syr Trystram w̃ his black shelde/ & anone he Justed w̃ syr Palomydes. and there by fyne force syr Trystram smote Palomydes ouer his hors crou= pe. Thenne kyng Arthur cryed knyzt with the black shelde make the redy to me / & in the same wyse syr Try= stram smote kyng Arthur. And thenne by force of kyng Arthurs knyghtz the kyng & syr Palomydes were horled a= gayne. So kyng Arthur with a grete egre herte he gate a spere in his honde & therupon the one syde he smote syr Trystram ouer his hors. And thenne foot hote syr Palomydes came vpon syr Trystram as he was vpon foot to haue ouer rydeu hym. And syr Try= stram was ware of hym and there he stouped a syde/& with grete yre he ga= te hym by ỹ arme & pulled hym doun from his hors. And thenne syr Palo= mydes lyghtly aroos/& they they dal= shed togyder myghtly w̃ theyr swerdes & many kynges quenes & lordes stode and beheldе them. And at the last syr Trystram smote syr Palomydes vpon the helme thre myghty strokes/& at e= uery stroke ỹ he gaf hym he sayd haue this for syr Trystrams sake. With ỹ Palomydes felle to the erthe grouelyn ge. And thenne came the kyng w̃ the hondred knyghtes & brought syr Try stram ay hors / & so was he horsed a= gayne. By thenne was syr Palomydes horsed/& with grete yre he Justed vpon syr Trystram w̃ his spere as hit was in the reste & gaf hym a grete dasshe w̃ his swerde. So syr Trystram auoyded his spere & gate hym by the neche with bothe his hondes & pulled hym clene out of his sadell/& so he bare hỹ afore hym the lengthe of ten speres/& thenne in the presence of them all he lete hym falle at his aduenture. Soo syr Try= stram was ware of kyng Arthur w̃ a naked swerde in his honde/& with his spere syr Trystram ranne vpon kyng Arthur/& thenne kyng Arthur boldely abode hym & with his swerde he smote atwo his spere/& therwith al syr Try stram stonyed/& so kyng Arthur gaf hym thre or four grete strokes or ỹ he myght gete out his swerde/& at ỹ last syr Trystram drewe his swerde & al= layed other passynge harde. With ỹ the grete prees departed/they syr Try stram rode here & there and dyde grete payne that .xi. of the good knyghtes of the blood of kyng Ban ỹ was of syr Launcelots kynne / that daye syr Trystram smote doun ỹ al the estates merueylled of his grete dedes/and all cryed vpon the knyght with the black shelde.

How syr Laũcelot hurted syr Try= stram/& how after syr Trystram smo te doun syr Palomydes. ca.xxxiiij.

Thenne this crye was so large ỹ syr Laũcelot herde it/& thenne he gate a grete spere in his honde & ca me towardes the crye. And thenne syr Launcelot cryed/the knyght with the

blacke shelde make the redy for to Juste with me. Whan syr Trystram herde hym saye so he gate his spere in his honde & eyther abeyshed doun theyr hedes & came togyder as thonder & syr Trystrams spere brake in ppeces / and syr Launcelot by male fortune stroke syr Trystram on the syde a depe woũde nyghe to ỹ deth but yet syr Trystram auoyded not his sadell & so the spere brake & therwith all syr Trystram ỹ was woũded gate out his swerde & he rashed to syr Laũcelot & gaf hym thre grete strokes vpon the helme ỹ the fyre sprange there out & syr Laũcelot abeyshed his heed lowely towardes his sadell bowe. And therwith all syr Trystram departed from the felde / for he felte hym so woũded that he wende he sholde haue deyed. And syr Dynadan aspyed hym & folowed hym in to the forest. And syr Launcelot abode & dyde many merueyllous dedes. Soo whan syr Trystram was departed by the forests syde / he alyght & vnlaced his harneys & freshed his woũde / they wende syr Dynadan ỹ he sholde haue deyed. Nay nay sayd syr Trystram. Dynadan / neuer drede the / for I am herte hole & of this woũde I shall soone be hole by the mercy of god. By that syr Dynadan was ware where Palompydes came rydynge strayte vpon them / And thenne syr Trystram was ware that syr Palompydes came to haue destroyed hym & so syr Dynadan gaf hym warnynge & sayd / syr Trystram my lorde ye are so sore wounded ỹ ye may not haue adoo wt hym / therfore I wyll ryde agaynst hym & do what I may / & yf ỹ I be slayne ye may praye for my soule / and in the meane whyle ye may withdrawe you & go in to the castell / or in the forest that he shall not mete with you. Syr Trystram smyled and sayd. I thanke you syr Dynadan of your good wyll / but ye shall wete that I am able to handle hym. And anone hastly he armed hym & toke his hors & a grete spere in his honde & sayd to syr Dynadan A dieu / & rode towarde syr Palompydes a softe paas. And whan syr Palompydes sawe ỹ / he made coũte naũce to amende his hors but he dyde it for this cause / for he abode syr Gaherys ỹ came after hym. And whan he was come he rode towarde syr Trystram. And syr Trystram sente vnto syr Palompydes & requyred hym to Juste with hym / & yf he smote doun syr Palompydes he wolde do no more to hym And yf it so happened ỹ syr Palompydes smote doun syr Trystram he bad hym do his vtteraunce. So they were accorded & mette togyder / & syr Trystram smote doun syr Palompydes ỹ he had a grcuous falle / so ỹ he laye stylle as he had bey deed. And then syr Trystram ranne vpon syr Gaherys / & he wolde not haue Justed. But whether he wolde or not syr Trystram smote hym ouer his hors croupe that he laye stylle as though he had bey deed. And thenne syr Trystram rode his waye & lefte syr Perlydes squyre within the pauelyons / & syr Trystram & syr Dynadan rode to an olde knyghtes place to lodge them. And that olde knyght had fyue sones at the tornoyment / for whome he prayed god hertly for theyr comynge home. And so as the frenssh boke sayth they cam home all fyue wel beteyn. And whan syr Trystram departed in to the forest syr Launcelot helde

alwaye the stoure lyke harde as a may araged ꝑ toke none hede to hymself/& wete ye well there was many a noble knyzt agaynst hym. And whan kyng Arthur sawe syr Laũcelot do so mer/ ueyllous dedes of armes/thenne he ar med hym and toke his hors & his ar/ mour & rode in to the felde to helpe syr Laũcelot / & so many knyghtes came in with kyng Arthur/& to make short tale in conclusyon the kyng of North galys & ꝑ kyng wt the hondred knyght were put to the worst/and by cause syr Laũcelot abode & was the laste in the felde/the pryce was gyuen hym. But syr Laũcelot wolde neyther for kyng/ quene ne knyght haue the pryce / but where the crye was cryed through the felde/syr Laũcelot syr Laũcelot hath wonne the felde this daye/syr Laũce/ lot lete make an other crye contrary ꝑ syr Trystram hath wonne the felde/ for he began fyrst & last he hath endu/ red/& so hath he done the fyrst daye/ the seconde & the thyrde daye.

How the pryce of the thyrde daye was gyuen to syr Laũcelot/& syr Laũ celot gaf it to syr Trystram ca.xxxv.

Thenne all the estates & degrees hygh & lowe sayd of syr Laũ celot grete worshyp / for the honour ꝑ he dyde vnto syr Trystram/& for that honour doynge to syr Trystram he was at ꝑ tymemore prayled & renou/ med than & he hadꝫ ouerthrowen fyue hondred knyghtes/& all the people ho ly for this gentylnes/fyrste the estates both hyghe & lowe/& after the comy/ nalte cryed at ones syr Laũcelot hath wonne the felde who so euer saye nay

Thenne was syr Laũcelot wrothe & a shamed/& soo therwith all he rode to kyng Arthur. Allas sayd the kyng we are all dysmayed ꝑ syr Trystram is thus departed from vs. By god sayd kyng Arthur he is one of the noblest knyghtes that euer I sawe holde spere or swerde in honde/& ꝑ moost curtoyst knyght in his fyghtynge/for full har de I sawe hym sayd kyng Arthur as he smote syr Palompdes vpon the hel me thryes that he abasshed his helme with his strokes / & allo he sayd/here is a stroke for syr Trystram / & thus he sayd thryes. And then kyng Arthur syr Laũcelot & syr Dodynas le sauea/ ge toke theyr horses to seke syr Try/ stram/& by the menes of syr Perlydes he hadꝫ tolde kyng Arthur where syr Trystram was in his pauelyone/but whan they came there/syr Trystram & syr Dynadan were gone/then kyng Arthur & syr Laũcelot were heuy & re torned agayne to the castell of May/ dens makynge grete dole for the hur/ te of syr Trystram & his sodayne de/ partynge. So god me helpe sayd kyng Arthur. I am more heuy ꝑ I can not mete with hym than for all the hurtes that all my knyghtes haue had at the tornoyment. Ryght so came syr Ga/ heryes & tolde kyng Arthur how syr Trystram had smyten doun syr Pa/ lompdes/& it was at syr Palompdes owne requeste. Allas sayd kyng Arthur that was grete dyshonour to syr Palo mydes in as moche as syr Trystram was sore woũded / & now may we all kynges & knyghtes and men of wor/ shyp saye that syr Trystram may be called a noble knyght & one of the best knyghtes that euer I sawe the dayes

of my lyf. For I wyll that ye all kyn-
ges & knyghtes knowe sayd kyng Ar
thur that I neuer sawe knyght do so
meruey llously as he hath done al this
thre dayes / for he was the fyrste that
began & that lengest helde on saue this
last day. And though he was hurte it
was a manly aduenture of two noble
knyghtes / & whan two noble men en-
counire nedes muste the one haue the
worst lyke as god wyll suffre at that
tyme. As for me sayd syr Lañcelot for
all the londes that euer my fader lefte
me I wolde not haue hurte syr Try-
stram & I had knowen hym at that ty
me / that I hurte hym was for I sawe
not his shelde / for and I had seen his
black shelde I wolde not haue medled
with hym for many causes / for late he
dyde as moche for me as euer knyght
dyde / & that is well knowen ꝑ he hath
adoo with .xxx. knyghtes & no helpe
saue syr Dynadan. And one thynge
shall I promyse sayd syr Lañcelot / syr
Palomydes shall repente it as in his
vnkyndely delynge for to folowe that
noble knyght that I by myshap hur-
ted thus. Syr Lañcelot sayd all the
worshyp ꝑ myght be sayd by syr Try
stram. And thenne kyng Arthur made
a grete feest to all that wolde come.
And thus we lete passe kyng Arthur.
& a lytell we wyll tourne vnto syr Palo
mydes that after he had a falle of syr
Trystram / he was nyghe honde ara-
ged out of his wytte for delyte of syr
Trystram / & soo he folowed hym by
aduenture. And as he came by a ryuer
in his woodenes / he wolde haue made
his hors to haue lepte ouer / & the hors
fayled footynge & felle in the Ryuer /
wherfore syr Palomydes was adrad lest
he sholde haue ben drowned / & thenne
he auoyded his hors & swamme to the
londe and lete his hors goo douy by
aduenture.

¶ How syr Palomydes came to the ca
stell where syr Trystram was. And of
the queste ꝑ syr Lañcelot and .x. knyghtꝭ
made for syr Trystram. ca. xxxvi.

And whan he came to the londe
he put of his harneys & satte
rorynge & cryenge as a man out of his
mynde. Ryght so came a damoysell e-
uen by syr Palomydes that was sente
fro syr Gawayne & his broder vnto
syr Mordred that lay seke in the same
place with that olde knyght where syr
Trystram was. For as the Frenshe
boke sayth syr Perlydes hurte soo syr
Mordred a .x. dayes afore / & hadȝ not
ben for the loue of syr Gawayne and
his broder syr Perlydes had slayne syr
Mordred / & so this damoysell came by
syr Palomydes / and she & he had lan-
gage togyder the whiche plesed ney-
ther of them / & so the damoysell rode
her wayes tyll ꝑ she came to the olde
knyghtes place / & there she tolde that
olde knyght how ꝑ she mette with the
woodest knyȝt by aduenture that euer
she mette with all. What bare he in
his shelde sayd syr Trystram. It was
endented with whyte & blacke sayd the
damoysell. A sayd syr Trystram that
was syr Palomydes the good knyght
For well I knowe hym sayd syr Try-
stram for one of the bel knyghtes ly-
uynge in this realme. Thenne ꝑ olde
knyght toke a lytell harkeney & rode
for syr Palomydes & brought hym vn
to his owne manoyr / & full well kne-

we syr Tristram syr Palomydes/but he sayd but lytell/for at that tyme syr Tristram was walkynge vpon his feet & wel amended of his hurtes/and alwayes whan syr Palomydes sawe syr Tristram he wolde beholde hym full mercyfully/& euer hym semed that he had seen hym. And then wolde he saye vnto syr Dynadan/& euer I may mete with syr Tristram he shal not escape myn hondes. I merueylle sayd syr Dynadan ꝑ ye boost behynde syr Tristram/for it is but late that he was in your hondes & ye in his hondes/why wolde ye not holde hym̄ whan ye had hym/for I sawe my self twyes or thryes ꝑ ye gate but lytell worshyp of syr Tristram. And thenne was syr Palomydes ashamed So leue we them a lytell whyle in the olde castell with the olde knyght syr Darras. ¶ Now shall we speke of kyng Arthur ꝑ sayd to syr Launcelot/had not ye ben we had not lost syr Tristram/for he was here dayly vnto the tyme ye mette with hym/& in an euyll tyme sayd kyng Arthur ye encoūtred with hym. My lorde Arthur sayd syr Launcelot ye put vpon me ꝑ I sholde ben cause of his departynge/god knoweth it was ayenst my wyll/but whan men ben hote in dedes of armes often they hurte their frendes as well as their foes. And my lor... Launcelot ye shal vnderstan... Tristram is a man that ...nde/for he hath done ...euer I dyde for hym ...e syr Launcelot made ...ke/& thenne syr Lau... ...e are .x. knyghtes ꝑ ...boke neuer to reste ...be reste any other this .x. moneth vntyll that we fynde syr Tristram. And as for me sayd syr Launcelot I promyse you vpon this boke ꝑ & I may mete with hym eyther with fayrenesse or foulenesse I shall bryng hym to this court or els I shal dye therfore. And the names of these .x. knyghtes ꝑ had vndertake this queste were this folowynge. Fyrste was syr Launcelot syr Ector de marys syr Bors de ganys & syr Bleoberys & syr Blamor de ganys & Lukas the botteler syr Ewayne syr Galyhud syr Lyonell & Galyodyn. So these .x. noble knyghtes departed from the courte of kyng Arthur & so they rode vpon their queste togyders vntyll they came to a crosse where departed foure wayes/& there departed the felaulhyp in foure to seke syr Tristram. And as syr Launcelot rode by aduenture he mette with dame Bragwayne that was sente in to that countree to seke syr Tristram/& she fledde as faste as her palfrey myght go. So syr Launcelot mette w̄ her & asked her why she fledde. A fayre knyght sayd dame Bragwayne I flee for drede of my lyf/for here folowed me syr Breule sans pyte to slee me. Holde you nyghe me sayd syr Launcelot. And whan syr Launcelot sawe syr Breule sans pyte/syr Launcelot cryed vnto hym̄ & sayd/fals knyght destroyer of ladyes & damoysels/now thy last dayes be come. Whan syr Breule sans pyte sawe syr Launcelots shelde he knewe it well for at ꝑ tyme he bare not the armes of Cornewayle but he bare his owne shelde. And then syr Breule fledde/& syr Launcelot folowed after hym. But syr Breule was so well horsed that whan hym lysted to flee he myght well flee/

and also abyde whan hym lyste. And thenne syr Launcelot retorned vnto dame Bragwayne & she thanked hym of his grete labour.

How syr Trystram. syr Palomydes and syr Dynadan were taken & put in pryson. ca.xxxvij.

NOw wyll we speke of syr Lukas the botteler that by fortune he came rydynge to the same place there as syr Trystram was/& he cam in none other entente but to aske herberowe. So the porter asked what his name was. Telle your lorde that my name is syr Lukas the botteler a knyght of the table roũde. So the porter went vnto syr Darras lorde of the place. and tolde hym who was there to aske herberowe. Nay nay sayd syr Daname that was neuewe to syr Darras/saye hym þ he shall not be lodged here/but lete hym wete that I syr Daname wyll mete with hym anone & byde hȳ make hym redy. Soo syr Daname came forth on horsback/& there they mette togyder with speres/& syr Lukas smote doun syr Daname ouer his hors croupe/& thenne he fledde in to þ place & syr Lukas roode after hym & asked after hym many tymes. Thenne syr Dynadan sayd to syr Trystram it is shame to see the lordes colyn of this place defoyled. Abyde sayd syr Trystram & I shall redresse it/& in the meane whyle syr Dynadan was on horsback & he Justed with syr Lukas the botteler/& there syr Lukas smote Dynadan through the thycke of þ thyghe & so he rode his waye/& syr Trystram was wroth þ syr Dynadan was hurte and folowed after & thought to auenge hym/& within a whyle he ouertoke syr Lukas & badde hym torne/and so they mette togyder so þ syr Trystram hurte syr Lukas passynge sore & gaaf hym a falle. With þ came syr Ewayne a gentyll knyght/& whan he sawe syr Lukas so hurte/he called syr Trystram to Juste with hym/Fayr knyght sayd syr Trystram telle me your name I requyre you. Syr knyght wete ye well my name is syr Ewayne le fyse de roy Dreyne. A sayd syr Trystram by my wyll I wolde not haue adoo wt you at no tyme. Ye shal not so sayd syr Ewayne but ye shall haue ado wt me And thenne syr Trystram sawe none other boote but rode agaynst hym & ouerthrewe syr Ewayne & hurte hym in the syde/& so he departed vnto his lodgynge agayne. And whan syr Dynadan vnderstode þ syr Trystram had hurte syr Lukas/he wolde haue rydden after syr Lukas for to haue slayne hȳ but syr Trystram wolde not suffre hȳ Thenne syr Ewayne lete ordeyne an hors lytter & brought syr Lukas to the abbaye of Sanys/& the castell there by hyght the castell of Sanys/of the whiche syr Bleoberys was lorde. And at that castell syr Launcelot prompsed all his felowes to mete in the quest of syr Trystram. Sowhan syr Tryst
was come to his lodgynge
a damoysell & tolde syr L
of his lones were slayn
nient/& two greuously
were neuer lyke to he
all this was done by
bare the black shelde
bare the pryce. Soo
tolde syr Darras þ

was within hym that bare the black shelde. Soo syr Darras yede vnto syr Trystrams chambre/& there he foūde his shelde & shewed it to the damoysel A syr sayd the damoysell ꝯ same is he that slewe your thre sones So without ony tarynge syr Darras put syr Trystram syr Palompydes & syr Dynadan within a stronge prysony/and there syr Trystram was lyke to haue deyed of grete sekenesse/& euery daye syr Palompydes wolde repreue syr Trystram of olde hate betwixe them. And euer syr Trystram spake fayre & sayd lytell/ But whan syr Palompydes sawe ꝯ fallynge of sekenesse of syr Trystram & they was he heuy for hym & comforted hym in the best wyse he coude. And as the frenshe boke sayth there came. xl. knyghtes to syr Darras ꝯ were of his owne kynne/& they wolde haue slayne syr Trystram & his two felowes/but syr Darras wolde not suffre it & kept them in prysony/& mete & drynke they had. So syr Trystram endured there grete payne/for sekenesse had vndertake hym/& ꝯ is the gretest payne a prysoner may haue / for all the whyle a prysoner may haue his helth of his body he may endure vnder the mercy of god & in hope of good delyueraunce/ but whan sekenesse toucheth a prysoners body thenne may a prysoner saye all welth is hym berafte/& thenne he hath cause to wayle & to wepe. Ryght so dyde syr Trystram whan sekenesse had vndertake hȳ/thenne he toke suche sorowe ꝯ he had almost slayne hȳself.

¶ How kyng Marke was sory of the good renōme of syr Trystram/& how some of Arthurs knyghtꝭ Jusied with knyghtes of Cornewayle ca. xxxviij

NOw wyll we speke & leue syr Trystram / syr Palompydes & syr Dynadan in prysony/& speke we of other knyghtes that soughte after syr Trystram many dyuerse partyes of this londe / & some yede in to Cornewayle. And by aduentur syr Gaherys neuewe vnto kyng Arthur came vnto kyng Marke/& there he was well receyued & satte at kyng Marks owne table & ete of his owne meselle. Thenne kyng Marke asked Gaherys what tydynges there were in the royalme of Logrys. Syre sayd syr Gaherys the kyng regneth as a noble knyght/and now but late there was a grete Justes & tornoyment as euer I sawe ony in ꝯ royalme of Logrys/& the moost noble knyghtes were at ꝯ Justes. But there was one knyght that dyde merueylously thre dayes/and he bare a blacke shelde / & of all knyghtes that euer I sawe he preued the best knyght. Thenne sayd kyng Marke that was syr Laūcelot or syr Palompydes the paynyme/ Not so sayd syr Gaherys/for both syr Laūcelot and syr Palompydes were on the coūtrary partye agaynst the knyght with the blacke shelde. Thenne was it syr Trystram sayd the kyng. Ye sayd syr Gaherys. And therwith all the kyng smote doun his heed/and in his herte he fered sore that syr Trystram sholde gete hym suche worshyp in the royalme of Logrys/where through ꝯ he hymself sholde not be able to withstande hym. Thus syr Gaherys had grete chere with kyng Marke & with the quene la beale Isoude the whiche was gladde of syr Gaherys wordes/

for wel the wyst by his dedes & maners that it was syr Tristram. And then the kyng made a feest Royall/and to that feest came syr Ewayne le fyse de roy Nicyne/& some called hym Ewayne le blaunche maynys. And this syr Ewayne chalenged all the knyghtes of Cornewayle. Then was the kyng wood wroth that he had no knyghtes to answere hym. Thenne syr Andret neuewe vnto kyng Marke lepte vp & sayd I wyll encoũtre with syr Ewayne. Thenne he yede & armed hym and horsed hym in the best maner. And so there syr Ewayne mette with syr Andret & smote hym doun that he swowned on the erthe. Thenne was kyng Marke sory and wroth out of mesure that he had no knyght to reuenge his neuewe syr Andret. Soo the kyng called vnto hym syr Dynas the seneschal & prayed hym for his sake to take vpon hȳ to Juste with syr Ewayne. Syr sayd syr Dynas I am full lothe to haue adoo with ony knyght of the table roũde. Yet sayd the kyng for my loue take vpon the to Juste. So syr Dynas made hym redy/& whan he was armed he rode in to ỹ felde. And whan syr Ewayne sawe syr Gaherys shelde he rode to hym & sayd/syr ye do not your parte/for syr the fyrst tyme ỹ ye were made knyght of the table roũde ye swore that ye sholde not haue adoo with your felaushyp wetynglyAnd per dy syr Gaherys ye knewe me well ynough by my shelde/& so do I knowe you by your shelde/& though ye wolde breke your othe. I wolde not breke the myn / for there is not one here nor ye that shall thynke I am aferde of you/ but I durst ryght well haue adoo with you/& yet we be syster sones. Thenne was syr Gaherys ashamed/& so ther with all euery knyght wente his waye and syr Ewayne rode in to the coũtree Thenne kyng Marke armed hym & toke his hors & his spere with a squyre with hym. And thenne he rode afore syr Ewayne / & sodaynly at a gap he ranne vppon hym as he that was not ware of hym/and there he smote hym almoost through the body & there lefte hym. Soo within a whyle there came syr Kay & foũde syr Ewayne and asked hym how he was hurte. I wote not sayd syr Ewayne why nor wherfore / but by treason I am sure I gate this hurte/for here came a knyght sodaynly vpon me or that I was ware/ & sodaynly hurte me. Thenne there was come syr Andret for to seke kyng Marke. Thou traytour knyght sayd syr Kay/and I wyst it were thou that thus traytourly haste hurte this noble knyght/thou sholdest neuer passe my hondes. Syre sayd syr Andret I dyde neuer hurte hym / and that I wyll reporte me to hymself. Fye on you fals knyghtes sayd syr Kay/for ye of Cornewayle are nought worthe. Soo syr Kay made to be caryed syr Ewayne to the abbaye of the blacke Crosse / & there he was heelyd. And thenne syr Gaherys toke his leue of kyng Marke/but or he departed he sayd/syr kyn

ge ye dyde a foule shame vnto you & your courte whan ye bannyshed syr Tristram out of this coũtree/for ye neded not to haue doubted no knyght & he had bey here/& so he departed.

¶Of the treason of kyng Marke / & how syr Gaherys smote hym doun & Andret his colyn. ca.xxxix.

Thenne there came syr Kay the seneschall vnto kyng Marke/ and there he had good chere shewynge outwarde. Now fayr lordes sayd kynge Marke wyll ye preue ony aduenture in the forest of Morys in the whiche I knowe well is as harde ay aduenture as I knowe ony. Syr sayd syr Kay. I wyll preue hit. And syr Gaherys sayd he wolde be auysed/for kyng Marke was euer full of treason/and therwith all syr Gaherys departed & rode his waye. And by the same waye that syr Kay sholde ryde he leyde hym doun to reste chargynge his squyre to wayte vppon syr Kay and warne me whan he cometh. Soo within a whyle syr Kay came rydynge that waye / & thenne syr Gaherys toke his hors and mette hym & sayd/syr Kay ye are not wyse to ryde at the requeste of kyng Marke for he dealeth all with treason Thenne sayd syr Kay. I requyre you lete vs preue this aduenture. I shall not fayle you sayd syr Gaherys/and so they rode that tyme tyl a Lake that was that tyme called the perylous Lake/and there they abode vnder the shadowe of ỹ wood. The meane whyle kyng Marke within the castell of Tyntagyll auoyded all his barons & all other sauf suche that were preuy with hym were all auoyded out of his chambre. And thenne he lete calle his neuewe syr Andret / and badde arme hym and horle hym lyghtely / and by that tyme it was mydnyght. And soo kyng Marke was armed in black his hors & all/and so att a preuy posterne they two yssued out with theyr varlets with them/and rode tyll they came to that Lake. Thenne syr Kay aspyed them fyrst and gate his spere & profered to Juste. And kyng Marke roode agaynst hym and smote eche other full harde/for the mone shone as fayre as the bryght dayc. And there at that Justes syr Kays hors fylle doun for his hors was not so bygge as the kynges hors was/and syr Kays hors bysted hym full sore. Thenne syr Gaherys was full wrothe that syr Kay hadde a falle. And thenne he cryed syr knyght sytte thou faste in thy sadell/ for I wyll reuenge my felowe yf euer I can. Thenne kyng Marke was aferde of syr Gaherys/and so with any cuyll wyll kyng Marke rode agaynst hym / and syr Gaherys gaf hym suche a stroke that he felle doun. Soo thenne forth with all syr Gaherys ranne vnto syr Andret & smote hym from his hors quyte so that his helme smote in the erthe/and had nyghe broken his necke. And there with all syr Gaherys alyght & gate vp syr Kay/ and thenne they yode both on foot to them and badde them yelde them/and telle theyr names other they sholde deye. Thenne with grete payne syr Andret spake fyrste and sayd / hit is kyng Marke of Cornewayle/therfore beware ye what ye do/and I am syr Andret his colyn. Fye vpon you bothe

layd syr Gaherys for a fals traytour & fals trealon hast thou wrought & he both vnder the fayned chere ꝑ ye made vs / it were pyte layd syr Gaherys that ꝑ sholdest lyue ony lenger. Saue my lyf layd kyng Marke & I wyl make amendes / & consyder that I am a kyng anoynted. It were more shame layd syr Gaherys to saue thy lyf / thou art a kyng enoynted with creme / and therfore ꝑ sholdest holde with all men of worshyp / & therfor thou art worthy to deye. With that he lasshed at kyng Marke without sayenge ony more & couered hym with his shelde & defended hym as he myght. And thenne syr Kay lasshed at syr Andret / & therwith all kyng Marke yelded hem vnto syr Gaherys. And they he kneled adoun & made his othe vpon the crosse of the swerde that neuer whyle he lyued he wolde be agaynst arraunt knyghtes / And also he swore to be good frende vnto syr Tristram yf euer he came in to Cornewayle. By thenne syr Andret was on the erthe / & syr Kay wolde haue slayne hym. Lete be layd syr Gaherys / slee hym not I praye you. It were pyte layd syr Kay that he sholde lyue ony lenger / for this is nyghe cosyn vnto syr Tristram / and euer he hath ben a traytour vnto hym / & by ꝯ he was exyled out of Cornewayle / & therfore I wyll slee hym layd syr Kay Ye shall not layd syr Gaherys sythen I haue gyuen the kyng his lyf. I praye you to gyue hym his lyf / & therwith al syr Kay lete hym go. And so syr Kay & syr Gaherys rode theyr waye vnto syr Dynas the seneschall / for by cause they herde saye that he loued well syr Tristram / so they reposed them there & soone after they rode vnto the royaume of Logrys. And so within a lytell whyle they mette with syr Lañcelot ꝑ alwayes had dame Bragwayne with hym to that entente he wende to haue mette the sooner with syr Tristram / & syr Launcelot asked what tydynges in Cornewayle / & whether they herde of syr Tristram or not. Syr Kay & syr Gaherys answerde & layd ꝑ they herde not of hym. Thenne they tolde syr Lañcelot worde by worde of theyr aduentyre. So syr Lañcelot smyled & layd / harde it is to take out of the flesh the that is bredde in the bone / & so made them mery togyder.

¶ How after that syr Tristram / syr Palomydes & syr Dynadan hadde be longe in prylon they were delyuered / Capl'm .xl.

NOw leue of this tale / & speke we of syr Dynas that had vsed in the castell a peramour / and she loued ay other knyght better than hym so whan syr Dynas wente out on hunt tynge / she slypped downe by a towell and tooke with her two brachets / and so she yede to the knyght that she loued / and he her agayne. And so whan that syr Dynas came home / and he thenne myste his peramour and his two brachets thenne was he the more wrother for his two brachets than for the lady. Soo thenne he rode after the knyght that hadde his peramour and badde hym torne and Juste. Soo syr Dynas smote hym down that with the falle he brake his legge and his armes. And soo thenne his lady and his peramour cryed vnto syr Dynas

mercy and sayd / she wolde loue hym better than euer she dyde. Nay sayd syr Dynas I shall neuer trust them that ones bytrayed me/& therfore as ye haue begonne so ende / for I wyll neuer medle with you. And so syr Dynas departed & toke his brachets with hym/ & so rode to his castell. ¶ Now wyl we torne vnto syr Lãcelot þ was ryght heuy that he coude neuer here noo tydynges of syr Trystram / for all this whyle he was in pryson w̃ syr Darras Palompdes & Dynadan. Thenne dame Bragwayne toke her leue to go in to Cornewayle & syr Lãcelot syr Kay & syr Gaherys rode to seke syr Trystram in the coũtree of Surlule. Now speketh this tale of syr Trystram & of his two felowes/for euery daye syr Palompdes brauled & sayd langage ayenst syr Trystram. I merueyll sayd syr Dynadan of the syr Palompdes/ & thou haddest syr Trystram here þ̄ woldest do hym no harme/for & a wolf and a shepe were togyder in prysoy the wolf wolde suffre the shepe to be in peas/& wete thou well sayd syr Dynadan this same is syr Trystram atte a worde/& now mayst thou do thy beste w̃ hym/& lete se now yf ye can shyfte it with your hondes. Thenne was syr Palompdes abasshed & sayd lytel. Syr Palompdes sayd syr Trystram thenne I haue herde moche of your maugre agaynst me/but I wyl not medle with you as at this tyme by my wyl/by cause I drede the lorde of this place þ hath vs in gouernaunce/for & I drede hym not more than I do the loone it sholde be shyfte/so they peaced themself. And ryght so came in a damoysell & sayd/ knyghtes be of good chere for ye are sure of your lyues/& that I herde saye my lorde syr Darras. Thenne were they gladde all thre / for dayly they wende they sholde haue deyed. Thenne soone after this syr Trystram fylle seke that he wende to haue deyed/then syr Dynadas wepte/& so dyde syr Palompdes vnder them bothe makynge sorowe. So a damoysel cam in to them & foũde them mornynge/& thenne she wente vnto syr Darras & tolde hym how that myghty knyght þ bare the black shelde was lykely to deye. That shall not be sayd syr Darras/for god defende whan knyghtes come to me for socour that I sholde suffre them to deye within my prysoy / therfore sayd syr Darras to the damoysell/fetche þ knyght & his felowes afore me. And thenne anone syr Darras sawe syr Trystram brought afore hym/he sayd syr knyght me repenteth of thy sekenesse / for thou art called a full noble knyght/and so it semeth by the. And wete ye wel it shall neuer be sayd that syr Darras shall destroye suche a noble knyght as thou art in prysoy/how be hit that thou haste slayne thre of my sones / where by I was gretely agreued. But now shalt thou goo and thy felowes/and your harneys & your horses haue bey fayre and clene kepte and ye shall go where hit lyketh you vppon this couenaunt / as that thou syr knyght wylt promyse me for to be good frende to two of my sones that bey now on lyue / and also that thou telle me thy name. Syre sayd he as for me my name is syr Trystram de lyones / and in Cornewayle was I borne / and neuewe I am vnto kyng Marke. And also as for the deth

of your lones I myght not do with all for & they had ben the next kynne that I haue I myght haue done none other wyle. And yf I had slayne hȳ by treason or trechery I had ben worthy to haue deyed. All this I consyder sayd syr Darras / that all that ye dyde was by force of knyghthode / & that was the cause I wolde not putte you to deth. But sythen ye be syr Trystram the good knyght I praye you hertely to be my good frende & to my lones. Syre sayd syr Trystram I promyse you by the fayth of my body euer whyle I lyue I wyll do you seruyce / for ye haue done to vs but as a naturall knyght ought to do. And thenne syr Trystram reposed hym there tyll that he was amended of his sekenesse. And whan he was bygge & stronge they tooke theyr leue / & euery knyght toke theyr horses & so departed and rode togyder tyll ꝑ they came to a crosse waye. Now felowes sayd syr Trystram here wyl we de parte in sondry wayes / & by cause syr Dynadan had the fyrst aduenture of hym I wyll begynne

¶ How syr Dynadan relcowed a lady fro syr Breuse saũce pyte / & how syr Trystram receyued a shelde of Morgay le fay. ca. xli.

SO as syr Dynadan rode by a welle / he foũde a lady makynge grete doole. What eyleth you sayd syr Dynadan. Syr knyght sayd the lady I am the wofullest lady of the worlde for within these fyue dayes here came a knyght called syr Breuse saũce pyte & he slewe myn owne broder / and euer syns he hath kept me at his owne wyl and of all men in the worlde I hate hym moost / & therfore I requyre you of knyghthode to auenge me / for he wyll not tarye but be here anone. Lete hym come sayd syr Dynadan / & by cause of honour of all wymen I wyll do my parte. With this came syr Breuse / & whan he sawe a knyght with his lady he was wood wrothe. And thenne he sayd syr knyght kepe the from me / so they hurled togyder as thonder / and eyther smote other passynge sore. But syr Dynadan putte hym through the sholder a greuous woũde / & or euer syr Dynadan myght torne hym syr Breuse was gone & fledde. And thenne the lady prayed hym to bryngе her to a castell there besyde but foure myle thens & so syr Dynadan brought her there she was welcome / for the lorde of that castell was her vnkell / & so syr Dynadan rode his waye vpon his aduenture. ¶ Now torne we this tale vnto syr Trystram that by aduenture he came to a castell to aske lodgynge / wherin was quene Morgay le fay. And soo whan syr Trystram was lete in to ꝑ castell / he had good chere all ꝑ nyght / & vpon the morne whan he wolde haue departed. the quene sayd wete ye wel ye shal not departe lyghtly / for ye are here as a prysoner. Jhesu defende me sayd syr Trystram / for I was but late a prysoner. Fayre knyght sayd the quene ye shall abyde with me tyll ꝑ I wete what ye are & from whens ye come. And euer the quene wolde sette syr Trystram on her owne syde / and her paramour on the other syde / and euer quene Morgay le fay wolde beholde syr Trystram & therat the knyght was Jalous / and was in wyll sodeynly to

haue ronne vpon syr Trystram with a swerde/but he lefte it for shame. So the quene sayd to syr Trystram telle me thy name & I shall suffre you to departe whan ye wyll. Upon that coue naũt I telle you my name is syr Trystram de lyones. A sayd Morgan le fay/& I had wyste that ꝑ sholdest not haue departed as soone as ꝑ shalt/but sythen I haue made a promyse I wyll holde it/with that ꝑ wylt promyse me to bere vpon the a shelde ꝑ I shall delyuer the vnto the castell of the harde roche where kyng Arthur hath cryed a grete tornoyment/& there I praye you that ye wyll be & to do for me as moche dedes of armes as ye may do. For at ꝑ castel of Maydens syr Trystram ye dyde merueyllous dedes of armes as euer I herde knyght do. Madame sayd syr Trystram lete me se the shelde ꝑ I shall bere. Soo the shelde was brought forth/& the felde was goldyshe with a kyng & a quene therin payn ted & a knyght standynge aboue them vpon the kynges heed with one foot/& the other vpon the quenes heed. Madame sayd syr Trystram this is a fayre shelde & a myghty. But what sygnefyeth this kyng & this quene and that knyght standynge vp bothe theyr hedes. I shall telle you sayd Morgan le fay/hit sygnefyeth kyng Arthur and quene Guenuer & a knyght ꝑ holdeth them bothe in bondage & in seruage/ Who is ꝑ knyght sayd syr Trystram That shall ye not wete as at this tyme sayd the quene. But as the frenshe booke sayth quene Morgan loued syr Laũcelot best/& euer she desyred hym and he wolde neuer loue her nor do no thynge at her requeste/and therfor she

held many knyghtes togyder for to haue taken hym by strengthe. And by cause she demed ꝑ syr Laũcelot loued quene Guenuer as peramour/& she hym agayne/therfore quene Morgan le fay ordeyned ꝑ shelde to put syr Laũcelot to a rebuke to that entente ꝑ kyng Arthur myght vnderstande the loue bytwene them. So syr Trystram toke ꝑ shelde & promysed her to bere it at the tornoyment at the castell of the harde roche/but syr Trystram knewe not ꝑ ꝑ shelde was ordeyned ayenst syr Laũcelot/but afterwarde he knewe it.

How syr Trystram toke with hym the shelde/& also how he slewe the per amoure of Morgan le fay. ca. xlij.

So thenne syr Trystram tooke his leue of the quene and tooke the shelde with hym. And thenne came the knyght that helde quene Morgan le fay/and his name was syr Hemyon/ and he made hym redy for to folowe after syr Trystram. My fayr frende sayd Morgan le fay ryde not after that knyght/ for ye shall not wynne noo worshyp of hym. Fye on hym cowarde sayd syr Hemyon/ for I wyste neuer good knyght come out of the countree of Cornewayle/but yf hit were syr Trystram de lyones/ What & that be he sayd she. Nay nay sayd he/ he is with la beale Isoude & this is but a daffyshe knyght. Allas my fayre frende ye shall tynde hym the best knyght ꝑ euer ye mette with all/ for I knowe hym better than ye doo. And for your sake sayd syr Hemyon I shall slee hym. A my fayre frende sayd the quene/ me repenteth

that ye wyll folowe that knyght / for I fere me lore of your agayne comyn; ge. With ꝑ this knyght rode his waye wood wrothe / & he rode after syr Try stram as fast as he hadde bey chaced with knyghtes. Whan syr Trystram herde a knyght come after hym so fast he retorned about & sawe a knyght co mynge agaynst hym. And whan he ca me nyghe to syr Trystram / he cryed oy hyghe syr knyzt kepe the from me. Thenne they rasshed togyder as hit had bey chond / & syr Hemyon brysed his spere vpon syr Trystram / but his harneys was soo good that he myght not hurte hym. And so syr Trystram smote hym harder & bare hym thzugh the body & fylle ouer his hors croupe And thenne syr Trystram tornedy to haue done more with his swerde / but he sawe so moche blood go from hym that hym semed he was lykely to deye & so he departed from hym & came to a fayre manoyre to ay olde knyght & there syr Trystram lodged.

¶ How Morgay le fay buryed her pe amour / & how syr Trystram prayed syr Laũcelot & his kynne. ca. xliij.

NOw leue we to speke of syr Trystram / & speke we of the knyght that was woũded to the deth. and thenne his varlet alyght & toke of his helme / and thenne he asked his lorde whether there were ony lyf in hy There is in me lyf sayd the knyght but it is but lytell / and therfore lepe thou vp behynde me / and whan thou haste holpen me vp thenne holde me faste that I falle not / and bryngе me vnto quene Morgay le fay / for depe draughtes of deth drawen to my herte that I may not lenger lyue / for I wol de fayne speke with her or ꝑ I deyed / For els my soule wyll be in grete pe; ryll and I deye / for with grete payne his varlet brought hym to the castell / & there syr Hemyon fylle doun deed / Whan Morgay le fay sawe hym deed she made grete sorowe out of mesure / And thenne she lete despoylle hym vn to his shyrte / & so she lete hym putte in to a tombe. And about the tombe she lete wryte. Here lyeth syr Hemyon slayne by the hondes of syr Trystram de lyones. ¶ Now torne we vnto syr Trystram that asked the knyght his hoste yf he sawe late ony knyghtes ad uenturous. Syr he sayd the last nyght here lodged with me syr Ector de ma rys & a damoysell with hym / and that damoysell tolde me ꝑ he was one the best knyghtꝭ of the worlde. Hit is not so sayd syr Trystram / for I knowe. iiij better knyghtes of his owne blood / & the fyrst is syr Laũcelot du lake / calle hym the best knyght & syr Bors de ga nys / syr Bleoberys / syr Blamor de ga nys & syr Gaherys. Nay sayd his hoste syr Gawayne is better knyzt than he Hit is not so sayd syr Trystram / for I haue mette with them both / & I felte syr Gaherys for the better knyght / & syr Lamerock I calle hym as good as ony of them except syr Laũcelot. Why name ye not syr Trystram sayd his hoste / for I accompte hym as good as ony of them. I knowe not syr Try; stram sayd Trystram thus they talked & bourded as longe as them lyste and they wente to reste. And on the morne syr Trystram departed & toke his le; ue of his hoste and roode towarde the

roche deure/and none aduen
syr Trystram but that/& so
not tyll he came to the castell wy
he sawe fyue hondred tentes.

¶How syr Trystram at a tornoymēt
bare the shelde that Morgan le fay de
lyuered to hym. ca.xliiij.

Thenne the kyng of Scotlonde
& the kyng of Irlonde helde
agaynst kyng Arthurs knyghtes/and
there began a grete medle. So came in
syr Trystram & dyde meruellos de/
des of armes/for there he smote doun
many knyghtes /& euer he was afore
kyng Arthur with that shelde. And so
whan kyng Arthur sawe that shelde
he merueylled gretely in what entente
it was made/but quene Gueneuer de
med as it was wherfore she was heuy
And thenne was there a damoysell of
quene Morgan in a chambre by kyng
Arthur. And whan she herde kyng Ar
thur speke of that shelde / thenne she
spake openly vnto kyng Arthur / syr
kyng wete ye well this shelde was or/
deyned for you to warne you of your
shame & dyshonour/& yt longeth to you
& your quene/and thenne anone yt da
moysell pyked her away pryuely yt no
man wyst where she was become. And
then was kyng Arthur sadde & wroth
& asked from whens cam yt damoysell
there was not one that knewe her nor
wyst where she was become. Thenne
quene Gueneuer called to her syr Ec/
tor de marys/& there she made her cō/
playnte to hym & sayd. I wote wel this
shelde was made by Morgan le fay in
despyte of me & of syr Laūcelot. wher/
fore I drede me sore lest I sholde be de/

wy[illegible] [illegible]
wyl[illegible] [illegible] he
was [illegible] . And it
in pety[illegible] Trystram was
blaūche maynys/for he demed and he
had ben in the realme of Logrys / syr
Laūcelot or some of his felowes that
were in the queste of syr Trystram that
they sholde haue founde hym or that
tyme. So kyng Arthur had merueyll
what knyght he myght be . And euer
kyng Arthurs eye was on thal shelde.
All that aspyed the quene & that ma/
de her sore aferde. But euer syr Try/
stram smote doun knyghtes wonderly
to beholde what vpon the ryght honde
and vpon the lyfte honde that vnneth
noo knyght myght withstande hym/
And the kyng of Scotlonde and the
kyng of Irlonde began to withdrawe
hem. Whan kyng Arthur aspyed that
he thought that that knyght with the
straūge shelde sholde not escape hym.
Soo he called vnto hym syr Ewayne
la blaunche maynys & badde hym ar/
me hym & make hym redy. So anone
kyng Arthur and syr Ewayne dressyd
them before syr Trystram & requyred
hym to telle hem where he hadde that
shelde. Syr he sayd I hadd it of quene
Morgan le fay syster vnto kyng Ar/
thur.

¶So here endeth this hystory of this
booke/for it is the fyrste booke of syr
Trystram de lyones. And the seconde
booke of syr Trystram foloweth.

Here begynneth the seconde boke of sȳr Trystram. & the. x. boke of this present volume .

¶ How sȳr Trystram iousted & smote downe kynge Arthur & sȳr Dwayne & wolde not telle theym his name Capitulum primum

Thenne sayd Arthur / yf so be ye can dyscryue what ye beere / ye are worthy to beere ȳ armes. As for that sayd sȳre Trystram I woll answere you / Thys shelde was yeuen me not delyred of qnene Morgan le fay / And as for me I can not dyscryue thyse armes / for it is no poynt of my charge / And yet I truste to god to bere them wyth worshyp. Truly sayde kynge Arthur / ye ought not to beere none armes / but yf ye wyste what ye bare / But I praye you telle me your name / To what entent sayde sȳre Trystram / For I wolde wyte sayd Arthur. Sȳre ye shall not wyte as at this tyme / They shal ye & I do batayle togyders sayd kynge Arthur Why sayd sȳre Trystram / woll ye do batayll wyth me but yf I tell you my name and that lytyll nedith you & ye were a man of worshyp / for ye haue haue seen me this day had grete tra /

ueylle.how be it I woll not fayle you And haue ye no doute that I fere you not: though ye thynke ye haue me at a grete auauntage/ Yet shall I ryght well endure you. And therwyth al hȳ ge Arthur dressid his shelde & his spe re .and syre Trystram agaynst hym/ And they came ryght egerly togyders And there kynge arthur brake his spe re vpon syre Trystrams shelde/ But syre Trystram hytte Arthur ayen ꝑ hors & may fell to the erthe. And ther was kyng Arthur woūded on the lef te syde a grete wounde & a perylous. Theñe whan syre Dwayne sawe hys lorde Arthur lye on the grounde sooze wounded he was passynge heuy. And thenne he dressyd his shelde & his spe re. and cryed alowde vnto syre Tryl tram & sayd Knyght defende the. So they came togider as thonder. And sy re Dwayne brake his spere vpon syre Trystrams shelde all to pyeces. And syr Trystram smote him harder and sorer wyth suche a myght that he ba re hym clene oute of hys sadylle to the erthe/ Wyth that syre Trystram tor ned abowte & sayd/ fayr knyghtes I had no nede to Jouste wyth you. for I haue had ynough to doo this daye./ Thenne arose Arthur & went to syre Dwayne & sayd to sire Trystram. we haue as we haue deserued/ for thrugh our orgulyte we demaunded bataylle of you. and yet we know not your na me. Neuertheles sayd syr Dwayne by sayne Crosse he is a stronge knyghte at myn auyse as ony is now lyuynge Thenne syre Trystram departyd / & in euery place he asked & demaũded after syre Launcelot / but in no wyse he cowde not here of hym whether he were deed or on lyue / Wherfore syre Tristram made grete dole & sorowe.

¶ So syr Tristram rode by a forest & thenne he was ware of a fayr tow ze by a mareyse on that one syde/ & on that other syde a fayre medowe. And there he sawe. x. knyghtes fyghtynge togider. And euer the nere he came he sawe how there was but one knyghte dyde bataylle agaynst. ix. knyghtes. & that one dyde so merueylously that sy re Tristram had grete wonder ꝑ euer one knyghte myght do so grete dedes of armes/ And thenne wythin a lytil whyle he had slayne half ther horses. & vnhorsid them. & ther horses ranne in to the feldes & forest/ Thenne sy re Tristram had so gret pyte on that one knyght that endured so grete pay ne/ And euer he thoughte it sholde be syr Palompdes by hys shelde/ And so he rode vnto the knyghtes & cryed vn to them. and badde them selfe of ther batayllé. for they dyde themself grete shame. so many knyghtes to fight vi one / Thenne answerde the mayster of tho knightes. his name was called Breuse launce pyte. that was at that tyme the most myscheuous knyghte lyuynge/ And sayd thus/ syre knyght what haue ye a do with vs to medle. And therfore & ye be wyse departe on your way as ye came/ for this kuygh te shall not escape vs. That were pyte sayd syre Tristram that so good a knighte as he is sholde be slayne soo cowardly/ And therfore I warne you I woll socoure hym wyth all my py: ysaunce. /

¶ How syre Tristram saued syre pa lomides lyf/ And how they promised

to fyghte togyder wythin.xiiij.dayes
¶ Capl'm .ij.

SO lyre Tristram alyghted of his hors by cause they were on fote that they sholde not slee his hors And thenne dressed his shelde with his swerde in his honde. And he smote on the ryght honde & on the lefte honde passynge sore/that well nyghe at euery stroke he stroke downe a knyghte/ And whan they aspied his strok3 thei fledde alle wyth Breuse launce pyte: vnto the tour. And syre Tristram followed faste after wyth his swerde in his honde/But they escappd in to the tour & shytte syre Trystram wythoute the gate. And whan syre Tristram saw this he torned abak vnto syr Palomydes/& fonde hym sytynge vnd a tree sore wounded/¶A fayr knyght sayd syre Tristram well be ye fo/unde/Gramercy syre sayd Palomydes of your grete goodnes. for ye haue rescowed me of my lyfe/& saued me from my deth. What is your name sayd syre Tristram/She sayd my name is syr Palomydes. O Jhesu sayd syr Tristram thou haste a fayre grace of me this daye/that I sholde rescowe ỹ and thou arte the man in the worlde that I mooste hate/But now make ỹ redy for I woll do bataylle wyth the/ What is your name sayd Palomydes My name is syr Tristram your mortall enmy. Jt may be so sayd syr Palomydes but ye haue doñ ouer moche for me this daye that I sholde fyghte wyth you. For in almoche as ye haue saued my lyfe/it woll be no worshyp for you to haue a do wyth me/For ye are freshe and I am wounded sore/ And therfore and ye woll nedes haue a doo wyth me/assigne me a day and I shall mete wyth you wythout fayll Ye say wel sayd syre Tristram. Now I assygne you to mete in the medowe by the ryuer of Camelot/where Merlin sette the peroy. So they were agreed. Thenne syr Tristram askyd syre Palomydes why those.x. knyghtes dide bataylle wyth hym/For this cause sayde syre Palomydes/As I rode on myn auentuys in a forest here beside I aspyed where laye a deed knyght & a lady wepyng besyde hȳ. And whan I sawe her makynge suche dole/I askyd her who slewe her lorde. Syr she sayd the fallest knyghte of the world now lyuynge. And he is the moost vylayne that euer man herde speke of./ And his name is syre Breuse launce pyte. Thenne for pyte I made the damoysell to lepe on her palfrey. And I promysed her to be her waraunt/and to helpe her to entyere her lorde. And so sodenly as I came ridynge by this toure/ther came out syre Breuce lañce pyte/ and sodenly he stroke me fro my hors/And thenne or I myght recouer my hors/this syr Breuse slew the damoysell. And soo I toke my horse agayn/and I was sore ashamed. and soo begay the medle betwyx vs/ And this is the cause wherfor we dyd this bataylle. Well sayde syre Tristram now I vnderstonde the maner of youre bataylle/ But in ony wyse haue remembraunce of your promise that ye haue made wyth me to do batayle w̄ me this daye fourtene dayes. I shall not faylle you sayd syre Palomydes/ Well sayde syre Tristram as at this tyme I woll not assayll you tyll ye be

out of the daunger of your enmyes / So they mountyd vpon theyr horses: and rode togider vnto that forest. and there they fonde a fayr welle with clere water bnrbelyng. Fayr syre sayd syre Tristram to drynke of that water haue I courage. And thenne they alyghtyd of theyr horses / And thenne were they ware by them where stode a gret hors tyed to a tree / and euer he neyed. And thenne ware they ware of a fayr knyghte armed vnder a tree lacknyng noo pyece of harneys saue hys helme laye vnder his heed. By the good lord syre Tristram yonder lyeth a well faryng knyght. What is best to do. awake hym sayd syre Palomydes. So syr Tristram awaked hym with ꝑ butte of his spere. And so the knyghte arose vp hastely & put his helme on his hed and gate a grete spere in hys honde / And wythout ony mo wordes he hurled vnto syre Tristram / & smote hym clene from his sadyll to the erthe. and hurte hym on the lefte syde / that syre Tristram laye in grete peryll. Thenne he wallopped ferther / & fette his course / and came hurlynge vpon syre Palomydes / and there he stroke hym a parte thrugh the body ꝑ he felle from his hors to the erthe. And thenne this straunge knyght lefte them there. and toke his waye thrugh the forest. ¶ Wt this syr Palomydes & syre Tristram were on fote / & gate ther horses ayen. And eyther alkyd counseylle of other what was best to doo. By my heed sayd syre Tristram I woll folowe this stronge knyghte ꝑ thus hath champyd vs. Wel sayd syr Palomydes & I wol repose me here by wt a frende of myn Bewaye sayd syr Tristram vnto Palomydes that ye faylle not that day ꝑ ye haue set wyth me to do batayll / for as I deme ye woll not holde your day for I am moche byggar than ye. As for that sayd syr Palomydes / be it as he maye / for I feare you not. For & I be not syke nor prysonere. I woll not faylle you. But I haue cause to haue more doubte of you / that ye woll not mete wyth me / for ye ryde after yond stronge knyght. And yf ye mete wyth hym it is ay harde auenture & euer ye escape his hondes. ¶ Kyght soo syre Tristram & syr Palomydes departed And eyther toke ther wayes dyuers.

¶ How syr Tristram soughte ꝑ stronga knyght that had smyten hym downe and many other knyghtes of rounde table. ¶ Capĩm .iij.

SO syre Tristram rode longe after this stronge knyght / and att the laste he sawe where laye a lady ouer thwart a deed knyght. Fayr lady sayd syr Tristram who hath slayn your lord. Syr she sayd here came a knyght ridynge as my lorde & I rested vs here / and alkyd hym of whens he was. And my lord sayd of Arthurs court / Therfor sayd the strong knyght I woll Jouste wyth the / for I hate alle thole that ben of kynge Arthurs courte. And my lorde that lieth herde amountid vpon his hors. And the strong knyghte & my lorde encoũtred togyder / and there he smote my lorde thrugh out wyth his spere. And thus he hath broughte me in grete wo & damage. That me repentyth sayd syre Tristram of your grete angre. And it pleyse you telle me ꝑ̃ your husbondis

name. Syr sayd the his name is Galardouy that wolde haue preued a gode knyghte. Soo departyd syre Tristram from that dolorous lady/& had moche euyll lodgynge. ¶ Thenne on the thyrde daye syre Tristram mette with syre Gawayne & wyth syr Bleoberis in a foreste at a lodge. And eyther were sore wounded. Thenne syr Tristram askid syre Gawayne and syre Bleoberys yf they mette with suche a knyght wyth suche a cognysaūce wyth a couered shelde. Fayr syre sayd those knyztes suche a knyght met wyth vs to our gret damage. And fyrste he smote doune my felow syr Bleoberys/and sore woūded hym/by cause he badde me I shold not haue ado wyth hym/for why he was ouerstronge for me. That stronge knyghte tolke his wordes at corne and sayd he sayd it for mockerye. And thenne they rode togyders/and so he hurte my fellowe. And whan he hadde done so I myght not for shame but I must Joust wyth hym. And at the fyrste cours he smote me downe & my hors to the erthe. And there he had almoost slayne me. And from vs he toke his hors and departyd. And in an euyll tyme we mette wyth hym. Fayre knyghtes sayd syr Tristram so he mette wyth me and wyth a nother knyghte. that hyghte Palompdes. And he smote vs bothe downe wyth one spere/ & hurte vs ryght sore. By my fayth sayd syr Gawayne by my counsell ye shall lete hym passe/ and seke hym no ferder for at the next feest of the rounde table vpon payne of my heed ye shall fynde hym there. By my fayth sayd syr Tristram I shal neuer reste tyll that I fynde hym. And thenne syr Gawayne askyd hym his name. Thenne he sayd my name is sire Tristram/& so eyther tolde other ther names. And thenne departyd syre Tristram/and rode on his waye. And by fortune in a medowe syr Tristram mette wyth syrs Kay the Senescall & syr Dynadan. What tydynges wyth you sayde syre Tristram wyth you knyghtes. / Not good sayd thyse knyghtes. Why so sayd syre Tristram I pray you tel me/for I ride to seke a knight. What cognoyssañce bereth he sayd syr Kay She beryth sayd syre Tristram a couered shelde close wyth a clothe. By my heed sayde syre Kay that is the same knyghte that mette wyth vs/for this nyghte we were lodgyd wythin a wydowes hous/& there was that knyghte lodgyd. And whan he wyst we wer of kynge Arthurs hous/he spake grete vilany by the kynge/and specyally by the quene Gueneuer. And thenne on the morne was wagyd batayll for the same caule wyth hym. And at the fyrst recountre sayd syre Kay he smote me downe from my hors. and hurte me passing sore. And whan my felow syre Dynadan sawe me smyten downe & hurt/he wold not reueng me but fledde from me. And thus is he departyd. And they syre Tristram askyd them ther names. And so eyther told other ther names. And syr Tristram departyd from syre Kay: & from syre Dynadan. And so he passid thrugh a grete foreste in to a playne tyll he was ware of a priory/and ther he repolyd hym wyth a good may. vi. dayes.

¶ How syre Tristram smote down

syr Sagramore le delyrous & syr Do dynas le sauage. ¶ Capl'm .iiij.

AND thenne he sent hys may ꝑ hyghte Gouernayle. And cō: maunded hym to go to a cyte there by to fetche hȳ newe harnyes/for it was longe tyme afore that syre Tristram had bey refreshyd. His harneys was brulyd & broken. And whan Gouer nayle his seruaunt was come wt hys appareylle he toke his leue of the wy dowe/and mountyd vpon hys horse/ and rode his waye erly on the morn / And by sodeyn aduenture syre Tris tram mette wyth syre Sagramore le: delyrus and wyth syr Dodynas le sa uage. And thyse two knyghtes mette wyth syre Tristram/and questyoned wyth hym/and askyd hym yf he wol de Jouste wych them. Fayr knyghtes sayd syr Tristram wyth a good wyll I wolde Jouste wyth you. But I has ue promysed a daye sette nere honde: to doo bataylle wyth a stronge knygh te. And therfore I am lothe to haue a do wyth you. For and it mysfortuned me here to be hurt I shold not be able to doo my bataylle/ whyche I promy sed. As for that sayd Sagramōr mau gre your heed ye shall Jouste wyth vs or ye passe from vs . Well sayde syre Tristram / yf ye enforce me therto/ I must do what I maye. And they they dressid ther shyldes/and came rēnyng togyder wyth gret yre: But thrugh ly re Tristrams grete force he stroke syr Sagramor from his hors . Thenne he hurlyd his hors ferther/ and sayde to syr Dodynas Knyghte make the redy. And soo thorugh fyne force syre Tristram stroke Donydas from hys hors. And whan he sawe them lye on the erthe he toke his brydyll and rode forth on his waye/and his may Gou uernayle wyth hym. ¶ Anone as syre Tristram was past syr Sagramor & syre Dodynas gate agayne ther hor: ses/and mountyd vp lyghtly and fo: lowed aft syre Tristram. And whan sire Tristram sawe them come so fas te after him/he returned with his hor se to them and askid them what they wolde/ Jt is not longe ago sythen I smote you to the erthe att your owne request & desyre/ I wolde haue rydden by you/but ye wolde not suffre me. & now me semyth ye wolde do more ba taylle wyth me. That is trouth sayd syr Sagramor & syre Dodynas/for we woll be reuenged of the dispyte ye haue done to vs. Fayr knyghtes sayd syr Tristram that shal lytil nede you for all that I dyde to you: ye caused it. Wherfor I requyre of your knyghe hode leue me as atte this tyme. for I am sure and I do batayll e wyth you I shall not escape wythout grete hur tes. And as I suppose ye shall not es: cape all lotices. And this is the cause why I am so lothe to haue ado wyth you/for I must fyghte wythin thyse thre dayes wyth a good knyghte and as valyaunt as ony is now lyuynge. ¶ And what knyghte is that sayd sy re Sagramor that ye shall fyghte wt all. Syres sayd he it is a gode knygh te callyd syre Palomydes. By my he de sayd syr Sagramor & syre Dody: nas ye haue cause to drede hym . for ye shall fynde hym a passynge goode knyghte and a valyaunt. And by cau se ye shall haue a doo wyth hym / we woll forbere you as at this tyme/and

elly s ye sholde not escape vs lyghtly. But fayre knyghte sayd syre Sagra mor telle vs youre name. Syre sayde he me name is syr Tristram de Lyo: nes. A sayd syre Sagramor and syre Dodynas well be ye founde. For mo the worshyp haue we herde spokey of you. And thenne eyther tooke leue of other and departyd oy ther waye.

¶ How syre Tristram mette atte the peroy with syre Launcelot. And how they foughte togyders vnknowey./
¶ Caplm .v.

¶ They departyd syre Tristram. And rode streyghte to Camelott to the peroy whyche Merlyn had made tofore/where syre Lancior that was the kynges sone of Irlonde was slayne by the hondes of Balyn. And in that same place was the fayr Columbe slayne. whyche was loue vnto syre Lanceor. For after he was decd she toke his sword and thrstid it thorugh her body. And by the crafte of Merlyn he made to entere this knyzte Lanceor and his ladi Columbe vnder oo stony. And at that tyme Merlyn prophecyed / That in that same place sholde fyghte two the best knyztes that euer were in Arthurs dayes / and the beste loucrs. ¶ Soo whan syre Tristram cam to the tombe where Lanceor and his lady were buryed he lokyd abowte after syre Palomydes. Thenne was he ware of a semely knyght came rydyng agaynst hym all in whyte/wyth a couerd shelde / Whan he came nygh to syr Tristram he sayde oy hyghe Ye be welcome syr knyghte/and well and tuely haue ye holde your promyse. And thenne they dressyd theyr sheldes and sperys. and came togyders wyth all theyr myghtes of theyr horses. And they mette so fyersly that bothe horsys and knyghtes fylle to the erthe. And as faste as they myghte they auoyded theyr horses/ and put theyr sheldes afore them And they stroke togyder wyth brygh te swerdes as men that wer of myghte. And eyther wounded other wonderly sore that the blood ranne out vpon the grasse/ And thus they fought the space of foure houres. that neyther of them wolde speke to other one worde And of theyr harneys they had hewey of many pyeces. ¶ O lorde Jhesu sayd Gouernayle I merueyle gretly of the strokis my mayster hath geuen to your mayster. By my heed sayd syre Launcellots seruaunt your mayster hath not geuen so many but your mayster hath receyued as many or more O Jhesu sayde Gouernayle it is to moche for syre Palomydes to suffre/ or syre Launcelot. And yet pyte it were that eyther of thyse good knyghtes sholde dystroye others blood. So they stode and wepte bothe and made grete doole whan they sawe the bryghte swerdes couerd w the blood of their bodyes. ¶ Thenne at the laste spake syre Launcelot and sayde / Knyghte thou fyghtest wonderly well/ as euer I sawe knyghte/ Therfore and it plese you telle me your name. ¶ Syre sayd syre Tristram. that is me lothe to telle ony man my name. Truly sayd syr Laũcelot & I wer requyred I was neuer loth to telle my name. It is wel sayd sayd syr Tristram. they I requi re you tel me your name. Sir he sayd

my name is syre Launcelot du lake./ Alas sayd syr Tristram what haue I done/for ye are the may in the world that I loue best. Fayre knyghte sayde syre Launcelot telle me youre uame./ Truly sayd he my name is syr Tristram de Lyones. D Jhesu sayde syre Launcelot what aduenture is befalle me. And therwyth syr Launcelot knelyd downe & yelded hym vp hys swerde. And soo eyther gaue other the degree. And theñe they bothe forthwith all went to the stone & sette them doune vppon it/ and toke of ther helmes to kele them. And eyther kyst other an hundred tymes. And thenne anone after they toke of ther helmes & rode to Camelot. And there they mette wyth syr Gawayn & syre Gaheryes. ỳ had made promyse to Arthur neuer to come agayne to the courte tyll they had broughte syre Tristram w̃ them.

¶ How syre Launcelot broughte syre Tristram to the court. And of ỳ Joye that the king & other made for the comyng of syr Tristram. Capl'z .vi.

BEtorne agayn sayd syr Launcelot for your quest is done. for I haue mette wyth syr Tristram/ Lo here is his owne persone. They was syr Gawayne gladde. And sayd to sire Tristram Ye are welcome for now haue ye ealyd me gretly of my laboure. For what cause sayd syre Gawayne came ye in to this courte. Fayr syre sayd sire Tristram I came in to this countree by cause of syre Palomydes. for he and I assygned att this daye to haue done bataylles togyders atte the Perou. And I merueyle I here no thynge of hym./ And thus hy aduenture my lorde syre, Launcelot and I dide mete togyders. ¶ Wyth this came kynge Arthur/ And whañe he wyste that there was syr Tristram/ thenne he ranne vnto hym and toke hym by the honde. And sayd Syre Tristram ye beas welcome as ony knyght why the euer came to this courte./ ¶ And whan the kynge had herde how syre Launcelot and he had foughten/ and eyther had woundyd other wonderly sore/ Thenne the kynge made greate doole. ¶ Thenne syr Tristram tolde the kynge how he came thither for to haue had ado wyth syre Palomydes/ And thenne he tolde the kyng how he had relcowed him from the.ix. knyghtes & Breule launce pyte. And how he founde a knyghte lyeng by a welle And that knyghte smote downe syre Palomydes & me/ but his shelde was couerd wyth a clothe. Soo syre Palomydes left me and I folowed after that knyghte. And in many places I founde where he had slayne knyghts and forefiustid many. ¶ By my heed sayd syr Gawayne that same knyghte smote me downe & syre Vlcoberys and hurtyd vs sore both/ he wyth the couerd shelde. ¶ A sayd syr Kay that knyghte smote me a downe and hurtyd me passynge sore. And fayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I myghte not ¶ Jhesu mercy sayd Arthur. they what maner knyghte was that wyth the couerd shelde. ¶ I knowe not sayd syre Tristram. And so sayd they alle. ¶ Now sayd kynge Arthur they wote I. For I assure you that it was syre Launcelot du Lake. ¶ Thenne they alle attonys lokyd vppon syre

Launcelot/and sayd Ye haue begyled vs wyth youre couerid shelde . It is not the fyrst tyme sayd Arthur he ha the done so. My lorde sayd syre Lañ celot truely wote ye well I was the sa me knyght that baze the cou erid shel de. And by cause I wold not be know that I was of your courte I saydc n worshyp of your hous. That is trouth sayd syre Gawayne. syre Key. & syre Bleoberys. Thenne kyng Arthur to ke syr Tristram by the honde. & wen te to the table rounde. ¶ Thenne ca/ me quene Gwencuer and many ladi es wyth her. And all those ladyes sa: yd all wyth one voys / Welcome syre Tristram. welcome sayd the damoy/ selles/ welcome sayd knightes/welco me sayd Arthur for one of ꝑ best kniz tes and the gentyllest of the worlde & the may of mooste worshyp. For of al maner of huntyng thou berest the pri ce. And of all meluzes of blowynge ꝑ arte the begynnynge. And of aile the termes of huntynge & hawkynge ye aze the begynner. Of all Instrumen/ tes of mulyk ye aze the beste. Therfo ze gentyll knyghte sayd Arthur ye aze welcome to this Courte . And allo I praye you sayd Arthur graunte me a boone. It shal be ãt your cõmaunde ment sayd Tristram. Well sayd Ar/ thur I woll desyre of you that ye wol abyde in my courte. Syre sayd Tril tram vnto is me lothe/for I haue to doo in many countrees. Not so sayde Arthur ye haue promysed it me / Ye maye not saye naye. Syre sayde syre Tristram I woll as ye wol. ¶ They went Arthur vnto the seges abowte: the roũde table/ & loked in euery sege whiche were voyde ꝑ lacked knyghtꝭ

And they the kynge sawe in the sege of Marhaus letters ꝑ sayd/ this is the sege of ꝑ noble knyght syr Tristram And they Arthur made sir Tristram knyghte of the table rounde with gre te nobley & grete feste as myght be tho ughte. For syre Marhaus was slayne afore by the hondys of syr Tristram in ay ylonde/ & that was well knowe at that tyme in the courte of kyng Ar thur. for this Marhaus was a worthi knyghte/ And for euyll dedes that he dyde vnto the countree of Corneway le syr Tristram & he foughte. & they foughte soo longe tracynge & trauer/ cynge tyll they felle bledynge to the er the. For they were so sore wounded ꝑ they myght not stonde for bledynge . And syre Tristram by fortune recoue red/ & syr Marhaus deyed thrugh the stroke on the heed. ¶ So leue we of syre Tristram and speke we of kyng/ ge Mark./

¶ How for dispyte of syre Tristram kyng Mark came with two knyghtꝭ in to Englonde / And how he slewe one of the knyghtꝭ ¶ Capl'm vij

They kyng Mark had gret dys pyte of ꝑ renõme of syr Tris: tram/ & they he chacyd hym out of Cor newayle. Yet was he neuewe vnto kyñ ge Mark: But he had grete supecõn vnto syre Tristram/ by cause of his quene La beale Isoud. For him semed ther was to moche loue betweñ them bothe. ¶ So whan syre Tristram de partid out of Cornewayle in to Eng londe/ kynge Marke herde of the gre te prowesse whyche syre Tristram di de there/ the whyche greued hym sore

ho he sent on his party to aspy what
edes he dyde. And the quene sent pry
uely on her parti spies to know what
dedes he had done/for grete loue was
bytwene them tweyne. So whan the
messagers were come home/they told
the trouth as they herde/he passyd all
other knightes/but yf it were syr La/
uncelot. Thenne kynge Mark was
ryght heuy of thyse tydynges/and as
gladde was La beale Isoud. Thenne
for grete dispite he toke with hym two
good knightes & two squires/and dis
guysed hymself. And toke his way in
to Englonde/to the entent for to slee
syr Tristram. And one of thyse two
knyghtes hyghte Berlules/and the
other knyght was callyd Amant. So
as they rode kynge Marke demauded
a knyghte that he met where he shol:
de fynde kynge Arthur. He sayd atte
Camelot. Also he askyd that knyght
after syr Tristram whether he herde
of hym in the courte of kynge Arthur
Wete ye well sayd he knyghte ye shall
fynde sire Tristram there for a man
of as grete worshyp as is now lyuyng
For thrugh his prowesse he wāne the
turnement of the castell of Maydens
that stondeth by the harde roche. And
sythen he hath wonne wyth his owne
hondes. xxx. knyghtes that were men
of grete honour. And the laste batayll
that euer he dyde/he foughte wyth sy
re Launcelot/and that was a meruey
lous bataylle/And not by force syre
Launcelot brought syre Tristram to
the courte. And of him kynge Arthur
made passynge grete Joye/and so ma
de hym knyghte of the table rounde/
And his sete was wher the good kniz
tes syre Marhaus sete was. ¶ They
was kyng Mark passyng sory whan
he herde of the honour of syre Tris:
tram. And so they departyd. Thenne
sayd kyng Mark vnto his two knyz
tes. Now woll I telle you my counsel
ye are the men that I trust most to,oy
lyue. And I woll that ye wyte my co
mynge hyther is to this entent/for to
distroye syr Tristram by wyles or by
treason. And it shall be harde yf he es
cape euer our hondes. ¶ Alas sayd sy
re Berlules what meane you/for ye
be sette in suche awaye/ye are dyspo/
syd shamefully. For syre Tristram is
the knyghte of most worshyp that we
knowe lyuynge. And therfore I warn
you playnly I woll neuer consente to
do hym to deth: And therfore I woll
yelde my seruyse and forsake you./
¶ Whan kyng Mark herde hym say
so sodenly he drewe his swerde & say
de A traytour/and smote syre Berlu
les on the heed that the swerde went
to his teeth. ¶ Whan Amant ꝑ knyzt
sawe hym do that vylaynous dede/&
his squyres/they sayde it was fowle
done & myscheuously/Wherfore we
woll do the no more seruyse. And wy:
te thou well we woll apeche the of tre
ason afore kynge Arthur. ¶ Thenne
was kynge Mark wonderly wrothe/
and wolde haue slayne Amant/But
he and the two squyres helde theim to
gyders/& sette nought by his malyce.
Whan kynge Mark sawe he myghte
not be reuenged on them/he sayd ꝯ
vnto the knyght Amant. Wete ꝯ well
& thou apeche me of treason/I shall
therof defende me afore kyng Arthur
But I requyre the ꝯ tell not my nam
ꝯ I am kyng Mark what so euer com
of me. As for that sayd Amant I wol

not dyscouer youre name.and so they departed. And Amant & his felowes toke the body of Hercules and buryed it.

¶ How kyng Mark cam to a fontayne where he founde syre Lamerok cõplaynynge for the loue of kynge Lots wyfe/¶ Capitm .viij.

Thenne kynge Mark rode tyll he came to a fountayn. & thẽ he rested hym. & stode in a dowte whether he wold ryde to Arthurs court or none.or retorne agayne to his countre And as he thus rested hym by that fountayn/there came by hym a knyght well armyd on horsbak/And he alyghted and tyed his hors vntyl a tree.and sate hym downe by the brynke of the fountayne/ And there he made grete langour & doole/and made the doole fullest cõplaynt of loue that euer man herde.And all this whyle was he not ware of kynge Marke/And this was a grete part of his complaynt.He cryed & wepte sayenge O fayr quene of Orkeney kyng Lots wyf & moder of syr Gwãyne.and to syre Gaheris.& moder to many other/ For thy loue I am in grete paynes/¶ Thenne kyng Mark arose & went nere hym/& sayd fayr knyght ye haue made a pyteous complayne/Truely sayd the knyghte it is well a hundred parte more ruthefuller than my herte can vtter/ I requyre you sayd kyng Mark tell me youre name/Syre sayd he as for my name I wol not hide it fro no knyghte that berith a shelde/And my name is syre Lamorak de galis. But whan syr Lamorak herde kinge Mark speke thenne wyste he well by hys speche that he was a comyssh knyght. Syre sayd syre Lamorak. I vnderstonde by your tonge ye be of Cornewayle where ry there dwellyth the shamefullest kynge that is now lyuynge/for he is a grete enmye to all good knyghtes/ And that preueth wel.for he hath chacyd out of that countre syr Tristram that is the worshypfullest knyghte & is now lyuyng and all knyghtes speke of hym worshyp/And for Jalousnesse of his quene he hath chacyd hym out of his countre. It is pyte sayd syre Lamorak/that euer ony suche fals knyghte cowarde as kynge Marke is sholde be matchyd wyth suche a fayr lady & good as La beale Isoud is/for all the worlde of hym spekyth shame And of her worshypp that ony quene may haue.¶ I haue not a do in this mater sayd kyng Mark/neyther nought woll I speke therof. Wel sayd.sayd syre Lamorak Syre can ye tell me ony tidynges. I can telle you sayd syr Lamorak / that there shall be a grece turnement in hast belyde Camelot at the castell of Jagent.And the kynge wyth the hũdred knyghtes & the kynge of Irlonde as I suppose make it.

Thenne there came a knyghte that was callid syr Dynadan.and salewed them bothe/ And whan he wyste that kynge Mark was a knyght of Cornewayle he reproued hym for the loue of kyng Mark a thousande folde more than dyde syre Lamorak/ Thenne he proffred to Joust with kyng Mark And he was full lothe therto. but syr Dynadan eggyd hym so/that he Jousted wyth syre-Lamorak . And syre Lamorak smote kynge Mark so sore that he bare hym on hys spere ende ouer

his hors tayle. And theñe kyng Marke arose agayne & folowed after syre Lamorak/But syre Dynadan wold not Joust wyth syre Lamorak. but he tolde kynge Marke that syre Lamorak was syre Raye the Senescall/ ꝑ is not so sayd kynge Mark/for he is is moche bygger thay syre Ray. And so he folowed & ouertoke hym/& bad hym abyde/What ll ye do sayd syre Lamorak/Syr h yd. I woll fyȝte wyth a swerd/for ye haue shamed me wyth a spere/ And therwyth they dasshyd togyders. And syr Lamorak suffred hym & forbare hym. And kynge Mark was passynge hasty/& smote thicke strokes. Syr Lamorak sawe he wolde not stynte/and wexed lom/ what wrothe/and dowbled his strokȝ For he was one of the noblest knyghtes of the worlde. And he bete hym so on the helme that his heed henge nyze vnto the sadyll bowe. Whan syre Lamorak sawe hym faze so/he sayd/Sire knyghte what chere/ me semeth ye haue nyghe youre fylle of fyghtyng/ It were pyte to do you ony more harme/for ye are but a meane knyghte./ Therfore I geue you leue to go whēr ye lyst. Gramercy sayd kynge Mark for ye & I be not matches. ¶ Theñe syre Dynadan mocked kynge Mark And sayde/ye are not able to matche a good knyghte/As for that sayd kyng Mark/at the fyrste tyme that Jo/ usted wyth this knyght ye refused hȳ Thynke ye that it is a shame to me/ sayd syre Dynadan/ Naye syre/ it is euer worshypp to a knyghte to refuse that thyng that he maye not atteyne Therfore your worshyp had be more the more to haue refused hym al Jo/ de. For I warñ you playnly he is able to bete suche fyue as ye & I be. For ye knyghtes of Cornewayle aze no mey of worshyppe as other knyghtes aze/ & by esule ye aze no mey of worshyp ye haue all mey of worshyp For neuer was bredde in youre countree suche a knyghte as is syre Tristram.

¶ How kynge Mark/syre Lamorak & syre Dynadan came to a castell/& how kynge Mark was knowen of the/ re/ ¶ Capl'm .ix.

Thenne they rode forth all to/ gyders/kynge Mark/syr Lamorak & syr Dynadan tyll that they came to a brydge/And at thende therof stode a fayre towre. Thenne sawe they a knyght on horsback wel armid braundysshyng a spere. cryenge & profferynge hymself to Joust/ ¶ Now sayd syr Dynadan vnto kynge Mark Yonder are two brethern that one hyȝte Aleyn and the other hyght Tryan that woll Jouste wyth ony that passeth this passage. Now profre yourself sayd Dynadan vnto kinge Mark for euer ye be layd to the erth. They kynge Mark was ashamed. and therewyth he feutryd his spere & hurtyd to syre Trian. And eyther brake ther speres all to pyeces and passyd thruh anone. They syr Tryan sent kynge Mark a nother spere to Jouste more/ but in no wyse he wolde Jouste nomore. Thenne they came to the castel al the knyghtes/and prayed the lord of

the castell of herberugh: Ye are ryght welcome sayd the knightes of the castell/for the loue of ꝑ lorde of this castell/the whyche hyghte syr Torle fysle aries. And thenne they came in to a fayr court wel repayred. & they had passyng good chere tyll the lyeftenañte of this castel that hyghte Berlules aspyed kyng Mark of Cornewayle/ ¶ Thenne sayd Berlule/syr knyghte I knowe you better than ye wene/ for ye are kyng Mark that slew my fader afore myn owne eyen/And me had ye slayne had I not escaped into a wode. But wyte ye wel for the loue of the lorde of this castell I woll neyther hurt you ne harme you nor none of your felyshypp/But wyte ye well that whan ye are paste this lodgynge I shal hurt you & I may/for ye slewe my fader traytourssly. But fyrste for the loue of my lorde syre Tor / & for the loue of syr Lamorak that honourable knyghte that here is lodgyd/ye shall haue none cuyll lodgynge. For it is ryght that euer ye sholde be in the companye of good knyghtes/ for ye are the moost vylaynous knyghte. or kynge that is now knowen on lyue/ ye are a distroyer of good knyghtes. & all that ye doo is but treason.

¶ How syr Berlules mette wyth kyng Mark/And how syr Dynadan toke his party. ¶ Capitulum .x.

Thenne was kynge Mark sore ashamid. & sayd but lytyl agayn / But whan syre Lamorak & syre Dynadan wyst ꝑ he was kyng Marke/thei were sory of his felyshyp. So after supper they wente to lodgynge. So on the morne they arose erly. and kyng Mark & syr Dynadan rode togyd̄. And thre myle fro ther lodgyng there mette wyth them thre knyghtes & syr Berlules was one/ & that other his two colyns. Syre Berlules sawe kyng Mark & they he cried on highe Traytour kepe the from me/ for wyte ꝑ well that I am Berlules. ¶ Syr knyghte sayd syr Dynadan I coũsel you to leue of att this tyme/for he is rydyng to kynge Arthur. And by cause I haue promysed to conduyte hym to my lord kyng Arthur nedis I must take a parte wyth hym. how be it I loue not his condycõn. & fayne I wolde be from hym. Wel Dynadan sayd syr Berlules. me repentyth ꝑ ye wyll take party with him. but now do youre best/And they he hurtled to kynge Mark & smote hym sore vpon ꝑ shelde that he bare hym clene oute of his sadyl to therthe. That sawe syr Dynadan/ & he. feutryd his spere & rãne to one of Berlules felowes / & smote hym downe of his sadyll. They Dynadan torned his hors & smote ꝑ thirde knyghte in the same wyse to therthe / For syre Dynadan was a good knyghte on horsbak/ & there began a grete bataylle. For Berlules & his felowes held them togyd̄ stronglyon foote. And so thrugh the gret force of syr Dynadan. kynge Marke had Berlules to therth. & his two felowes fled. & had not be syr Dynadan kyng Marke wold haue slayne hym/ & so syr Dynadan relcowed him of his lyf for kyng Mark was but a murderer. and so they toke ther horses & departid & left syr Berlule ther sore woũded. Kyng Mark & Dynadan rode forth. iiij. leg̃

englysh tyll that they came to a brid ge/where houed a knyghte oy horle/ bak and redy to Jouste. ¶Lo sayd sy re Dynadan vnto kynge Mark.yon der houeth a knyghte that wol Joust for there shall none passe this bryd / ge/but he must Joust wyth that knyz te.¶It is wel sayd sayd kyng Mar ke/for this Joustes fallyth wyth the. Syre Dynadan knewe the knyghte wel.that he was a noble knyght.and fayne he wolde haue Jousted / but he wolde rather kynge Mark had Joul ted wyth hym/ But by no meane kyn ge Mark wolde not Jouste. Thenne syre Dynadan myghte not refuse hȳ in no manere.And thenne eyther dre syd ther speris & ther shyldes. & smo te togyders so that thrugh fyne force syr Dynadan was smyten to the erth And lyghtly he arose vppe. and gate his hors/ and requyred that knyghte to do bataylle wyth swerdes· And he answerde and sayd Fayr knighte as at this tyme I maye not haue ado w̄ you noomore. for the custome of this passage is suche.¶Thenne was syr Dynadan passynge wrothe / that he myghte not be reuengid of that knyz te/And soo he departyd. And in noo wyse wolde that knyghte telle his na me/But euer syre Dynadan though te he sholde knowe hym by his shelde that it sholde be syre Tor.

¶How kyng Mark mocked syr Dy nadan/And how they mette wyth.vi knyghtz of the table rounde.ca .xi.

SDo as they rode by the waye/ kyng Mark thenne began to: mocke syre Dynadan. And sayde I wende you knyghtes of the table rou de myghte in no wyse fynde ther mat ches. Ye say well sayd syre Dynadan As for you on my lyf I calle you no/ ne of the beste knyghtes. But syth ye haue suche a dyspyte at me/I requy/ re you to Jouste with me to preue my strengthe.¶Not soo sayd kyng Mar ke/for I wol not haue ado wyth you in noo manere/ But I requyre you of one thynge:that whan ye come to Ar thurs courte dyscouere not my name for I am ther sore hatyd.¶It is sha me to you sayde syre Dynadan/that ye gouerne you soo shamefully.for I se by you ye are ful of cowardyse and ye are a murderer.and that is the gre test shame that a knyghte maye haue for neuer a knyghte beynge a murde rer hath worshyp/nor neuer shall ha: ue.for I sawe but late thrugh my for ce ye wold haue slayne syre Hercules a better knyghte thanne ye/or euer ye shall be/and more of prowesse.

Thus they rode forth talkynge tyll they came to a fayr place where stode a knyghte/And prayed them to take ther lodgyng wyth hym. So at the re queste of that knyghte/ they reposyd them ther and made them wel at ease and hadde grete chere/for all arraun te knyghtes were welcome to hym/ & specyally all those knyghtes that we: re of Arthurs courte.¶Thenne syre Dynadan demaunded his host what was.the knyghtes name that kepte þ brydge.¶for what cause demaunde you it sayd his hoste.for it is not lon ge tyme passyd sayde syre Dynadan sythen that he gaue me a falle.¶A fayre knyghte sayde his hoste. therof haue ye noo meruevlle / for he is a

passyng good knyght/and his name is syr Tor the son of Arics le vayshe re/A sayd sire Dynaday was that sy re Tor/ for truly so euer me thought te.¶ Ryght as they stode thy talkyn ge togyders/they sawe come ryding to them ouer a playn.vi.knyghtes of the court of kyng Arthur well armed at all poyntes. And there by ther shel des syre Dynaday knewe them well. The fyrste was the good knyghte sy re Gwayne the sone of kynge Uriens The seconde was the noble knyghte syr Brandyles. The thyrd was Dza na le cure hardy. ỳ fourth was Gway ne le auenturous. The fyfthe was sy re Agrauayne. The syxte syre Mor/ dred brod to syre Gawayne.¶ Whan syr Dynaday had seen thyse.vi.knyg tes/ he thoughte in hymself he wolde bryngc kynge Mark by some whyle/ to Jouste wyth one of them. And ano ne they toke ther horses & ranne after thyse knyghtes well a thre myle eng/ lysh. Thenne was kynge Mark wa re wher they sate al.vi.aboute a welle and ete & dranke suche meete as they had/and theyr horses walkynge & so me tyed/and ther shyldes henge in dy uers places abowte them.¶ So sayde syre Dynaday/yonder are knyghtes arraũt that wol Jouste wyth vs. God forbede sayde kynge Mark/ for they bey.vi.& we but two. As for that sayd syre Dynaday lete vs not spare/ for I woll assaye the formeste. And there wyth he made him redy. Whan kyng Mark sawe him do so as faste as syr Dynaday rode towarde them kynge Mark rode frowarde them wyth alle his meynyall meyne. Soo whan syre Dynaday saw kyng Mark was goñ he let the spere out of the reest & threw the shelde vpon his backe & came ry/ dyng to the felyshyp of the table roũ de.¶ And anone syre Gwayne knew syre Dynaday/& welcomyd hym/ & so dyde all his felyshyp.

¶ How the.vi.knyghtes sent syr Da gonet to Jouste wyth kynge Marke/ & how kyng Mark refusid hỹ. .xij.

AND thenne they askid hym of his aduentures/& whether he had sene syre Tristram or syr Laun celot. So god me helpe sayd syr Dy/ naday I sawe none of them sith I de partyd from Camelot. What knyght is that sayd syre Brandyles. that so sodeynly departyd from you/ & rode ouer ponder felde. Syr sayd he it was a knyghte of Cornewayle/& the mos te horrible cowarde that euer bestrode hors. What is his name sayd all thy/ se knyghtes. I wote not sayd syr Dy naday So whan they hadde repolyd them & spoke togiders/they toke ther horses & rode to a castell where dwel/ lyd an olde knyghte ỹ made al knyg tes arraunt good chere.¶ They in ỹ meane while that they were talkyng came in to the castel syr Griflet lefy sende dieu/& there he was welcome. & they askyd hỹ whether he had seen sy re Launcelot or syr Tristram. Syres he answerd I sawe hym not syn he de parted fro Camelot¶ So as syr Dy naday walkyd & beheld the castel. the re bi in a chãbre he aspyed kyng mar ke/& then he rebukid hỹ. & askyd whi he departid so. Sir he sayd for Jouste not abyde by cause there were so ma: ny/¶ But how escapyd ye sayd kyn ge Mark: ¶ Syre sayde Dynaday

they were better frendes than I wend they had ben./Who is capitayne of ȳ felishyp sayd the kynge. Thenne for to fere hȳ syr Dynaday sayd it was syre Launcelot. D Jhesu sayd the kȳge myghte I knowe syr Launcelot bi his shelde. Ye sayd Dynaday / for he berith a shelde of syluer & blacke bendes. All this he sayd to fere the kyng for syre Launcelot was not in his felishyp. Now I praye you sayd kynge Mark that ye wol ride in my felishyp That is me loth to do sayd syre Dynaday/ by cause ye forsoke my felyshyp. Right soo syr Dynaday went from kynge Mark & went to his owne felyshyp. And so they mounted vpon ther horses & rode on ther wayes/ and talked of the comynsshe knyghte. for Dynaday told them that he was in the castell where they were lodgid. ¶ It is well sayd sayd syre Griflet for here haue I broughte syr Dagonet kyng Arthurs foole/that is ȳ beste felowe & the meriest in the worlde. ¶ Wyll ye doo well sayd syre Dynaday. I haue tolde the comynsshh knyghte that here is syr Launcelot. And the comynsshh knyght askyd me what shelde he bare. Truely I tolde hym that he bare the same shelde that syr Mordred berith. ¶ Wyll ye do well sayde syre Mordred. I am hurte & may not well bere my shelde nor harneys/and therfore put my shelde & harneys vpon syr Dagonet/& lete hym set vpon the comynsshh knyghte. ¶ That shalbe done sayd syr Dagonet by my fayth Thenne anone was syr Dagonet armyd in Mordreds harneys & his shelde/& he was sette on a grete hors & a spere in his honde. Now sayd syr Dagonet shew me the knyghte. & I trow I shall bere hym downe. ¶ So al thise knightes rode to a wodis syde. and abode tylle kynge Mark came by the waye. Thene they put forth syre Dagonet. & he came on all the whyle his hors myghte renne strayte vpon kynge Mark. And whan he came nyghe kynge Mark/he cryed as he were wode & sayd Kepe the knyghte of Cor/ newayle for I woll slee the. Anone al kyng Marke beheld his shelde. he sayd to hymself Yonder is syr Launcelot. alas now am I distroyed. And there wyth al he made his hors to renne as faste as it myghte thrugh thicke & thȳne. And euer syr Dagonet folowed after kynge Mark cryenge and rayng hym as a wood man thorugh a grete foreste. ¶ Whan syre Gwayne & syre Brandyles sawe Dagonet chace so kynge Mark/ they laughed alle as they were wood. And thenne they toke ther horses & rode after to se how syr Dagonet spedde. For they wolde not for no good that syr Dagonet were hurte. For kynge Arthur loued him passynge well/and made hym knyghte his owne hondes. And at euery turnement he began to make kynge Arthur to laughe. ¶ Thenne the knyghtes rode here & ther cryenge & chacȳg after kyng Mark ȳ all the forest range of ȳ noyse.

¶ How syre Palomydes by auenture met kyng Mark fleyng/& how he ouerthrewe Dagonet & other knyghtes. ¶ Capĺm .xiij.

SO kyng Mark rode by fortune bi a welle in ȳ way whēr stode a knyzte arraūt on horsbak armed al

all poyntes wyth a grete spere in his honde. And whan he saw kyng Marke comynge fleynge/he sayd Knyghte retorne agayne for shame/& stonde wyth me and I shall be thy warrañt A fayr knyghte sayd kynge Mark lete me passe/ for yonder comyth after me the best knyghte of the worlde wt the blacke bended shelde. Fy for shame sayd the knyght he is none of the worthy knyghtes. And yf he were syr Launcelot or syre Tristram I sholde not dowte to mete the better of them bothe. ¶ Whan kyng Mark herde hȳ saye that worde/he torned his hors & abode by hym. And thenne that stronge knyghte bare a spere to Dagonet & smote hym so sore that he bare hym ouer his hors tayll/and nyghe hadd broke his necke. ¶ And anone after hym came syr Brandyles. and whan he sawe Dagonet haue that falle/he was passynge wrothe/And cryed/kepe the knyght. And so they hurlyd together wonder sore/But the knyghte smote syr Brandyles so sore that he went to the erthe hors & man. ¶ Syr Gwayne came after & sawe all this. Jhesu sayd he/yond is a strōng knyghte. And theune they feutred ther spered And this knyght came so egrely that he smote downe syr Gwayne anone. ¶ Thenne came Dzana wyth ꝑ hardy herte/and he was smyten downe. ¶ Now sayd syr Grifflet by my coū: seylle lete vs sende to yonder arraunt knyghte/ and wyte wher he be of Arthurs courte. for as I deme it is syre Lamorak de Galys. So they sente vnto hym/ & prayed the straung knyghte to telle his name/ and whether he were of Arthurs courte or not. ¶ As for my name they shall not wyte/but telle them I am a knyght arraunt as they are. And lete them wyte that I am no knyghte of kynge Arthurs court. And so the squyre rode agayn to them/and tolde them his answere of hym. ¶ By my heed sayd syre Agrauayne/he is one of the strongest knyghtes that euer I sawe. For he hath ouerthrowen thre noble knyghtes/and nedes we must encountre wyth hym for shame. So syr Agrauayn feutred his spere/& that other was redy/and smote hym downe ouer his hors to the erthe. And in the same wyse he smote sire Gwaynes auoultres and-also sir Griflet. Thenne had he serued them all/but syre Dynadan/for he was behynde/ & syre Mordred for he was vnarmyd & Dagonet had his harneys. ¶ So whan this was done the stronge knyght rode on his waye a softe pace. And kynge Mark rode after hym. prayenge hym mocke/ but he wolde answere no wordes/ but syghed wonderly sore/hangynge downe his heed takynge none hede to his wordes. ¶ Thus they rode well a thre myles englysshe. And thenne this knyghte callyd to hym a varlett & badde hym ryde vnto yonder fayr manoyre/ and recomaunde me vnto the lady of that castel & place. & praye her to sende me refresshyng of good meetes & drynkȝ And yf she aske the what I am/ telle her ꝑ I am the knyght that foloweth the questaunt beest/ ꝑ is in englysshe to say the questyng beest. for that beste where so euer he yede he questid in ꝑ bely wyth suche a noyse as it had be a.xxx. couple of hoūdes. They ꝑ varlet went his way/& cam to ꝑ manoyr

and salewyd the lady / and tolde her from whens he came. And whan she vnderstode that he came from ỳ knyȝte that folowyd the questyng best. O swete Jhesu she sayd whan shall I se that noble knyghte my dere sone Palomydes. Alas wyl he not abide with me . And there wyth she swowned & wepte and made passynge grete dole And thenne al so soone as she myghte she gaaf the varlet all that he axyd. And the varlet retornyd vnto syre Palomydes / for he was a varlette of kynge Markis. And as sone as he came. he tolde the knyghtes name was syre Palomydes. I am well pleysed sayd kynge Mark / but holde the styl & say no thyng. ¶ Thenne they alyȝtyd & lette theym downe and reposyd them awhyle. Anone wyth all kynge thenne Mark fell on slepe. Whan syr Palomydes sawe hym sounde on slepe / he toke his hors & rode his waye / and sayd to them I woll not be in ỳ company of a sleppynge knyghte. and so he rode forthe a grete paas.

¶ How kyng Mark & syr Dynadan herde syre Palomydes makyng gret sorowe & mournyng for La beale Jsoud ¶ Capĩm .xiiij.

NOw torne we vnto syr Dynadan ỳ founde thyse. vij. knyghtes passynge heuy. And whan he wyste how that they spedd / as heuy was he. My lorde syr Ewayn sayd, Dynadan / I dare laye my heed it is syre Lamorak de Galys. I promyse you alle I shall fynde hym / & he maye be foũde in this countree. And so syr Dynadan rode after this knyghte / And so rode kynge Mark that soughte hym thrugh the forest. So as kynge Mark rode after syre Palomydes / he herde a noyse of a may that made grete dole. Thenne kynge Mark rode as nye that noyse as he myght & as he durst Thenne was he ware of a knyght ỳ was descended of his hors. & had put of his helme / and there he made a pyteous complaynt & a dolorous of loue ¶ Now leue we that & talke we of syre Dynadan that rode to seke syr Palomydes . And as he came wythin a forest he mette wyth a knyghte a chacer of a dere. Syr sayd syr Dynadan mette ye wyth a knyghte wyth a sheelde of syluer & lyons heedys. Ye fayre knyghte sayd the other wyth suche a knyghte mette I but a whyle agoon / & straȳte yonder waye he rede. Grammercy sayd syr Dynadan. for myght I fynde the tracke of his hors I sholde not faylle to fynde that knyghte / ¶ Ryght so al syr Dynadan rode in the euen late / he herde a dolefull noyse as it were of a may. Thenne syre Dynadan rode towarde that noyse / And whan he came nyghe that noyse he alyghted of his hors & went nerr̃ hym on fote. Thenne was he ware of a knighte that stode vndr a tree and his hors tyed by hym / and the helme of his heed . And euer that knyghte made a doleful cõplaynt as euer made knyght. And alwaye he made hys complaynt of La beale Jsoud the quene of Connewayle. And sayd / a fayre lady why loue I the / for thou art fayrest of all other. And yet shewest thou neuer loue to me nor bounte. Alas yet must I loue the / And I maye not blame the fayr ladi. for myn eyen be cau

se of this sorowe. And yet to loue the I am but a foole/ for the best knyght of the worlde loueth the/ and ye hym apey/that is sir Tristram de Lyones And the falsest kyng & knyght is your husbonde/And the mooste cowarde & full of trealoy is youre lorde kynge Mark. Alas that euer so fayre a lady & peerles of all other sholde be mat / ched wyth the mooste vilanous knygh te of the worlde. ¶ Alle this langage herde kyng Mark what syr Palomy des sayde by hym. Wherfore he was adradde whay he sawe syr Dynadan leest & he aspyed hym / that he wolde tell syre Palomydes that he was kyn ge Mark/And therfor he wythdrew hym & tok his hors & rode to his mey where he cõmaunded them to abyde. And so he rode as faste as he myght vnto Camelot. And the same day he fonde there Amant the knyghte ther ready.that afore Arthur hadd appelyd hym of trealoy.And so lightly the kyng cõmaunded thiem to doo bataylle. And bi mysauentur kyng Mark smo te Amant thrugh the body . And yet was Amant in the ryghtwys quarell And ryght so he tok his hors & depar ted fro the courte for drede of syr Dy nadan that he wolde telle syre Tris/ tram & syr Palomydes what he was ¶ Thenne were there maydens that La beale Isoud had sent to syre Tris tram that knewe syr Amant well.

¶ How kynge Mark had slayne syr Amant wrongefully tofore kyng Ar thur/ And how syr Launcelot fet ky ge Mark to kyng Arthur ¶ ca. xv.

Thenne by the lycence of kyng Arthur they went to him and spake wyth hym. For whyle the tron: choun of the spere stacke wythin his body he spake. A fayre damoysels he sayd/recõmende me vnto La beale Is: soud / and telle her that I am slayne for the loue of her & of syr Tristram And ther he told the damoysels how cowardly kynge Mark had slayn hy & syr Berlules his felowe. And for ꝑ dede I appelyd hym of trealoy . & he re ām I slayne in a ryghtwys quarel And all was by cause of syre Berlu/ les & I wolde not consent by trealoy to slee ꝑ noble knyght syr Tristram ¶ Thenne the two maydens cryed a lowde that all the courte myghte here it & sayd/ O swete lorde Jhesu ꝑ kno west alle hydde thynges/why suffrest thou so fals a traytour to vaynquish & slee a true knyght that foughte in a ryghtwys quarell. ¶ Thenne anone it was spronge to the kyng & the que ne and to alle the lordes/ that it was kyng Mark ꝑ had slayn syr Amant. & syr Berlules afore honde/wherfor they dyde ther bataylle. Thenne was kynge Arthur wrothe out of mesure/ and so were all the other knyghtes. / ¶ But whay syre Tristram knewe all the matere he made grete dole & so rowe out of mesure. And wept for so/ rowe for the losse of the noble knygh tes syre Berlules and syr Amant. ¶ Whay syre Launcelot aspyed syre Tristram wepe / he wente hastely to kynge Arthur & sayde. Syre I praye you geue me leue to retorne apey yon/ der falle kynge & knyghte . I praye you sayde kynge Arthur: fetche hym apey/ But I wolde not that ye slewe

hym for my worshyp / ¶ Thenne syr Launcelot armyd hym in all hast. and mounted vpon a grete hors. And toke a spere in hys honde & rode after kynge Mark. And from thens a thre myle englysshe / syre Launcelot ouertoke hym. And badde hym torne recreaunt kynge & knyghte / for whether thou wolt or not thou shalte goo wyth me to kynge Arthurs courte. Kyng Marke retorned & lokyd vpon syre Launcelot / & sayd Fayr syre what is youre name. Wyte thou well sayd he my name is syre Launcelot / and therfore defende the. And whañe kynge Mark wyste that it was syre Launcelot. and came so faste vpon hym wyth a spere he cryed thenne alowde / I yelde me to the syr Launcelot honorable knighte: But syr Launcelot wolde not here him / but came fast vpon. Kyng Marke sawe that & made no defence / but tomblyd adowne oute of his sadyll to the erthe as a sack. And there he laye stylle / & cryed syre Launcelot mercy. Aryse recreaunt knyghte & kynge / I woll not fyghte sayde kynge Mark / But whether that ye woll I woll go wyth you. ¶ Alas alas sayd syr Laũcelot ꝑ I maye not geue the one buffett for the loue of syre Tristram & of La beale Isoud / & for the two knyghtes that thou hast slayne traytourslly. And so he mounted vpon his hors / & broughte hym to kynge Arthur. And there kynge Mark alyghted in the same place & threw his helme from his heed vpon the erth & his swerde / and felle flatte to the erthe of kynge Arthurs fete. and put hym in his grace & mercy. ¶ So god me helpe sayd Arthur ye are welcome in a manere. and in a manere ye are not welcome. / In this maner ye are welcome that ye come hyther magre your heed as I suppose. That is trouth sayd kyng Marke or elles had I not be here. For my lorde syr Launce broughte me here by his fyne force: And to hym am I polde as recreaunt. Well sayd Arthur ye vnderstonde ye oughte to do me seruise / homage & feawte. And neuer ye wold do me none / but euer ye haue be agaynst me / & a distroyer of my knyghtes: / Now how woll ye acquyte you. Syre sayd kynge Mark / ryght as your lordshypp woll requyre me vnto my power / I wol make a large amendes For he was a fayr speker & a fals there vnder: ¶ Thenne for grete pleysure of syr Tristram to make them two accorded. the kynge with helde kynge Mark: as at that tyme / And made a broken loue daye betwene them.

¶ How syre Dynadan tolde syr Palompdes of the bataylle betwene syre Launcelot & syre Tristram. ca. xvi

Now torne we agayne vnto syre Palompdes how sire Dynadan comforted hym in all that he myght from his grete sorowe. What knyghte are ye sayd syr Palompdes. Sir I am a knyghte arraunt as ye be that hath soughte you longe by your shelde. Here is my shelde sayd syre Palompdes wyte ye well & ye woll oughte therwith I shall defende it. Naye sayd syre Dynaday I woll not haue ado with you but in good manere. And yf ye woll ye shall fynde me soone redy. Syr sayd syr Dynaday whetherwarde ryde you this waye. By my heed sayd syr

palomydes I wote not but as fortu/ ne ledyth me. Herde ye or lawe ye ouz te of syr Tristram . So god me hel/ pe of syr Tristram I both herde and lawe. And not for they we loued not Inwardly togyders/yet att my myl/ cheyf syr Tristram relcowed me fro my dethe. And yet or he & I departyd by bothe our assentes / we assygned a day that we shold haue mette at the stony graue that Merlyn sette belyde Camelot/ and there to haue done ba taylle togyders/ How be it I was let: tid sayd syr palomydes that I mygh te not holde my daye: the whyche gre: uyth me sore: But I haue a large ex/ cuse/ for I was pryloner wyth a lorde and many other moo. And that shal syre Tristram vyght well vnderston de/ that I brake it not of fere of cow: ardyse. And thenne syre palomydes tolde syre Dynaday the same daye þ they sholde haue mette. ¶ So god me helpe sayde syre Dynaday that same daye mette syre Launcelot & syr Tris tram at the same graue of stone. And there was the mooste myghtyest batay le that euer was seen in this londe by twyx two knyghtes/ for they fought more than two houres. And there thei bledde bothe somoche blood/ that all men merueylled that euer they mygh te endure it. And so at the laste by bo/ the ther assentes they were made frem des & swore brethery for euer. And no man can Juge the better knyghte / & now is syre Tristram made a knyz: te of the rounde table. And he sytteth in the sege of the noble knyghte syre: Marhaus. ¶ By my heed sayde syre palomydes syr Tristram is fer byg ger thay syr Launcelot & the hardyer knyghte. ¶ Haue ye assayed them bo the sayd syre Dynaday. I haue sene syre Tristram fyghte sayd syre palo mydes. but neuer syre Lañcelot to my wytynge. But at the fonntayne whe re syre Launcelot laye on slepe ther wo one spere he smote downe syre Tris/ tram & me sayd palomydes/ but at þ tyme they knewe not eyther other./ Fayr knyghte sayd syr Dynaday as for syre Launcelot & syr Tristram le e them be. for the worste of them wol not be lyghtly matched of no knygh tes that I knowe lyuyng. ¶ No sayd syre palomydes god defende but & I had a quarell to the better of them bo the/ I wolde wyth as good a wyll fyz te wyth hym as wyth you. ¶ Syre I requyre you telle me youre name & in ly good fayth I shall holde you com/ pany tyll that we come to Camelot / And ther ye shall haue grete worship now at this grete turnement. For ther shal be the quene Gueneuer & Lā bea le Jloud of Lonnewayle. Wyte ye wel syre knyghte/ for the loue of La beale Jloud I wol be there & ellys not. But I wol not haue a do in kynge Arthu ris court. Syr sayd Dynaday I shall ryde wyth you & do you seruyse. so ye woll telle me your name. Syr ye shal vnderstonde my name is syr palomy des brother to Safere the good & no: ble knyghte/ And syr Segwarydes & I bey sarralyns borne of fader & mo: der ¶ Syr sayd syr Dynaday I than ke you moche for the tellynge of your name. For I am glad of that I know your name. And I promyse you by þ fayth of my body ye shall not be hurt by me by my wyll. but rather be auañ ced. And therto wol I helpe you wyth

alle my power I promyse you/dowte ye not. And certenly on my lyf ye shal wynne grete worshyp in the court of kynge Arthur/& be ryght welcome./ ¶ So thenne they dressyd on ther helmes & put on ther shyldes/and mounted vpon ther horses & toke the brode waye towarde Camelot. And thenne were they ware of a castelle that was fayr & ryche/ & also passynge stronge as ony was wythin this reame.

¶ How syre Lamorak Jousted with dyuers knyghtes of the castell/where in was Morgay le fay Capl'z xviij.

SYre Palomydes sayd Dynadan here is a castell ꝑ I know wel/and therin dwelleth quene Morgay le fay kynge Arthurs syster. And kynge Arthur gaue her this castell/ ꝑ whyche he hath repentyd hym sythen a thoulande tymes. For sythen kynge Arthur & she haue ben at debate & strife. But this castell cowde he neuer gete nor wynne of her by no maner of engyne. And euer as she myghte she made werre on kinge Arthur. And al daungerous knyghtes she wyth holdeth wyth her for to distroye all thole knyghtes that kynge Arthur louyth. And ther shall no knyghte passe this way but he must Jouste w̄ one knighte or wyth two or with thre. And yf it happe that kynge Arthurs knight be beten/he shal lese his hors & his harneys & all that he hath. and harde yf he scape but that he shall be prisoner ¶ So god me helpe sayd Palomydes this is a shameful custome & a vilay nous vsaunce for a quene to vse/and namely to make suche werre vppon: her owne lord/that is callyd the flouze of chyualry that is crystē or hethen And wyth all my herte I wolde dyscroye that shamefull custome. And I woll that al the worlde wyte she shal haue no scruple of me. And yf she sende out ony knyghtes as I suppose she woll for to Jouste they shall haue ba the ther handes full. And I shall not fayl you sayd syr Dynadan vnto my puysshaunce vppon my lyfe. ¶ So as they stode on horsbak afore the castel there came a knyghte wyth a redd shelde & two squyres after hym. And they he came strayte vnto syre Palomydes the good knyghte & sayd to hym. Faire & gentyll knyght arraunt I requyre the for the loue that thou owest vnto knyghthode that thou woll not haue a doo here wyth thyse men of this castell/ For this was syre Lamorak ꝑ thus sayde/for I came hyther to seke this dede/& it is my requeste. And therfore I beseche you knyghte lete me deale/and yf I be beten reuenge me. In the name of god sayd Palomydes/lete se how ye woll spede & we shall beholde you. ¶ Thenne anone came forth a knyghte of the castell & profered to Jouste wyth the knyghte wyth the redde shelde. Anone they encounterd togyders. and he wyth the redde shelde smote him so harde that he bare hym ouer to the erthe. There wyth anone came a nother knyght of ꝑ castell/ and he was sumpten so sore that he auoyded his sadyl. And forth with all came the thyrde knyghte/and the knyghte wyth the redde shelde smote hym to therth. ¶ They came syr Palomydes & beseughte hȳ that he myght helpe him to Jouste. Fayr knyghte

layd he vnto hym Suffre me as atte this tyme to haue my wyl. For & they were.xx.knyghtes I shall not doubte them. And euer there were vppon the walles of the castel many lordes & ladyes that cryed & sayde. Well haue ye Joustyd knyghte wyth the redde shelde. But as soone as the knyghte had smyten them downe / his squyre toke ther horses/and auoyded the sadyls & brydyls of ther horses/& torned them in to the foreste/and made the knyghtes to be kept to the ende of the Joustes. ¶ Ryght so came out of the castel the fourth knyghte/and fresshly profred to Joust wyth the knyghte with the redde shelde/& he was redy. And he smote hym so harde/that hors & man felle to the erth/and the knyghtes bak brake wyth the falle & his necke also ¶ O Jhesu sayd syr Palomydes that yonder is a passyng good knyghte/& the beste Jouster that euer I sawe. By my heed sayd syre Dynadan he is as good as euer was syr Launcelot or syre Tristram what knyghte soo euer he be. /

¶ How syre Palomydes wolde haue Jousted for syr Lamorak w̄ the knyghtes of the castell ¶ Capl'm .xvij.

Thenne forth wyth all came a knyghte oute of the castell w̄ a sheelde bended wyth blacke & wyth whyte. And anone the knyghte wyth the redde shelde & he encoūtred so harde / that he smote the knyghte of the castell thrugh the bended shelde & thorugh the body: and brake the hors bak ¶ Fayr knyght sayd syr Palomydes ye haue ouermoche on honde. therfore I pray you lete me Jouste/ for ye had nede to be repolyd. ¶ Why syre sayde the knyghte/seme ye that I am wehe & feble/ and syre me thynkyth ye profre me wrong & to me shame whan I do well ynough. I telle you now as I told you erst/for & they were.xx.knyghtes I shall bete them. And yf I be betey or slayne. thenne maye ye reuenge me. And yf ye thynke that I be wery & ye haue ay appetite to Jouste wyth me. I shal fynde you Joustyng Inough ¶ Syr sayd Palomydes I sayd it not by cause I wolde Joust with you. but me semith that ye haue ouermoche on honde/ And therfore & ye were gentyl sayd the knyght wyth the redde shelde ye sholde not profre me shame. Therfore I requyre you to Jouste with me & ye shall fynde that I am not wery/ Syth ye requyre me sayd syre Palo/ mydes. take kepe to yourselt. Thenne those two knyghtes came togyder as faste as ther horses myght renne. and the knyghte smote syr Palomydes so sore on the shelde. that the spere went in to his syde a grete wounde & a perylous. And therwyth all syre Palomydes auoyded his sadyll. And that knyghte torned vnto syre Dynadan And whan he sawe hym comyng/ he cryed alowde & sayd. Sire I woll not haue a do wyth you. But for that he left it not but came strayte vpon him So syre Dynadan for shame put for the his spere & all to sheuerde it vpon the knyghte. But he smote syre Dynadan agayn so harde/that he smote hym clene from his sadyll. But their horses he wolde not suffre his squires to medle wyth/for by cause they were knyghtes arraunt. ¶ Thenne he dressyd agayne to the castell. & Joustyd w̄

vñ. knyghtes moo/and there was none of them myghte wythstonde hym. but baze them to the erthe. And of thi se. xñ. knyghtes he slewe in playne Jostes fouze. And the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a swerde/that they sholde neuer vse the euyll costome of ỹ castell. And whan he had made them to swere that othe he lete them passe. And euer stode ỹ lozdes & the ladyes on the castell walles cryenge & sayenge Knyghte wyth the red shelde ye haue meruey llously wel do as ener we sawe knyghte do. And therwyth came a knyghte oute of the castell vnarmyd & sayd/Knyghte w^t the redde shelde/ ouer moche damage hast thou done to vs this daye. therfo re ze retorne whyther thou wylt/for here are nomo woll haue a doo wyth the/ For we repente sore that euer thou ca mest here/ for by the is fordone the ol de custome of this castell. And wyth ỹ word he torned agayn in to the castel & shytte the yates. ¶ They the knyz te wyth the redde shelde tornyd & cal/ lyd his squyres & so paste forth on hil waye & rode a grete paas. And whan he was paste syr Palomydes wente: to syr Dynaday & sayd I had neuer suche a shame of one knyghte ỹ euer I mette. And therfore I caste me to ri de after hym. & to be reuenged w̃ my swerd/ For on horsbak I deme I shal gete no worshyp on hym. ¶ Syr Pa/ lomydes sayd Dynaday. ye shal not medle wyth hym by my counsell/ for ye shall gete no worshyp of hym. and for this cause/ Ye haue seen hym thil day haue had ouermoche to do & ouer moche trauayled. By almyghty Jhũ sayd Palomydes I shall neuer be ate ease tyll that I haue had a doo wyth hym. Syre sayd Dynaday I shall ge ue my beholdyng. Well sayd Palomy des thenne shall ye se how we shal re dresse our mightes. So they toke ther horses of ther varlettes & rode after ỹ knyghte wyth the redde sheelde. And downe in a valey beside a fountayne they were waze where he alyghted to repose hym/ and had done of his hel/ me for to drynke at the well.

¶ How syre Lamorak Jousted wyth syr Palomydes and hurte hym grieuo usly. ¶ Capĩm xix.

Then Palomydes rode fast tyl he came nygh hym: And then he sayd Knyght remembre of the sha me ye dyde to me ryght now at ỹ cas tell/therfore dresse the / for I woll ha ue adoo wyth the. Fayr knyghte sayd he to Palomydes/ of me ye wynne nõ worshyp/ for ye haue seen this daye ỹ I haue bey trauayled sore. As for that sayde Palomydes I woll not lete/ for wyte ye well I woll be reuengyd. Wel sayd the knighte I maye happe to en dure you. And therwyth all he moun: tyd vpon his hors & toke a grete spere in his honde redy for to Jouste. Naye sayd syr Palomydes I wol not Joust for I am sure at Joustynge I gete no pryce: Fayr knyghte sayd that knygh te it wold beseme a knyghte to Joust & to fyghte on horsback. Ye shall see what I woll doo sayd Palomydes. & therwyth all he lyghted downe on fo te & dressyd his shelde afore hym and pullyd out his swerd. They ỹ knygh te with the redde sheld descended dou ne from his hors/ & dressyd his shelde

afore hym/& so he drewe out his swer de. And they they came togyder a lof te paas / and wonderly they lasshyd togyders passynge thycke the mounte nauce of ay houre or euer they brethed Thenne they sacyd & sauercyd and werxyd wonderly wrothe. And eyther behyghte other dethe. They hewe so fast wyth ther swerdes/that they kyt ay downe half ther swerdes & mayles that the baze flesshe ay some place stode aboue ther harneys. And whay syr Palonydes behelde his felowes swer de ouer hylled wyth his blood/it gre / uyd hym sore. Some whyle they fey/ ned some whyle they stroke as wylde mey: But at the laste syr Palomydes werxyd faynte by cause of his furst wo unde that he had at the castell wyth a spere. For ꝑ wounde greued hym won derly sore. ¶ Fayr knyghte sayd syre: Palomydes/me semyth we haue assa yd eyther other passyng sore/& if may plese the I require the of thy knyghte hode telle me thy name. Syr sayd the knyghte to Palomydes/that is me lo the to do/for thou hast done me wron ge/& no knyghthode to profre me ba tayle/ consyderyng my grete straueyle But & thou wolt telle me thy name/ I woll telle the myn. ¶ Syre sayd he wyte thou well my name is Palomy des. ¶ A syr ye shal vnderstonde my name is syr Lamorak de Galys. son & heyre vnto the good knyght & kyn ge/kyng Pellenore. And syr Tor the good knyghte is myn halfe brother.: Whan syre Palomydes herde hym say so he knelyd downe & askyd mercy / for outerageously haue I done to you this day/consyderyng the grete dedes of armes I haue seen you done. shamfully and vnknyghtly I haue requy/ red you to doo batayle. ¶ A syre Pa/ lomydes sayd syr Lamorak/ouermo/ che haue ye done & sayd to me/& ther wyth he embracyd hym wyth hys bo the hondes. And sayd Palomydes the worthy knyghte. in alle this londe is no better than ye nor more of prowes And me repenteth for that we sholde fyghte togyders. ¶ So it doth me sa yd Palomydes/& yet I am sorer wo / unded than ye be But as for that no force for I shall soone therof be hoole But certenly I wold not for the fay rest castell in this londe but yf you & I had miette. For I shall loue you the dayes of my lyfe afore all other knyz tes excepte my brod syr Safere. ¶ I saye the same sayd syre Lamorak ex/ cept my brother syr Tor. Then cam syr Dynadan & he made grete Joy of syre Lamorak/ Thenne ther squyres dressyd bothe ther sheldes & ther har: neys/& stoppyd ther woundes/& ther by at a pryory the restyd them al nyz te.

¶ How it was tolde syre Launcelot ꝑ Dagonet chacyd kyng Mark/& hou a knyght ouerthrewe hym & .vi. kuyz tes. ¶ Capl'm .xx.

NOw come we agayne/ Whan syr Gaynys & syr Brandyls wyth hys felowes came to the courte of kynge Arthur/they tolde the kyn/ ge/syre Launcelot/& syre Tristram/ how syre Dagonet the foole chacyd: kynge Mark thrugh the forest. & how the stronge knyghte smote them dou ne all. vij. wyth one spere. Ther was grete laughynge & Jappynge at kyng Mark & at syr Dagonet/but al they

cowde not telle what knyghte it was that recowed king Mark. They they alkyd kynge Mark yf that he knew hym. And he answerde & sayd/he nam yd hymself the knyghte that folow yth the questynge beest. And on that name he sente one of my varlets to a place wher that his moder is. & whan she herd from whens he came. she ma de passynge grete dole/and discouerd to my varlet his name & sayd. O my dere sone syre Palomydes why wolt ꝑ not se me. And therfor syr sayd kyng Mark it is to understonde his name is Palomydes a noble knyght. They were all thyse. vij. knyghtes gladde ꝑ they knewe his name.

Now torne we agayn. for on the mo row they toke ther horses both syr La morak/Palomydes/Dynadan wyth their squyres & varlets tyll they sawe a fayr castell that stode on a mounta ny wele closid/And thyther they rode & there they fonde a knyghte ꝑ hight Galahalt that was lorde of that cas tell. And there they had grete chere/& were well ealed. ¶ Syr Dynadan sa yd syr Lamorak what wol ye do. Sy re sayd Dynadan. I wyll to morowe to the courte of kynge Arthur. ¶ By my heed sayd syre Palomydes I wol not ryde thyse thre dayes/for I am so re hurt/& moche haue I bledde. & ther for I woll repose me. ¶ Truely sayd syre Lamorak & I woll abyde here wꝫ you/& whan ye ryde thenne wol I ry de. onles that ye tary ouer longe. they I woll take my hors. Therfor I pray you syr Dynadan abyde & ryde with vs. ¶ Faythfully sayde Dynadan I woll not abyde/for I haue suche a ta lent to se syre Tristram ꝑ I may not abyde longe fro hym. ¶ A Dynadan sayd syr Palomydes now do I vnder stonde/that ye loue my mortal enmy and therfore how sholde I truste you. ¶ Well sayd Dynadan I loue my lor de syr Tristram aboue al other. and hym wyll I serue & do honour. ¶ So shall I sayd syr Lamorak in all that maye lye in my power. So on ꝑ mor: ne syr Dynadan rode vnto the court of kynge Arthur. And by the way as he rode he sawe where stode an arra/ unt knyghte/& made hym redy for to Jouste. Not soo sayd Dynadan for I haue no wyll for to Juste. ¶ Wyth me shall ye Jouste sayd the knyghte or ꝑ ye passe this waye. Whether aske ye Joustes by loue or bi hate. The knyg te answerde/wyte ye wel I aske it for loue & not for hate. ¶ It maye well be so sayd syr Dynadan/but ye prof fre me harde loue/whan ye woll Just wyth me with a sharpe spere But sa yr knyghte sayd syre Dynadan syth ye woll Just wyth me mete wyth me in the courte of kynge Arthur. & ther shall I Jouste wyth you. ¶ Well sayd the knyghte syth ye wol not Joust wꝫ me I praye you telle me youre name. ¶ Syre knyghte sayd he my name is syre Dynadan. ¶ A sayd the knygh te/ full well knowe I you for a good knyghte & a gentyll. ¶ And wyte you well I loue you hertly. ¶ They shal here be no Joustes sayd Dynadan be twyxe vs. So they departed/& the sa me daye he came to Camelot/ where laye kynge Arthur. And there he sale wed the kynge & the quene. syr Laun celot. & syre Tristram. And all the co urt was glad of syr Dynadan. for he was gentyl. wyse & curteys/& a good

knyghte/and in especyall the valya/ unt knyghte syr Tristram louyd syre Dynadan passynge well abouen alle othe knyghtes sauf syre Launcelot. ¶Thenne the kynge askyd syr Dynadan what aduentures he had seen. ¶Syre sayd Dynadan I haue seen many aduentures/and of some kyng Mark knowyth/but not al. Thenne the kynge herkenyd syre Dynadan/ how he tolde that syre Palomydes & he were tofore the castel of Morgan le fay/And how syr Lamorak toke ꝑ Joustes afore them/and how he forio ustyd.xij.knyghtes/ and of them fou re he slewe.& how after he smote dow ne syr Palomydes and me both. ¶I maye not byleue that sayd the kyng. For syre Palomydes is a passyng go: de knyght. ¶That is very truthe sa yd syr Dynadan. But yet I saw hȳ better preued honde for honde/& they he tolde the kynge all that batayll/& how syre Palomydes was more we/ her & more hurt.and more lost of his blood. And wythout dowte sayd syre Dynadan.had the batayle lenger en dured Palomydes had be slayne. ¶O Jhesu sayd kyng Arthur this is to me a grete merueyle. ¶Syre sayd Tris tram merueyle ye no thynge therof/ for at myn aduys there is not a valy aunter knyghte in the worlde lyuyng For I knowe his myghte. And now I woll saye you I was neuer soo wery ōf knyghte but ꝑ it were syre Laun celot. And there is no knyghte in the worlde excepte syr Launcelot I wold dyde so well as syre Lamorak. ¶So god me helpe sayd the kynge I wold that knyghte syre Lamorak came to: this courte. ¶Syre sayde Dynadan he woll be here in shorte space/ & syre Palomydes both. But I fere that Pa lomydes maye not yet trauayle.

¶How kynge Arthur lete doo crye a Joustes/& how syr Lamorak cam in and ouerthrewe syr Gawayne & ma ny moo. ¶Capitm .xxi.

They wythin thre dayes after: the kyng lete make a Joustyng at a priory. And ther made them redy many knyghtes of the rounde table/ For syr Gawayne & his brethery ma de them redy to Jouste. But syr Tris tram/Launcelot nor Dynadan wold not Jouste/but suffred syr Gawayne for the loue of kyng Arthur with his brethery to wynne the degree ꝑ they myght. They on the morne they apa relled them to Jouste syr Gawayne & his foure brethery/ & dyde there grete dedes of armes. And syr Ector de ma rys dyde merueyllously well/but syre Gawayne passyd all that felyshyp/ Wherfore kyng Arthur & all ꝑ knyg tes gaaf syr Gawayn̄ the honour at the begynnyng. ¶Ryght so kyng Ar thur was ware of a knyght and two squyres the whyche came out of a fo: reste syde wyth a shelde couerde wyth leder. And thenne he came slyly & hurt lyd here & there. And anone wyth one spere he had smyte downe two knyg tes of the rounde table. They w̄ hys hurtlyng he lost the couerynge of hys shelde. They was ꝑ kyng & all other ware ꝑ he bare a red shelde. ¶O Jhū sayd Arthur se where rideth a stowte knyzte he w̄ the red shelde. & ther wal cuenge/beware ꝑ knyghte w̄ the red shelde. So wyth a whyle he had ouer/ throwe thre bredery of syr Gawayn̄

So god me helpe sayd kynge Arthur me semyth yonder is the beste Juster that euer I sawe. Wyth that he sawe hym encounture wyth syre Gawayne and he smote hym doune with so gre te force that he made his hors to auoy de his sadyll. How now sayd the kyn ge syre Gawayne hath a falle. Well were me & I knewe what knyghte he were wyth the redde shelde. I knowe hym well sayde Dyuaday/but as at this tyme ye shall not knowe his na/ me. By my heed sayd syre Tristram he Jousteth better than syre Palomy des. And yf ye lyst to knowe his nam Wyte ye well his name is syr Lamo/ rak de Galys. ¶ As they stode thus talkynge syr Gawayne & he encoun/ tred togyders agayn/& there he smo: te syr Gawayn from hys hors & bru sed hym sore. And in the syght of kyn ge Arthur he smote downe.xx. knygh tes beside syr Gawayne & his bredn And so clerely was the pryce yeuen to hym as a knyghte peerlesse. Thenne sly & meruey lously syre Lamorak wythdrewe hym from al the felyship in to the foreste syde. ¶ All this aspy ed kynge Arthur/for his eye went ne uer from him. Thenne the kynge syr Launcelot. syre Tristram & syr Dy/ nadan toke ther hakneys & rode stray te after the good knyghte syr Lamo/ rak de Galys. and there fonde hym. And th9 sayd the kyng/A fayr knyg te well be ye foūde. Whan he sawe the kynge he put of his helme. and salew ed hym. And whan he sawe syr Tris tram /he alyghted downe of his hors and ranne to him to take him by the thyes. But syre Tristram wolde not suffre him/but he alyghted or that he came. And eyther toke other in arms and made grete Joy of other. ¶ The kynge was gladde and also soo was all the felyshyp of the rounde table ex cepte syre Gawayne & his brethern./ ¶ And whan they wyste that he was syr Lamorak/ they had grete dyspyte and were wonderly wrothe wyth hym/ that he had put hym to dyshonour & daye. ¶ Thenne Gawayne callyd pryuely in counsell all his brethern. & to them sayd thus. Fayr brethern here maye ye se whom that we hate kynge Arthur loueth. and whom that we lo ue he hatith. And wyte ye well my fa yr brethern / that thys syre Lamorak woll neuer loue vs/by cause we slewe his fayr kynge Pellenore/For we de/ myd that he slewe our fader kyng of Orkeney. And for the despyte of Pel lenore syr Lamorak dyde vs a shame to our moder. Therfore I woll be re/ uengyd. ¶ Syre sayd syr Gawayns bredern lete vs se how ye wol or may be reuengyd/and ye shall fynde vs re dy. Well sayde Gawayne holde you styll and we shall aspye our tyme.

¶ How syr Arthur made kyng Mar ke to be accorded wyth syr Tristram And how they departid towarde Cor newayle. ¶ Capl'm .xxij.

NOw passe we ouer this mate: re and leue we syr Gawayne And speke we of kynge Arthur. that oy a day sayd vnto kynge Mark. Sy re I requyre you & praye you. to geue me a gyfte that I shall aske of you./ Syre sayd kynge Mark I woll geue to you what someuer ye desyre/and it be in my power. ¶ Syre gramercy

layd Arthur/ This woll I aske you that ye woll be good Lorde vnto syre Tristram/for he is a may of gret honour/ and that ye wyl take hym with you in to Cornewayle/ and lete hym se his frendes/add there cherysh him for my sake. Syre layd kynge Mark I promyse you by the fayth of my body. & by the faythe I owe to god & to you I shall worshyp hym for your sake. in all that I can or maye. Syr layd Arthur and I woll forgeue you al the euyll wyll that euer I ought you/ and soo be that ye swere that vpon a boke afore me/ Wyth a good wyll sayd kynge Mark. And so he ther swore vpon a boke afore hym and all his knyghtes. And therwith kyng Mark and syre Tristram toke eyther-other by the hondes harde knytte togyders But for all this kyng Mark thought falsly/as it preuyd afterwarde. for he put syre Tristram in prison & cowardly wolde haue slayne hym. ¶ They soone after kynge Mark toke his leue to ryde in to Cornewayle. And syre Trystram made hym redy to ryde wyth hym. Wherof the most party of the rounde table were wrothe & heuy And in especyall syr Launcelot & syr Lamorak/& syr Dynadan were wrothe out of measure. For well they wyst kyng Mark wolde slee or dystroye syre Tristram. Alas sayde Dnadan yf my lorde syr Tristram shall departe And syr Tristram toke suche sorow that he was amasid lyke a fole. Alas sayd syre Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur what haue ye done / for ye shall lese the moost may of worshyp that euer came in to youre courte. It was hys owne delire sayd Arthur: and therfor I myghte not doo wyth all. For I haue doon alle that I can & made them acorded. Accorded sayd syr Launcelot fye vppon that accorde/ For ye shall here that he shall slee syre Trystram or put hym in a prylon/ For he is the moost cowarde & the vylaynoust kynge and knyghte that is now lyuynge And therwyth syre Launcelot departed/ and came to kynge Mark and sayd to hym thus/ ¶ Syre kynge wyte thou well the good knyght syre Tristram shal goo wyth the. Beware I rede the of trealoy/for and thou mischeue that knyght by ony maner of falsehede or trealoy/ by the fayth I owe to god and to the orde of knyghthode I shall slee the myn owne hondes. ¶ Sir Launcelot sayd the kyng ouermoche haue ye sayd to me/ And I haue swore and sayd ouer largely afore kynge Arthur in herynge of al hil knyghtes/that I shall not slee nor betraye hym. It were to me ouermoche shame to breke my promyse ¶ Ye say well sayd syre Launcelot / but ye are callid so fals and full of trealoy that noo man can byleue you. For lothe it is knowen well wherfore ye came in to thys countree / and for none other cause but for to slee syre Trystram / ¶ Soo with grete doole kyng Mark and syre Tristram rode togyder. For it was by syre Tristrams wyll & hys meanes to goo wyth kynge Mark/ & alle was for the entent to se La beale Isoud. For wythout the syghte of her syr Tristram myghte nōt endure.

How syr Percyuale was made knyzt of kyng Arthur. & how a dōme mayde spak & brouzt hym to ye roñde table. xxiij

NOw torne we agayne vnto sire Lamorak & spake we of his brethern. Syre Tor was kyng Pellynors fyrste sone / & begoten of Arpes wyf the cowherde / for he was a balderde. And syr Aglauale was his fyrste sone begote in wedlok. Syr Lamorak. Dornar. Percyuale thyse wer his sones two in wedlok ¶ So whan kyng Arthur Syre Mark & syr Tristram wer departyd from the courte / there was made grete dole & sorowe for the departyng of syre Tristram Thenne the kynge & his knyghtes made noo manere of Joyes. viii. dayes after. And at ye eyghte dayes ende there came to the court a knyghte wyth a yong squyre wyth hym. And whan this knyght was vnarmyd he went to the kynge / & requyred hym to make the yonge squyre a knyghte. Of what lygnage is he come / sayd kyng Arthur Syre sayd the knyghte he is the sone of kynge Pellenore ye dyde you somtyme good seruyse. And he is brother vnto syr Lamorak de Galys the good knyghte / Well sayd the kynge / for what cause desyre ye that of me that I shold make hym a knyghte. Wyte you wel my lorde the kynge that this yonge squyre is broder to me as wel as to syr Lamorak. And my name is Aglauale. / Syre Aglauale sayde Arthur for the loue of syr Lamorak & for his faderes loue he shalbe made knyght tomorow. ¶ Now tell me sayd Arthur what is his name. Syre sayd the knyghte his name is Percynale de Galys. So on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelot / But the kynge & alle the knyghtes thoughte it wold be longe or that he preued a good knyghte. / ¶ They at the dyner whan the kynge was sett at the table & euery knyghte after he was of prowesse / the kyng cõmaunded hym to be sette amonges meane knyghtes / And so was Percyuale sette as the kynge cõmaunded. / ¶ Thenne was there a mayden in ỹ quencs courte that was come of hygh blood / And she was domme & neuer spake worde. Ryght so she came streyte in to the halle / and went vnto syre Percyuale & toke hym by the honde & sayd alowde that the kynge & all the knyghtes myghte here it. Aryse syre Percyuale the noble knyghte & goodly knyghte & go wyth me. And so he dyde. And there she brought hym to the ryght syde of the sege perylous. And sayd Fayr knyghte take here thy sege / for that appertayneth to the & to none other. Ryght so she departyd / & askid a preest. And as she was confessyd & houselyd they she deyed. Then the kynge & all the court made grete Joye of syre Percyuale.

¶ How syre Lamorak laye wyth kynge Lots wyf. and how syre Gaherys slewe her whyche was his owne moder. ¶ Capl'm ¦ .xviii.

NOw torne we vnto syr Lamorak that moche was ther praysed / Thenne by the meane of syr Gawayne & his brethern / they sente for ther mod there beside faste by a castell beside Camelot. And all was to the entent to slee syr Lamorak. The Quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle but syre Lamorak wyst of her beynge / and was full fayne. And for to make ay ende of this mater he sent

vnto her/ and ther betwyx them was a nyghte allygned that syr Lamorak shold come to her. Therof was ware syre Gaherys/ & he rode tofore the same nyghte & wayted vpon syr Lamorak/ And thenne he sawe where he came all armyd/ & where syr Lamorak alyghted/ He tyed his hors to a preuy posterne/ & so he went in to a parlour & vnarmyd hym. And thenne he went vnto the quenes bedde. & she made of hym passynge grete Joye / & he of her agayn/ for eyther loued other passyng sore. ¶ So whan the knyght syr Gaherys sawe his tyme/ he came to ther beddys syde all armyd wyth hys swerde naked. And sodeynly gate his moder by the heere/ & strake of her hede. ¶ Whan syr Lamorak sawe ye blode dasshe vpon hym all hote. the why: che he loued passynge well/ wyte you well he was sore abasshyd & dysmayed of that dolorous knyghte. And there wyth all syre Lamorak lept out of the bedde in hys sherte as a knyghte dysmayed sayenge thus. A syre Gaherys knyght of the table rounde foule & euyll haue ye done/ & to you grete shame. Alas why haue ye slayne your moder that bare you. wyth mor ryght ye sholde haue slayne me. The offence hast thou done sayde Gaherys notwythstondynge a man is bounde to offre his seruyse/ but yet sholdest thou beware with whom thou medlest/ for thou hast putt me & my brethern to a shame: And thy fader slewe our fader And thou to lye bi our moder it is to moche shame for vs to suffre: And as for thy fader kyng Pellenore my brother syr Gawayne & I slewe hym. Ye dyde hym the more wronge sayd syre Lamorak/ for my fader slew not your fader/ it was Balyn le sauuage/ & aspect my faders deth is not reuengyd Leue thyse wordes sayd Gaheris. for & thou spekest felonously I woll slee ye But, by cause thou arte naked I am ashamed to slee the. But wyte ye well in what place I maye gete the I shal slee the. And now my moder is quyte of the/ & withdraw the/ and take thi armour that thou wer goon. Syr Lamorak sawe there was none other bote but faste armyd hym. and toke his hors & rode his waye makynge grete sorowe/ But for the shame & doloure he wolde not ryde to kynge Arthurs, courte/ but rode a nother way ¶ But whan it was knowen that Gaherys had slayne his moder/ the kyng was passynge wrothe/ & cõmaunded hym to goo out of his courte. Wyte ye well syre Gawayne was wroth that Gaherys had slayne his moder. & lete syr Lamorak escape. And for this matter was the kynge passynge wrothe/ and so was syre Lamorak. & many other knyghtes. ¶ Syr sayd syre Launcelot here is a grete myschef befalle by felony & by forcast treason that your syster is thus shamefully slayne. And I dare say that it was wroughte by treason. And I dare saye ye shall lese ye good knyghte syr Lamorak/ the why che is grete pyte. I wote wel & am sure & syre Tristram wyste it/ he wolde neuer more come wythin your courte. The whyche sholde greue you moche more & al your knyghtes. God defende sayd the noble kynge Arthur/ that I shold lese syr Lamorak or syr Trystram/ for thenne tweyne of my cheyf knyghtes of the table round wer goon

Syre sayde syre Launcelot I am sure ye shall lese syre Lamorak / for syre Gawayne & hys brethern woll slee hym by oo meane or other / for they among them haue concluded & swor ne to slee him & euer they may se ther tyme. That shal I lette sayd Arthur

¶ How syr Agrauayn & syr Mordred mette wyth a knyghte fleeng / & how they both were ouerthrowe / & of syre Dynadan. ¶ Capitm .xxv.

NOw leue we of syr Lamorak & speke of we of syr Gawaynes brethern / & specyally of syr Agrauayñ & syr Mordred as they rode on ther auentures they mette wyth a flee: yng knyghte sore wounded. And they askyd hym what tydynges. Fayr knyg tes sayd he here cometh a knyghte af ter me that wol slee me. Wyth that ca me syre Dynadan rydynge to theym by auenture / But he wolde promyse them no helpe.. But syre Agrauayne & syr Mordred promysed hym to rel / cowe hym. There wyth al came that knyghte strayte vnto them. And ano ne he proffred to Jouste . That sawe syre Mordred & rode to hym / but he stroke Mordred ouer hys hors tayll / That sawe Agrauayne / & strayte he rode towarde that knyghte. And ryght so as he serued Mordred so he serued Agrauayne. and sayd to them. Syres wyte you well bothe that I am Breu le saunce pyte that hathe done this to you. And yet he rode ouer Agrauayne fyue or syxe tymes. ¶ Whan Dyna / dan sawe this he must nedis Joust w him for shame. And so syr Dynadan & he encountred togyders / that wyth pure strength syr Dynadan smote hym ouer his hors tayll. Thenne he toke his hors & fledde / for he was on fote one of the valyaũtest knyghtes in Ar thurs dayes / and a grete dystroyer of all good knyghtes. Thenne rode syre Dynadan vnto syre Mordred & vnto syre Agrauayne. Syre knyghte sayde they all well haue ye done / & well ha ne ye reuenged vs / Wherfore we pray you telle vs your name. Fayr syres ye oughte to knowe my name the why: che is callyd syre Dynadan. Whan they vnderstode that it was Dyna / dan they were more wrothe than they were before. for they hatyd hym oute of mesure by cause of syre Lamorak. For Dynadan had suche a custome ꝑ he louyd all good knyghtes that wer̄ valyaunt / & he hatyd all those ꝑ wer̄ distroyers of good knyghtes. And the re were none ꝑ hatyd Dynadan. but those that euer were callid murderers ¶ Thenne spake the hurte knyghte that Breuse saunce pyte had chacyd. his name was Dalan. & sayd. yf thou be Dynadan thou slewest my fader / ¶ If may wel be so sayd Dynadan but thenne it was in my defence and at his requeste. By my heed sayd Da lan thou shalt deye therfore. And ther wyth he dressyd his spere & his shelde ¶ And to make the shorter tale syre Dynadan smote hym downe of hys hors that his necke was nyghe broke And in ꝑ same wise he smot syr Mor dred & syre Agrauayne. And after in the queste of the Sancgreale cowardly & felonously they slewe Dynadan The whyche was grete damage / for he was a grete bourder / & a passynge good knyghte. And so syr Dynadan

rode to a castell that hyght Beale va let/and there he fonde syr Palomy/ des that was not yet hole of the woū: de that syr Lamorak gaaf hym. And there Dynadan tolde Palompdes all the tydynges that he herde & sawe of syr Tristram. And how he was goon wyth kyng Mark/and wyth hym he hath alle his wyll & delyre. ¶ There wyth syre Palompdes wexed wrothe. for he loued La beale Iloud . & they he wyst wel that syre Tristram enioy ed her. /

¶ How kyng Arthur wyth the quene & syre Launcelot receyued letters oute of Lonewayle/ And of the answere agayn. ¶ Capl'm .xxvi.

NOw leue syr Palompdes and syr Dynadan in the castel of of Beale valet/& torne we agayn vn to kyng Arthur: There came a knyz te of Lonewayle/his name was Fer gus/& a felowe of the rounde table. & there he tolde the kynge & syre Laun celot good tidynges of syr Tristram And there were bronghte goodly let / ters/and how he lefte hym in the cas: tell of Tyntagill. ¶ Thenne came ỹ damoysell that broughte goodly let / ters vnto kyng Arthur & vnto syr La uncelot: And there she had passynge good chere of the kynge & of the que/ ne Gueneuer and of syre Launcelot . ¶ Thenne they wrote goodly lettres ayen/ But syr Laun celot badde euer syre Tristram beware of kyng Mar ke. for euer he called him in his lettres kynge fore/As who sayth he faryth all wyth wyles & treason/wherof syre Tristram in his hert thankyd syr La uncelot. ¶ They the damoysel went vnto La beale Iloud and baxe her let tres from the kynge & from syre Lan celot /wherof she was in passyng gre te Joye. ¶ Fayre damoysell sayd La beale Iloud /how fareth my lorde Ar thur & the quene Gueneuer & the no/ ble knyghte syre Launcelot. She ans: werde to make shorte tale/ moche the better that ye & syre Tristram bey in Joye. God rewarde them sayd La be ale Iloud/for syre Tristram suffreth grete payne for me & I for hym. Soo the damoysel departyd & brought let tes to kyng Mark. And whan he had redd them & vnderstond them. he was wrothe with syre Tristram/for he de myd he had kepte the damoysell vnto kynge Arthur. For Arthur & Launce lot in a manere threttyd kynge Mark And as kynge Mark radde thyse let/ tres/ he demyd treason by syre Tris/ tram. Damoysell sayd kynge Mark wyll ye ryde ayen & beere lettres from me vnto kyng Arthur. Syre sayd she I woll be att your cõmaundement to ryde whan ye wo ll. Ye saye well sayd the kyng. Come agayn sayd the kyn ge to morne and fetche youre letters/ Thenne she departyd/& tolde theym how she sholde ryde agayn wyth let / ters vnto kynge Arthur. ¶ They we praye you sayd La beale Iloud & syr Tristram/ that whan ye haue recey/ ned you lettres/that ye wold come by vs that we mowe se the preuyte of you re lettres. Alle that I may doo mada: me ye wote well I muste doo for syre Tristram/for I haue be long his ow ne maydey. ¶ So on the morne ỹ da moysel went to kynge Mark to haue had his lettres & to depart. I am not auysed sayd kynge Mark at this ty/

me to lende my letters. Thenne pry / uely & secretly he sent lettres vnto kyng Arthur & vnto quene Gueneuer & vnto syr Launcelot. So the varlet de partyd / And founde the kynge & the quene in Walys at Carlyon. And as the kynge & the quene were att masse the varlet came with the lettres. And whan masse was done the kynge and ꝑ quene openyd the lettres pryuely by themself. And the begynnynge of the kynges lettres spake wonderly shorte vnto kynge Arthur / and badde hym entremete wyth hymselfe & wyth his wyf and of his knyghtes. For he was able ynough to rule & kepe his wyf /

¶ How syre Launcelot was wroth w̄ the letter that he receyued from kyng Mark. And of Dynadan whiche ma de a lay of kynge Mark. ca .xxvij.

SO whan kynge Arthur vnder stode ꝑ letter / he mused of ma ny thynges / and thoughte on his sys ters wordes quene Morgan le fay / ꝑ she had sayd betwix quene Guener & syre Launcelot / And in this thoughte he studyed a grete whyle. Then he be thoughte hym agayne how hys syster was his owne enmy / & that she hatid the quene & syr Launcelot. And so he put all ꝑ out of his thoughte. Thenne kynge Arthur radde the letter agayn And the latter claule sayd / that kyng Mark toke syr Tristram for his mor tall enmy / wherfor he put Arthur ou te of dowte he wolde be reuengyd of syre Tristram. Thenne was kynge Arthur wrothe w̄ kynge Mark. And whan quene Gueneuer redd her letter & vnderstode it / she was wrothe oute of mesure. For the letter spake shame by her & by syr Launcelot. And so pre uely she sent the letter vnto syr Laū: celot. And whan he wyst thentent of the letter / he was soo wrothe that he layed hym downe on his bedde to sle: pe. Wherof syre Dynadan was ware / for it was his manere to be preuy w̄ all good knyghtes. And as syr Laun celot slept he stale the letter out of his hond & redde it worde by worde. And thenne he made grete sorowe for an / gre. And so syr Launcelot awakyd. & went to a wyndow & radde the letter agayn / the whyche made hym angry ¶ Syr sayde Dynadan wherfore be ye angry / discouere your herte to me. For sothe ye wote wel I owe you good wyll / how be it I am a poore knyght & a seruytour vnto you & to alle good knightes. For though I be not of wor shyp myself yet I loue all those ꝑ ben of worshyp. ¶ It is trouth sayd syre Launcelot / ye are a trusty knyghte / & for grete truste I woll shewe you my counsell. And whan Dynadan vnder stode all / he sayd syr this is my coun: sell. Sette you ryght nought by thyse thretys / for kynge Mark is so vylay / nous that by fayr speche shall neuer may gete of hym. But ye shall se what I shall do. I woll make a lay for hym and whan it is made I shal make an harper to synge it afore him. So ano ne he went & made it / & taught it an harper that hyght Elyot. And whan he cowde it he taught it to many har pers. And so by the wyll of syr Laun celot and of Arthur the harpers went strayte in to Walys & in to Cornewa le to synge the lay that syr Dynadan made by kynge Mark. The whyche

was the worste laye that euer harper longe wyth harpe/or wyth ony other Instruumentes.

¶ How syr Tristram was hurt/& of a werre made to kynge Mark / And of syr Tristram how he promysed to relcowe hym. ¶ Capl'm xxviij

NOw towne we agayn vnto syr Tristram & kynge Mark/as syr Tristram was at Joustes & at turnement/it fortuned he was sore hurt bothe wyth a spere & wyth a swerde / But yet he wanne alwaye the degree And for to repose hȳ.he went to a gode knyghte that dwellid in Cornewale in a castell / whoos name was syre Dynas le Senelschall. ¶ Thenne so by mysfortune there came out of Selsoyne a grete nombre of mey of armȝ & ay hydous hoost / And they entred nyghe the castell of Tyntagill. And theyr capytayns name was Elyas a good may of armys. ¶ Whan kyng Mark vnderstode his enmyes wer entred in to his londe/he made grete sorowe & doole/ for in noo wyse by hys wyll kyng Markwolde not sende for syre Tristram/for he hatyd hym dedly. So whan his counsell was come/ they deuysed & caste many perilles of the strēgthe of ther enmyes. And they concluded all at ones & sayd thus vnto kynge Mark. Syre wyte you well ye must sende for syre Tristram ỹ gode knyghte or ellys they wol neuer be ouercome. For by syre Tristram ỹ they must be foughte wyth all/or elles we rowe ayenst the streme. ¶ Well sayde kyng Mark I woll doo by your counsell/But yet he was full loth therto/ but nede constreyned hym for to send for hym. Thenne was he sente for in all the haste that myghte be / that he shold cōm to kyng Mark. And whan he vnderstode that kynge Mark had sent for hym/ he mounted vpon a soft ambuler & rode to kynge Mark/ & whan he was come/the kynge sayde thus/ ¶ fayr neuewe syre Tristram this is all Here bey come our enmyes of Selloyne/that are here nygh honde/& wythoute tarpenge they must be mette wyth shortly/or ellys they wol dystroye this countree. ¶ Syre sayde syre Tristram/ wyte you well all my power is at your cōmaūdement. And wyte ye well syre thyse eyghte dayes I maye bere none armys. for my wounes be not yet hole. And by ỹ that day I shall doo what I may. ¶ Ye say well sayd kynge Mark. Thenne goo you ayen & repose you & make you fressh. And I shal goo & mete the Selloyns wyth all my power. So the kynge departyd vnto Tyntagyll & syre Tristram went to repose him. And the kȳge made a grete hoost & departid them in thre. The fyrst parte ladde syr Dynas the Senelschall. & syr Andred lad the second parte And syr Arguys lad the thyrde parte / And he was of the blood of kynge Mark. And the Selloyns had thre grete batayles & many good mey of armys. And so kyng Mark by the aduyse of his knyghtes yssued out of the castell of Tyntagill vpon his enmies. And Dynas the gode knyghte rode out afore/& slewe. ij. knyghtes his owne hondes/ & thenne began the batayle And ther was merueylous brekyng of speres & smityng of swerdes / And slewe downe many

good knyghtes/And euer was syr dy nas the Senelchall the best of kynge Markis party. And thus the batayle endured longe wyth grete mortalyte. But at the last kynge Mark & syr dy nas were they neuer so loth they with drewe them to the castel of Tyntagil wyth grete slaughter of people. And the Selloyns folowed oy fast/that.x of them were put wythin the gates/& foure slayne wyth the porte coioyse./

¶ Thenne kynge Mark sent for syr Tristram by a varlet. that tolde hym al the mortalyte. Then he sent ỹ var let agayn/& badde hym telle kynge Mark that I woll come assoone as I am hoole/for erst I maye do hym no good. Thenne kynge Mark had hys answer. ¶ Therwyth came Elyas. & badde the kynge yelde vp the castell. for ye may holde it no whyle. ¶ Sy re Elyas sayd the kyng so woll I yel de vp the castell/yf I be not soone rel comed. ¶ Anone kynge Marke sente agayn for welcome tō syre Tristram/ By thenne syr Tristram was hoole. and he had gotey him.x.good knygh tes of Arthurs. And wyth them he ro de vnto Tyntagyll. & whan he sawe the grete hoost of Selloyns he merue lyd wonder gretely. And thenne syre Tristram rode by the wodes & by the dyches as secretely as he myghte tyll he came nyghe the gatys. And there dressyd a knyghte to hym/ whan he sawe that syre Tristram wold entre And syr Tristram smote hym dow/ ne deed/& so he serued thre moo. And euerych of thyse.x. knyghtes slewe a man of armys. So syre Tristram en tred in to the castell of Tyntagill. And as kyng Mark wyst ỹ syr Tris tram was come he was gladde of hir comynge/& so was all the felyshyp/ And of hym they made grete Joye

¶ How syre Tristram ouercame the bataylle/ And how Elyas defyed a may to fyghte body for body .xxix.

SO oy the morne Elyas the ca pytayne came/& badde kynge Mark come out and doo batayll/for now the good knyght syr Trystram is entred. It woll be shame to the sa: yd Elyas to kepe thy walles. ¶ Whā kynge Mark vnderstode hym he was wrothe/& sayd no worde/but went to syre Trystram & axyd hym his coun sell/¶ Syr sayd syre Tristram wyll ye that I geue hym his answer. ¶ I woll well sayd kyng Mark. Thenne syre Tristram sayd thus to the messa ger. Bere thy lorde worde from ỹ kin ge & me that we woll doo batayle wh̄ hȳ tomorn in the playne felde. What is your name sayd the messagere. Wy te thou wel mi name is syr Tristram de Lyones. Therwyth all the messa gere departyd/& tolde his lorde Elyas as all that he had herde. ¶ Syre sayd syr Tristram to kynge Mark I pray you geue me leue to haue the rule of ỹ batayle. ¶ I praye you take the rule sayd kyng Mark. Thenne syr Tris tram lete deuyse the bataylle in what manere ỹ it sholde be. She lete departe his hoost in.vi.partyes. And ordeyned syr dynas the Senelchall to haue the fore warde/& other knyghtes to rule the remenaunt. And the same nyghte syr Tristram brente all the Selloyns shyppes vnto the colde water. ¶ Ano ne as Elyas wyst/he sayde it was of

syr Tristrams doynge. for he castith we shall neuer escape moders sone of vs/ therfore fayr felowes fyghte freely tomorowe. And mysconforte you not for ony knyghte though he be the beste knyghte in the worlde/ he maye not haue a doo wyth vs all. ¶ They they ordeyned ther bataylles in foure partyes wonderly well appareylled. & garnysshed with men of armys. Th⁹ they wythin yssued/and they wythoute sette freely vpon them. And ther syr Dynas dyd gret dedes of armes. Not for thenne syre Dynas & his felyship were put to the worse. ¶ With that came syre Tristram & slewe two knyghtes wyth one spere. Thenne he slewe on the ryght honde & on the lyft honde that men merueyled ꝑ euer he myght so do suche dedes of armes. And then he myght se somtyme the batayl was dryue abowe draughte from the castell/ and somtyme it was at the gatis of the castel. ¶ Thenne came Elyas cappytayne rasshynge here and there/ And hytte kynge Mark so sore vppon the helme. that he made hym to auoyde the sadyll. And thenne syr Dynas gate kyng Mark agayne to horsbak ¶ Therwyth all came in syr Tristram lyke a lyon/ and there he mette Elyas/ and smote hym so sore vpon the helme that he auoyded his sadyll. ¶ And thus they foughte tyll it was nyghte/and for grete slaughter & for wounded people euerichepartye drewe to ther rest. ¶ And whan kyng Mark was come wythin the castell of Tyntagill/ he lackyd of his knyghtes an hundred/and they wythoute lackyd. ij hundred. And they serched the wounded men on bothe partyes. And thene they went to counsell. And wyte you well eyther party were lothe to fyghte more/so that eyther myghte escape wther worshyp. ¶ Whan Elyas the capitayne vnderstode the deth of his men he made gret dole. And whan he wist that they were loth to goo to batayll agayne/ he was wroth out of mesure Thenne Elyas sent worde vnto kynge Mark in grete dyspyte whether he wolde fynde a knyghte that wold fyghte for his body for body. And yf that he myghte slee kyng Markes knyghte. he to haue the rewage of Cornewale yerely. And yf his knyght slee myn I fully release my clayme for euer. Thenne the messenger departid vnto kynge Mark/ & tolde hym how that hys lorde Elyas had sent hym worde to fynde a knyght to do batayll wyth hym body for body. ¶ Whan kynge Mark vnderstode the messenger he bad hym abyde/ & he sholde haue his answere. Thenne callyd he all the baronage togyder to wyte what was the beste counsell/ They sayd all atonys to fyghte in a felde we haue no luste. For had not ben syre Tristrams prowesse it had be lykly ꝑ we neuer shulde haue escapyd. And therfore syr as we deme/ it were well done to fynde a knyghte that wold doo batayle wyth hym/ for he knyghtly profferyth.

¶ How Elyas & Tristram fought to gid for ꝑ rewage. & how syr Tristram slewe syr Elyas in the felde xxx.

NOwe wolstondynge all thys sayd coude no knyght be found ꝑ wold fyghte w̄ him. Syr kyng sayd they al all. her is no knyghte ꝑ dare fyghte w̄

Elyas ¶Alas sayd kyng Mark they am I vtterly ashamyd & vtterly dys: troyed/ wythout that my neuewe syr Tristram woll take the bataylle vp/ oy hym. ¶ Wyte you well they sayde all he had yesterday ouerche ay hond and he is wery for traueyll/& sore wo unded. ¶ Wher is he sayd kyng Mar ke. Syre sayd they/he is in his bedde to repose hym. ¶Alas sayd kyng Mar ke but I haue the socour of my neuew syr Tristram I am vtterly distroyed for euer. ¶ Therwyth one went to sy re Tristram & tolde hym where he lay what kyng Mark had sayd. And ther wyth syre Trystram arose lyghtly/& put oy him a longe gowne/and came afore kynge Mark & alle the lordes / And whan he saw them al so dismay de/he askyd the kynge and the lordes what tidynges was with them. ¶ Ne uer worse sayd the kynge. And ther w̄ he tolde hym al how he had worde of Elyas to fynde a knyght to fight for the trwage of Cornewayle/and none can I fynde. And as for you sayd the kynge & alle the lordes we maye not aske noo more of you for shame. For thrugh your hardynes yesterday ye sa uyd all our lyues. ¶ Syr sayd Tris/ tram now I vnderstonde ye wold ha: ue my socoure/ Reason wolde that I shold doo all that lyeth in my power to doo/saupnge my worshyp & my ly fe/how be it I am sore brusyd & hurt And sythen syre Elyas proferyth so largely/ I shall fyghte wyth hym or ellys I woll be slayne in the felde/ or elles I wol delyuere Cornewayle fro the olde trwage. And therfor lyghtly calle his messengere/ and he shall be answerde. For as yet my woundes be grene / and they woll be sorer a seuen nyghte after than they ben now/and therfore he shall haue hys answere/ y̆ I woll doo batayll to morn wyth hȳ ¶Thenne the the messengere y̆ was departyd was broughte before kynge Mark. ¶Herke my felowe sayd syre Tristram Goo faste vnto thy lorde. and bydde hym make true assuraun/ ce on his party for the trwage/ as the kynge here shall make on his party / And thenne telle thy lorde syr Elyas that I syre Tristram kynge Arthurs knyghte and knyghte of the table ro unde wyll as to morne mete wyth thy lorde on horsbak to do batayle as lon ge as my hors may endure/and after that to do batayle wyth hym on fote to the vtteraunce. The messenger be: held syr Trystram from the toppe to the too. And therwyth all he departid & came to his lorde. & tolde hym how he was answerde of syre Tristram./ And therwyth all was made hostage on bothe partyes/and made it as su: re as it myghte be/ that whether part had the victory/ so to thende. ¶And thenne were both hostes assembled on bothe partyes of al the felde wythou te the castel of Tyntagill. & ther wal none but syre Tristram & syr Elyas armyd. ¶ Soo whan the poynt̄ment was made/ they departyd in sondre / And they came togyder wyth alle the myghte that ther horses myght renne And eyther knyghte smote other soo harde/that both horses and knythtes wente to the erth. Not for thenne they bothe lyghtly arose/and dressyd theyr shyldes on ther sholders wyth nakyd swerdes in ther hondes. & they dasshid togyders that it semyd a flammynge

fyre abowte them. Thus they fraeyd and frauercyd. And hewe on helmes & hawberkes/aud kytted awaye many cantelles of ther sheldes / And eyther wounded other passynge sore/ so that the hote blode fell freshe vpon therth And by thenne they had foughte the: mountenaunce of ay houre. syr Tristram weryd faynt & forbledde/ & gaf sore abak. That sawe syr Elyas and folowyd fyersly vpon hym/ and wou̅ded hym in many places. And euer syre Trystram fraeyd & frauercyd/aud went frowarde hym here & there. and couerde him w̅ his shelde as he myght all wehely/ that all mey sayd he was ouercome. for syre Elyas had geuen hym.xx.strokes ayenst one. Thenne was there laughyng of the Sessoyns party & grete dole on kyuge Markys party. ¶ Allas sayd the kynge we are alhamyd & distroyed all for euer. For as the boke sayth/ syr Tristram was neuer soo matched but yf it were syre Launcelot. Thus as they stode & beheldе bothe partyes / that one partye laughynge and that other partye wepyng/ syr Tristram remembred hym of his lady Labeale Isoud that loked vpon hym/ and how he was lykly neuer to come in her presence. Then̄e he pullyd vpp his shelde that erst kynge full lowe. And thenne he dressyd vpp his shelde vnto Elyas and gaaf him many sadde strokis/ twenty agaynst one/ and all to brake his shelde & hys hawberke/ that the hote blood ranne downe to the erthe. Thenne beganne kynge Mark to laugh/ & al Cornysh mey/ & that other party to wepe. And euer syr Tristram sayd to Elyas/ yelde the. Thenne whan syre Tristram sawe him so stackerynge on the grou̅de/ he sayd/ Syre Elyas I am ryght sory for the/ for thou arte a passynge good knyghte as euer I mette wyth̄ all except syr Launcelot. Therwyth all syre Elyas felle to the erthe/ & there deyed. ¶ What shall I do sayd syre Tristram vnto kynge Mark for this bataylle is at an ende. Thenne they of Elyas party departed. And kynge Mark toke of them many pryseneres to redresse ẏ harmes & damages that he had of them/ And the remenaunte he sente in to ther countree to borowe out ther felowes. ¶ Thenne was syr Tristram serchyd & well heelyd. Yet for all this kynge Mark wolde fayne haue slayne syre Tristram. / But for all that euer syre Tristram sawe or herde by kynge Mark/ yet wold he neuer beware of his treasoy/ but euer he wolde be there as La beale Isoud was.

¶ How at a grete feest ẏ kyng Mark made. ay harper came and songe the laye ẏ Dynaday had made. .xxxi.

NOw woll we passe of this matere/ and speke we of the harper that syre Launcelot & syre Dynaday hadde sente in to Cornewayle. / And the grete feest that kynge Mark made for Joye of the victory that he had bi cause the Sessoyns wer so put out of his cou̅tre/ Thenne came Elyas the harper wyth the laye that Dynaday had made. and secretly brought it vnto syre Tristram / And tolde hym the lay that Dynaday had made by kynge Mark. ¶ And whan syr Tristram herde it/ he sayde/ O lord &

Jhesu that Dynaday cay make wonderly well & ylle/there as it shall be./ ¶ Syr sayd Elyas daze I syng this longe afor kyng Mark. ¶ Ye oy my peryll sayd syr Trystram/for I shall be thy warraunt. Thenne at the mete came in Elyas the harper. And by cause he was a curyous harper mey herde hym synge the same lay ꝑ Dynaday had made / the whyche spake the mooste vylany by kynge Mark of his treason ꝑ euer may herde. / Whan the harper had longe his longe to the ende kynge Marke was wondrly wrothe. ¶ And sayd thou harper how durste thou be so bolde oy thy heed to synge this longe afore me. ¶ Syre sayde Elyas wyte you well I am a Mynstrell/and I must doo as I am cõmaũded of thyse lordes that I bere the armys of. And syre wyte you well that syr Dynaday a knyghte of the table rounde made this longe / & made me to synge it afore you. ¶ Thou sayste well sayd kynge Mark/I charge the hye the faste out of my sighte. So the harper departyd & went to syr Tristram/and told hym how he had sped ¶ Thenne syre Tristram lete make lettres as goodly as he cowde to Laũcelot & to syre Dynaday. And soo he lete conduyte the harper out of the countree. But to saye that kynge Mark was wonderly wrothe he was : for he demyd that that the lay that was longe afore hym / was made by syre Tristrams counsel / Wherfore he thought to sle hym/and all his well wyllars in that countree.

¶ How kyng Mark slewe by treason his brother Boudwyn for good seruyse. that he had doon to hym xxxij.

NOw come we to a nother mater that befell bitwene kyng Mark & his brother/that was called the good prynce Boudwyn/that alle the people of the countreye louyd passyngly well. ¶ So it befell on a tym̃ that the mescreaũtes Sarralyns londed in the countree of Cornewayle soone after thyse Selloyns were goon. / And thenne the good prynce Boud / wyn atte the londynge he areyled the countree pryuely & hastily. And are it were daye he lete put wylde fyre in.iij of his owne shyppes/and sodenly he pullyd vp the sayll. And wyth ꝑ wynde he made those shyppes to be dryue amonge the nauy of the Sarralyns And to make short tale those shippes sette on fyre all the shyppes that noñ were sayed. And att the poynt of the day the good prynce Boudwyn with all his felyshyp sette on the mescreaũtes wyth shoutes & cryes/and slewe ꝑ nombre of.xl.thoulande/and left none on lyue. Whan kynge Mark wyst this he was wonderly wroth that his brother sholde wynne suche worshyp. And by cause thys prynce was better byloued thay he in all that countree / And that also Boudwyn loued well syre Tristram therfore he thought to slee hym. And thus hastely as a may beynge out of his wytte and lackyng naturall reason/he sent for the noble prynce Boudwyn and Anglydes his wyf. And cõmaunded them to brynge theyr ponge sone wyth them . that he myghte see hym. ¶ Alle thys he dyde to thentent to slee the chyld as wel as his fad. for he was ꝑfalsest traytour ꝑ

euer was borne. Alas for his goodnes & for his gode dedes this gentyl pryn ce Boudwyn was slayne. So whan he came wyth his wyf Anglydes/the kynge made them fayr semblaunt tyl they had dyned. And whan they had dyned kynge Mark sent for his brod & sayd thus/Broder how spedde you whan the mescreaũtes arqued by you Me semyth it had be your part to ha ue sent me worde that I myght haue ben at that Journeye/for it had be re son that I myght haue had the hono ur & not you. ¶ Syre sayd the prynce Boudwyn. it was so yf I had taryed tyl I had sent for you. the myscreaun tes had distroyed my coũtre. ¶ Thou lyest fals traytour sayd kynge Mark for thou arte euer aboute to wynne worshyp from me/& put me to dysho nour. And thou cherysshest that I ha: te. And therwyth he strok hym to the herte with a daggar/that he neuer af ter spak worde. Thenne the lady An glydes made grete doole & swowned. for she sawe her lord slayne afore her face. Theñe was there no more to do but prynce Boudwyn was dispoyled & brought to buryels. But Anglydes preuely gate her husbondes doublet & his sherte/ And that she kept secretly Thenne was there moche sorowe & cryenge . And grete doole made syre Tristram/syre Dynas/syre Fergus/ & so dyde all knyghtes that were theñ for that prynce was passyngly well: beloued. ¶ Soo La beale Isoud sente to Anglydes the prynce Boudwyns: wyf/ and badde her auoyde lyghtly/ or ellys her ponge sonne Alysander le Orphelyn shold be slayne. Whan she herd this she toke her hors & her chyl de/and rode wyth suche poore mey as durste ryde wyth her.:

¶ How Anglydes Boudwyns wyfe escapyd wyth her ponge sone Alysan der le Orphelyn and came to the cas tell of Arundell. Capĩ .xxxiij.

¶ Dewythstondyng whan kyn ge Mark had done this dede. yet he bethoughte to do more vengaũ ce. And with his swerde in his honde he soughte from chambre to chambre to fynde Anglydes & her ponge sone/ And whan she was myste he callyd a good knyghte that hyghte Sadok/& chargyd hym by payne of deth to fet che Anglydes agayne and her ponge sone. ¶ So syre Sadok departyd /& rode after Anglydes. And wythin.x. myle he ouertoke her/And badde her torne agayne /and ryde wyth hym to kynge Mark. ¶ Alas fayre knyghte she sayd/what shal ye wynne by my sones dethe or by myn/I haue hadd ouermoche harme and to grete a losse ¶ Madame sayd syr Sadok/of your losse is dole & pyte. But madame say de Sadok wold ye depart out of this countree wyth your sone and kepe hym tyll he be of aege/that he may reuen ge his faders dethe / thenne wolde I suffre you to departe from me. so that ye promyse me to reuenge the deth of prynce Boudwyn. ¶ A gentyll knyg te Jhũ thanke the/& yf my sone Aly: sand lyue to be a knyghte/he shal ha ue his fads doublet & his sherte wyth the blody marks & I shal geue hym suc che a charg þ he shal remẽbre it while he lyueth/ And therw Sadok depar: tyd fro her. And eyther toke other to god. ¶ & whan Sadok came to kyng

Mark he tolde hym kaythfully. that he drowned yonge Alysander her son & therof kynge Mark was ful glad. Now tourne we vnto Anglydes ꝑ rode bothe nyght & day by auenture oute of Cornewayle. And lytyl & in few places she restyd/ But euer she drewe southwarde to the see syde/tyll by fortune she came to a castell that is cal / led Magouns. And now it is callyd Arundell in Suthsex. And the conest/ table of the castell welcomyd her. and sayde she was welcome to her owne: castell. And there was Anglydes worshypfully receyued. For the Conesta/ bles wyf was nyghe her colyn. And ꝑ conestables name was Bellanger/ & that same Conestable told Anglydes that the same castel was hers by ryght enherytaunce. ¶ Thus Anglydes endured yeres & wynters tyl Alysander was bygge & strong. There was noñ so wyght in al that countree/ neyther there was none that myght do no maner maystry afore hym.

¶ How Anglydes gaaf the blody doblet to Alysander her sonne the same day that he was made knyghte & the charge with al. ¶ Capl'm xxxiiij

Thenne vpon a daye Bellan/ gere the Conestable came to: Anglydes & sayde/ Madame it were tyme my lorde Alysander were made knyghte/ for he is a passynge strong yonge man. ¶ Syre sayd she I wold he were made knyghte/ But thenne I must yeue hym the moost charge that euer synfull moder gaaf to her chyld Do as ye lyst sayd Bellangere. and I shal geue hym warnyng that he shal be made knyghte. Now it wol be wel done that he maye be knyghte at our lady daye in Lente. Be it so sayd Anglydes/ & I woll pray you make redy therfore. So came the Conestable to Alysander & tolde hym that he shold at our lady day in Lent be made knyghte. ¶ I thanke god sayde Alysander thyse are the beste tydyngcs that euer were tolde to me. Thenne the Conestable ordeyned. xx. of the grettest gen: tyll mennes sones and the beste borne men of the coũtree that sholde be made knyghtes that same day that Alysander was made knyghte. ¶ So on the same daye that Alysander & hys xx. felowes were made knyghtes/ att the offrynge of the masse there came Anglydes vnto her sone/ & sayd thus O fayr swete soñ I charge the vpon my blessynge/ & of the hyghe ordre of chyualry ꝑ thou takest here this day. that thou vnderstonde what I shall saye/ and charge the wyth all. Ther: with she pulled out a blody doublet & a blody sherte that were be bled wyth olde blode. Whan Alysander saw this he stert abacke & wexyd pale. And sayd fayr moder what maye this meane. ¶ I shall telle the fayr sone/ this was thyn one fadcrs doublet & shert that he ware vpon hym that same day that he was slayne. ¶ And there she tolde hym why & wherfore. And how for his goodnesse kynge Mark slewe hym with his daggar afore myn owne eyen. And therfore this shal be youre charge whyche that I shal gyue to yow now.:..

¶ How it was tolde to kynge Mark of Alyland/& how he wolde haue slane syre Sadok for slauyng of his lyf ¶ Capitm .xxxv.

NOw I requyre the & charg the vpon my blessyng & vpon the hygh ordre of knyghthode that thou be reuengyd vpon kynge Mark for ỹ dethe of thy fader. And therwyth all she swouned. Thenne Alysander lepte to his moder/and tok her vp in his armys & sayd. fayr moder ye haue geue me a grete charge. And here I promyse you I shall be auengyd vppon kynge Mark. whan that I may/and that I promyse to god & to you. Soo this feest was ended. And the Conel: table by the aduyse of Anglydes lete puruey that Alysander was well horsyd & harneysid. Thenne he Joustid wyth his. xx. felowes that were made knyghtes wyth hym. But for to make a short tale/he ouerthrewe all tho .xx. that none myght wythstonde hȳ a buffet ¶ Thenne one of those knyztes departid vnto kynge Marke. and told him all how Alysander was made knyghte. ād alle the charge that his moder gaaf hym as ye haue herd afore tyme. ¶ Alas fals traytour sayde kynge Mark. I wende that ponge traytour had be deed. Alas whom may I trust. And therwyth al kynge Marke toke a swerde in his honde & souzte syr Sadok from chambre to chambre to slee hym ¶ Whan syre Sadok saw king Mark come wyth his swerde in his honde. he sayd thus Bewaye kyng Mark and cōm not nygh me for wyte thou wel ỹ I saued Alyland his lyf. of whyche I neuer repente me for thou falsly & cowardly slewe his fader Boudwyn traytourssly: for hys good dedes/Wherfore I praye almyzty Jhesu sende Alysander myght and strenthe to be reuengyd vpon the. And now bewaye kynge Marke of ponge: Alysander/for he is made a knyghte ¶ Alas sayde kynge Mark that euer I sholde here a traytour saye so afore me. And therwith foure knyghtes of kynge Marks drewe ther swerdes to slee syre Sadok. But anone syr Sadok slewe them all in kynge Markis presence. And thenne syr Sadok passyd forth in tō his chambre/and toke his hors and his harneys and rode on his waye a good paas. For there was neyther syre Tristram/ neyther syre Dynas/nor syre Fargus that wolde syr Sadok ony euyll wyll. ¶ Thēne was kynge Marke wrothe/and thoughte to dystroye syr Alysander and syre Sadok that had sauyd hym. for kynge Mark dradde and hatyd Alysander moost of ony man lyuynge/ ¶ Whan syr Tristram vnderstode ỹ Alysander was made knyghte. Anone forth wyth all he sent hym a letter prayenge hym and chargynge hym/ that he wolde drawe hym to the courte of kynge Arthur/And that he put hym in the hondes and in the rule & gouernaunce of syr Launcelot. ¶ So this letter was sent to syre Alysander fro his colyn syre Tristram: And at that tyme he thoughte to do after his cōmaundement & counsell. ¶ Thēne kynge Marke callyd a knyghte whyche that broughte hym the tydynges/ from syr Alysander/And commaundyd hym to abyde styll in that coūtre ¶ Syre sayde that knyghte soo must

I do/for in myn owne countree I dare not come. ¶ Noo force sayd kynge Marke/ I shall geue the here dowble as moche londes as euer thou haddest of thyn owne. But wythin shorte space syre Sadok mette wyth that false knyghte/& slewe hym. ¶ Then was kynge Mark wrothe out of mesure / Thenne he sent vnto quene Morgan le fay & to the quene of Northgalys/ prayenge them in his lettres that they two Sorceresses wolde sette all the countree in fyre: wyth ladyes that were Enchauntresses. And by suche ꝑ were daungerous knyghtes/ as Malgryn/ Brense saunce pyte/ that by no meane Alysander le Orlephelyn shold escape / but other he sholde be taken or slayne. This ordenaunce made kyng Mark for to distroye Alysander.

¶ How syr Alysander wanne the price at a torñment/& of Morgan le fay And how he faughte wyth syre Malgryn & slewe hym. ¶ Capĩ .xxxvi.

NOw torne we agayne vnto syre Alysander/ that att his departynge his moder toke wyth hym: his faders blody shert. So that he bare wyth hym alwayes tyll his deyeng day. in tokenynge to thynke on his faders deth. ¶ So was Alysander purposyd to ryde to London by the counsell of syre Tristram to syre Launcelot. And by fortune he went by the see syde/ and rode wronge . And there he wanne at a turnement the gree/ that kynge Carados made / And there he smote downe kynge Carados & .xx. of his knyghtes. and also syr Safere a good knyghte that was syre Palomydes brother the good knyghte. All this saw a damoysell. and sawe ꝑ beste knyghte Jouste that euer she sawe And euer as he smote downe knyghtes/ he made theym to swere to were non harneys in a twelmonth & a day ¶ This is well sayde/ sayd Morgan le fay/ this is the knyghte that I wolde fayne se. And soo she toke her palfroy & rode a gret whyle. And thenne she rested her in her pauylyone. Soo there came foure knyghtes / and two were armyd & two were vnarmyd/ & they tolde Morgan le fay ther names The fyrste was Elyas de Gomeret The seconde was Larde Gomeret / those were armed. The other twēyne were of Camylyard· colyns vnto quene Gueneuer. & the one hyght Guy And that other hyght Garauut. those were vnarmyd. ¶ There thyse foure knyghtes tolde Morgan le fay how a ponge knyghte had smyt them doune be a castel. for the mayden of that castell sayd that he was but late made knyghte & ponge/ But as we suppose but yf it were syre Tristram or syre Launcelot or syr Lamorak ꝑ gode knyghte there is none that myght sytte hȳ a buffet wyth a spere. ¶ Wel sayd Morgan le fay. I shall mete that knyght or it be long tyme/ & he dwel in that countree. ¶ So torne we to ꝑ damoysell of the castell. ꝑ whan Alysander le Orphelyn had foriousted ꝑ four knyghtes/ she callyd hym to her & sayd thus. Syr knyghte wolt thou for my sake Joust and fyghte wyth a knyghte of this countree/ that is and hath be longe tyme an euyll neyghbour to me/ his name is Malgryne. And he wyll not suffre me to be maried in

noo manere wyse for alle that I can do or ony knyzte for my sake. ¶ Damoysell sayd Alysander and he come whyle I am here I woll fyghte with hym/and my poore body for your sake I woll Jeoperde. And therwyth al she sent for hym/for he was at her cõmaundement. And whan eyther had a syghte of other/ they made them ready for to Joulte. And they came togyder egrely/and Malgryne brusyd hys spere vppon Alysander. And Alysander smote hym agayne so harde/that he bare hym quyte fro hys sadyll to ẏ erthe. But this Malgryn arose lyghtly & dressid his sheld & drewe his swerde/and badde hym alyghte/sayenge. Though thou haue the better of me: on horsback/ thou shalt fynde that I shall endure lyke a knyghte on foote./ ¶ It is well sayd sayd Alysander. & so lyghtly he auoyded his hors & beto ke him to his varlet. And thenne thei rasshyd togyders lyke two bores. & layd on ther helmes & sheldes longe tyme bi the space of thre houres that neuer man cowde saye whiche was ẏ better knyght. ¶ And in the meane whyle came Morgan le fay to the damoysell of the castell/and they beheld the batayll. But this Malgryne was an olde rotyd knyghte. And he was callyd one of the daungerous knyghtes of the worlde to doo bataylle on foote But on horsbak there were many better. And euer this Malgryñ awayted to slee Alysander. and so wounded hym wonderly sore/that it was merueylle that euer he myght stonde/for he had bledde somoche blode/for Alysander foughte wyldly & not wytely. And ẏ other was a felonous knyzte. & away ted hym and smote hym sore. And sometyme they rasshyd togyder wt ther sheldes lyke two bores or rammes/ & fell grouelynge bothe to the erthe.

¶ Now knyghte sayd Malgryne holde thy hond awhyle/ & telle me what thou art. ¶ I woll not sayd Alysander but yf me lyste/ But telle me thy name. & why kepest thou this countre or ellys thou shalt dey of my hondes ¶ Wyte thou wel sayd Malgryñ that for this maydens loue of this castel I haue slayne. x. knyghtes by myshapp And by outrage & orgulyte of myself I haue slayne. x. other knyztes. ¶ So god me helpe sayd Alysander. this is the fowlest confession that euer I herde knyghte make/ Nor neuer herde I speke of other men of suche a shamefull confessyon/ Wherfore it were reppyte & grete shame vnto me that I sholde lete the lyue ony lenger. Therfore kepe the as wel as euer thou mayst/ for as I am true knyghte other ẏ shalt slee me or elles I shall slee the/ I promyse the faythfully. ¶ Thenne they rasshyd togyders fyersly. And at the laste Alysander smote Malgryne to the erthe / And thenne he racyd of his helm̃ & smote of his heed lyghtly ¶ And whan he had done and ended this bataylle. anone he callyd to hym his varlet. the whyche broughte hym his hors. And thenne he wenynge to be stronge ynoug/ hwolde haue mounted/ but he felle downe flatte on ther the for feblinesse. The lady of the castell seeng that layd syre Alysander in ay hors lytere/ & badde hym in to the castell. for he had neyther foote ne myzte to stonde vpon the erthe. For he had .xvi. grete woundes. And in especyall

one o them was lyke to be his deth /

How quene Morgay le fay had Aly:
lander in her castell/& how she helyd
his woundes. ¶ Capl'm .xxxvij.

Thenne quene Morgay le fay:
serchyd his woundes/& gaaf
suche ay oyntment vnto hym that he
sholde haue deyed. And oy the morne
whay she came to hym he conplay /
ned hym sore. And they she put other
oyntementes vpon hym. And thenne
he was out of his payne. Thenne ca
me the damoysell of the castell & say
yd vnto Morgay le fay ¶ I pray you
helpe me / that this knyghte myghte
Wedde me. For he hath wonne me w̄
his hondes. ¶ Ye shall se sayd Mor/
gay le fay what I shall saye. Theñe
Morgay le fay went to Alysander/&
badde hym in ony wyse that he shold
refuse this lady & she desyre to wedde
you/for she is not for you. So the da
moysell came & desyred of hym ma /
ryage. ¶ Damoysell sayd Orphelyn
I thank you/but as yet I cast me not
to marye in this countree. ¶ Syre she
sayd sythen ye woll not marye me/I
pray you in somoche as ye haue wōne
me that ye woll geue me to a knyght
of this countree that hath be my fren
de/& loued me many yeres. ¶ Wyth
all my hert sayd Alysander I wyl al
lent therto. Thenne was the knyght
sente for . Hys name was Gerynle
Grose. & anone he made them hond
fast and wedded them. Thenne cam
quene Morgay le fay to Alysauder. &
badde hym aryse. and put hym in ay
hors lytere/ And gaaffe hym suche a
drynk ꝑ in thre dayes & thre nyghtes
he wakyd neuer but slept. And so she
brought hym to her owne castell that
at that tyme was callyd la Beale re
garde. ¶ Thenne Morgay le fay ca/
me to Alysander /& askyd hym yf he
wolde fayne be hoole/ ¶ Who wolde
be syk sayd Alysander & he myght be
hoole. ¶ Well sayde Morgay le fay/
thenne shall ye promyse me by youre
knyghthode/that this day twelue mo
nethes & a daye/ye shall not passe the
compaas of this castell. And wythou
te dowte ye shal lightly be hoole ¶ I
assent sayd syre Alysander. And there
he made her a promyse. Theñe was
he soone hoole. And whay Alysander
was hoole / thenne he repentyd hym
of his othe. For he might not be reuen
gyd vpon kynge Mark. ¶ Ryghte so
there came a damoysell that was co /
syn vnto the erle of Pase / & she was
colyn to Morgay le fay. And by rygh
te that castell of la beale regarde shol
de haue bey hers by true enherytaun/
ce. Soo this damoysell entred in this
castell where lay Alysander. And the
re she founde hym vpon his bedde pa
ssynge heup & all sadde.

¶ How Alysander was delyuerd fro
the quene Morgay le fay by the mea:
ne of a damoysel. ¶ Capl'm xxxviij

Syre knyghte sayd the damoy:
sell: & ye wolde be mery I cou
de tell you good tydyngs Wel wer me
sayd Alysander & I myght here of go
de tydyngs For now I stonde as a pri
sonere by my promyse/ ¶ Syre she sa
yd wyte ye well that ye be a prysoner
and worse thay ye wene. For my lady
my colyn Morgay le fay kepyth you

here for none other entente but for to doo her pleasur wyth you whan it lyk
yth her. ¶ O Jhesu defende me sayde Alysander from suche pleysur/ for I had leuer kytte awaye my hangers than I wolde doo her suche pleasur./ ¶ As Jhesu helpe me sayd the damoysell/and ye wolde loue me & be rulyd by me I shall make your delyueraunce wyth your worshypp. ¶ Telle me sayd Alysaunder by what meane / & ye shal haue my loue. ¶ Fayr knyghte sayd she/ This castel of ryght ouzte to be myn/ And I haue an vncle ꝑ whyche is a myghty erle. he is erle of Pase. And of al folkes he hatyth moste Morgay le fay . Aud I shall sende vnto hym/ & praye hym for my sake to dystroye this castel/ for the euyl customes that hey vsyd therin. And they woll he com & sette wylde fyre on euery parte of the castell/ And I shall gete you out at a preuy posterne/ & there shall ye haue your hors & your harneys. ¶ Ye say well damoysell sayd Alysander. ¶ And they she sayd/ ye may kepe the rome of this castel this twelue monthe & a daye / thenne brake ye not your othe. ¶ Truly fayr damoysell sayde Alysander ye saye sothe/ & thenne he kyste her & dyde to her pleysaunce as it pleysed them bothe at tymes & leysers. So anone she sent vnto her vncle & badde hym come & dystroye that castell/ for as the boke sayth he wolde haue dystroyed that castell afore tyme had not that domoysel qey. ¶ Whan the erle vnderstode her letters/ he sent her worde agayn that on suche a daye he wolde come & dystroye that castell. So whan that day came she shewed Alysander a posterñ where thrugh he shold flee in to a garden/ and there he sholde fynde his armour & his hors. ¶ Whan the day came that was sette/ thyther came therle of Pase with foure hundred knyghtes/ and sette on fyre al the partyes of the castell/ that or they sessyd they left not a stony stondynge. And alle thys whyle that the fyre was in the castell he abode in the gardey. And whan ꝑ fyre was done/ he lete make a crye. ꝑ he wolde kepe that pyece of erth there as the castel of la Beale regarde was a twelue monthe & a day from al maner knyghtes that wold come. ¶ So it happyd ther was a duke that hyghte Anserus/ & he was of the kyn of syre Launcelot. And this knyghte was a grete pylgrym / for euery thyrde yer he wolde be atte Jherusalem. And by cause he vsyd al his lyf to goo in pylgrymage. men callyd him duke Anserus the pylgrym. And this duke hadd a doughter that hight Alys that was a passynge fayr woman. And by cause of her fader she was callid Alys le beale pylgrym. And anone as she herde of this crye she went vnto Arthurs court. & sayd openly in heryng of many knyghtes. That what knyghte ꝑ maye ouercome that knyghte that kepyth the pyece of erthe. shall haue me & all my londes. ¶ Whan the knyghtes of the rounde table herde her saye thus/ many were glad. for she was passyng fayr & of grete rentes. ¶ Ryght so she lete crye in castels & townes as faste on her syde as Alysander dyde on his syde. Thene she dressyd her pauelyon streyghte by the pyce of therthe that Alysander kept. So she was not soo soone there/ but there came a

knyghte of Arthurs court/that hyght Sagramore le delyrus. And he profred to Joulte with Alylander. & they encountred. And Sagramore le delyrus brulyd his spere vpon syr Alylander/but syre Alylander smote hym so hard that he anoyded his sadyl. And whan La beale Alys sawe hym Just so well/she thoughte hym a passynge goodly knyzte on horsbak/And then she lept out of her pauelyon & tok syr Alylander by the brydyll/ & thus she sayde/Fayr knyghte I requyre the of thy knyghthode/shew me thy vysage ¶I dare wel sayd Alylander shewe my vysage. And thenne he put of his helme & she sawe his vysage. Thẽne she sayd O swete Jhesu the I must loue/& neuer other. ¶Thẽne shewe me your vysage sayd he/

¶ How Alylander mette wyth Alys la beale pylgrim. and how he Joustyd wyth two knyghtes/And after of hȳ & of syr Mordred. ¶Capĩm .xxxix.

Thenne she vnwympled her vysage. And whan he sawe her/he sayd here haue I founde my loue/ & my lady. Truely fayr lady sayd he I promyse you to be your knyghte/& none other ꝑ beryth lyf. ¶Now gentyll knyghte sayd she tell me your name ¶My name is sayd he Alylander le Orphelyn. ¶Now damoysell telle me your name sayd he ¶My name is sayd she Alys la beale pylgrym. And whãn we bey more at our hertys ea/se both/ye & I shal tell other of what blood we bey come. So ther was gre te loue betwix them. And as they thus talkyd there came a knyghte ꝑ hight Harloulse le Berbuse/ & axyd part of syre Alylanders speres. Thenne syre Alylander encountred wyth hȳ/And at the fyrst syr Alylander smote him ouer his hors croupe. And thenne there came a nother knyghte that hyght syre Hwgon. And there syre Alylands smote hym downe as he dyde ꝑ other. Thenne syre Hwgon proffred to doo bataylle on fote. And syre Alylander ouercame hym wyth thre strokis/ and there wolde haue slayne hym had he: not yelded hym. So thenne Alylands made bothe those knyghtes to swere/ to were none armour in a twelue mo: neth & a daye. Thenne syre Alylands alyghted downe & went to reste hym & repose hym. ¶Thenne the damoysell that halpe syre Alylander oute of the castell in her playe tolde Alys all togider how he was pryloner in the castel of La beale regarde. And there she tolde how she gate hym oute of pryson/ ¶Syre sayd Alys la beale pylgrym/ me semyth ye are moche beholdynge to this maydey. ¶That is trouth sayd syre Alylander. And there Alys tolde hym of what blood she was come ¶Syr wyte ye well she sayd ꝑ I am of the blood of kinge Ban that was fader vnto syre Launcelot. ¶Ye wys fayr lady sayd Alylander my moder told me ꝑ my fader was broder vnto a kynge. And I am nighe colyn vnto syre Tristram. Thẽne this whyle came there thre knyghtȝ. That one hyȝte Hayns/and the ōther hyghte Harups de le marchȝ And the thyrd hyghte Perys de le mountayne/And with one spere syre Alylander smote theim downe all thre/and gaaff theim suche falles that they had no lyste to fyght

vpon fote. So he made them to swere to were none armys in a twelmonth So whan they were departyd syr Alysande beheldе his lady Alys on horsbak as she stode in her pauelyon/and thenne he was enamoured so vppon her that he wyste not whether he were on horsbak or on fote. Right so came the fals knyghte syre Mordred/& sawe syr Alysander was alottyd vpon his lady. And therwyth al he toke his hors by the brydyll/& ladde hym here & there. And had cast to haue lad hȳ out of that place to haue shamyd hym. ¶ Whan the damoysell that helped hym out of that castell sawe how shamefully he was ladde. Anone she lete arme her & sette a sheld vpon her sholder. And therwyth she mountyd vpon his hors. and gate a naked swerde in her honde. And she thraste vnto Alysander wyth all her myghte/ and she gaaf hym suche a buffet/ that he thoughte the fyre flewe out of hys eyen/ And whan Alysander felte ẏ stroke he lokyd abowte hym/& drewe his swerde. And whan he sawe ẏ she fled & Mordred also in to the foreste/ And the damoysell fledde in to the pauelyon. Soo whan Alysander vnderstode hymself how the fals knyghte wolde haue shamed him had not the damoysell bey. Thenne was he wroth wyth hymself that syre Mordred had so escapyd his hondes/ But thenne syr Alysander & Alys had good game at the damoysell how sadly she hytte hȳ vpon the helme. ¶ Thenne syre Alysander Joustyd thus daye by daye/& on fote he dyde many batayls wyth many knyghtes of kynge Arthurs court & wyth many knyghtes straungers/ therfore to telle all the bataylles that he dyde it were ouermoche to reherce/ For euery day wythin that twelmon: the he had a doo wyth one knyght or wyth other. And some daye he had ado wyth thre or wyth foure. And ther was neuer knyghte that put him to ẏ worse. And at the twelue monthes ende he departyd wyth his lady Alys la beale pylgrim. And the damoysel wolde neuer goo from hym. And so they went in to ther countree of Benoye/ & lyued ther in grete Joye.

¶ How syre Galahalt dyde do crye a Justes in Surluse. and quene Guenuers knyghtes sholde Jouste apenst al that wolde come. ¶ Capl'm .xl.

But as the booke sayth/ kynge Marke wolde neuer stynt tyl he had slayne hym by treason. And bi Alys he gate a chyld that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse. And bi good fortune he came to the courte of kynge Arthur/& preuyd a passyng good knyghte/ And he reuengyd his faders dethe for the fals kynge Mark slewe both syre Tristram & Alysander falsely & felonously. And it happed soo ẏ Alysander had neuer grace nor fortune to come to kynge Arthurs courte/ for & he had came to syr Launcelot al knyghtes sayd that kne we hym. he was one of the strengest knyghtes that was in Arthurs dayes/ And grete drole was made for hym. ¶ So lete we of hym passe and torne we to a nother tale.

So it befel that syr Galahalt ẏ haute prynce was lorde of the countree of Surluse/ Wherof came many good knightes. And this noble prynce was

a pallynge good may of armys/ and euer he helde a noble felyshyp togydȳs And thenne he came to Arthurs court e tolde hym his entente/ how thys was his wyll/ How he wolde lete crye a Joustes in the countree of Surluse. The whyche countree was wythin ꝑ londes of kynge Arthur/ and there he axyd leue to lete crye a Joustes. ¶ I woll geue you leue sayd kyng Arthur But wyte you well sayde kynge Arthur I maye not be there. ¶ Syr sayd quene Gueneuer pleyseth it you to geue me leue to be at that Joustes. ¶ Wȳ ryght good wyl sayd Arthur / for syre Galahalt ꝑ haute prynce shall haue you in gouernaũce. Syre sayd Galahalt I wyll as ye wolle. Syre then the quene I woll take wyth me / e suche knyghtes as pleyse me best ¶ Doo as ye lyste sayd kynge Arthur. So anone she cõmaunned syre Launcelot to: make him redy wyth suche knyghtes as he thoughte beste. ¶ Soo in euery good towne e castell of this lond wal made a crye/ That in the countree of Surluse syre Galahalt shold make a Joustes that sholde laste. viij. dayes And how the haute prynce wyth the helpe of quene Gueneuers knyghtes sholde Juste ayenst all maner of men that wold come. Whan this crye was knowe/ kynges e prynces/ dukes e erles/ barons / e noble knyghtes made them redy to be at that Joustes. And at the day of Joustynge there came in syr Dynadan disgysed e dyde many grete dedes of armys.

¶ How syr Launcelot foughte in the turnement/ And how syr Palompdes dyde armys there for a damoysel. Capitulum .xli.

¶ Thenne at the requeste of quene Gueneuer and of syr Bagdemagus syre Launcelot came in to the rayenge/ but he was disgysed/ And ꝑ was the cause that fewe folke knewe hym. And there mette he wyth syr Ector de Marys his owne brother. And eyther brake ther speres vppon ōther to ther hondes. And thenne eyther gate a nother spere/ and thenne syre Lañcelot smote downe sir Ector de Marys his owne brother/ That sawe syr Bleoberys. e he smote syr Launcelot suche a buffet vpon the helme that he wyste not where he was. Thenne syr Launcelot was wroth. and smote syr Bleoberys soo sore vpon his helme ꝑ his heed bowed downe bakward. and he smote efte a nother buffett that he auoyded his sadyll. And so he rode by e threst forth to the thickest. ¶ Whan the kyng of Northgalys sawe syr Ector e Bleoberys lye on the grounde / thenne was he wrothe/ for they came on his partye ayenst them of Surluse. So the kynge of Northgalys rãne to syre Launcelot/ e brake a spere vp on hym all to ppeces. Therwyth syre Launcelot ouertoke the kyng of Northgalys/ e smote hym suche a buffett on the helme wyth his swerde that he made hym to anoyde his horse. And anone the kynge was horsyd agayne So bothe the kynge Bagdemagus e the kyng of Nothgalys party hurlyd to other/ e thenne began a strong medle/ but they of Northgalys were ferꝫ bygger. ¶ Whan syr Launcelot sawe his party goo to the werst/ he thrang in to the thickest presse wyth a swerde

in his honde/and there he smote down on the ryghte honde & on the lyfte honde/ & pullyd downe knyghtes / & raced of ther helmes that al men had wonder that euer one knyghte myghte do suche dedes of armes/ ¶ Whan syr Mellegeaunt that was sone vnto kynge Bagdemagus sawe how syre Launcelot ferde/he meruey led gretly. And whan he vnderstode that it was he/he wyst wel that he was dysgysed for his sake. Thenne syr Mellegeaũt prayed a knyghte to sle syre Launce: lots hors other wyth swerde or wyth a spere. ¶ At that tyme kyng Bagde magus mette with a knyghte ẏ hyght Sauleyse a good knyzte/to whom he sayd. Now fayr Sauleyse encoun: tre wyth my sone Mallegeaunt. & ge/ ue hym large payemente/For I wolde he were well betey of thy hondes that he myghte departe oute of this felde. And thenne syr Sauleyse encountred with syr Malegeaunt/ & eyther smote other downe. And thenne they fought on fote/and ther Sauleyse had wõne syr Malegeaunt hadd not there come relcowes. ¶ So theñe the haute pryn ce blewe to lodgynge/and euery knyz te vnarmyd hym & wente to the grete feest. ¶ Thenne in the meane whyle there came a damoysell to the haute: prynce/ and cõplayned that ther was a knyght that hyght Gonereys that wyth helde her all her londes. Theñe the knyghte was there present/ & caste his gloue to hym or to ony that wold fyghte in her name. So the damoysel take vp the gloue al heuyly for defau te of a champion. Thenne ther came a varlet to her & sayd Damoysel wyl ye do after me. Ful fayne sayd the da moysell. They go vnto suche a knyz te that lyeth here belyde in ay hermy: tage / & that folowyth the questynge beest/and praye hym to take the bata yll vpon him/And anone I wote wel he woll grauute you. So anone she to ke her palfroy/ & wythin a whyle she fonde that knyghte/that was syr Pa lomydes. And whan she requyred hym he armyd hym & rode wyth her / and made her to goo to the haute prynce/ & to aske leue for her knyghte to doo: bataylle. ¶ I woll wel sayd the haus te prynce. Thenne the knightes were redy in the felde to Jouste on horsbak And eyther gate a spere in ther hondz and mette so fyersly togyders ẏ theyr sperys alle tosshyuered . Thenne they stange out swerdes/and syr Palomy des smote syr Gonereys downe to ẏ erthe. And thenne he racyd of his hel me & smote of his heed. ¶ They they went tõ supper. and the damoysell lo uyd Palomydes as paramour. But ẏ boke sayth she was of his hyn. ¶ So thenne Palomydes dysguysed hym / self in this manere. In his shelde he bare the questyng beest & in all his ha pours. And whan he was thus redy he sent to the haute prynce to geue hym leue to Jouste with other knyghtz but he was adouted of syr Launcelot. ¶ ẏ haute prynce sent him worde agayne that he sholde be welcome/ & that syr Launcelot sholde not Jouste wyth hym ¶ Thenne syre Galahalt the haute prynce lete crye what knyghte some / uer he were that smote downe syr Pa lomydes sholde haue his damoysel to hymself.

¶ How syr Galahalt & syr Palomy:

des foughte togyder/& of syre Dyna
day & syre Galahalt .xliij.

HEre begynneth the second day. ¶ Anone as syre Palompdes came in to the felde/ syr Galahalt ꝑ haute prynce was at the range ende. & mette with syr Palompdes/and hew̄ hym with grete sperys. And they they came so harde togyders that ther spe: res all to sheuerd. But syr Galahalt smote hym so harde that he bare him bakwarde ouer his hors / But yet he loste not his styroppes . Thenne they drew ther swerdes & lasshyd togyders many sadde strokis/ that many wor/ shypfull knyghtes lefte ther belynelle to beholde them. But at the laste syre Galahalt the haute prynce smote a stroke of myght vnto Palompdes so re vpon the helme/but the helme was soo harde that the swerde myghte not byte/but slypped/& smote of the hecd of the hors of syr Palompdes. Whan the haute prynce wyst & sawe the goo de knyghte fall vnto the erth/ he was asshamyd of that stroke. And therw‘ he alyghte downe of his hors/& pray ed the good kuyght Palompdes to ta ke that hors of his yefte/and to forge ue hym that dede. ¶ Syr sayd palo/ mydes I thanke you of your grete go denes. for euer of a man of worshyp/ a knyghte shall neuer haue dyshor / shyp / And so he mountyd vpon that hors/and the haute prynce had a no: ther anone. ¶ Now sayde the haute prynce I release to you that mayden / for ye haue wonne her. ¶ A sayd pa: lompydes the damoysel & I be at your cōmaundement. So they departyd/ & syr Galahalt dyde grete dedes of ar/ mys. ¶ And ryzt so came Dynaday and encountred wyth syre Galahalt And eyther cam̄ to other so fast wyth ther speres that theyr sperys brake to ther hondes. But Dynaday had wen de the haute prynce had bey more we ry thay he was. And thenne he smote many sadde strokes at the haute pry̅ prynce. But whan Dynaday saw he myghte not gete hym to the erthe. He sayd/my lorde I pray you leue me/ & tak a nōther. The haute pry̅ce knew not Dynaday/& lefte goodly for hys fayr wordes/and soo they departyd./ But soone there came a nother. & tol de the haute prynce that it was Dy/ naday. ¶ Forsoth sayd ꝑ prynce ther fore am I heuy that he is soo escappd from me. For wyth his mockes & Ja: pes now shal I neuer haue done with hym. And thenne Galahalt rode fast after him/and badde hym abyde Dy naday for kynge Arthurs sake. Naye sayd Dyn aday soo god me helpe we mete no more togider this day. They in that wrathe the haute prynce met wyth Melyagaunt/ and he smote hy̅ in the throte/that & he had not falley his necke had broken. And wyth the same spere/ he smote downe a nother knyghte. ¶ Thenne came in they of Northgalys & many straungers/and were lyke to haue put them of Surlu se to the worse. For syr Galahalt the haute prynce had ouermoche in hond ¶ Soo there came the good knyghte Semounde the valyaunt wyth four/ ty knyghtꝭ. and he bete them all abak ¶ Thenne the quene Gueneuer and syr Launcelot lete blow to lodgynge. And euery knyghte vnarmyd hym/& dressyd hym to the feest.

¶How syr Archade appelyd syr Pa/ lompydes of treason/ and how syr Pa lompydes slew hym. ¶Capl'm xliij.

AS palompydes was vnarmed he axyd lodgynge for hymsel fe & the damoysell. Anone the Haute prynce cõmaunded them to lodgynge And he was not soo soone in his lod gyng/ but there came a knyghte that hyght Archade/he was brother vnto Gomoryes that Palompydes slewe a/ for in the domoysels quarell. And this knyghte Archade callyd syr Palomy des traytour/ and appelyd hym for ꝑ dethe of his brother. ¶By the leue of the Haute prynce sayd Palompydes. I shall answere the. ¶Whan syr Gala halt vnderstode ther quarell/he badde them goo to dyner/ and as sone as ye haue dyned/loke that eyther knyghte be redy in ꝑ felde. So whan they had dyned they were armyd bothe/and to ke theyr horses. And the quene & the prynce & syr Launcelot were set to be: holde them. And so they lete rẽne ther horses/and there syr Palompydes bare Archade ov his spere ouer his hors ta yll. And thenne Palompydes alyght & drewhis swerde/but syr Archade myg te not aryse/ And there syr Palomy/ des racyd of his helme & smote of his heed. ¶Thenne the Haute prynce & quene Gueneuer wente vnto supper. Thenne kynge Bagdemagus sente awaye his sone Melyagaunt by cau/ se syr Launcelot shold not mete with hym/for he hatyd syr Launcelot/and that knewe he not.

¶Of the thyrde daye/ & how syr Pa lompydes Jousted wyth syre Lamorak & of other thynges. ¶Capl'm xliiij

NOw begynneth the thyrd day of Joustynge/ & att that daye kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy And there came agaynst hym kynge Marsyll/ that had in yefte ay Jlonde of syr Galahalt the Haute prynce/ & this Jlonde had the name Pomytay/ Then it befell that kyng Bagdema gus & kynge Marsyll of Pomytayn mette togyders wyth speres/ & kynge Marsyll had suche a buffet that he fel ouer his hors croupe. ¶Thẽne came therin a knyghte of kynge Marsyls/ to reuenge his lorde. & kynge Bagde: magus smote hym dõwne hors & mã to the erthe. Soo there came an erle ꝑ hyght Arroule & syr Breule & ay hũ dred knyghtes wt them of Pontetay/ And the kyng of Northgalys was wt them/ & all thyse were ayenst them of Surluse. And thenne there began gre te batayle/ & many knyghtes were cast vnder hors fete. And euer kyng Bag demagus dyde best. for he fyrst began & euer he helde on. ¶Gaherys Ga/ waynes brother smote euer at the fa: ce of kynge Bagdemagus. And atte the laste kynge Bagdemagus hurt/ lyd downe Gaherys syr Gawaynes brother hors and may. ¶Thenne by aduenture syre Palompydes the good: knyght mette wyth syr Bleoberys de Ganys/syre Bleoberys brother/and eyther smote other wyth grete speres. that bothe ther horses & knyghtes fel to the erth/But syr Blamore had su che a falle that he had almoost broke his necke/ ffor the blood brast oute at nose/mouth & eres/but at ꝑ last he re couerd by good surgyens helpe. Cañ

Chaleyns of Claraunce/ and in his gouernaunce there came a knyghte ꝑ hyghte Elys la noyre. And there encountred wyth hym kynge Bagdemagus/ and he smote Elys that he made hym to auoyde his sadyll. ¶ So ꝑ ou he Chaleyns of Claraunce dyde ther grete deedys of armys/ And of so late as he came in the thyrd day ther was noo man dyde soo well except kynge Bagdemagus & syre Palomydes . ꝑ the prycе was geuen that daye to kynge Bagdemagus. ¶ And thenne they blewe vnto lodgynge/ and vnarmyd them and went to the feest. ¶ Kyghte so came Dynadan and mocked & Japyd wyth kynge Bagdemagus/ that all knyghtes lough atte hym/ For he was a fyne Japer/ and well louynge all good knyghtes. ¶ Soo anone as they had dyned ther came a varlet berynge foure speres on his bak. And he came to syre Palomydes & sayd thus Here is a knyghte by hath sent you ꝑ choyce of foure speris/ And requyreth you for youre lady sake/ to take that one half of thyse speris. and Joust wꝫ hym in the felde. ¶ Telle hym sayde Palomydes I woll not faylle hym./ ¶ Whan syr Galahalt wyste of thys he badde Palomydes make hym redy ¶ Soo the quene Gueneuer. the Haute prynce/ and syr Launcelot they were sette vpon scaffoldes to geue the iugement of thyse two knightes. They syr Palomydes & the straunge knighte ranne so egerly togyders/ that ther sperys brake to theyr hondes. Anone wyth alle eyther of them toke a grete spere and all to sheuerde them in pyeces. And thenne eyther toke a gretter spere/ And thenne the knyghte smote doune syr Palomydes hors & may to therthe. And as he wolde haue passyd ouer hym/ the straunge knyghtys hors le stomblyd & fell downe vpon Palomydes. Thenne they drewe ther swerdes & lasshed togyders wonderly sore. a grete whyle. ¶ Thenne the Haute prynce and syr Launcelot sayde: they sawe neuer two knyghtes fyghte better than they dyde/ But euer the straunge knyghte doubled his strokis/ & put Palomydes abak. ¶ Therwyth alle the Haute prynce cryed hoo. & thenne they went to lodgyng. And whan thei were vnarmed they knewe it was the noble knyghte syre Lamorak. Whan syr Launcelot knewe that it was syre Lamorak/ he made moche of hym/ For aboue al erthly men he louyd him beste except syr Tristram. ¶ Thenne quene Gueneuer cõmendyd hym. and so dyde all other good knyghtes/ & made moche of hym except syr Gawaynes brethery. ¶ Thenne quene Gueneuer sayd vnto syre Launcelot Syre I requyre you that & ye Joust ony more/ that ye Joust wyth none of the blode of my lorde Arthur. So he promysyd he wolde not as at that tyme.

¶ Of the fourth daye/ and of many grete featis of armys. .xlv.

NOw begynneth the fourth day Thenne came in to the felde: ꝑ kyng wyth the hũdryd knyghtes & al they of Northgalys & the duk Chaleyns o' Claraũce & kyng Marsyl of Pomatym/ & therẽ came Sakyr Palomydes brod/ & there he tolde hym tydyngs of hys mod/ & how he appelyd ay erle afor Arthur for he made were

vpon

our fader & moder/and there I slewe hym in playne bataylle. So they wente in to the felde/& the damoysel with them. & ther came to encountre ayenst them syr Bleoberys de Ganys/& syr Ector de Maris. Syr Palomydes encoũtred wyth syr Bleoberys/& eyther smote other downe. And in the same wyse dyde syre Safere & syr Ector. & tho two couples dyde batayle on fote ¶Thenne came in syre Lamorak/& he encountred wyth the kynge wyth ỹ hundred knyghtes/& smote hym quyte ouer his hors tayll. And in the same wise he serued the kyng of Northgalis/and also he smote downe kyng Marsyll. And so or euer he stynte: he smote downe wyth hys speere & wyth his swerde thyrty knyghtes. ¶Whan duke Chaleyns sawe Lamorak do so grete prowesse/he wolde not medle wỹ hym for shame. And thenne he charged all his knyghtes in payne of dethe that none of you towche hym/for it were shame to all good knyghtes & that knyghte were shamyd. ¶They the two kynges gadred them togyder and all they setten vpon syre Lamorak and he faylled them not/ but rasshyd here & there smytyng on the ryght hõde & on the lyfte/ and racyd of many helmes. And so the haute prynce and quene Gueneuer sayd they sawe neuer knyghte do suche dedes of armes on horsbak. ¶Alas sayde Launcelot to kynge Bagdemagus/I woll arme me & helpe syr Lamorak. And I woll ryde wyth you sayd kyng Bagdemagus. And whan they two were horsyd they came to syr Lamorak that stode amonge .xxx. knyghtes. And wel was hym that myght reche hym a buffet. And euer he smote agayne myghtyly. ¶Thenne came there in to the prees syr Launcelot/ and he threwe downe syr Mador de la porte. And wyth the stroncheon of that spere he threwe downe many knyghtes. ¶And kyng Bagdemagus smote on the lyfte honde & on the ryght honde merueyloully wel And thenne the thre kynges fledde abak. ¶There wyth alle thenne syre Galahalt lete blowe to lodgyng. and all the herowdes gaaf syr Lamorall the price. ¶And all this whyle foughte syr Palomydes/syr Bleoberys/syr Safere/and syr Ector on fote. Neuer were ther foure knyghtes euener matchyd. And thenne they were departyd and had vnto ther lodgyng/and vnarmyd them. And so they went to the grete feest. ¶But whan syre Lamorak was come in to the courte/ quene Guenenuer toke hym in her armys/& sayd syre well haue ye done this daye ¶Thenne came the haute prynce/& he made of hym grete Joye. And so dide Dynadan/for he wepte for Joye/ ¶But the Joye that syre Launcelot made of syre Lamorak there myghte noo man telle. ¶They went vnto reste. And on the morne the haute prynce lete blowe vnto the felde.

¶Of the fyfthe daye/ and how syre Lamorak behaued hym .xlvi.

HEre begynneth the fyfth daye So it befell that syre Palomydes came in the mene tyde & profred to Jouste there as kynge Arthur was

in a castell there beside Surluse/and ther encountred wyth a worshypful duke. And there syre Palomydes smote hym ouer his hors croupe. And this duke was vncle vnto kynge Arthur. Thenne syre Elyes sone rode vnto Palomydes/ And Palomydes serued Elyse in the same wyse. ¶ Whan syre Gwayñ saw this he was wroth/they he toke his hors & encountred with syre Palomydes. And Palomydes smote hym so harde that he went to the erthe hors & may . And for to make a shorte tale he smote downe thre bredyn of syr Gawayns/That is for to say Mordred/Gaherys and Agrauayne. ¶ O Jhesu sayd Arthur this is a grete dyspyte of a sarralyn that he shall smyte downe my blood. And there wyth all kynge Arthur was wood wroth. & thoughte to haue made hym redy to Joust. ¶ That aspyed syre Lamorak that Arthur & his blood wer dyscomfyted And anone he was redy/& axed Palomydes yf he wolde ony more Joust./ ¶ Why shold I not sayd Palomydes Thenne they hurtled togyders & brake ther speres & all to sheuerde them. that all the castell range of ther dyntes. Thenne eyther gate a gretter spere in his honde. And they came so fyersly togyder that syr Palomydes spere all to brake/ & syr Lamorakes dyde holde. Therwyth all syr Palomydes loste his steroppes/& laye vpryght on his horsbak. And thenne syr Palomydes retorned agayn & toke his damoysel. And syr Safere retorned his way ¶ So whan he was departed kynge Arthur came to syr Lamorak & thanked hym of his goodnes/ and prayed hym to telle him his name . ¶ Syre sayd Lamorak. Wyte you well I owe you my seruyse/but as at this tyme I woll not abyde here/for I se of myne enmyes many abowte me. ¶ Alas sayd Arthur/now wote I well it is syr Lamorak de Galys. O Lamorak abyde wyth me / and by my crowne I shall neuer faylle the/& not so hardy in Gawaynes heed / nor none of his brethern to do the ony wrong. Syr sayd syr Lamorak wrong haue they do to me and to you both. That is trou/ the sayd the kynge. for they slew ther owne moder & my syster / the whyche me sore greueth. It had be moche fayrer & better that ye hadd wedded her/ for ye are a kyngs sone alwel as they ¶ O Jhesu sayd the noble knyght syre Lamorak vnto Arthur / her dethe shall I neuer forgete. I promyse you & make myn auowe vnto god I shal reuenge her dethe as soone as I se tyme couenable. And yf it were not atyn reuerence of youre hyghnes/ I sholde now haue be reuengyd vpon syr Gawayne & his brethern. ¶ Truly sayd Arthur I woll make you at acorde./ ¶ Syre sayde syre Lamorak as atte this tyme I may not abyde wyth you for I must to the Joustes/ where bey syr Launcelot/ and the haute prynce syre Galahalt. ¶ Thenne ther was a damoysel that was doughter to the kynge Bandes. And there was a sarralyn knyghte whiche hyghte Corsabryn/and he louid the damoysel. and in noo wyse he wolde suffree her to be maryed. Forquer this Corsabryn noysed her and namyd her/ that she was oute of her mynde . And thus he lette her that she myghte not be maryed.

ment was syre Trystram. And there he tolde her how he had with him La beale Iloud maugre kynge Marke. & so quene Gueneuer tolde all this vn: to kyng Arthur. Whan kyng Arthur wyst that syr Tristram was escapyd & come from kynge Mark/ and had broughte La beale Iloud wyth hym. thenne was he passynge gladde. Soo by cause of syr Tristram kynge Ar / thur lete make a crye. ꝑ on May day shold be a Joustes before the castel of Lonazep/and that castell was fast by Joyous garde. And thus Arthur deui sed/that all the knyghtes of his lon/ de & of Cornewayle/and of northwa lys sholde Joust ayenst all thyse coun trees/Irlonde Scotlonde & the reme naunte of walys and the countree of Gore & Surluse and of Lystynoyse and they of Northumberlonde/& alle they ꝑ helde londes of Arthur a thys half the see/Whan this crye was ma de many knyghtes were gladde/ and many wer vngladde. ¶ Syr sayd La uncelot vnto Arthur/ By this crye ꝑ ye haue made ye wol put vs that ben abowte you in grete Jeperdy/ for ther be many knyghtes that haue grete en uyte to vs/ Therfore whan we shall mete at the daye of Joustes ther woll be harde shykke amonge vs. ¶ As for that sayd Arthur I care not ther shal we preue who shall be best of his hon des. ¶ So whan syr Launcelot vnder stode wherfor kyng Arthur made this Justyng. Thenne he made suche pur ueaunce that La beale Iloud shold be holde the Joustes in a secrete place/ ꝑ was honest for her estate. ¶ Now for ne ye vnto syre Tristram & to La be: ale Iloud/ how they made grete Joye dayly togyd wyth all manere of myr thes that they cowde deuyse. And eue: ry daye syr Tristram wolde go ryde on huntynge. For syre Tristram was that tyme callyd the beste chacer of ꝑ worlde/and the noblest blower of an horne of al maner of mesures. For as bokis reporte/ of syr Tristram came all the good termes of venery & of hū tyng/and the syses & mesure of blow ynge of an horne. And of him we had fyrst all the termes of hawkyng. and whyche were beestes of chace & beestis of venery/and whyche were vermyns and all the blastes that long to al ma nere of games. Fyrste to the vncoupe: lynge. to the sekynge. to the rechace. to the flyghte. to the dethe/and to strake And many other blastes & termes / ꝑ all manere of gentyl men haue cause to the worldes ende to prayse syr Tris tram/& to praye for his soule.

¶ How by the counsell of La beale I loud Tristram rode armyd / & how he mette with syr Palomydes .liij.

SOo on a daye La beale Iloud sayd vnto syr Tristram. Inex ueyble me moche sayde she/that ye re/ membre not yourselfe how ye be here in a strange countree/and here be ma ny perylous knyghtes. And well ye wote that kyng Mark is full of trea: son/ and that ye wol ryde thus to cha ce & to hunte vnarmyd/ye nyghte be dystroyed. ¶ My fayr lady & my loue I crye you mercy/I woll no more doo so. So thenne syr Tristram rode day ly on huntynge armyd & his men be/ rynge his shelde & his spere. ¶ So on a day a lytyl afor the month of May

syr Tristram chacid ay harte passyn
ge egerly/and so the harte passid by a
fayr welle. And thenne syr Tristram
alyghte/& put of his helme to drynk
of that water. Ryght so he herde and
sawe the questynge beest come to the:
welle. Whay syr Tristram sawe that
beest he put on his helme / for he de /
myd he shold here of syr Palomydes
for that beest was his queste. Ryght
so syre Tristram sawe where came a
knyghte armyd vpon a noble courser
And he salewed him/and they spake
of many thynges. And this knyghtes
name was Breuse saunce pyte. And
ryght so w all there came vnto them
the noble knyghte syre Palomydes/&
eyther salewed other & spake fayre to
other. ¶ Fayr knyghtes sayd Breuse
saūce pyte I canne tell you tydynges
What is that sayde those knyghtes./
Syres wyte you well that kyng Mar
ke is put in pryson by his owne knyg
tes/and all was for loue of syr Tris
tram/for kynge Mark hadde put syr
Tristram twyes in pryson. And ones
syr Percyuale delyuerd the noble knig
te syre Trystram out of pryson. And
at the last tyme quene La beale Isoud
delyuerde hym/& went clerely awaye
wyth hym in this reame. And al this
whyle kynge Mark the fals traytour
is in pryson. ¶ Is this trouthe sayde
Palomydes/ thenne shall we hastyly
here of syre Tristram. And as for to
say ỹ I loue La beale Isoud paramou
res I dare make good that I do/ and
ỹ she hath my seruyse aboue al other
ladyes. & shall haue the terme of my
lyf. ¶ And ryght so as they stode tal:
kyng/they sawe afore them where ca
me a knyght al armed on a gret hors
and one of his meyn bare his shelde/&
the other his speres. And anone as ỹ
knyght aspyed them/he gate his shel
de & his spere/and dressyd hym to Jo
ust. ¶ Fayre felowes sayd syre Tris/
tram ponder is a knyghte wyll Joust
wyth vs/lete se whyche of vs shall en
counte wyth hym/ for I se well he is
of the courte of kynge Arthur. ¶ It
shall not be long or he be mette with
sayd syr Palomydes/ for I founde ne
uer noo knyghte in my queste of this
glastyng beest but & he wold Joust I
neuer refusyd hym. ¶ As well maye I
sayd Breuse saunce pyte folowe that
beest as ye. Thenne shall ye do batay
le wyth me sayd Palomydes. So syre
Palomydes dressyd him to that other
knyght syr Bleoberis that was a ful
noble knyghte nyghe kynne vnto syr
Launcelot. And so they mette so har
de/that syr Palomydes felle to the er
the hors & al. ¶ Thenne syr Bleobe
rys cryed alowde & sayde thus/Make
the redy thou falle traytoure knyghte
Breuse saunce pyte/for wyte thou cer
tenly I wol haue a do wyth the to the
vtteraūce for the noble knyghtes & la
dyes that thou hast fally betrayed./
Whan thys fals knyghte & traytoure
Breuse saunce pyte herde hym say so
he toke his hors by the brydyll/& fled
his way as fast as euer hys hors myg
te renne/for sore he was of hym afeyd
Whan syr Bleoberys sawe hym flee/
he folowed faste after thorugh thyche
& thrugh thynne. And by fortune as
syr Breuse fledde/he sawe cuen afore
hym thre knyghtes of the table roun
de/Of whiche the one hyghte syr Ec
tor de Marys/ỹ other hyghte syr Per
cyuale de Galys/the other hyght syr

Harre de fyle Lake/a good knyght & ay hardy. And as for fyre Percyuale he was callyd that tyme of hys tyme one of the beste knyghtes of the worl de and the beste assured. ¶ Whan Bre use sawe thyse knyghtes he rode strey ght vnto them.and cryed vnto them & prayd them of relcowes. ¶ What ne de haue ye sayd syr Ector. ¶ A fayre knyghtes sayd syr Breuse here folo/ wyth me the mooste traytour knyghte & mooste cowarde and mooste of vylay ny/hys name is Breuse saunce pyte / And yf he maye gete me he woll slee me wythoute mercy & pyte. ¶ Abyde wyth vs sayd syre Percyuale and we shall warraunt you. Thenne wer they waxe of syr Bleoberys that came ry/ dynge in all the haste that he myghte Thenne syr Ector put himself forth to Jouste afore them all. ¶ Whan syr Bleoberys sawe that they were foure knyghtes & he but hymselfe/he stode in a dowte whether he wold torne or hol de his waye. Thenne he sayd to hym self Jam a knyghte of the table roū de/& rather than Jshold shame myn othe & my blood J woll hold my way what so euer falle therof. And thenne syr Ector dressyd his spere & smote ey ther other passynge sore/ but syr Ec/ tor felle to the erthe. That sawe syre Percyuale/& he dressyd his hors tow/ arde hym alle that he myghte dryue. But syr Percyuale had suche a stro / ke that hors & man felle to the erthe.: Whan syr Harre sawe that they were bothe to the erthe/thenne he sayd to hym self Neuer was Breuse of suche pro/ wesse. So syr Harre dressyd his horse. and they mette togyders soo strongly that bothe the horses & knyghtes fell to the erthe/But syr Bleoberys hors began to recouer agayn. That sawe syr Breuse & he came hurtlynge/ and smote hym ouer & ouer/and wold ha ue slayne hym as he laye oy the groū: de. Thenne syr Harre le fyle Lake aro se lyghtly & toke ỳ brydell of syr Bre use hors & sayd. Fye for shame stryke neuer a knyghte whan he is at the er the/ for this knyghte maye be callyd noo shamefull knyghte of hys dedes/ ffor yet as men maye se there as he ly eth oy the grounde/ he hath done wor shypfully/and put to the wors passyn ge good knyghtes. ¶ Therfore woll J not lette sayd syr Breuse/ ¶ Thou shalt not chese sayde syre Harre as at this tyme. Thenne whan syr Breuse sawe that he mighte not chese nor ha ue his wyll/he spake fayre. Thenne syr Harre lete hym goo . And thenne anone he made his hors to renne ouer syr Bleoberys/ & rasshyd hym to the erthe lyke as he wold haue slayne hȳ Whan syr Harre sawe hym do so vy/ laynously/he cryed traytour knyghte leue of for shame. And as syre Harre wolde haue taken his hors/ to fyghte wyth syre Breuse/thenne syr Breuse ranne vpon hym as he was half vp / oy his hors & smote hym downe hors & may to the erthe/and had nere slay ne syr Harre the good knyght. That sawe syr Percyuale/& thenne he cryed traytour knyghte what dooste thou/ & whan syre Percyuale was vppon hys hors/ syr Breuse toke his hors & fled all that euer he myghte. And syr Per cyuale & syr Harre folowed after him faste/But euer the lenger they chacid the ferder they were behynde. Thenne they tornid ayen & came to syr Ector

de Marys & to syr Bleoberys ¶ A fa yr knyghte sayd Bleoberys why ha/ue ye socoured that fals knyghte and traytour ¶ Why sayd syr Harre what knyghte is he / for well I wote it is a fals knyghte sayd Harre & a cowarde and a felonous knyghte. ¶ Syr sayd Bleoberys / he is the mooste cowarde knyghte & a deuourer of ladyes / and a dystroyer of good knyghtes / & specially of Arthurs. ¶ What is your name sayd Ector. My name is syre Bleoberis de Ganys. Alas fayr colyn sayd Ector / forgeue it me / for I am syr Ector de Marys. Thenne syr Percyuale & syr Harre made grete Jōye that they mette wyth Bleōberys / But all they were heuy that syre Breule was escappyd them / wherof they made grete dole & sorowe.

¶ Of syr Palomydes / & how he met wyth syre Bleoberys & wyth syr Ector / & of syr Percyuale. .liij.

Byght so as they stode thus there came syre Palomydes / And whan he sawe the shelde of Bleoberys lye on the erth. Thenne sayd Palomydes he that oweth that shelde lete hym dresse him to me / for he smote me downe her fast by at a fountayne and therfore I wyll fyghte wyth him on foote. ¶ I am redy sayd Bleoberys here to answere the. for wyte thou wel syr knyght it was I. and my name is Bleoberys de Ganys. ¶ Well arte ÿ mette sayde Palomydes / & wyte thou wel my name is Palomydes the Sarasyn / & eyther of theym hatyd other to the dethe. ¶ Syr Palomydes sayd Ector wyte thou wel there is neyther thou nor knyght that beryth lyf that sleeth ony of oure blood / but he shall deye for it. Therfore & thou lyste to fyghte goo seke syr Launcelot or syre Tristram & there shall ye fynde youre matche. ¶ Wyth them haue I met sayd Palomydes / but I had neuer noo worshyp of them. ¶ Was there neuer no maner knyght sayd syr Ector but they that euer matchyd you. Yes sayd Palomydes / there was the thyrde a good knyghte as ony of them / and of his aege he was the beste that euer I-fonde / For & he myghte haue lyued tyll he had bey an hardyer man. there lyueth noo knyghte now suche / & hys name was syre Lamorak de Galys / And as he had Justed at a turnement there he ouerthrewe me .xxx. knyghtis no / and there he wanne the degre And at hys departyng ther met hym syr Gawayne & his brethern / & wyth grete payne they slewe hym felonously / vnto alle good knyghtes grete damage. ¶ Anone as syr Percyuale herde that his brother was deed syr Lamorak / he felle ouer hys hors maane swownynge. and there he made ÿ grettest dole that euer made knyght. And whan syr Percyuale arose / he sayde / Alas my good & noble brother syr Lamorak / now shal we neuer mete / and I trowe in al the wyde worlde a man may not fynde suche a knyghte as he was of his aege. And it is to moche to suffre the deth of our fader kyng Pellenore and now the dethe of our good brother syr Lamorak. ¶ Thenne in the meane whyle there came a varlet from the courte of kyng Arthur / and told them of the grete turnement that sholde be at Lonazep / and how thyse

londes Cornewayle and Northgalys
sholde be ayenst alle them that wolde
come.

¶ How syr Tristram mette wyth sy
re Dynadan/& of theyr deuyses/and
what he sayde to syr Gawaynes bre
thery. ¶ Capim .lv.

NOw come we vnto syr Tris
tram that as he rode on hun/
tyng he mette wyth syr Dynadan þ
was comen in to that countree to seke
syr Tristram. Thene syr Dynadan
calde syr Tristram his name/But sy
re Tristram wold not telle his name
Wherfore syr Dynadan was wroth
for suche a folysshe knyghte as ye ar̄
sayd syr Dynadan I sawe but late to
daye lyenge by a welle/ & he fared as
he slepte/And there he laye lyke a fo:
le gryñyng & wolde not speke/& his
shelde laye by hym. & well I wote he
was a louer. ¶ A fayre syr sayd syre
Tristram are ye not a louer. ¶ Mary
fye on that craffte sayd syr Dynadan
¶ That is euyll sayd sayd syr Tris
tram/ for a knyghte may neuer be of
prowesse/but yf he be a louer. ¶ Yt is
well sayd sayde syr Dynadan. Now
telle me your name syth ye be a louer
or elles I shall doo bataylle with you
¶ As for that sayd syr Tristram it is
no reason to fyght wyth me but I tel
you my name. And as for my name
shall ye not wyte as at this tyme. Fy
for shame sayd Dynadan art thou a
knighte & darest not tell thy name to
me/Therfore I woll fyghte wyth yꝑ.
¶ As for that sayde syr Tristram I
woll be auysed/for I woll not do ba/
taylle but yf me lyste / And yf I doo
batayll sayd syr Tristram ye are not
able to wythstonde me. ¶ Fye oy the
cowarde sayd syr Dynadan. And thꝰ
as they houed styll they saye a knygh
te came ridynge agaynst them. ¶ Loo
sayd syr Tristram see where comyth
a knyghte rydynge wyll Jouste wyth
you. Anone as syr Dynadan beheldc
hym he sayde / that is the same dotyd
knyghte that I sawe lye by the welle:
neyther sleppynge ne wakynge. ¶ Wel
sayd syr Tristram I knowe yꝑ knygh
te wel wyth the couerde shelde of alu
re/ he is the kynges sone of Northum
berlonde/ His name is Eppynegrys/&
he is as grete a louer as I know /and
he louyth the kyñges doughter of Wa
lys/a fayre lady. And now I suppose
sayd syr Tristram /& ye requyre hym
he wol Jouste wyth you / And thenne
shall ye preue whether a louer be a bet
ter knyghte or ye that woll not loue
no lady. ¶ Wel sayd Dynadan now
shalt thou see what I shal doo/ Ther
wyth all syr Dynadan spake on hye.
& sayd Syr knyghte make ye redy to
Jouste wyth me/ for it is the custome
of arraunt knyghtes one to Jouste-wꝫ
a nother. ¶ Syr sayde Eppynegris is
that the rule of you arraunt knyghtꝭ
for to make a knyghte to Jouste wyl
he or nyll. ¶ Thenne sayd syr Dyna
dan As for that thenne make the redi
for here is for me. And therwyth alle
they spored theyr horses/and mette to
giders so harde that Eppynegrys smo
te downe syre Dynadan. ¶ Thenne
syre Tristram rode to syr Dynadan
how is it wyth you now. Me seuyth
that the louer hath ryght well spedde
¶ Fye oy the cowarde sayd syr Dy:
nadan thenne. And yf that thou be a
good knyghte now reuenge me./

¶Nay sayd syr Trystram I wol not
Jouste as at this tyme/ but take your
hors & lete vs goo hens ¶God defen
de me sayd syr Dynadan from thi fe
lyshyp/ for I neuer spedde well syn I
mette wyth.the and so they departid.
¶Well sayd sir Tristram/perauen/
ture I cowde telle you tydynges of sy
re Tristram. ¶God defende me sa:
yd Dynadan from thy felyshyp/for
syr Tristram wer moche the werse &
he were in thy company/& theñe they
departyd. ¶Syr sayd syr Tristram
yet it maye happe I shall mete wyth
you in other places. So rode syr Tris
tram vnto Joyous garde/& there he
herd in that towne grete noys & crye/
¶What is this noyse sayd syr Tris:
tram/ Syr sayd they here is a knygh
te of this castel that hath be longe a/
monge vs/& ryghte now he is slayne
wyth two knyghtes. And for none o/
ther cause:but that our knyghte sayd
that syr Launcelot was a better knyz
te than syr Gawayne. ¶That was
a symple cause sayd syr Tristram to
slee a good knyghte by cause he sayd
well by his mayster. ¶That is lytyl
remedy to vs sayd the men of the tow
ne/for & syr Launcelot had ben here
sone we sholde haue ben reuengyd vp
pon thole falle knyghtes. Whan syre
Tristram herde them saye so/he sent
for his shelde & for his spere. & lyght/
ly wythin a whyle he hadde ouertake
them/ And badde them torne & amen
de that they had myssdoon. ¶What a
mendes woldest thou haue sayd ꝑ one
knyght/And therwyth they toke ther
cours. & eyther met other so harde ꝑ si
re Tristram smote downe ꝑ knyghte
ouer his hors tayll. They the other
knyghte dressid hym to syr Tristram
& in the same wise he serued the other
knyght. And thenne they gate of ther
horses as well as they myghte/& dres
syd ther shyldes & swerdes to do ther
bataylle to the vttermaunce. ¶Knygh
t sayd syr Tristram ye shall tell me
of whens ye are & what ben your na
mes/for suche men ye myghte be/ ye
sholde harde escape my hondes/ & ye
mighte be suche men of suche a coun
tree/ that for alle youre euyll dedes ye
sholde passe qnyte. ¶Wyte thou well
syr knyghte sayd they we fere not to
telle the oure names/ for my name is
syr Agrauayne. and my name is Ga
herys brethern vnto the good knyght
syr Gawayne/And we ben neuewes
vntō kynge Arthur. ¶Well sayd syre
Tristram for kynge Arthurs sake I
shall lete you passe as atte this tyme/
But it is shame sayd syre Tristram.
that syre Gawayne & ye ben come of
so gret a blood that ye foure brethern
are so namyd as ye ben.for ye ben cal
lyd the gretest dystroyers & murderers
of good knyghtes ꝑ ben now in ythys
Reame. For it is but late agoon as I
herde saye that syr Gawayne and ye
slewe amonges you a better knyghte
than euer ye were/whyche was the
noble knyghte syre Lamorak de Ga
lys. And it had plesyd god sayd syr
Tristram I wolde I hadde ben bi sy
re Lamorak atte his dethe/ ¶They
sholdest thou haue goon the same ma
nere waye sayde syre Gaheris. ¶Fa
yr knyghtes sayd syr Tristram thēn
must ye haue ben many moo knygh/
tes than ye are. And therwyth all syre
Tristram departyd fro them toward
Joyous garde / And whañe he was

departyd they toke theyr horses/And the one sayd to thother/We wyl ouer take hym & be reuengyd vpon hym in the dyspyte of syr Lamorak.

¶ How syre Tristram smote downe syr Agrauayne & syr Gaherys.& hou syr Dynaday was sente for La beale Joud ¶ Capl'm .lvi.

SOwhan they had ouertake syre Tristram/syre Agrauayne had hym forne traytour knyghte. ¶ Þ is euyll sayd sayd syr Tristram.and therwyth he pullyd out his swerde/& smote syr Agrauayne suche a buffett vpon the helme that he tomblyd downe of his hors in a swowne/ & he had a greuous wounde.And thenne he torned to Gaheris.& syr Tristram smote hys swerde & hys helme togyder w̄ suche a myghte that Gaherys fel oute of his sadyll.And so syr Tristram rode vnto Joyous garde/& there he a lyghte & vnarmed hym.So syr Tristram tolde La beale Joud of alle hys aduenture as ye haue had herde tofor And whan she herde hym telle of syr Dynaday/Syre sayd she is not Þ he that made the longe by kyng Mark/ That same is he sayd syr Tristram for he is the beste bourder & Japer/& a noble knyghte of his hondes/and Þ best felowe Þ I know/& al good knyghtes loue his felyshyp. ¶ Alas syr sayd she why broughte ye not hym w̄ you haue ye no care sayd syr Tristram/ for he rydeth to seke me in this countree/& therfor he wyll not awaye tyll he hath mette wyth me.And there syre Tristram told La beale Joud hou syr Dynaday helde ayenst all louers

¶ Ryght so there came in a varlet & tolde syr Tristram how there was come an arraunt knighte in to Þ towne w̄ suche colours vpon his shelde. ¶ Þ is syr Dynaday sayd syr Tristram/ Wote ye what ye shall doo sayde syre Tristram/ sende ye for hym my lady Joud & I woll not be seen/& ye shall here the meryest knyghte that euer ye spake w̄ al & the maddest talker/& I pray you hertly Þ ye make hym good chere.They anon̄ La beale Joud sente into the towne & prayed syr Dynaday Þ he wolde come in to the castell & repose hym there wyth a lady. ¶ W̄ a good wyll sayd syr Dynaday/& so he mountyd vpon his hors. & rode in to the castell/And there he alyghted & was vnarmyd & broughte in to Þ castel.Anone La beale Joud came vnto hym/& eyther salewed other/ Thenne she askyd hȳ of whens Þ he was. Madame sayd Dynaday I am of the court ōf kynge Arthur/ & knyghte of Þ table roūde/& my name is syr Dynaday/What doo ye in this countree sayd La beale Joud. Madame he sayd I seke syr Tristram the good knyghte.for it was told me Þ he was in this countree.It maye well be sayd La beale Joud/but I am not ware of hym Madame sayd Dynaday I merueyll of syr Tristram and mo other louers what eylleth them to be soo madde & soo sotted vppon wymmen. ¶ Why sayde La beale Joud/are ye a knyghte and be no louer.It is shame to you Wherfore ye maye not be callyd a gode knyghte / but yf ye make a quarell for a lady. ¶ God defende me sayde Dynaday for Þ Joy of loue is to shorte/& the sorow therof & what comyth

therof.durych ouer long ¶A sayd La beale Iloud saye ye not soo/ ffor here fast by was the good knight syr Vle obeyns that foughte wyth thre knyghtes at ones for a damoysels sake/and he wanne her afore the kyng of Nor thumberlonde. ¶It was so sayd syr Dynadan for I knowe hym well for a good knyght & a noble/ and comen of noble blood. for al bey noble knyg tes of whom he is come of.that is syr Launcelot du lak. ¶Now I pray you sayd La beale Iloud/telle me wyll ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me grete wrong. And in so moche as ye be a knyght of kyng Ar thurs I requyre you to do bataylle for me. ¶Thenne syr Dynadan sayd/I shall say you. ye be as fayr a lady as euer I saw ony/& moche fayrer than is my lady quene Gueneuer/ but wy te ye well at one worde I wyll not fyg te for you wyth thre knyghtes/Jhesu deffende me. Thenne Iloud lough & had good game at hym. Soo he had al the chere that she myght make hym And there he laye alle that nyghte/& on the morne erly syre Tristram ar / myd hym/ And La beale Iloud gaaf hym a good helme. And thenne he pro myled her that he wold mete wyth sy re Dynadan/and they two wolde ry: de togyders vnto Lonazep where the turnement sholde be. And there shall I make redy for you where ye shal se the turnement. ¶Thenne departyd syr Tristram with two squyres that bare his shelde & hys speres that were grete and longe.

¶How syr Dynadan mette wyth sy re Tristram. And how wt Joustynge wyth syre Palomydes syr Dynadan knewe hym ¶Capl'm .lvij

Thenn after that syr Dynadan departid & rode his way a gre te paas tyll he had ouertake syr Tris tram. And whan syr Dynadan hadd ouertake hym/he knewe hym anone/ And he hatyd the felyship of him abo ue all other knyghtes. ¶A sayde syre Dynadan art thou that coward knig te that I mette wyth yesterdaye/kepe the/for thou shalt Jouste wt me mau gre thy heed. Well sayd syr Tristram and I am lothe to Jouste. And so they lete ther horses renne. And syr Tris/ tram mysted of hym a purpoos/& syr Dynadan brake a speere vppon syre Tristram. And therwyth syr Dyna: dan dressid hym to drawe out his swer de. Not so sayd syr Tristram why ar ye so wrothe. I woll not fighte/ ¶Fy on the cowarde sayd Dynadan thou shamest all knyghtes. ¶As for ꝑ say de syr Tristram I care not/for I wol wayte vpon you & be vnder your pro/ tectyon: for by cause ye are so good a knyghte ye maye saue me. ¶The de upl delyuer me of the sayd Dynadan for thou art as gooddly a man of ar mys & of thy persone as euer I sawe/ & the moost coward that euer I sawe ¶What wolt thou do wyth tho grete speres that thou carryest wyth the. I shal geue them sayd syr Tristram to some good knyghte whan I come to ꝑ turnement. And yf I se you do best I shall geue them to you. So thus as they rode talkyng they sawe wher̄ ca me a knyght arraūt afor them dressyng hym to Just. Lo sayd Tristram ponder is one wyll Just/now dresse the to hym A shame betyde the sayd Dynadan:

¶ Nay not so sayd syr Tristram for ꝑ knyghte belempth a shrewe. They shall I sayd syre Dynaday. & so they dressyd ther shyldes & ther speres. and they mette togideirs so harde / that the other knyghte smote downe syr Dy: nadan from hys hors. ¶ So sayd syre Tristram it had be beter ye had lefte ¶ fy on the cowarde sayd syr Dynadan. ¶ Thenne syr Dynadan sterte vp & gate hys swerde in his honde / & profred to do batayll on fote. Whether in loue or in wrathe sayd the other knyghte. Lete vs do batayll in loue sayd syre Dynadan / What is your name sayd that knyghte I praye you telle me Wyte ye well my name is syr Dynadan. A Dynadan sayd that knyghte & my name is Gareth the yongest brother vnto syre Gawayne. Thene eyther made of other gret chere. for this Gareth was the beste knyghte of alle thole brethery / and he preuyd a good knyghte. ¶ They they toke ther hors / ses / & ther they spak of syr Tristram how suche a coward he was. And euery worde sir Tristram herde & lough them to scorne. Thenne were they ware where came a knyghte afore them wel horsyd & well armed. And he made hym redy to Jouste. ¶ Fayr knyghte sayd syr Trystram loke betwyx you who shal Jouste with thonder knyghte / for I warne you I wyll not haue ado with him. ¶ They shall I sayd syre Gareth. & so they encountryd togyders / & there that knyghte smote downe syre Gareth ouer his hors croupe / ¶ How now sayd syr Tristram vnto syr Dynadan / dresse the now & reuenge the good knyghte Gareth. That shall I not sayd syr Dynadan. for he hath stryken downe a moche byggar knyghte than I am. A sayd syr Tristram now syre Dynadan I see & fele well your herte fayllyth you / therfore now shall ye se what I shall do. And thenne syre Tristram hurtlyd to that knyght / & smote hym quyte from his hors. And whan syr Dynadan sawe ꝑ he merueylled gretly. & thenne he demed that it was syr Tristram. They the knyghte that was on fote pullyd out his swerde to do batayll. What is your name sayd syr Tristram / Wyte you well sayd that knyghte my nam̃ is syr Palompdes. What knyghte hate ye moost sayd syre Tristram. Syre knyghte sayd he I hate syr Tristram to the dethe / for & I maye mete wyth hy̆ the one of vs shall dey. Ye say wel sayd syr Tristram / & wyte ye well ꝑ I am syr Tristram de Lyones. & now do your worst. Whan syr Palompdes herde hym saye so he was astonyed / & thenne he sayd thus. I praye you syr Tristram forgeue me alle myn euyll wyl. And yf I lyue I shall do you seruyse aboue all other knyghtes ꝑ be lyuyng / & ther as I haue owed you euyll wylle me sore repentyth / I wote not what eyleth me / for me semyth ꝑ ye are a good knyzte / & none other knyzte that namyd himself a good knyghte sholde not hate you. Therfore I requyre you & praye you syre Tristram take noo displeysure at myn vnkynd wordes. ¶ Syre Palompdes sayd syr Tristram ye say well. And well I wote ye are a good knyghte / for I haue seen you preuyd / and many grete enterprises haue you taken vpon you & wel encheued them. therfor sayd Tristram & ye owe me euyl wyll ye maye

ryghte it/ for I am redy at your hond Not so my lorde syr Tristram. I wyl do you knyghtly seruyse in all thyng as ye woll cõmaunde. And ryght so I wol take you sayd syr Tristram. and so they rode forth on ther wayes tal / kynge of many thinges. ¶ Do my lor de syr Tristram sayd Dynadan/ fou le haue ye mocked me/ for god kno / wyth I came in this countree for you re sake/ & by the aduyse of my lord sy re Launcelot/ And yet wolde not syre Launcelot telle me the certente of you where I sholde fynde you. ¶ Truely sayd syr Tristram syr Laũcelot wyst well where I was/ for I abode wyth/ in his owne castell.

¶ How they approchyd the castell of Lonazep & õf other deuyses of ꝑ deth of syr Lamorak ¶ Capĩ .lviij

Thus they rode vntyll they we re ware of the castell of Lona zep. And thenne wer they ware of fou re hundred tentes & pauelyons & mer ueyllous grete ordenaunce. ¶ So god me helpe sayd syr Tristram yonder I see the grettest ordenaunce that euer I sawe. ¶ Syr sayd Palomydes me se: myth that there was as grete ay orde naunce at the castell of Maydens vp on the roche where ye wanne the pry: ce/ for I sawe myself where ye forioul tid. xxx. knyghtes. ¶ Syr sayd Dyna day & in Surluse at that turnement that Galahalt of the longe Iles ma: de the whyche there duryd. vij. dayes / was as grete a gaderynge as is here / for there were many nacyons. ¶ Who was the best sayd syr Tristram. Syr it was syr Launcelot du lake & the no ble knyghte syre Lamorak de Galys. & syr Launcelot wanne the degree. I doubte not sayd syr Tristram but he wanne the degre/ so he had no be ouer matchyd wyth many knyghtes. And of ꝑ deth of syr Lamorak sayd Tris tram it was ouer grete pyte. For I dar say/ he was the cleneste myghted man & the beste wynded of hys aege ꝑ was on lyue/ for I knewe hym that he was the byggest knyghte that euer I mett wyth all but yf it were syr Launcelot Alas sayd syre Tristram full woo is me for his dethe/ & yf they were not ꝑ colyns of my lorde Arthur ꝑ slewe hym they sholde dey for it/ & all those that were consentyng to his dethe. And for suche thinges sayd syr Tristram I fe re to drawe vnto the courte of my lor de Arthur. ¶ I wylle that ye wyte it sayd syr Tristram vnto Gareth. Sy re I blame you not sayd Gareth/ for wel I vnderstonde the vengaunce of my brethery syr Ga Wayñ/ Agrauey ne/ Gaherys & Mordred. But as for me sayd syre Gareth I medle not of ther materes/ therfor there is none of them that louith me. And for I vnder stond they be murderers of gode knyz tes I lefte ther cõpany. And god wol de I had be by sayde Gareth whan ꝑ noble knyzte syr Lamorak was slay ne ¶ Now as Jhesu be my helpe sayd syr Tristram/ it is well sayd of you/ for I had leuer than all the golde be twyx this & Rome I hadd bey there. ¶ Ye wys sayde Palomydes I wolde I had bey ther/ & yet had I neuer the degre at no Joustꝫ nor turnement thet as he was/ but he put me to the werse oy fote or oy horsbak. & that day ꝑ he was slayne he dide ꝑ moste dedes of ar mys ꝑ euer I

sawe knyghte do in all my lyf dayes. ¶ And whan hym was geuen the de gree by my lorde Arthur. syr Gawayne & his thre bredyn. Agrauayne. Gahe rys & syr Mordred sett vpon syre Ga/ morah in a preuy place / & there they slewe his hors. And soo they foughte with hym on fote more than thre hou res bothe before hym & behynde hym And syr Mordred gaaf hym hys deth wounde behynde hym at his bak/and all to hewe hym/for one of his squy/ res tolde me that sawe it. ¶ Fye vpon trealon sayd syr Tristram. for it kyl lyth my herte to here this tale. ¶ So it dooth myne sayd Gareth brethern as they be myn I shal neuer loue them nor drawe in ther felyship for that de de. ¶ Now speke we of other dedes sa yd Palomydes & lete hym be/ for hys lyf ye maye not gete agayn. ¶ That is the more pyte sayd Dynadan/ for syr Gawayne & his brethern excepte you syr Gareth hate all ꝑ good knyg tes of the rounde table for the mooste party. for well I wote & they myght pryuely/ they hate my lorde syr Laun celot & all his kynne. And grete preuy dispyte they haue atte hym/ & that is my lorde syr Launcelot well ware of And that causyth hym to haue ꝑ goō de kuyghtꝫ of his kynne aboute hȳ.

¶ How they came to Humber banke. and how they fonde a shyppe there / wherin laye the body of kynge Her / maunce. ¶ Capl'm .lix.

SYr sayd Palomydes lete vs le ue of this matere / and lete vs se. how we shall do at this turnement ¶ By myn aduyse sayd Palomydes lete vs foure holde togyders ayenst al that woll come. ¶ Not hi my counsel sayd syr Tristram/for I see by theyr pauelyons ther wol be foure hundryd knyghtes. And dowte ye not but there woll be many good knyghtes/ & be a man neuer so valyaūt & bygge. yet he may be ouermatched. & so haue I seen full oft. ye whan they wend best to ha ue woñ worshyp they loste it/ for mā hode is not worth but yf it be medled wyth wysdom. And as for me it may happe I shal kepe myn owne heed as well as a nother. Thus they rode tyll they came to Hūber bank/ where they herde a doleful crye. They were they ware in the wynde where came a ry/ che vessell couerde ouer wyth red sylk & the vessel londed fast by them. Ther wyth syr Tristram & his cōpany alyg ted. So syr Tristram went afor in to the vessell. Whan he came wythin he sawe a fayr bedde rychely couerde/ & therupon laye a deed semely knyghte al armyd/ saaf ꝑ heed was all be bled wyth deedly woundes vpon hȳ/ why che semyd to be a passyng good knyg: te. ¶ How may this be sayd syr Tris tram ꝑ this knyghte is thꝰ slayn. Then he was ware of a letter in ꝑ deed knyg tes honde. ¶ Mayster maryners sayd he what meanyth that letter. ¶ Syre sayd they in that letter ye shall here & know how he was slayñ/ & for what cause/ & what was his name. But wi te ye well no man shall take ꝑ letter & rede it but yf he be a good knyghte/ & ꝑ he wol faythfully promyse to reuen ge his deth/ elles shal there no knygh te se ꝑ letter opey. ¶ Wyte you wel sa yd syr Tristram we may reuenge his dethe. & yf it be as ye saye it shall be

zeuengyd. And therwyth syr Tryf/ tram toke the letter out of the knygh tes hondes/and it sayde thus. ¶ Har/ maunce kynge & lorde of the zedde cy te I sende vnto all knyghtes arraunt zecõmaundynge vnto you noble knyz tes of Arthus courte. I beleche them all amonge them to fynde one knygh te that woll fyghte for my sake wyth two biethery that I broughte vpp of nought/ and felonoully & traytourly they haue slayne me/ Wherfore I bele che one good knyghte to zeuenge my: dethe. And he that zeuengith my deth I woll that he haue my zedde cytee & all my castellis. ¶ Syr sayd the ma/ ryners wyte ye well this kyng & knyz te that here lyeth was a full worshyp full may & of ful grete prowesse/ and full well he loued all manere knygh/ tes arrauntes. ¶ So god me helpe sa yd syr Tristram here is a pytous ca: se/ and full fayne I wolde take thys enterprise vpon me/ but I haue made suche a promyse that nedis I must be at this grete turnement. or elles I am shamyd. For well I wote for my sake in especyall my lorde Arthur lete ma ke this Joustis & turnement in this co untree. And well I wote that many worshypfull people woll be there att that turnement for to se me/ Therfo re I fere me to take this enterprise vp on me that I shall not come agayne: by tyme to thys Joustys. ¶ Syr sayd Palomydes I pray you geue me this enterpryse/ & ye shall se me encheue it worshypfully/ or ellys I shall deye in this quarell. Well sayd syr Tristram and this enterpryce I geue you wyth this that ye be wyth me at this turne: ment/ that shall be as this day seuey nyghte. Syr sayd Palomydes I pro: myse you that I shall be wyth you by that day yf I be vnslayne or vnmay med.

¶ How syr Tristram wyth his fely/ shyp came & were wyth an hooste whi che after foughte wyth syr Tristram and of other materes .lx.

¶ Then departyd syr Tristram. Gareth & syr Dynadan and lefte syr Palomydes in ỳ vessell. And so syr Tristram beheldе the maryne/ ners how they sayled ouer long Hum ber. And whan syre Palomydes was out of ther syghte/ they toke ther hor: ses & beheldе aboute them. And they were they ware of a knyghte that ca: me rydynge ayenst them vnarmyd & no thynge aboute him but a swerde And whan this knyghte came nyghe them he salewed them/ and they him agayn. ¶ Fayre knyghtes sayde that knyghte I praye you in soo moche as ye ben knyghtes arraunt that ye wol come & see my castell/ and take suche as ye fynde there/ I praye you hertly. And so they rode wyth hym vnto his castell. And there they were broughte in to the halle that was well apparey lyd. And so they were vnarmyd & set atte a borde. And whan this knyghte sawe syre Tristram anone he knewe him. And thenne this knighte wexed pale & wrothe at syr Tristram. Whã syre Tristram sawe his hooste make suche chere/ he merueyled & sayd/ Sy re myne hooste what chere make you/ ¶ Wyte thou well sayd he I fare the worse for the / For I knowe the syre Tristram de Lyones. Thou slewest my broder/ and therfore I geue the so

mons I woll slee the & euer I may ge te the at large. ¶ Syr knyghte sayde syre Tristram I am neuer aduysed þ euer I slew ony broder of yours. And yf ye say that I dyde I woll make a/ mendes to my power. ¶ I wol none amendes sayd the knyghte/ but kepe the from me. So whan he had dyned syr Tristram arid his armes & depar tyd. And so they rode oy ther wayes. And wythin a whyle syre Dynadan sawe where came a knyghte well ar/ myd and well horsyd wythout shelde ¶ Syr Trystram sayd syr Dynadan take kepe to yourself for I dare vnder take ponder comyth your hoost þ wol haue adoo wyth you. ¶ Lete hym co: me sayd syr Tristram I shall abyde hym as well as I maye/ ¶ Anone the knyghte whanne he came nyghe syre Tristram he cryed & badde hym aby de & kepe hym. So they hurtlyd togy der/ but syr Tristram smote the other knyght so sore that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe. That knyghte arose lightly & toke his hors agayn/ and so rode fyersly to syr Tristram & smote hym twyes harde vpon the helme. Si re knyghte sayd syr Tristram I pray you leue of & smyte me nomore/ for I wolde be lothe to deale wyth you. & I myghte chese/ For I haue pour mete & poure drynke wythin my body. For all that he wolde not leue. And thene syr Tristram gaue hym suche a buf/ fet vpon the helme that he felle vp so downe fro his hors. that the blood bra ke out at the ventaylles of his helme And so he laye styll lykly to be deed/ ¶ Thenne syr Tristram sayd. me re pentyth of this buffet that I smote so sore/ for as I suppose he is deed/ & so they lefte hym & rode oy ther wayes/ ¶ So they had not rydey but a why: le but they sawe rydyng ayenst them two full lykly knyghtes well armyd & well horsyd and goodly seruauntes abowte them. The one was Berra / unt le Apres: and he was called þ kyn ge wyth the hundred knyghtes. And þ other was syr Segwarydes/ whyche were renõmyd two noble knyghtes:/. So as they came eyther by other/ the kynge lokyd vpon syre Dynadan/ þ att that tyme he had syre Tristrams helme vpon his sholder. The whiche helme the kynge had seen tofore with the quene of Northgalys/ & that que / ne the kynge loued as paramour. and that helme the quene of Northgalys: had geuen to La beale Isoud. and the quene La beale Isoud gaaf it to syre Tristram. ¶ Syr knyghte sayd Ber raunt where had ye that helme. What wolde ye sayd syr Dynadan ¶ For I woll haue adoo wyth the sayd the kyn ge for the loue of her that owed þ hel: me. and therfore kepe you. So they de partyd & came togyders wyth al ther mightes of ther horses. And so þ kyn ge wyth the hundred knyghtes smote syr Dynadan hors & all to the erthe. And thenne he cõmaunded his seruaunt goo & take hys helme of & kepe it So the varlet went to vnbockell hys helme. ¶ What wolt thou do sayd syr Tristram/ leue þ helme. ¶ To what entent sayde the kynge wyll ye medle syr knyghte wyth that helme ¶ Wyte you well sayd syr Tristram that hel: me shal not departe from me or it be derer boughte. ¶ Thenne make you redy sayd syr Berraunte to syr Tris tram. So they hurtlyd togyders/ and

there syr Tristram smote hym downe ouer his hors tayll/ And they the kynge arose lyghtly/& gate his horse lightly agayne. And thenne he strake fyerlly at syr Tristram many greate strokes. And thenne syr Tristram gaue syr Berraunce suche a buffet vpon the helme/that he fell downe ouer his hors lore stonyed. ¶ Loo sayd Dynadayn this helme is vnhappi to vs tweyne for I had a falle for it/& now syr kyng ye haue a nother falle. ¶ Thenne Segwarydes asked who shall Joust with me. ¶ I praye the sayd syr Gareth vnto Dynaday lete me haue this Joust. ¶ Syr sayd Dynaday I pray you take it as for me. ¶ That is nooreson sayd Tristram/ for this Joust sholde be yours/ ¶ Att a worde sayde Dynaday I wyl not therof. Thenne Gareth dressyd hym to syr Segwarydes/ And there syr Segwarydes smote Gareth and his hors to the erthe./ ¶ Now sayd syr Tristram to Dynaday Jouste wyth yonder knyghte/ I wyll not therof sayd syre Dynaday. ¶ Thenne wol I sayd syr Tristram And thenne syr Tristram ranne to hym & gaaf hym a falle. And so they lefte them oy fote. And syr Tristram rode vnto Joyous garde/ & there syr Gareth wold not of his curtesy haue gon in this castell/ but syr Tristram wolde not suffre hym to departe/ And soo they alyghted & vnarmyd them/ and had gret chere. But whan Dynaday came afore La beale Jloud/ he curssyd the tyme that euer he bare syre Trist/ trams helme. And there he tolde her how syr Tristram had mocked hym. Thenne was there laughynge & Japyng at syr Dynaday that they wyst not what to doo wyth hym.:/

¶ How syre Palomydes wente for to fyght wyth two brethery for the deth of kynge Hermaunce ¶ Capl'm xli

NOw woll we leue them merry wythin Joyous garde & speke we of syr Palomydes. ¶ Thenne syre Palomydes sayled euen longes Humbre to the costes of the see/ where was a fayr castel. And at that tyme it was erly in the mornyng afore day. They the maryners went vnto syr Palomydes that slepte faste. Syr knyghte sayd the maryners ye must aryse/ for here is a castell there ye must goo in to / ¶ I assent me sayd syr Palomydes/ And there wyth alle he arryued. And thenne he blewe his horn that the maryners had yeue hym. And whan they wythin the castelle herde that horne / they put forth many knyghtes. & there they stode vpon the walles/ & sayd vnto one boys welcome be ye to this castel And thenne it wexyd clere daye/ And syr Palomydes entred in to the castell And wythin a whyle he was serued: wyth many dyuers meetes. Thenne syr Palomydes herde aboute hym moche wepyng & grete dole. What maye this meane sayd syr Palomydes. I loue not to here suche a sorowe. & fayne wolde I knowe what it meanyth. So there came afore hym one whose nam was syr Ebell that sayde thus/ Wyte ye well syr knyghte this dole & sorow is here made euery day/ & for this cause We had a kyng that hyghte Hermaunce & he was kyng of the redde cyte And this kynge that was lorde was a noble knyghte/ large & lyberal of his expence. And in ye worlde he loued no

thynge so moche as he dyde arraunte knyghtȝ of kyng Arthurs court. And all Joustynge. huntynge/ and all maner of knyghtly gamys. For so kynde a kynge & knyghte had neuer ꝑ rule of poore people as he was . And by cause of his goodnes & gentylnes/ we bemone hym & euer shal. And al kynges & estates maye bewaze by our lorde / for he was dystroyed in his owne defawte. For had he cherysshed them of his blood/ he hadd yet lyued wyth grete rychesse & reste/ But alle estates may bewaze by our kynge But alas sayd Ebel that we shal geue al other warnynge by his dethe. ¶ Telle me sayd Palomydes and in what maner was your lorde slayne and by whom/ ¶ Syr sayd syr Ebell our kyng brought vpp of two chyldren two men ꝑ now aze perylous knyghtes. and thyse two knyghtes our kynge had in so grete cherete that he loued no may nor trusted noo may of hys blood so well nor none other that was aboute hym And by thyse two knyghtes our kynge was gouerned/ and soo they rulyd hym peasibly & his londes. And neuer wold they suffre none of his blood to haue no rule wyth our kynge. And also he was so free & soo gentyll/ & they so fals & dysceyuable/ that they rulyd hym peasybly. And ꝑ alyyed the lordes of our kynges blood/ and depar/ tyd fro hym vnto ther owne lyuelode Thenne whan thyse two traytoures vnderstode that they had dryuen alle the lordes of his blode from him. they were not pleysyd wyth that rule/ but thenne they thought to haue more/ as euer it is-ay olde sawe/ Seue a chur: le rule/ & therby he woll not be suffy/ sid. For what someuer he be that is ruled by a vylayne borne & the lorde of the soyle to be a gentylman borne/ ꝑ same vylayne shal dystroye all ꝑ gentylmen abowte hym. Therfore all estates & lordes/ bewaze/ whom ye take abowte you . And yf ye be a knyghte of kyng Arthurs courte remẽbre thys tale/ for this is the ende & conclusyon My lorde & kyng rode vnto the forest here by the aduyse of thyse traytours And there he chacyd at the redde deer armyd at all ppeces full lyke a good knyghte/ and so for labour he werꝑd drye. And thenne he alyghted & dranke at a welle. And whan he was alyȝted by the assent of thyse two traytoures/ that one that hyȝte Helyus lodenly smote our kynge thorugh the body with a spere: and so they lefte hym̃ ther̃ And whan they were departed/ theñe by fortune I came to the welle. & founde my lorde & kynge wounded to the dethe. And whan I herde his compla/ynt I lete brynge hym to the water syde. and in that same shyppe I put hym̃ a lyue. And whan my lorde kyng Hermaunce was in that vessell/ he requyryd me for the true fayth I owed vnto hym̃ for to wryte a letter in this maner.

¶ The coppe of the letter wryten for to reuenge the kynges deth. & how syr Palomydes faughte for to haue ꝑ bataylle. ¶ Capm̃ .lxij.

BEcõmaundyng vnto kyng Arthur & to all his knyghtes arraunt belechynge them all in so moche as I kynge Hermaunce kynge of the redde cyte thus am slayne by felony & trealoy thrugh two knyghtes of

myn owne & of myn owne bygynge vp & of myn owne makynge/ that so me worshypfull knyghte woll reuen/ ge my deth in somoche I haue be euer to my power well wyllynge vnto Ar thurs courte. And who that wyll ad / uenture his lyf with thyse two traytou rs for my sake in one bataylle I kȳ ge shermaunce kynge of the redde cy/ te freely geue hym al my londes & ren tes that euer I possessyd in my lyfe./ : ¶ This letter sayd Ebell I wrote by my lordes cōmaundement. And thene he receyued his maker. And whan he was ded he cōmaunded me or euer he were colde to putt ẏ letter faste in hys honde. And thenne he cōmaunded me to put forth ẏ same vessell downe shū ber. And I sholde geue thyse maryne res in cōmaundement neuer to stynte vntyll they came vnto Logrys where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme/ And ther shall some go de knyghte haue pyte on me to reuen: ge my deth. for there was neuer kyn ge fayllyer ne traytourly slayne than I am here to my deth. This was the complaynt of our kynge shermaunce ¶ Now sayd syr Ebell ye knowe all how our lorde was betrayed. We requi re you for goddis sake haue pite vpon his dethe/ and worshypfully reuenge his deth. and thenne maye ye possesse all thyse londes. For we all wyte well that & ye may slee those two traytou : res/ the redde cyte & all those that bey therin wyll take you for theyr lorde.: ¶ Truly sayd syr Palomydes it gre uyth my hert for to here you tell this dolefull tale. And to saye the trouth I sawe the same letter that ye speke of/ And one of the beste knyghtes on the erthe redde that letter to me. And by his cōmaundement I am come hither to reuenge your kynges dethe/ & ther fore haue done & lete me wyte wher I shal fynde those traytours/ for I shal nener be att ease in my herte tyll I be in hondes wyth theym/ ¶ Syr sayde Ebel thenne take your shippe agayn and that shippe must brynge yon vn to the delectable Ile fast by the red cy te. And we here shall praye for you & abyde youre agayne comynge. For this same castell & ye spede well must nedys be yours. For our kyng shermaunce lete make this castell for the lo/ ue of the two traytours. And so we ke pe it wyth stronge honde / & therfore full sore are we thretenyd. ¶ Wote ye what ye shall do sayd syr Palomydes what someuer come of me/ loke ye ke pe well this castell/ For & it mysfortu ne me so to be slayne in this queste/ I am sure ther woll come one of the bes te knightes of the worlde for to reuen ge my deth. & that is syr Tristram de Lyones or elles syr Launcelot/ Then syr Palomydes departyd fro that cas tell. And as he came nyghe the cyte/ there came oute of a shyppe a goodly knyghte armyd ayenst hym with hys shelde on his sholder & his honde vp: on his swerde. And anone as he cam nyghe syr Palomydes he sayd. Syre knyghte what seke ye here / leue thys queste for it is myn/ & myn it was or euer it was yours & therfore I wyl ha ue it. ¶ Syr knyght sayd Palomydes it maye well be/ that this queste was yours or it was myn/ But whan the letter was take out of the deed kyngs honde at that tyme by lyklyhode ther was no knyghte hadde vnder take to

reuenge the dethe of kyng Hermaun ce. And so at that tyme I promysed to reuenge his deth/And so I shall or ellys I am alhampd. ¶ Ye saye well sayde the knyghte / but wyte ye well thenne woll I fyghte wyth you/ and who be the better knyght of vs both lete hym take the bataylle vpon hon de. ¶ I assente me sayd syr Palomy des. And they they dressyd ther shelds & pullyd oute ther swerdes & lasshyd togyder many sadde strokes as mey of myghte. And thus they fought mo re thay an houre. But at the laste Pa lomydes wexyd bygge & better wyn / ed. so that thenne he smote ỹ knigh te suche a stroke / that he made hym to knele vpon his knees. Theñe that knyghte spake oy hyghe/ & sayd gen tyl knyght holde thy honde. Syr Pa lomydes was goodly & wythdrew hil honde. ¶ Thenne this knyghte sayd wyte ye well knyghte that ye are bet: ter worthy to haue this batayle thay I/ And I requyre the of knyghthode telle me your name. Syr my name is Palomydes a knyghte of kynge Ar / thurs & of the table roũde that hither I came to reueng the deth of this deed kynge.

¶ Of the preparacõy of syr Palomy des & the two brethery that shold fyg te wyth hym ¶ Capt'm lxiij

AWell be ye founde sayde the: knyghte to Palomydes./ For of al knyghtes that bey on lyue excep te thre I hadde leuest haue you. The fyrst is syre Launcelot du lake & syre Tristram de Lyones. The thyrde is my nygh colyn syr Lamorak de Ga lys. And I am brother vntokyng Her maunce that is decd. And my name is syr Hermynde. ¶ Ye saye well sayd syre Palomydes/ and ye shall se how I shall spede/ And yf I be there slay/ ne/ goo ye to my lorde syr Launcelot. or ellis to my lord syr Tristram. and pray them to reuenge my deth/ for as for syre Lamorak hym shall ye neuer se in this world. ¶ Alas sayd syr Her mynde how maye that be. ¶ He is sla yn sayd syr Palomydes by syr Gaw ayne & his brethery. ¶ So god me hel pe sayd Hermynde there was not one for one that slewe hym. That is trou: the sayd syr Palomydes/ for they we re foure daungerous knightes ỹ slew hym. As syr Gawayne/ syr Agrauey ne/ syr Gaherys/ & syr Mordred/ but syr Gareth the fyfth brother was a: waye/ the beste knyghte of them alle. And so syr Palomydes told Hermyn de all the maner/ & how they slew syr Lamorak all oonly by treason. ¶ So syr Palomydes toke his shyppe/ & ar ryued vp at the delectable Ile. And in the meane whyle syr Hermynde ỹ kỹ ges brother arryued vpp at the reõde cyte. And there he tolde them how the re was comen a knyghte of kynge Ar thurs to auenge kyng Hermaunce de the/ and his name is syre Palomydes the good knyghte/ that for the moost party he folowyth the best glatysaũt Thenne all the cyte made grete Joye for moche had they herde of syr Pa/ lomydes & of his noble prowesse. So lete they ordeyne a messengere & sent vnto the two brethery/ & badde them make them redy/ for ther was a knyg te come that wolde fyghte wyth them bothe. Soo the messengere went vnto them where they were in a castel ther

belyde/ And there he tolde them how there was a knyghte comey of kynge Arthurs courte to fyghte wyth theim bothe atte ones. He is welcome sayde they/ But telle vs we praye you yf it be syr Launcelot or ony of his blood.: ¶ He is none of that blood sayde the messenger. ¶ Thenne we care ꝑ lesse sayd the two brethery/ for with none of the blode of syr Launcelot we kepe not to haue adoo with all. ¶ Wyte ye wel sayd the messenger that his nam̄ is syr Palomydes that yet is vncristē nyd a noble knyghte. Well sayd they & he be now vncristnyd/ he shal neuer be cristenyd. So they appoynted tobe at the cyte wythin two dayes. ¶ And whan syr Palomydes was come to ꝑ cyte they made passyng grete Joye of hym. And thenne they beheldē hym & sawe that he was well made/ clenely. & bygly/ & vnmaymed of his lym̄es/ and neyther to yonge nor to olde. and so all the people praysed him. & thouh he was not cristenyd / yet he beloued in the best manere/ and was kaythful & true of his promyse/ & well condyci oned. And bi cause he made his auow that he wolde neuer be cristnyd vnto the tyme ꝑ he had encheued the beeste glatysaunt. the whiche was a ful wō derfull beest & a grete sygnyfycacyon for Merlyn prophecied moche of that beest. And also syr Palomydes auow ed neuer to take full cristendom vnto the tyme that he had done. vij. batay: les wythin the lystes. ¶ So wythin ꝑ thyrde daye there came to the cyte thi se two brethery. The one hyght Hely us the other hyghte Helake/ the why che were men of grete prowesse. how be it that they were kals & full of tres alon/ and but poore men born/ yet were they noble knightes of ther hondes And wyth them they brouzte. xl knyz tes/ to that entent that they sholde be bygge ynouh for the redde cyte. Thꝰ came the two brethery wyth grete bo: baunce & pryde/ for they had put the redde cyte in fere & damage. ¶ They they were bronghte to the lystes. And syr Palomydes came in to the place/ & sayde thus/ Be ye the two brethery Helyus & Helake that slewe your kyn ge & lorde syr Hermauuce by felony & treason: for whom that I am come h ther to reuenge his dethe. ¶ Wyte well sayde syr Helyus & syr Helake we are the same knyghtes that slew kynge Hermaunce. And wyte ꝑ we syr Palomydes sarrasin that we shal handle the so or thou depart that thou shall wysshe that thou were cristnyd. ¶ Jt maye well be sayd syr Palomy des/ for yet I wolde not deye or I we re cristnyd/ & yet so am I not afeid of you bothe/ But I truste to god that I shall deye a better cristey may thañe ony of you bothe. And doubte ye not sayde syre Palomydes. eyther ye or I shall be lefte deed in this place.

¶ Of the bataylle of syr Palomydes & the two bredery/ & how the two bre dery were slayne ¶ Capm lxiiij

They they departyd/ & the two brethery came ayenst syr Pa/ lomydes. and he ayenst theym as fast as ther horses myghte renne. And by fortune syr Palomydes smote Helake thrugh his shelde & thrugh the breste more than a fadom. Al this whyle si re Helyus helde vp his spere / and for

pryde & orgulyte. he wolde not smyte syr Palompdes wyth his spere. But whan he sawe his brother lie on the ere the/ & sawe he myghte not helpe hym selfe/thenne he sayd vnto syr Palompdes help thyselfe. And therwyth he came hurtlyng vnto syr Palompdes w̃ his spere/ & smote hym quyte fro hys sadyll. Thenne syr Helyus rode ouer syr Palompdes twyes or thryes/And therwyth syr Palompdes was alha/ myd/and gat the hors of syr Helyus by the brydyll/And therwyth alle the hors aserpd/& syre Palompdes halpe after/and so they fell bothe to the ere/ the. But anone syr Helyus starte vpp lyghtly/and there he smote syr Palo: mydes a grete stroke vpon the helme. that he knelyd vppon his one knee./: Thenne they lasshyd togyders many sadde strokes/and tracyd & trauercyd now bakwarde now sydelynge/hurt: lynge togyders lyke two boores. And that same tyme they fell bothe grone lyng to the erthe. Thus they foughte styll wythout ony repolynge two hou res & neuer brethed. And they syr Pa/ lompdes werpd faynt & wery. And sy re Helyus werpd passynge stronge / & doubled his strokes. and droue syr Pa lompdes ouerthwart & endlonge alle the felde/that they of the cyte whañe they sawe syr Palompdes in this ca/ se they wept & cryed & made grete do le. And the other party made as grete Joye. ¶ Alas sayd ỹ mey of cyte that this noble knyghte shold thus be slay ne for oure kynges sake. And as they were thus weppynge & cryenge. syr Pa lompdes that had suffred an hundred strokes so that it was wonder that he stode on his fete. At the laste syr Palo mydes behelde as he myghte the Co/ myn people how they wepte for hym And thenne he sayd to hymselfe/ A fy for shame syr Palompdes why han/ gest thou thy heed so lowe/And ther/ wyth he baxe vp his shelde & lokyd sy re Helyus in the vysage. And he smot hym a grete stroke vpon the helme/ & after that a nother & a nother. /And thenne he smote syr Helyus wyth su/ che a myghte that he felle to the erth grouelyng. And thenne he rasshyd of the helme from his heed/ and there he smot hym suche a buffet that he de/ partyd his heed from the body. & they were the people of the cyte the Joyful leste people that myghte be. Soo they broughte hym to his lodgynge wyth: grete solempnyte/and there all the pe ople became his mey. And thenne syre Palompdes prayd them all to take he pe vnto the lordshyp of kynge Herma nnce. for fayr syrs wyte ye wel I may not at this tyme abyde wyth you. For I must in alle haste be wyth my lorde kyng Arthur at the castel of Lonazep the whyche I haue promysyd. Thenne were the people ful heuy of his depar tyng. For all that cyte proffred syr Pa lompdes the thyrde parte of ther goo des/so that he wold abyde with them But in no wyse at that tyme he wol/ de not abyde. And so syre Palompdes departid. And so he came vnto the cas tell there as syr Ebell was leyftenañt And whañe they in the castell knewe how syr Palompdes had sped / there was a Joyefull meyne/ & so syr Palo mydes departyd/& came to the castell of Lonazep. And whan he wyste that syre Tristram was not there/he toke his waye ouer humbre/ & came vnto

Joyous garde wher as syr Tristram was & La beale Jloud.: So syr Tristram had cõmaunded that what knyghte arraunt came wythin Joyous garde as in ỹ towne that they shold warne syr Tristram. So ther cam a man of the towne and tolde syr Tristram how there was a knyghte in the towne a passynge goodly man. ¶ What manere of man is he sayde syr Tristram/& what sygne beeryth he. So ỹ man tolde syr Tristram all the tokenes of him ¶ That is Palomydes sayd Dynadan. ¶ It maye well be sayd syr Tristram Goo ye to him sayde syr Tristram vnto Dynadan. So Dynadan went vntosyr Palomydes And there eyther made of other grete Joye. And so they lay togyder ỹ nyghte. & on the morne erly came syr Tristram and syr Gareth & toke them in ther beddes/And so they arose & brake ther faste.

¶ How syr Tristram & syr Palomydes mette Breuce launs pyte/ & how syr Tristrám & La beale Jlond wente vnto Lonazep. ¶ Capĩ lxv.

AND thenne syr Tristram desiryd syr Palomydes to ride in to the feldes & wodes. Soo they were accorded to repose them in the forest / And whañe they had played theym a grete whyle/they rode to a fayr welle And anone they were ware of an armyd knyghte that came rydyng agaynst them. & ther eyther salewed other Thenne thys armyd knyghte spake to syr Tristram & alkyd where were those knyghtes ỹ were lodgyd in Joyous garde. ¶ I wote not what they are sayd syr Tristram: ¶ What knyghtes be sayde that knyghte/ for me semyth ye be noo knyghtes arraunt by cause ye ride vnarmyd ¶ Whether we ben knyghtes or not/ we lyst not to tel the our names. ¶ Wolt thou not telle me thi name sayd that knyghte. then kepe the for thou shalt dey of my hondes. And there wyth he gate his spere in his hondes & wolde haue renne syre Tristram thrugh. That sawe syre Palomydes and smote his hors trauerse in myddes of the syde/ that man & hors felle to the erthe / And therwyth syr Palomydes alyghte/& pullyd out his swerde to haue slayne hym. ¶ Let be sayd syr Tristram/slee hym not. ỹ knyghte is but a foole/it were shame to slee hym/ But take awaye his spẽ sayde syre Tristram/& lete hym take his hors and goo where that he woll. So whan that this knyghte arose/he gronid sore of the falle. and so he toke his hors. And whan he was vp he tornyd thenne his hors/ and requyred syr Tristram & syr Palomydes to tel hẽ what knyghtes they were. ¶ Now wyte ye well sayd syr Tristram that my name is syre Tristram de Lyones/& this knyghtes name is syr Palomydes Whan he wyste what they were/he to he hys hors wyth hys spors by cause they sholde not axe hỹ his name/ and so rode faste away thrugh thycke and thynne. Thenne came there by them a knyghte wyth a bended sheld of asure/whose name was Eppynogrys/& he came towarde them a grete walop ¶ Whether are ye rydynge sayde syre Tristram/ ¶ My fayre lordes sayde Eppynogrys I folowe the fals knyghte that beryth lyf. Wherfore I requyre

pow telle me whether ye lawe hym/.: for he berpth a lheld wpth a caas o/ uer it. ¶ So god me helpe layd Tril triam luche a knyghte departed from vs not a quarter of an houre agoon / We pray pou tell vs his name ¶ Alas layd Eppnogrys why lete ye hym es: cape from you/ & he is loo grete a foo vnto all arraunt knyghtes. his name is Breule launce pyte. ¶ A fy for lha me layd lyr Palompdes / alas ꝑ euer he elcappd mpy hondes/ for he is the may in the worlde that I hate mooll Theñe euery knyghte made grete lo: rowe to other/ and lo Eppnogrys de/ partyd & folowed the chace after him ¶ Theñe lyr Triltram & hys thre fe lowes rode vnto Joyous garde/ & the re lyr Triltram talkyd vnto lyr Pa/ lompdes of his bataylle/ how he had lpedde at the redde cyte/ And as ye ha ue herde afor lo was it ended. ¶ Tru ly layd lyr Triltram I am gladde ye haue well lped/ for ye haue doon wor lhypfully/ wel layd lyr Triltram we must forwarde to morne' And they he deuyled how it lholde be. & lyr Tril/ tram deuyled to lende his two pauely ons to lette them falte by the welle of Lonazep / & therin lhall be the quene La beale Jloud. ¶ It is wel layd la yd lyr Dynadan/ But whan lyr Pa lompdes herde of that. his herte was raupllhed out of melure/ notwithlton dyng he layd but lytyll. ¶ So whañe they came to Joyous garde/ lyr Palo mpdes wolde not haue goon in to the caltell/ but as lyr Triltram toke him by the fyngre & ladde hym in to ꝑ cal tell. And whan lyr Palompdes lawe La beale Jloud/ he was raupllhed lo that he myghte vneth lpeke. So they went vnto mete but Palompdes myg te not ete/ & there was alle the chere ꝑ myght be had. And on the morn they were appareylled to ryde towarde Lo nazep. ¶ So lyre Triltram had thre lquyres/ & La beale Jloud hadde thre gentylwymen. & bothe the quene and they were richely appareylled/ & other people had they none wyth theim but varlettes to bere their lheldes & theyr lperes/ & thus they rode forth. So as they rode they lawe afore them a rowe te of knyghtes. it was ꝑ knyghte Ga lyhodyn wyth. xx. knyghtes wyth him fayr felowes layd Galyhodyn yon: der comyth foure knyghtes/ & a ryche & a well fayr lady. I am in wyl to ta ke that lady from them. That is not of the beli counlell layd one of Galy hodyns men/ but lende ye to theim/ & wyte what they woll lay/ & lo it was doon. So came a lquyre to lyr Tril/ tram/ & alkid them whether they wol de Joult or elles to lele ther lady: Not lo layd lyr Triltram/ tell your lorde Ibydde him come w as many as we bey and wynne her & take her. ¶ Syr layd Palompdes and it pleyle you le te me haue this dede/ and I lhall vn/ dertake them al foure. ¶ I woll that ye haue it layd lyr Triltram at your pleylur. Now go & telle your lord Ga lyhodyn/ that this lame knyght wyl encountre wyth hym & his felowes.

¶ How lyr Palompdes Joulted w lyr re Galyhodin & after with lyr Gaw ayne & lmote them downe .lxvi.

Thenthis lquyre departid & tol de Galyhodyn. & they he dref lyd his lhelde/ & putt forth a lpere/ &

syr Palomydes a nother. And ther sy re Palomydes smote Galyhodin soo hard that he smote both hors & may to the erthe/& there he had an horry / ble falle. And thenne came there a no ther knyghte / & in the same wyse he serued hym/& so he serued the thyrde & the fourth that he smote them ouer ther hors croupes. And alway syr Pa lomydes spere was hoole. ¶ They ca me. vi. knyghtes mo of Galyhodyns meny/and wold haue ben auengyd vp on syr Palomydes. ¶ Lete be sayd si re Galyhodyn not so hardy / none of you all medle wyth this knyghte. for he is a may of grete bounte & honou re: And yf he wolde ye were not able to medle wyth hym/& ryght soo they held them styll. And euer syr Palomy des was redy to Jouste. And whan he sawe they wolde nomore/he rode vn/ to syr Tristram. ¶ Ryghte well haue ye doo sayd syr Trystram. & worshipfully haue ye doo as a good knyghte shold. ¶ This Galyhodyn was nyecolyn vnto Galahalt the Haute prȳce/And this Galyhodyn was a lyn/ge wythin the countree of Surluse. / ¶ So as syr Tristram. syr Palomy des & La beale Jsoud rode togyders/ they sawe afore them foure knyghtes & euery man had his spere in his hon de. The fyrste was syr Gawayne/ þ seconde syre Dwayne. the thyrde syre Sagramore le delyrus / & the fourth was Dodynas le saueage. Whan syr Palomydes beheld them that they we re redy to Juste/he prayed syre Tri stram to geue hym leue. to haue adoo wyth theym also longe as he myghte holde him on horsbak/& yf that J be smyt downe J pray you reuenge me. ¶ Well sayd syr Tristrām J woll as ye woll/& ye are not so fayne to haue worshyp but J wolde as fayne encrea ce your worshyp. And therwith al syr Gawayne put forth his spere. and sir Palomydes a nother. And so they ca me so egerly togyders that syr Palo / mydes smote syr Gawayne to therth hors & all/& in the same wyse he ser/ued Dwayn̄/syr Dodynas & Sagra more. Al thyse foure knyghtes syr Pa lomydes smote downe wyth dyuerse speres. And they syr Tristram depar tyd toward Lonazep. And whan they were departid/they came thyder Ga lyhodyn with his. x. knyghtes vnto sy re Gawayne. And there he tolde him all how he had spedde. ¶ J merueyle sayd syre Gawayne what knyghtes they ben that are so arayed in grene. & þ knyghte vpon the whyte hors smo te me downe sayd Galyhodyn & my thre felowes. And so he dyde to me sa yd Gawayne. And well J wote sayd Gawayne þ other he vpon the whyt hors is syr Tristram or elles syr Pa/lomydes/and that gay beleey lady is quene Jsoud. Thus they talkid of oñ thyng & of other/& in the meane whi le syr Tristram passid on tyll that he came to þ welle wher his two pauely ons were left. & there they alyghted/& ther they sawe many pauelions & gre te aray. They syr Tristram left ther syr Palomydes & syre Gareth w̄ La beale Jsoud. And syr Tristram & syr Dynaday rode to Lonazep to herken tidyngs. And syr Tristram rode vpon syr Palomydes whyte hors/& whañe he came in to the castell/ syre Dyna/day herd a gret horne blow. & to þ hor ne drewe many knyghts. ¶ They syre

Tristram alkyd a knyghte what me nyth ỳ blast of that horne. Syr sayde that knyghte is is all those that shall hold ayenst kyng Arthur att this tur nement. The fyrste is the kyng of Ir lond / & the kyng of Surluse. the kyn ge. of Lystynoyse / the kyng of North humberlonde / & the kynge of the best parte of Walys / wyth many other co untrees. And thise drawe them to a co unsell to vnderstonde what gouerna: unce they shall be of. But the kynge of Irlonde whoos name was Mar / halt & fader to the good knyghte syr Marhaus ỳ syre Tristram slewe had all the speche that syr Tristram myg te here it. ¶ He sayd lordes & felowes let vs loke to ourselfe / for wyte ye wel kynge Arthur is sure of many goode knyghtes / or ellys he wolde not wyth so fewe knyghtes haue adoo wyth vs Therfore by counsel lete euery kyng haue a standarde & a cognysauuce bi hymself that euery knyghte drawe to his naturall lorde / & thenne may eue ry kyng & capytane helpe hys knygh tes yf they haue nede. ¶ Whañe syre Tristram had herde all ther counsell: he rode vneo kỹge Arthur for to here of his counsell.

¶ How syr Tristram & his felyshyp came vnto the turnement of Lonazep And of dyuers Joustes and materes / ¶ Capĩ .lxvĩ.

But syr Tristram was not soo soone come in to the place / but syr Gawayne & syr Galihodyn wen te to kynge Arthur and tolde hym / ỳ same grene knyght in grene harneys w̃ the whyte hors smote vs two dow ne & vi. of our felowes this same day ¶ Well sayde Arthur And thenne he callyd syr Tristram. and askyd hym what was his name. ¶ Syre sayd sy: Tristram ye shall holde me exculyd at this tyme / for ye shall not wyt my name. And there syr Tristram retor / nyd & rode his waye. ¶ I haue mer / ueylle sayd Arthur that ponder knyg te wyll not telle me his name / but go thou Griflet le fyse de dieu & praye him speke with me betwix vs. Then syr Griflet rode after hym and ouer toke hym. And sayd to hym that kyn ge Arthur prayed hym for to speke w̃ hym secretly a parte. ¶ Upon this co / uenaunt sayd Tristram I woll spe / ke wyth hym that I woll torne agay ne / so that ye woll ensure / not to dely: re to here my name. ¶ I shall vnder take sayde syre Gryflet that he woll not gretly delyreit of you. So they ro de togyders vntyll they came to kyn ge Arthur. ¶ Fayr syr sayd kyng Ar thur: what is the cause ye woll not tel me your name ¶ Syr sayd syr Tris tram wythout a cause I woll not hy: de my name. Upon what party wyll ye holde sayd kynge Athur. ¶ Truly my lorde sayde syr Tristram, I wote not yet on what party I woll be vnto I come to the felde. And there as my hert geueth me there wol I holde. but tomorowe ye shall se & preue on what party I shal come / & therwyth all he retorned & went to his pauelyõs. And vpon the morne they armyd them all in grene / & came in to the felde / & ther yonge knyghtes began to Jouste & dy de many worshypful deds They spa ke Gareth vnto sir Tristram & pray de hỹ to geue hỹ leue to breke his spet

for hym thoughte shame to beere hys spere hoole agayn. ¶ Whan syr Tristram herde hym say so he lough / and sayd I praye you do your beste. Then syr Gareth gate a spere & proffred to Jouste. That sawe a knyghte ẏ was neuewe vnto the kyng of the hundred knyghtes / his name was Selyses. & a good man of armys. So this knyght Selyses dressid him vnto syr Gareth And they two mette togyder so harde that eyther smote other downe horse & al to the erthe. So they were both brusyd & hurte. And there they laye tyll ẏ kyngẅ the hundred knightshalp Selyses vp. & syr Tristram & syr Palomydes halp vp Gareth agayn: And so they rode wyth syr Gareth to ther pauelyons / & they they pullyd of hys helm̃. And whan La beale Jsoud sawe syr Gareth brusyd in the face / she asked what eyled hy̆. Madam sayd Gareth I had a grete buffet. & as I suppose I gaue a nother / but none of my fellowes god thanke them wolde not rescowe me. Forsoth sayd Palomydes it longed not to none of vs as thys day to Jouste / for there haue not thys day Jousted no preuyd knyghtes / & nedys ye wolde Joust / & whan the other party sawe ye proffred yourselfe to Joust / they sent one to you a passynge good knyghte of his aege / for I knowe hy̆ well his name is Selyses / & worshypfully ye mett wuth hym / & neyther of you are dyshonoured. And therfore refresshyth yourself that ye maye be redy & hoole to Joust to morowe. ¶ As for that sayde Gareth I shall not faylle you and I maye bestryde my hors.

¶ How syr Tristram & hys felyshyp Jousted / And of the noble feates that they dyde in that tornepenge lxviij.

NOw vppon what party sayde syre Tristram it is beste we : be wyth all as to morne. ¶ Syr sayd Palomydes ye shall haue myn aduysse tobe ayenst kyng Arthur as to morne / for on his party woll be syr Launcelot and many good knightes of his blood with hym. And the mo meny of worshyp that they bey / the more worshyp shall we wynne. ¶ That is ful knyghtly spoken sayd syre Tristram And ryght so as ye counseyle me / soo wol we do. ¶ In the name of god sayd they all. So that nyghte they were lodgyd wyth the beste. And on the morow whan it was day they were arayed all in grene trappours / sheldis and speres / and La beale Jsoud in the same colour & her thre damoysels. And ryght soo thyse foure knyghtes came in to the felde endlonge & thorugh / & so as they sadde La beale Jsoud there she shold stonde & beholde all the Justes in a baye wyndowe / but alwayes she was wympled that no may might se her vysage. And they thyse thre knyghtes rode streyghte vnto the party of the kynge of Scottes. ¶ Whañe kyng Arthur had seen hem do al this he asked syr Launcelot what were those knyghtes & that quene. ¶ Syr sayd Launcelot I cay not say you in certey but yf syr Tristram be in this co: ũtree or syr Palomydes. Wyte ye wel it ben they in certey and La beale Jsoud. ¶ Thenne Arthur callyd to hym syr Kay & sayd. go & wite how many knyghtes ther be here tachyng of ẏ table rode / for by the leges thou mayst

knowe. So wende syr Kay/and saw by the wrytyng in the leges that there lacked.x. knyghtes/& thyse ben theyr names that be not here. syr Tristram syre Palompdes/syre Percyuale/syre Gaheryes/syr Eppynogrys/syr Mor / dred/syr Dynadan/syr La cote male tayle/& syr Pelleas the noble knyght ¶ Well sayd Arthur some of thyse Ie dare vndertake are here this day ayenst vs. ¶ Thenne came therin two bredyn colyns to syr Gawayne/the one hyght syr Edwarde/ that other hyghte syre Sadok / the whyche were two good knyghtes . And they asked of kynge Arthur they myghte haue the fyrst Jo ustes/for they were of Orkeneye. ¶ I am pleysed sayd kyng Arthur. They syr Edwarde encountered wyth the kyng of Scottes/in whos party was syr Tristram & syr Palompdes. And syr Edwarde smote ỹ kinge of Scot tes quyte from his hors/ And syr Sa dok smote downe the kyng of North: walys/& gaue hym a wonder gret fal that there was a grete crye on kynge Arthurs party/And made syr Palo/ mydes passynge wrothe. And soo syr Palompdes dressid his shelde and his spere. And wyth al his myghte he met with syr Edwarde of Orkeney/that he smote hym soo harde that his hors myghte not stonde on his fete/ and so they hurtlyd to the erthe. And they w̃ the same spere syr Palompdes smote: downe syr Sadok ouer his hors crou pe. ¶ O Jhū sayd Arthur what knyg te is that arayed all in grene/ he Joul teth myghtely. ¶ Wyte you wel sayd syr Gawayne he is a good knyghte / And yet shall ye se hym Jouste better or he departe. And yet shall ye se sayd syr Gawayne a nother bygger knyg te in the same colour than he is / For that same knyghte sayd syr Gaway ne that smote downe ryghte now my foure colyns/he smote me downe w̃/ in thyse two dayes & .vij. felowes mo. ¶ Thys meane whyle as they stode thus talkynge there came in to ỹ pla/ ce syr Tristram vppon a blacke hors And or euer he stynt he smote downe wyth one spere foure good knyghtes: of Orkeneye/ that were of the kynne of syr Gawayne ¶ And syr Gareth & syr Dynadan euerych of them smo te downe a good knyght. ¶ Whe sayd Arthur/ yonder knyghte vpon the blacke hors doth myghtely & merueylously wel ¶ Abyde you sayd syr Ga wayne/ that knyghte wyth the black hors began not yet . ¶ Thenne syre Tristram made to horse agayn those two knyghtes that Edwarde & Sa / dok had vnhorsyd at the begynnyng And thenne syr Tristram drewe hys swerde & rode in to the thyckest of the prees ayenst them of Orkeney. & ther he smote downe knyghtes/ & rasshyd of helmes. & pulled awaye ther shelds and hurtlyd downe many knyghtes/ He fared soo that kynge Arthur and all other knyghtes had grete merueyle whanne they sawe one knyghte do soo grete dedes of armys. ¶ And syre Palompdes fayled not vppon the o/ ther syde/but dyde soo merueyllously well that all men had wonder. ¶ For there kyng Arthur lyknyd syr Tris tram whiche rode at that tyme vpon a a blacke horse lyke vnto a wood ly: on. And he lyckenyd syre Palompdes that rode vppon a whyte hors vnto a wood Lybarde. And he lyckenyd syre

Gareth and syr Dynadan vnto egre wulues / But the custome was suche among them that none of the kyngs wolde helpe other. but al the felyshyp of euery standarde / to helpe other as they myghte. But euer syr Tristram dide so moche dedes of armes. þ they of Orkeneye werpd wery of hym / & so wythdrewe them vnto Lonazep.

¶ How syre Tristram was vnhorsed & smyt doune bi syr Laũcelot. & after þ syre Tristram smote downe kynge Arthur. ¶ Capl'm lxix

THey was the crie of Heraudꝭ & all maner of comyn people the grene knyghte hath dooy meruey loully & betey all them of Orkeney / And ther the Heraudes nombred that syr Trystram that sat vpon the blac ke hors had smytey downe wyth spe: res & swerdes. xxx. knyghtes / And syr Palomydes had smyt doune. xx. knyz tes / And the mooste party of those fyf ty knyghtes were of the hous of kyn ge Arthur & prouyd knyghtes. ¶ So god me helpe sayde Arthur vnto syre Launcelot / this is a gret shame to vs to se foure knyghtes to bete so many knyghtꝭ of myn / & therfor make you redy for we wyll haue ado with them ¶ Syr sayd Laũcelot wyte ye well þ there are two passynge good knyghtꝭ And grete worshyp were it not to vs: now to haue ado with them / for they haue this daye sore trauevlled. ¶ As for that sayd Arthur I woll be auen: gyd / And therfore take wyth you syr Bleoberys & syr Ector / & I woll be þ fourth sayd Arthur. ¶ Syr sayd La/ uncelot ye shall fynde me redy / & my broder syre Ector / and my colyn syre Bleoberys / And soo whan they were redy & oy horsbak. ¶ Now these sayd syr Arthur vntō syr Launcelot with whom that ye woll encountre withal ¶ Syr sayd Launcelot I wol mete wt the grene knyghte vpon the blak horse that was syre Tristram / & my colyn syr Bleoberys shal matche the grene knyghte vpon the whyte hors / þ was syr Palomydes / And my broder syre Ector shall matche wt the grene knyz te vpon þ whyte-hors / þ was syr Ga reth. ¶ They must I sayd syr Arthur haue adoo wyth the grene knyght vp on the gryslide hors / & that was syre Dynadan. ¶ Now euery man tak he de to his felowe sayd syr Launcelot. & so they trotted on togyders. And there encountred syr Launcelot ayenst syre Tristram. Soo syr Launcelot smote syr Tristram so sore vpon the shelde. that he bare hors & man to the erthe. But syr Launcelot wend that it had bey syr Palomydes / & so he passid for the. ¶ And they syr Bleoberys encoũ tryd wyth syr Palomydes: & he smote hym so harde vpon the shelde that syr Palomydes & hys whyte hors russhyd to therthe. ¶ They syr Ector de Ma rys smote syr Gareth so harde þ dow ne he felle of his hors. ¶ And the no / ble kyng Arthur encountred wyth sy re Dynadan / & he smote hym quyte from his sadyll. And thene the noyse tornyd awhile how the grene knightꝭ were slayne downe. ¶ Whan the kyn ge of Northgalys saw þ syr Tristram hadde a falle. Thenne he remembred hym howe grete dedes of armys syre Tristram had doy. they he made redi many knyztes / for the custome & cuye [illegible] suche was þ what

knyghte were smyten downe & myghte not be horsyd agayne by his felowys other by his owne strength/that al ꝑ day he sholde be prysonere vnto the party that had smyten hym downe./ ¶So came in the kynge of Northgalys/& he rode strayte vnto syr Tristram/& yf I maye I shall quyte you. Loke that ye go not ferre fro me And as I suppose I shall wynne you a nother horse. And therwith syr Tristram mounted vpon his horse/& there he mette wyth kynge Arthur/& he gaue hym suche a buffet vpon the helm̄ wyth hys swerde ꝑ kyng Arthur had no power to kepe his sadyl. And then syr Tristram gaue the kynge of Northgalys kyng Arthurs horse. Then was there grete prees abowte kyng Arthur for to horse hym agayn / But syr Palomydes wolde not suffre kynge Arthur to be horsyd agayn/ but euer syr Palomydes smote on the ryght honde & on the lyfte honde myghtly as a noble knyghte. ¶& this meane whyle syr Tristram rode thrugh the thyckest of the prees/& smote doune knyghtes on the ryght honde & on the lyfte honde/& racyd of helmes/& so passid forth to hys pauelyons/& left syr Palomydes on fote. And syr Tristram chaungid his horse & dysgyled hymself al in red horse & harneys.

¶How syr Tristram channgyd harneys & it was all red/ & how he demenyd him/& how syr Palomydes slew syr Launcelots horse. ¶Capl'm .lxx.

AND whan the quene La beale Isoud sawe ꝑ syr Tristram was vnhorsyd/& she wyste not where he was they she wept gretly. But syr Tristram whā he was redi came dasshyng lightly in to the felde. & thenne La beale Isoud aspyed hym. And soo he dyde greate dedes of armys vō one spere ꝑ was grete syr Tristram smote doune fyue knyghtes or euer he stynte. ¶ They syr Launcelot aspyed hym̄ redyly that it was syr Tristram .and then he repentyd hym ꝑ he had smyte hym̄ doune. And so syr Launcelot wente out of the prees to repose him. & lyghtly he came agayn. ¶And so whan syr Tristram came in to the prees thrugh his grete force/he put syr Palomydes vpon his horse/and syre Gareth & syre Dynadan/& thenne they began to do merueyllously/ But syr Palomydes nor noñ of his two felowes knew not who had holpe them on horsback agayn/ But euer syr Tristram was nyghe them/& socoured them: & they not hym by cause he was chaūgyd in to redde armour. And al this whyle syre Launcelot was away. ¶So whan La beale Isoud knewe syr Tristram ayen vpon hys horse/she was passyng glad/ & then she lough & made good chere. And as it happyd syr Palomydes lokyd vpp towarde her where she laye in the wyndowe/ and he aspyed how she laughed/& therwyth he toke suche a reioycynge/ ꝑ he smote downe

what wyth his spere & wyth his swerde all that euer he mette/for thorugh the syght of her he was so enamored in her loue/that he sempd at that tyme/that both syr Tristram & syr Launcelot had bey bothe agaynst hym/they sholde haue wonne no worshyp of hym. And in his herte as the boke sayth syr Palomydes wysshid þ with his worshyp he myghte haue adoo wt syr Tristram before all mey by cause of la beale Isoud. ¶ Thenne syre Palomydes began to double his strengthe. And he dyde so meruey llously þ all mey had wonder of him. And euer he cast vp his eye vnto la beale Isoud. And whan he sawe her make such chere/he ferde lyke a lyon/þ there myghte no man wstonde hym. And thenne syr Tristram behelde how that syr Palomydes bestyred hym/& thenne he sayd vnto syr Dynadan. Soo god me helpe syr Palomydes is a passyng good knyghte & a well enduryng/but suche dedes sawe I hym neuer do. nor neuer herde I tell that euer he dyde so moche in one daye. ¶ It is his daye sayd Dynadan/And he wold say no more vnto syr Tristram. But to hym/selfe he sayd And yf ye knew for who se loue he dooth all thyse dedes of armes. soone wolde syr Tristram abate his courage. ¶ Alas sayde syr Tristram that syr Palomydes is not cristened. So sayd kynge Arthur/And soo sayd al those þ behelde him. ¶ Then all the people gaue hym the pryce: as for the beste knyghte that daye/that he passid syr Launcelot other syr Tristram. ¶ Well sayd Dynadan to him selfe/all this worshyp that syr Palomydes hath here this daye/he maye thanke the quene Isoud. For had she bey awaye this daye syr Palomydes had not gote þ pryce this day. ¶ Ryght so came in to the felde syre Launcelot du Lake/& sawe & herde the noyse & crye and the grete worshypp that syr Palomydes had/ he dressyd hym agaynst syr Palomydes wyth a grete myghty spere & a longe. and thought to smyte hym downe. And whan syr Palomydes saw syr Launcelot come vpon hym so faste: he ranne vpon syr Launcelot as fast wyth his swerde as he might. And as syr Launcelot shold haue stryken hym/he smote his spere alyde/and smote it atwo wyth his swerde/ And syr Palomydes rasshyd vnto syr Launcelot & thoughte to haue put hym to a shame. And with his swerde he smote his hors neche that syre Launcelot rode vpon. And thenne syr Launcelot fell to the erthe. Then was the crye huge & grete Se how syre Palomydes þ Sarralyn hath smyte downe syr Launcelots hors. Ryght so were there many knyghtes wrothe wyth syr Palomydes by cause he had done that dede. Therfor many knyghtes helde ther agaynst that it was vnknyghtly done in a turnement to kyll any horse wylfully but that it had bey done in playne bataylle lyf for lyf.

¶ How syr Launcelot sayd vnto syre Palomydes / & how the pryce of that daye was geuen vnto syr Palomydes ¶ Capl'm .lxxi.

Thenne as syr Ector de Marys sawe syr Launcelot his brother haue suche a dyspyte & so sett on fote They he gate a spere egerli & ranne

ayenst syr Palomydes/ and he smote hym so harde that he bare him quyte fro his hors. ¶ That sawe syr Tristram that was in redde harneys/and he smote downe syr Ector deMarys quyte from his hors. Thenne syr Launcelot dressyd hys shelde vppon hys sholder / and wyth his swerde naked in his honde & so came streyght vpon syr Palymydes fyersly: & sayd Wyte thou well thou hast done me this day the grettest dyspyte that euer ony worshyppfull knyghte dyde to me in turnement or in Justes/ and therfor I wol be auengyd vpon the. therfore take kepe to thyselfe. ¶ A mercy noble knyghte sayd Palomydes & forgeue me my vnkynde dedes for I haue noo power nor myght to wythstonde you. And I haue dooy so moche thys daye þ well I wote I dyde neuer so moche nor neuer shall in my lyf dayes. And therfore mooste noble knyghte I requyre the spare me as at this day. and I promyse you I shall euer be youre knyghte: whyle I lyue. And ye put me fro my worshyp now/ye put me from the grettest worshypp that euer I had or euer shall haue in my lyf dayes. ¶ Well sayd syr Launcelot I se for to saye þ so: the ye haue dooy merucyllously well this daye/ and I vnderstonde a parte for whos loue ye do it/and well I wote that loue is a grete maystresse. And yf my lady were here as she nys not/ wyte ye well sayde syre Launcelot ye sholde not beere away the worshypp/ But bewaare your loue be not dyscouerd/for & syr Tristram maye knowe it ye woll repent it. And syth my quarell is not here/ye shall haue this day the worshyp as for me consyderyng þ grete trauayle & payne / that ye haue it were no worshyp for me to put you from it. And therwyth all syr Launcelot suffred syr Palomydes to departe ¶ Thenne syr Launcelot by gret force & myghte gate his owne hors maugre.xx.knyghtes. So whan syr Launcelot was horsyd he dyd many merueylles/& so dide syr Tristram/and syr Palomydes in lyke wyse. Theñe syre Launcelot smote downe wyth a spere syr Dynadan & the kynge of Scotlonde/& the kynge of Walys/and the kynge of Northumberlonde/& the kynge of Lystynes. So thenne syr Launcelot & his felowes smote downe well a.xl.knyghtes. ¶ Theñe came þ kynge of Irlonde & the kynge of the thre yghte Marches to rescowe syr Tristram & syr Palomydes. There began a gret medle/and many knyghtes were smyten downe on bothe partyes / & alwayes syre Launcelot spaaryd syre Tristram/and he sparyd hym. And syr Palomydes wold not medle with syr Launcelot. And so there was hurtlyng here & there. And thenne kynge Arthur sent out many knyghtes of þ table roũde. And syr Palomydes was euer in the formeste fronte. And syre Tristram dyde so strongly well/ that the kynge & all other had merueylle. ¶ And thenne the kynge lete blow to lodgynge/And by cause syr Palomydes began fyrste/& neuer he went nor rode out of the felde to repose hym but euer he was doyng merueyllously wel other on foote or on horsbak/& lengest durynge kynge Arthur & all the kynges gaue syr Palomydes the honoure & the gree as for that daye. ¶ Theñe syr Tristram cõmaunded syr Dyna:

day to fetche the quene La beale Jsoud & bryng her to his two pauelyons that stode by the welle. And so Dynadan dide as he was cõmaunded: But whan palompdes vnderstode & wyst that syr Tristram was in the red armour & on the redde hors/wyt ye wel that he was glarde/& so was syr Gareth & syr Dynadan. for they al wente that syr Tristram had be take prysonere: And they euery knyght drewe to his Inne. And thene kyng Arthur & euery knyghte spake of tho knyghtes/But aboue all men they gaaf syre palompdes the pryce. And al knyztes that knewe syr palompdes hadde wonder of his dedes. ¶ Syr sayd syr Launcelot vnto Arthur. as for syr palompdes & he be the grene knyghte/I dare say as for this day he is best worthy to haue the degree/ for he reposyd hym neuer/ ne neuer chaũgyd his wedes/and he began fyrst & lengest held on. And yet well I wote sayd syr Launcelot that there was a better knyzte than he/and that shal be preuyd or we departe vppon payne of my lyfe. Thus they talkyd on eyther party/& so syr Dynadan raylled wt syr Tristram & sayd What deuyll is vpon the this daye/ for syr palompdes strength the febled neuer this daye but euer he doubled his strengthe.

¶ How syr Dynadan prouokyd syre Tristram to do wel ¶ Capm lxxij

AND thou syr Tristram farest all this daye as though thou haddest be a slepe/ and therfore I call the cowarde. ¶ Well Dynadan sayd syr Tristram/I was neuer callyd cowarde or now of none erthly knyght in my lyfe. And wyte thou well syr I calle myself neuer the more cowarde though syr Launcelot gaue me a fall for. I out cepte hym of alle knyghtes And dowte ye not syr Dynadan and syr Launcelot haue a quarell good/he is to ouer good for ony knyghte that is now lyuyng. And yet of his suffraunce. largesse. boũtee & curteysly I call hym knyghte peerles. And so syr Tristram was in maner wrothe wyth syr Dynadan. But all this langage syr Dynadan sayd by cause he wolde angre syr Tristram for to cause hym to awake his spyrytes & to be wrothe. / for well knewe syr Dynadan that & syr Tristram were thrughly wrothe/ syr palompdes sholde not gete the price ony the mory. And for this entent sire Dynadan sayd all this raylyng & lãgage ayenst syr Tristram/ ¶ Truly sayd syr palompdes/as for syr Launcelot of his noble knyghthode/ curteysly & prowesse. & gentylnes I know not his pyere. for this daye sayd syre palompdes I dyd full vncurteysly to syr Launcelot & ful vnknyghtly/and ful knightly and curteysly he dyde to me agayn. for & he had be as vngentyll to me as I was to hym this daye had I wonne no worshyp. And therfore sayd palompdes I shalbe syr Launcelots knyghte whyles my lyf lasteth/ This talkynge was in the houses of kynges/But al kynges/lordes & knyghtes sayd of clere knighthode & of pure strengthe /of bounte/of curteysye/syr Launcelot & syr Tristram bare the pryce aboue all knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs dayes. And ther were neuer knyghtes in Arthurs dayes

dyde half so many dedes as they dyd as the booke sayth/ not ten knyghtes dyde not half the dedes that they dy/de. And there was neuer knyghte in ther dayes that requyred syre Launcelot or syr Tristram of ony queste. loo it wer not to ther shame but they per fourmyd ther delyre.

¶ How kyng Arthur & syr Launcelot came to se La beale Isoud. & how syr Palomydes smote downe kynge Arthur. ¶ Capĩ lxxiij.

SOon the morn syr Launcelot departyd. and syr Tristram & La beale Isoud were redy wyth syre Palomydes & syr Gareth. & soo they rode al in grene ful freshly beseen vnto the forest. And syr Tristram lefte syr Dynadan slepynge in his bedde/ And so as they rode it happyd ỹ kynge & Launcelot stode in a wyndowe/ sawe syr Tristram ryde & Isoud. Syre sayd syr Launcelot yon der rydeth the fayrest lady of the worlde. excepte your quene dame Gweneuer. Who is that sayde Arthur. Syr sayde he it is quene Isoud/ that out takey my lady your quene she is makeles. Take your re hors sayd Arthur & aray you at al rytes as I wol dõ/ and I promyse you sayd the kynge I woll se her. Thẽne anone they were armed & horsid. and eyther toke a spere & rode vnto the forest. ¶ Syre sayd Launcelot it is not good that ye goo to nyghe them/ For wyte ye well there are two knyghtes as good as now are lyuyng/ and ther fore syre I praye you be not to hasty/ for perauentur ther wol be some knyghtes dysplesyd & we come sodenly vpon them. As for that sayde Arthur I woll se her/ for I take no force whom I greue. Syr sayd Launcelot ye putte yourselfe in gret Jeoperdy. As for that sayd the kynge we woll take the aduenture. ¶ Right so anone the kynge rode euyn to her/ & salewed her/ & sayd god saue you. Syre sayd she ye are welcome. Thenne the kynge beheld her & lyked her wonderly well. Wyth ỹ came syr Palomydes vnto Arthur. and sayd Vncurteys knyghte what se: kest thou here/ thou arte vncurteys to come vpon a lady thus sodenly/ ther/fore wythdrawe the. Syr Arthur tok none hede of syr Palomydes wordes/ but euer he lokyd styl vpon quene Isoud. Thenne was syr Palomydes wro the/ And therwyth he tok a spere and came hurtlyngt vpon kynge Arthur and smote hym downe wyth a spere/ ¶ Whan syr Launcelot sawe that dispyte of syr Palomydes he sayd to hỹ selfe I am lothe to haue adoo wyth: ponder knyghte/ & not for his owne sake but for syr Tristrams. And one thynge I am sure of/ yf I smyte doune syr Palomydes I must haue adoo wt̃ syr Tristram/ and ỹ wer ouermo che for me to matche theim bothe/ for they are two noble knyghtes/ notwyth stondynge whether I lyue or deye ne/ dys must I reuenge my lorde/ and so woll I what so euer befalle of me. And therwyth syr Launcelot cryed to syr Palomydes/ kepe the from me/ & thenne syr Launcelot & syr Palomydes rasshyd togyders with two speres strongly/ But syr Launcelot smote syre Palomydes so harde that he went quyte out of his sadyll & had a greate falle. ¶ Whan syr Tristram saw syr

palomydes haue that falle. ¶ He layd vnto syr Launcelot/ Syr knyghte kepe the/ for I muste Jouste wyth the. ¶ As for to Jouste wyth me layd syr Launcelot I woll not faylle you / for no drede I haue of you/but I am lo / the to haue ado wyth you & I myghte chese/ For I woll that ye wyte that I muste reueng my specyall lorde ꝑ was vnhorsyd vnwaarly & vnknyghtly/ & therfore though I reuengyd that fall take ye no displeysur therin/for he is to me suche a frende that I maye not se hym shamyd. ¶ Anone syre Tris/ tram vnderstode by hys persone/ & by his knyghtly wordes that it was syre Launcelot du Lake. And verily syre Tristram demyd/ that it was kynge Arthur he that syr palomydes hadde smyten downe. And thenne syr Tris tram put his spere from hym/ & putt syr palomydes agayn ou horsbak/ & syr Launcelot putt kynge Arthur ou horsbak/ & so departed. ¶ So god me helpe layd syr Tristram vnto Palo/ mydes ye dyd not worshypfully whā ye smote downe that knyzte so lodenly as ye dyde. And wyte ye well ye dy de yourself grete shame. For the knyz tes came hither of ther gentylnesse to se a fayr lady/and that is euery good knightes parte to beholde a fayr lady And ye had not ado to play suche ma ystrees afore my lady. Wyte thou wel it woll torn̄ to angre/for he that thou smote downe was ꝑ kyng/ & thother was the good knyghte syr La ncelot But I shal not forgete the wo des of syr Laũcelot whan that he cal yd hym a man of grete worshyp. therby I wyst that it was kynge Arthur. And as for syr Launcelot & ther had bey fyue hũ dred knyghtes in the medowe he wol de not haue refusyd theym/ and yet he layd he wold refuse me: By that aga yn I wyste that it was syr Launcelot for euer he forbereth me in euery pla ce/ & shewyth me grete kyndnesse. And of all knyghtes I out take none saye what men woll say/ he beryth ꝑ flou re of all chyualry/ saye it hym who so euer woll. & he be well angred/ & that hym lyste to do his vtteraunce wyth/ out ony fauour. I knowe hym not a lyue but syre Launcelot is ouer harde for hym/ be it ou horsbak or ou foote. ¶ I may neuer bileue layd Palomy des that kynge Arthur woll ryde soo pryucly as a poore arraunt knyghte. ¶ A layd syr Tristram ye know not my lord Arthur. for al knyghtes may lerne to be a knyghte of hym/ & ther/ fore ye maye be sory of your vnkynde ly dedes to so noble a kynge. ¶ A thȳ ge that is dooy maye not be vndone layd Palomydes. ¶ Theñe syr Tris tram sent quene Jsoud vnto her lod / gyng in the pryory there to beholde al the turnement.

¶ Howe the seconde daye syr Palomy des forsoke syr Tristram & went to ꝑ contrary party ayenst hym lxxiiij

Theñe there was a crye vnto al knyghtes that whan they her de ay horne blowe / they sholde make Joustes as they dyde the fyrst daye/ & lyke as the brethery syre Edwarde & syr Sadok began the Joustes the fyr ste daye/ Syr Dwayne the kynges so ne Dreyñ & syr Lucañ the Butlere be gan the Justes the seconde daye. And at the fyrste encountree syre Dwayne

smote downe the kyngs sone of Scottes. And syr Lucan ranne agaynst the kyng of Walys. And they brake ther speres all to pyeces/And they were so fyers both that they hurtlyd togyder that bothe felle to the erthe. ¶ They they of Dorkeney horsyd agayn syre Lukay. And thẽne came in syr Tristram de Lyones. & they syr Trystram smote downe syr Dwayne/& syr Lucay. And syr Palompdes smote downe other two knyghtes/And syr Gareth smote downe other two knyghts ¶ Thenne sayd syr Arthur vnto syr Launcelot. Se yonder thre knyghtes doo passynge well/and namely ꝑ fyrste that Joustcd. ¶ Syr sayd Launcelot that knyght begon not yet/but ye shall se hym this daye do merueyllously. ¶ And thenne came in to the place the dukis sone of Orkeney. & thenne they began to doo many dedes of armes. Whan syr Tristram saw them so begynne/ he sayde to Palompdes/ how fele ye yourself/maye ye do this daye as ye dyde yesterdaye. ¶ Nay sayd Palompdes I fele myself so wery & so sore brused of the dedes of yesterdaye that I maye not endure as I dyde yesterdaye. ¶ That me repentyth sayde syr Tristram/for I shall lacke you this daye. ¶ Syr Palompdes sayd trusste not to me/ for I may not do as I dyde. All thyse wordes sayd Palompdes for to begyle syr Tristram. ¶ Syr sayd syr Tristram vnto syre Gareth thẽne must I trusste vpon you Wherfore I pray yon be not ferre fro me to relcowe me. ¶ And nede be sayde Gareth I shal not fayle you in al that I may do. ¶ Then syr Palompydes rode by hymselfe / and thenne in dyspyte of syr Tristram he put hymselfe in the thickest prees among them of Dorkeney. And there he dyde soo merueyllous dedes of armes that all men hadd wonder of hym. For there myghte none stonde hym a stroke. / : Whan syr Tristram sawe syr Palo / mydes do suche deedys he merueylled & sayd to hymselfe/ he is wery of my company. Soo syr Tristram beheldc hym a grete whyle/ & dyde but lytyll ellys. For the noyse & crye was soo huge & grete that syr Tristram merucylyd from whens came the strengthe ꝑ syr Palompydes had there in the felde ¶ Syr sayd Gareth vnto syr Tristram/ remembre ye not of the wordes that syr Dynaday sayd to you yester daye whan he callyd you Cowarde.: Forsoth syr he sayd it for none yl. for ye are the may in the worlde ꝑ he most telouyth. And al that he sayd was for your worshyp. And therfore sayd syr Gareth to syr Tristram let me know this daye what ye be/and wonder ye not so vpon syr Palompydes. for he enforceth hymselfe to wynne all the worshyp & honoure from you. ¶ I maye wel byleue it sayd syr Tristram. And syth I vnderstonde his cuyl wyll and his enuye/ye shall se yf that I enforce myself/that the noys shall be lefte that now is vpon hym. ¶ Then syre Tristram rode in to the thyckest of ꝑ prees/& thenne he dyde so merueyllously well/& dyde so grete dedes of armys that all men sayd that syr Tristram dyde double so moche dedes of armys as syr Palompydes had done afore honde. And thenne the noys went playne from syr Palompydes/ & all the people cryed vpon syr Tristram.:

¶ Do Jhesu sayd the people se how sir Tristram smyteth doune with his spere so many knyghtes. And se sayd they all how many knyghtes he smyteth downe wyth his swerde / and of how many knyghtes he rassheth of ꝑ helmes & ther sheldes. And so he bete theym all of Orkeney afore hym. / : ¶ How now sayd syr Launcelot vn/to kynge Arthur/I tolde you ꝑ thys daye there wolde a knyghte play hys pagent. Yonder rydeth a knyghte/ye maye se he doth knyghtly.for he hath strengthe & wynde. ¶ So god me helpe sayd Arthur to Launcelot. ye saye soth/for I sawe neuer a better knyghte/for he passyth ferꝝ syr Palompdes. ¶ Syr wyte ye well sayd Launcelot/it must be so of ryght/for it is hymselfe that noble knyghte syr Tristram. ¶ I maye ryght well byleue it sayde Arthur ¶ But whay syr Palompdes herde the noyse & the crye was comed from hym/he rode oute on a part and beheldе syr Tristram. And whay syr Palompdes sawe syr Tristram do so merucyllously well.he wept passyng: ly sore for dyspyte/for he wyst well he sholde no worshyp wynne that daye. For well knewe syr Palompdes whā syr Tristram wold put forth his strengthe and his manhode he sholde gete but lytyll worshyp that daye:

¶ How syr Tristram departyd oute of the feld & awaked syr Dynadan & chaungyd his araye in to blacke. / : ¶ Capl'm .lxxv.

Thenne came kynge Arthur & the kynge of Northgalys and syr Launcelot du Lake/& syr Bleobe rys/syr Bors de Ganys/syr Ector de Maris/ thyse thre knyghtes came in to the felde wyth syr Launcelot. And they syr Launcelot with the thre knyztes of his kyne dyde so grete dedes of armys ꝑ all the noyse began vpon sire Launcelot. And so they bete the kyng of Walys & the kynge of Scottys ferze abak and made them to auoyde the felde/But syr Tristram and syre Gareth abode stylle in the felde & endured all that euer there came/ ꝑ alle men had wonder that ony knyghtes: myghte endure so many strokes/But euer syr Launcelot & his thre kynnel men by the cōmaundement of syr Launcelot forbore syr Tristram. They sayd syr Arthur/that is syr Palompydes that endureth so well. Naye sayd syr Launcelot wyte ye well it is ꝑ gode knyghte syr Tristram. For ponder ye maye se/syr Palompdes beholdyth & houyth and dooth lytyll or nought. And syr ye shall vnderstonde that syr Tristram wenyth in this day to bete vs all out of the felde. And as for me sayd syr Launcelot I shal not bete hym bete hym who so woll. Syr sayd Launcelot vnto Arthur /ye maye se how syre Palompdes houyth ponder as thoꝛugh he were in a dreme. Wyte ye well he is ful heuy that syr Tristram dooth suche dedes of armys. ¶ Thenne is he but a fole sayd Arthur. for neuer wal syre Palompdes/ne neuer shall be of suche prowesse as syr Tristram. And ꝑ he haue ony enuy at syr Tristram and comyth in wyth hym vpon his syde he is a fals knighte. ¶ As the kynge and syr Launcelot thus spake/ sy. Tristram rode pryuely out of ꝑ prees ꝑ none aspied hym but La beale Isoud

& syr Palompdes. for they two wold not lete of ther eyey vpoy syre Tril/ tram. And whay syr Tristram come to his pauelyons he fonde syr Dyna day in his bedde a slepe. ¶ Awake sa yd syr Tristram ye oughte to be asha myd so to slepe whay knyghtes haue doo in the felde. Thenne syr Dyna/ day arose lyghtly & sayd/ What woll ye that I shall do/ Make you redy sa yd syr Tristram to ryde wyth me in to the felde/ So whay syr Dynaday was armyd he lokyd vpoy syr Tril/ trams helme & oy his shelde/ & whay he sawe so many strokes vpoy his hel me & vpoy his shelde. he sayd in goo de tyme was I thus a slepe/ for hadd I be wyth ꝑ I muste nedes for shame there haue folowed you/ more for sha me thay ony prowesse that is in me. ꝑ I se well now by the strokes ꝑ I shol: de haue bey truly betey as I was yes/ terdaye. ¶ Leue your Japes sayd syre Tristram & come of that we were in the feld agayn. ¶ What sayd syr Dy nadayn is your herte vp/ yesterdaye ye: fayrd as though ye had dremed. Soo thenne syre Tristram was arayed in blacke harneys. ¶ D Jhelu sayd Dy nadayn what eyleth yon this daye. me semyth ye be wylder thay ye were yes terdaye. They smyled syr Tristram & sayd to Dynadayn/ Awayte wel vp oy me yf ye se me ouermatched. Loke that ye be euer behynde me. & I shall make you redy waye by goddys grace ¶ So syr Tristram & syr Dynadayn toke ther horses: Alle this aspyed syre Palomydes / bothe ther goynge and ther comynge/ & so dyde La beale Jso ud. for she knewe syr Tristram abo/ ue all other.

¶ How syr Palomydes chaunged hil sheld & armour for to hurte syr Tril tram/ and how syr Launcelot dyde to syr Trystram ¶ Capl'm .lxxvi.

Thenne whay syr Palompdes sawe that syr Tristram was dysgyled/ thenne he thoughte to doo hym a shame. So syr Palomydes ro/ de to a knyghte that was sore woun/ ded that sate vnder a fayr well from the felde ¶ Syr knyghte sayd syr Pa lomydes I praye you to lene me youre armour & your sheld/ for myn is ouer wel knowen in this felde/ and ꝑ hath doon me grete damage / and ye shall haue myn armour & my sheld that is as sure as yours. ¶ I woll well sayd the knyghte that ye haue myn armo: ur & my shelde/ yf they maye doo you ony auaylle ¶ So syr Palomydes ar myd hym hastily in that knyghtis ar mour/ & his shelde that shone as ony crystall or syluer/ and soo he came ry/ dyng in to the felde. And thenne thet was neyther syre Tristram nor none of kyng Arthurs party that knew syr Palomydes . And ryght so as syr Pa lomydes was come in to the felde syr Tristram smote downe thre knyghtꝭ euyn in the syghte of syr Palomydes And thenne syr Palomydes rode aga ynst syr Tristram. and eyther met w̄ other wyth grete speres/ that they bra ke to ther hondes . And they they dres syd togyder w̄ swerdes egerly. They syr Tristram hadde merueylle what knyghte he was that dyde batayle w̄ hym soo knyghtly. Thenne was syre Tristram wrothe/ for he felt hy̅ pal sing stronge. so that he demed he myg te not haue a doo wyth the remenañt

of the knyghtes by cause of the stren gthe of syr Palomydes ¶ So they lasshyd togyder & gaaf many sadde stro kes togyder. And many knyghtꝫ mer uelled what knyghte he myghte be. þ so encountred with the blacke knygh te syr Tristram. Full well knewe La beale Isoud that there was syr Palo/ mydes that foughte wyth syr Tris/ tram. for she aspied al in her wyndow where that she stode as syr Palomy/ des chaungyd hys harneys wyth the wounded knyghte. And thenne she be gan to wepe so hertly for the dysspyte of syr Palomydes þ there she swow / nyd. ¶ Thenne came in syr Launce: lot wyth the knyghtes of Orkeney/. And whan the other party aspied syr Launcelot. they cryed Retorne retorne here[compyth syr Launcelot du Lake / So there came knyghtes & sayd / Syr Launcelot ye must nedes fighte wyth ponder knyghte in the blacke harney es that was syr Tristram for he hath almoost ouercome that good knyghte that fyghteth wyth hym wyth the syl uer shelde / that was syr Palomydes. ¶ Theñe syr Launcelot rode betwyx syr Tristram & syr Palomydes. And syr Launcelot sayd to syr Palomydes Syr knyghte lete me haue the batayl for ye haue nede to be repolyd. ¶ Syr Palomydes knew syr Launcelot wel & so dyde syr Tristram. But by cau: se syre Launcelot was ferre hardyer a knyghte than hymself / therfore he was gladde / & suffred syr Launcelot to fyg te wyth syr Tristram. For well wyst he that syr Launcelot knewe not syre Tristram. And there he hoped that si re Launcelot sholde bete or shame syr Tristram / wherof syre Palomydes was full fayne. And so syr Launcelot gaue syr Tristram many sadde stro: kys / but syr Laũcelot knewe not syre Tristram / but syr Tristram knewe well syr Launcelot. ¶ And thus they foughte longe togyder / that La beale Isoud was well nigh out of her myn de for sorowe. ¶ Thenne syr Dyna/ day tolde syr Gareth how that knyg te in the black harneys was syr Tris tram / and this is syre Launcelot that fyghteth wyth hym / that nedes must haue the better of hym. For syr Tris/ tram hath had to moche trauayle this day: ¶ Thenne lete vs smyte hym doun ne sayd syr Gareth. ¶ So it is better that we do sayd syr Dynaday thañe syr Tristram be shamed / For ponder houyth the stronge knyghte wyth the syluer shelde to falle vpon syr Tris/ tram yf nede be. ¶ Thenne forth wi: all syr Gareth rasshid vpon syr Laũ celot / & gaaf hym a grete stroke vpon his helme so harde that he was asto/ nied. And thenne came syr Dynaday wyth a spere: and he smote syr Laun uncelot suche a busset that hors & alle fell to the erthe. ¶ O Jhesu sayd syre Tristram to syr Gareth & to syr Dy naday fy for shame why dyd ye smy te downe so good a knyghte as he is. and namely whan I had adoo wyth hym. Now ye do yourself grete shame & hym no dysworshyp / for I helde hym resonable hote though ye had not hol pe me. ¶ Thenne came syr Palomy/ des that was dysguyled & smote dow/ ne syr Dynaday fro his hors. Then syr Launcelot bi cause syr Dynaday had smyten hym downe afore honde assaylled syr Dynaday passynge sore And syr Dynaday defended hym myght

ly. But wel vnderstode syr Tristram ȳ syre Dynaday myghte not endure syr Launcelot. wherfor syr Tristram was sory. They cam̃ syr Palomydes fiersly vpon syr Tristram/& whan sy re Tristram sawe hym come/he tho/ught to delyuer hym at ones by cause he wolde helpe syr Dynaday by cau/se he stode in grete peryll wyth syr La uncelot. ¶ They syr Tristram hurt: lyd vnto syr Palomydes & gaue hym a grete buffet/& thenne syr Tristram gate syr Palomydes & pullyd hȳ doun vnderneth hym/& so fell syr Tris tram wyth hym. And syre Tristram lept vp lyghtly & left syr Palomydes & went betwyx syr Launcelot & Dy/ nadan/and thenne they begañe to do bataylle togyder. ¶ Ryght so syr Dy nadan gate syr Tristrams hors & sa yd on hyghe that syr Launcelot myght sete here it/My lord syr Tristram take youre hors. And whan syr Launcelot herde hȳ name syr Tristram. O Jhe su sayd Launcelot what haue I done I am dyshonoured. ¶ A my lorde syr Tristram sayd Launcelot/why were ye dysguysed/ye haue put yourself in grete peryll this day. But I pray you noble knyghte to pardonne me/for & I had knowen you we had not done this bataylle. ¶ Syr sayd syr Tris/ tram this is not the fyrste kyndenesse ye haue shewed me. So they were bo: the horsyd agayn. Thenne all the pe: ople on the one syde gaue syr Launce lot the honour & degree/& on the other syde alle the people gaue to the noble knyghte syr Tristram the honour & the degree/ But syr Launcelot sayde naye therto / for I am not worthy to haue this honoure/for I woll reporte me vnto all knyghtes that syr Tris: tram hath be lenger in the felde than I/& he hath smyten doune many mo knyghtes this day than I haue done And therfore I woll geue syre Tris: tram my voys & my name/ and so I pray you alle my lordes & felowes so to do. Thenne was there the hole vo ys of dukes & erles/barons & knygh: tes/that syr Tristram this day is pre ued the beste knyghte/

¶ How syr Tristram departed wyth La beale Isoud. & how Palomydes fo lowed & excused hym. .lxxvij.

¶ They they blewe vnto lodging & quene Isoud was lad vnto her pauelyons. But wyte you wel she was wroth out of mesure with syr Pa lomydes/for she sawe all his treason from the begynnynge to the endynge And all this whyle neyther syr Tris tram neyther syr Gareth nor Dyna day knewe not of the treason of syre Palomydes/But afterwarde ye shal here ȳ there befell the grettest debate betwyx syr Tristram & syr Palomy: des ȳ myghte be. ¶ So whan the tur nement was doy/syr Tristram/Ga reth & Dynaday rode wyth La beale Isoud to ther pauelyons. And euer sy re Palomydes rode with them in ther company dysguysed as he was/ But whan syr Tristram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyghte wyth: the shelde of syluer/whyche helde hȳ so hote that same day. ¶ Syr knygh te sayd syr Tristram/wyte yow well here is none of vs that hath ony nede of your felyshyp/and therfore I pray

you departe from vs. ¶ Syr Palomy des answerde ayey as though he had not know syr Tristram. wyte ye wel syr knyghte from this felyshyp woll I neuer departe/ for one of the beste knyghtꝭ of the world cõmaunded me to be in this cõpany/& tyll he dyscharge me of my seruyse I wol not be discharged. By ꝑ syr Tristram knew ꝑ it was syr Palomydes. ¶ A syr Palomydes sayde the noble knyghte syre: Tristram are ye suche a knyghte/ ye haue be nampd wronge / for ye haue long be called a gentyl knyghte. & as this daye ye haue shewed me grete vngentylnes. for ye had almoost brought me vnto my dethe. But as for you I suppose I shold haue do well ynough/ but syr Laũcelot wyth you was ouermoche/ for I knowe ne knyghte lyuynge but syr Launcelot is ouer gode for hym & he wol do his vttermest ¶ Alas sayde Palomydes are ye my lorde syr Tristram/ ¶ Ye syr & that ye know wel ynough. ¶ By my knitehode sayde Palomydes vntyll now I knewe you not. I wend that ye had ben the kynge of Irlonde / for well I wote ye bare his armys ¶ His armes I bare sayde syre Tristram / & that woll I stonde by / for I wanne theym ones in a felde of a full noble knyghte/ his name was syr Marhaus/ and wt grete payne I wanne that knyghte for there was none other recouere but syr Marhaus dyed thrugh fals lechery & yet was he neuer yolden to me ¶ Sire sayd Palomydes I wende ye hadde be torned vpon syr Launcelots party & that caused me to torne/ ¶ Ye saye well sayde syr Tristram/ & so I take you & I forgeue you. So they they rode in to ther pauelyons/ & whan they were alyght they vnarmed them and wysshe ther faces & hondes/ & so yede vnto meete & were sette at ther table/ But whan I loud sawe syr Palomydes she chaunged ther her colour. and for wrath she myghte not speke. Anone syr Tristram aspyed her counte/ naũce & sayd Madame for what cause make ye vs suche chere. we haue be sore trauelled this daye. ¶ Myn owne lorde sayd La beale Isoud for god dis sake be ye not dysplesed wyth me for I maye none other wyse do/ for I saw this daye how ye were betrayed & nygh broughte to your dethe. Truely syr I saw euery deale how & in what wyse/ And therfore syr how sholde I suffre in youre presence suche a felony/ & traytoure as syr Palomydes/ for I sawe hym wyth myn eyen how he beheelde you whan ye went out of the felde/ for euer he houyd styll vppon his hors tyl he saw you come in ayenwarde/ & they forth wyth all I sawe hym ryde to the hurt knyghte & chaungyd harneys wt hym/ & they streyt I sawe hym how he rode in to the felde. And anone as he had founde you he encoũtred wt you/ & thus wylfully Palomydes dyde bataylle wt you. And as for hym syr I was not gretly afeerde/ but I drad syr Launcelot ꝑ knew you not ¶ Madame sayd Palomydes ye may saye what so ye woll/ I may not contrary you / but by my knyghthode I knewe not syr Tristram. ¶ Syr Palomydes sayd syr Tristram I wol take your excuse/ but wel I wote ye spared me but lytil. but al is pardoned on my parti. They La beale Isoud held doune her heed & sayd nomore at ꝑ tyme.

¶How kynge Arthur & syr Launce/ lot came in to ther pauelyons as they sate at supper/& of syre Palomydes/

¶Capl'm lxxviij

AND therwyth all two knyghtes armed came vnto ther pauelyons/and there they alyghted both & came in armyd at all peces. ¶Fayr knyztes sayd syr Tristram/ye are to blame to come thus armyd at all peces vpon me whyle we are at our mete/Yf ye wolde ony thynge whan we were in the felde there myghte ye haue ealyd your hertes. ¶Not so sayd ꝑ one of those knyztes we come not for ꝑ entent/But wyte ye well syr Tristram we bey come hyder as your frendes. And I am come here sayd the one for to se you/& this knyghte is come for to see La beale Iloud. ¶Thenne sayd syr Tristram I requyre you doo of your helmes ꝑ I maye se you/ ¶ꝑ wol we do at your desyre sayd ꝑ knyztes. And whan theyr helmes were of syr Tristram thoughte that he sholde know them. ¶They sayd syr Dynadan preuely vnto syr Tristram/ Syr that is sir Launcelot du lake that spake vnto you fyrst/& thother is my lorde kynge Arthur. ¶Thenne sayd syr Tristram vnto La beale Iloud Madame aryse for here is my lorde kyng Arthur. Thenne the kynge & the quene kilsed. & syr Launcelot & syr Tristram enbraced eyther other in armys And thenne there was Joye wythout mesure. And at the request of La beale Iloud kynge Arthur & Launcelot were vnarmed/& theñe was there mery talkynge. ¶Madame sayd syr Arthur it is many a daye syth that I haue desyred to se you/ For ye haue ben praysed so ferre/& now I dare say ye are the fayrest that euer I sawe/& syr Tristram is as fayr & as good a knyzte as ony that I knowe/ therfore me semyth ye are wel beseme togyders/ ¶Syr god thank you sayd the noble knyght syr Tristram & Iloud of your grete goodnes & largesse/for ye are peerlees. Thus they talkyd of many thynges and of all the hoole Joustes. ¶But for what cause sayd kyng Arthur wer ye syr Tristram agaynst vs Ye are a knyghte of the table rounde of ryght ye sholde haue ben wyth vs/ ¶Syr sayd syr Tristram her is Dynadan & syr Gareth youre owne neuew caused me to be ayenst you ¶My lord Arthur sayd Gareth I may wel bere the blame/ but it were syre Tristrams owne dedes. ¶That may I repent sayd Dynadan/ for this vnhappy syr Tristram broughte vs to this turnement. & many grete buffettes he caused vs to haue/ Thenne the kyng & Launcelot lough that they myghte: not syttе. ¶What knyghte was ꝑ sayd Arthur that held you so short/this w the sheld of syluer. ¶Syr sayd syr Tristram here he syttеth at this bord: de ¶What sayd Arthur was it syr Palomydes. ¶Wyte ye wel it was he sayd La beale Iloud. ¶So god me helpe sayd Arthur it is vnknyghtly done of you of so good a knyghte/for I herde many people call you a curteys knyghte. ¶Syr sayd Palomydes I knew not syr Tristram. for he was so disgyled. ¶So god me helpe sayd Launcelot it may well be/for I knewe not syr Tristram. but I merueyl why ye torned oy our party. ꝑ was doñ for

the same cause sayd Launcelot. ¶ As for ꝑ sayd syr Tristram I haue par/ donned hym. & I wolde be ryght loth to leue his felyshyp/for I loue ryghte well his company. So they left of /& talkyd of other thynges. And in the euenynge kyng Arthur & syr Launce lot departid vnto ther lodgynge. But wyte ye well syr Palomydes had en/ uy hertly/ for all that nyghte he had neuer reste in his bedde/but weylled & wept out of measure. ¶ So on the mor ne syre Tristram/Gareth & Dyna/ day arose erly. & thenne they went to syr Palomydes chābre. And ther they fonde hȳ fast on slepe/ for he had all nyghte watched. And it was seen vp: on his chekys that he had wepte full sore. ¶ Say no thyng sayd syr Tris/ tram/for I am sure he hath taken an gre & sorowe for the rebuke that I ga ue hym & La beale Iseud.

¶ How syr Tristram & syr Palomy: des dyde the nexte daye/& how kyng Arthur was vnhorsyd lxxix

Thenne syr Tristram lete calle syr Palomydes/& badde hym make hȳ redy/ for it was tyme to go to ꝑ felde. Whan they were redy they were armyd & clothed all in redde bo: the Iseud & all they. And so they rad her passyng freshly thrugh the felde in to ꝑ priory wher was her lodgȳge And they they herd thre blastes blow And they euery kynge & knyghte dres syd hym vnto the felde. And the fyrst ꝑ was redy to Joust was syr Palomy des & syr Raynus le strang a knyght of the table rounde/ & so they two en countred togyder/but syr Palomydes smōte syr Raynus so harde ꝑ he smo te hym quyte ouer his hors croupe/ & forthwyth alle syr Palomydes smote doune a nother knighte & brake they his spere/ & pulled out his swerd and dyd wonderly well. And they the noy se began gretly vpon syr Palomydes ¶ Leo sayd kyng Arthur ponder Pa lomydes begynneth to playe his pa / gent. Soo god me helpe sayd Arthur he is a passynge good knyghte./And ryght as they stode talkynge thus. in came syr Tristram as thonder/ & he encountryd wyth syr Ray the Senes: call/ And there he smote hym downe quyte from his hors/ & wyth that sa/ me spere syr Tristram smote downe thre knyghtes moo/ & thenne he pul/ lyd out his swerde & dyde merueyllo/ usly. Thenne the noyse & crye chaun/ gyd from syr Palomydes & torned to syr Tristram/& all the people cryed/ O Tristram o Tristram. And thenne was syr Palomydes clene forgoten. / ¶ How now sayd Laūcelot vnto Ar: thur. yond rideth a knyghte that play eth his pagentes. ¶ So god me helpe sayd Arthur to Launcelot ye shall se this daye: that ponder two knyghtes shall here do this day wonders. ¶ Si re sayd Laūcelot/thone knyghte way teth vpon thother. & enforceth hymsel fe thrugh enuye to passe ꝑ noble knyz te sir Tristram. And he knoweth not of the preuy enuye the whiche syr Pa lomydes hath to hym. For al ꝑ the no ble syr Tristram doth is thrugh clen knyzthode/ & they syr Gareth & Dy nadan dyd wondly grete dedes of ar: mes as to noble knyghtz so ꝑ Arthur spake of them gret honour & worshipe The kyngs knyghtz of Tristram side

dyde passyngly well/and helde theim truely togyders. ¶ Thenne syr Arthur & syr Launcelot toke ther horses & dressyd them & gote them in to ỳ chyckest of ỳ prees. And syr Tristram vnkno: wynge smote downe kyng Arthur/& thenne syr Launcelot wold haue rescowed hym/but there were soo many vpon syr Launcelot that they pulled hym downe from his hors. And thenne the kynge of Irlonde & the kynge of Scottes with ther knyghtes dyd ther payne to take kyng Arthur & syr Launcelot prysonere. ¶ Whan syr Laũcelot herde them say so/he karyd as it had be an hungry lyon. for he ferde so that noo knyghte durste nyghe hym/ ¶ Then came syr Ector deMarys/& he bare a spere agaynst syr Palomydes & brake it vpon hym all to sheueres. And thenne syr Ector came agayne & gaue syr Palomydes suche a dasshe wyth his swerde that he stouped doune vpon his sadyl bow. And forth wyth all syr Ector pullyd downe syr Palomydes vnder his fete. And thenne syr Ector de Marys gate syr Launcelot du Lake on hors & broughte it to hym/& badde hym mounte vppon it/ But syr Palomydes lepte afore & gate the hors by the brydyll & lepte in to the sadyll ¶ So god me helpe sayd sy Launcelot ye are better worthy to haue that hors than I. Thenne syr Ector broughte syre Launcelot an other hors ¶ Gramercy sayd Launcelot to his brother. And so whan he was horsyd agayne/ wyth one spere he smote downe foure knyghtes/ And they syr Launcelot broughte to kinge Arthur one of the beste of the foure horses./: They syr Launcelot wyth kyng Arthur & a fewe of his knyghtes of syre Launcelots kynne dyde merueyllous dedes. For that tyme as the boke recorderh syr Laũcelot smote downe & pulled downe. xxx. knyghtes/ Notwyth/ stondynge the other parte helde them so faste togyders that kyng Arthur & his knyghtes were ouermatched. And whan syr Tristram sawe what labore kynge Arthur & his knyghtes. and in especyall the noble dedes that syre Launcelot dyde with his owne hondes he merueylled gretly.

¶ How syr Tristram torned to kyng Arthurs syde/& how syr Palomydes wolde not. ¶ Capĩ lxxx.

Thenne syr Tristram callid to hym syr Palomydes/syr Gareth & syr Dynaday/ & sayde thus to them My fayr felowes wyte ye well ỳ I wol torne vnto kynge Arthurs party/for I sawe neuer so fewe men doo so wel. And it woll be shame vnto vs knyghtes that bey of the roũde table to see oure lorde kynge Arthur & that noble knyghte syr Laũcelot to be dyshonoured. ¶ It woll be wel do sayde syr Gareth & syr Dynaday/ ¶ Doo your beste sayd Palomydes/for I wol not chaung my party that I come in wyth all. That is for my sake sayde syr Tristram/God spede you in your Journey/And so departyd syr Palomydes from them. ¶ Thenne syre Tristram/Gareth & Dynaday forned to syr Launcelot. ¶ And they syr Launcelot smote downe the kinge of Irlond quite fro his hors. & so syr Laũcelot smote doune ỳ kyng of Scotts & the kyng of Walys ¶ And they syr

Arthur ranne vnto syr Palomydes & smote hym quyte from his hors. And thenne syr Tristram bare downe all that he mett. Syr Gareth & syr Dynadan dyde there as noble knyghtes. Thenne al the partyes began to flee ¶Alas sayd Palomydes that euer I sholde se this day/for now haue I lost all the worshyp that I wanne.¶& thenne syr Palomydes went his way waylynge.And soo wythdrewe hym tyll he came to a welle/& there he put his hors from hym / and dyde of hys armour & wayled & wept lyke as he had be a wood man.¶Thenne many knyghtes gaue ỹ pryce to syr Tristram/And there were many that gaue the price vnto syr Launcelot.¶Fayr lordes sayd syr Tristram I thanke you of the honour ye wolde yeue me / But I pray you hertely that ye wold geue your voys to syr Launcelot/ for by my faythe sayde syr Tristram / I woll geue syr Laũcelot my voys. but syr Launcelot wolde not haue it/ and so the pryce was geuen betwyx theim bothe.¶Thenne euery man rode to his lodgyng.And syr Bleoberys and syr Ector rode wyth syr Tristram & La beale Isoud vnto ther pauelyons.¶Thenne as syr Palomydes was at the welle waylyng & weppynge/there came by him the kyng of Walys & of Scotlonde/and they sawe syr Palomydes in that arage. Alas sayd they that so noble a man as ye be sholde be in this araye. And they those kynges gate syr Palomydes hors agayn/and made hym to arme hym & mount vp on his hors/& soo he rode wyth them makyng grete dole. So whan syr Palomydes came nyghe the pauelyons/ ther as syr Tristram & La beale Isoud were in/they syr Palomydes prayde the two kynges to abyde there whyle that he spake wyth syr Tristram/ And whan he came to the port of the pauelyons there syre Palomydes sayd on hygh Where art thou syr Tristram de Lyones/¶Syr sayd Dynadan that is Palomydes/¶What syr Palomydes sayde Tristram wylle ye not come in here amonge vs .¶Fye on the traytour sayd Palomydes/for wyte ỹ well & it were daye lyght as it is nyght I wold sle the myn owne hõdes. And yf euer I may gete the sayd Palomydes ỹ shalt dey for this dayes dede.¶Syr Palomydes sayd Tristram/ye wyte me wyth wronge / for had ye done as I dyde.ye had wonne worshyp/But lyth ye geue me so large warnynge. I shall be well ware of you.¶Fy on the traytour sayd Palomydes.& therwyth departid.¶They on the morne syr Tristram / Bleoberys and syr Ector de Marys.syr Gareth & syr Dynadan / what by water & what by londe they broughte La beale Isoud vnto Joyous garde.& there repolyd them a seuen nyghtes/& made all the myrthes & dysportes ỹ they cowde deuyse. And kyng Arthur and his knyghtes drewe vnto Camelot. / And syr Palomydes drewe wyth the two kynges.And euer he made ỹ grettest dole that ony man cowde thynke for he was not all oonly so dolorous for the departyng from La beale Isoud/but he was a part as sorowful to depart from the felyshyp of syr Tristram. for syr Tristram was so kynd & so gentyl ỹ whan syr Palomides remẽbred hym therof he myght not be mery.

¶ How syr Bleoberys & syr Ector re portyd to quene Gweneuer of the beaute of La beale Iloud .lxxxi.

SO at the seuen nyghtes ende syr Bleoberys & syr Ector departyd from syre Tristram & from ꝑ quene/ & thyle two knyghtꝭ had grete yeftes. And syr Gareth & syre Dynadan abode wyth syre Tristram. And whā Bleoberys Ector wer com therē as the quene Gweneuer was lodged: in a castell by the see syde/ & thrugh ꝑ grace of god the quene was recouered of her malady/ thenn she askyd the. ij knyghtꝭ fro whens they came. They sayd ꝑ they came from syr Tristram & from La beale Iloud. How doth syre Tristram sayd the quene & La beale Iloud. Truely sayd tho two knyghtes he doth as a noble knighte sholde do: & as for the qnene Iloud she is pereleſſe of al ladyes/ for to speke of her bewte bountee & myrthe/ & of her goodenesſe we sawe neuer her matche as ferre as we haue rydeyn & gooyn. ¶ Dmercy Jhesu sayd quene Gweneuer/ so sayth alle the people that hath seen her & spoken wyth her. God wolde ꝑ I had parte of her condicyons/ and it nyl fortuned me of my syknes whyle ꝑ turnement endured. And as I suppose I shall neuer see in all my lyf suche an assemble of knyghtes & ladies as ye haue dooyn. Thenne the knyghtes tolde her how Palompdes wanne the degree at the fyrst day wyth grete noblesſe. & the seconde daye syr Tristram wanne the degree/ And the thyrde daye syr Launcelot wanne the degree. ¶ Well sayde quene Gweneuer who dyde beste alle thyle thre dayes./

¶ So god me helpe sayd thyle knyghtes syr Launcelot & syr Tristram had leest dyshonour. And wyte ye well syr Palompdes dyd passynge well & myghtelyly/ but he torned ayenst the party that he came in with al: and that cause ya hȳ to lese a grete parte of his worshyp. For it semyd that syr Palompydes is passynge enuyous. ¶ Thenne shall he neuer wynne worshyp sayde quene Gweneuer/ For & it happyth an enuyous man onys to wynne worshyp/ he shall be dyshonoured twyes therfore. And for this cause alle men of worshyp hate an ennyous man/ & woll shewe hym noo fauour. And he that is curteys & kynde and gentyll/ hath fauour in euery place.

¶ How Palompdes complayned hi a welle/ & how Eppynogrys came & founde hym/ and of ther bothe sorowes ¶ Capl'm .lxxxij.

NOw leue we of this matere/ & speke we of syr Palompdes. ꝑ rode & lodgyd hym wyth the two kynges/ wherof the kynges were heuy. / : ¶ Then the kynge of Irlonde sent a man of his to syr Palompdes & gaue hym a grete courser. And the kyng of Scotlonde gaue hym grete yeftes/ & fayne they wolde haue had syr Palompdes to haue abidyn with them. but in no wise he wold not abide/ & so he departid & rode as aduentures wolde guyde him tyl it was nyghe noone/ & then in a forest by a well syr Palompydes sawe where lay a woūded knyghte & his hors boūde by him. whyche made the gretest dole ꝑ euer he herd man make/ for euer he wepte & syghed as

though he wolde deye. Thenne syre Palompdes rode nere hym & salewed hȳ myldly. & sayd Fayr knight what wayle ye so/let me lye downe & way le wyth you/for dowte not I am mo/ che more heuyer thay ye are. For I da re saye sayd Palompdes. that my so/ rowe is an hundred folde more thañe your is/and therfore lete vs complay ne eyther to other. ¶ Fyrste sayde the wounded knyghte I requyre you telle me your nam̄/for & ye be none of the noble knyghtes of the vonnde table / ye shall neuer knowe my name what soeuer come of me. Fayr knight sayd Palompdes suche as I am be it better or be it wors wyte ye well that my na me is syr Palompdes sone & heyre to kynge Assilabor/and syr Safyr & syr Segwarydes are my two brethery/ & wyte ye well as for myself I was ne/ uer cystenyd/but my two brethery be truely cystened. ¶ O noble knyghte sayd that knyghte/ well is me that I haue met wyth you. And wyte ye wel my name is Eppynogrys / the kynges sone of Northumberlonde. Now lytte downe sayd Eppynogris & lete vs ey / ther complayne to other. ¶ They syr Palompdes beganne his complaynte Now shall I telle you sayd Palomy: des what woo I endure. I loue the fa yrst quene & lady that euer bare lyf/& wyte ye wel her name is La beale Iso ud kyngs Markis wyf of Corneway le. ¶ That is grete foly sayd Eppyno gris for to loue quene Iloud / For one of the beste knyghtes of the world lo: uyth her/that is syr Tristram de Ly ones ¶ That is trouth sayd Palomy des: for noñe knowyth ẏ matet beter thay I do/for I haue be ỹ syre Tris trams felyshypp this moneth & wyth La beale Iloud togyder. And alas sa yd Palompdes vnhappy may that I am now haue I loste the felyshyp of: syr Trystram for euer / & the loue of La beale Iloud for euer/and I am ne uer lyke to se her more. And syr Tris tram & I bey eyther to other mortall enmyes ¶ Wel sayd Eppynogrys. syth that ye loued La beale Iloud/Loued she you euer agayn by ony thyng that ye cowde thynke or wyte/ or ellys dyd ye reioyse her euer ỹ ony pleysure. / : ¶ Nay by my knyghthode sayd Palo mydes I neuer aspied that euer she lo ued me more thay all the worlde/nor neuer had I pleysur wyth her/ But ẏ laste day she gaue me the greteste rebu ke that euer I had / the whyche shall neuer go fro my herte/and yet I well deserued that rebuke / for I dyde not knyghtly. And therfore I haue lost ẏ loue of her & of syr Tristram for euer And I haue many tymes enforced mi self to do many deedes for La beale Is loud sake/And she was the cause of my worshyp wynnyng. ¶ Alas sayde syr Palompdes now haue I lost all ẏ worshyp that euer I wãne. For neuer shal befal me suche prowesse as I had in the felyshyp of syr Tristram.

¶ How syr Palompdes brought to sy re Eppynogrys his lady. And how syr Palompdes & syr Safyr were assayl led ¶ Capl'm .lxxxiij.

NAy nay sayd Eppynogrys you re sorowe is but Japys to my: sorow/for I reioyced my lady & wañe her wyth my hondes. & loste her agay ne alas that daye/ Thus fyrst I wañ

her sayde Eppynogrys. My lady was ay erlys douzter. And as the erle and two knyghtes came from the turne / ment of Lonazep/for her sake I sette vpon this erle & on his two knyghtes my lady there beynge present. And so by fortune there I slewe the erle & one of the knyghtes/and the other knygh te fledde/and so that nyghte I hadde my lady. And on the morne as she & I repolyd vs att this wellys syde/there came there to me an arraunt knyght his name was syr Helyor le prusse/ay hardy knyghte. And this syre Helyor chalengyd me to fyghte for my lady/ And thenne went to bataylle fyrst vp pon hors & after on fote But at ỹ last te syr Helyor wounded me soo that he he lefte me for deed /& soo he toke my lady with hym. And thus my sorowe is more than yours/for I haue reioy: cid and ye reioyced neuer/ That is trouth sayd Palompdes/But syth I cay neuer recouer myself I shall pro / myse you yf I can mete wyth syr He lynor I shall gete you your lady ayen or elles he shall bete me. Thenne syr Palompdes made syr Eppynogrys to take his hors/And so they rode to an hermytage/and there syr Eppynogrys restyd hym. And in the meane whyle syr Palompdes walkid prpuely to rel te hym vnder the leues. And there be/ syde he sawe a knyghte come rydyng wyth a shelde that he had seen syr Ec tor de marys bere a-fore honde. & ther came after hym a.x. knyghtes. and so thyse.x. knyghtes houed vnder the le/ ues for hete. And anone after there ca me a knyghte wyth a grene shelde/ & therin a whyte lyon. ledyng a lady vp on a palfroye. Thenne this knyghte wyth the grene shelde that semyd to be mayster of the.x. knyghtes rode fyers ly after syr Helyor/ for it was he that hurte syre Eppynogrys. And whan he came nyghe syr Helyor. he badde him defende his lady. I woll defende her sayd Helyor vnto my power. And soo they ranne togyders/ soo that eyther of thise knyghtes smote other downe hors & all to the erth. And thenne they gate vp lyghtly & drewe the swerdes. & ther sheldes/ and lasshyd togyders myghtly more than ay houre. Alle this syr Palompdes sawe & behelde / But euer att the laste the knyghte wt syr Ectors shelde was byggar. and at the laste this knyghte smote syr Hely: or downe/ and then that knyghte vn lacyd his helm to have stryken of his heed. And thene he cryed mercy & pray ed hym to saue his lyf. Thene syre Palompdes dressyd hym vp/by cause he wyst well that ỹ same lady was E ppynogrys lady/and he promysed him to helpe hym. Thenne syr Palomy des went strayte to that lady / & toke her by the honde & askyd her whether she knew one that hyght Eppynogryl Alas she sayde that euer he knewe me or I hym. for I haue for his sake lost my worship. and also his lyf gre ueth me most of all. Not so lady sa yd Palompdes/come on with me for her is Eppynogrys in this hermytage A well is me sayd the lady & he be on lyue. Whether wolt thou wyth ỹ lady sayd the knyght wyth syr Ector shelde. I woll doo wyth her what me lyste sayd Palompdes. Wyte ỹ well sayde that knyghte thou spekeste ouer large/ though thou semest me to haue at auantage by cause thou saw

me doo bataylle but late/Thou we/
nest syr knyghte to haue awaye that
lady from me so lyghtly/ nay thynke
it neuer & thou were as good a knigh
te as is syr Laũcelot or syr Tristram
or syr Palompdes/but thou shal wyñ
her dere thã cuerdyde J. And so they
went to bataylle vpon fote/ and thẽ
they gaue many sadde strokes/& eche
wounded other passynge sore. & thus
they foughte styll more thay ay hour̃
Theñe syr Palompdes had merueyl
what knyghte he myght be that was
so stronge & so well brethed durynge/
And thus sayd Palompdes ¶ Knygh
te J requyre the tell me thy name. Wy
te thou well sayd that knyghte J dar̃
telle the my name/so that thou wolt
telle me thy name. ¶ J wol sayd Pa
lompdes. Truely sayd that knyghte
my name is syr Safyr sone of kyng
Astlabor / And syr Palompdes & syr
Segwarydes are my bredery ¶ Now
& wyte ye well my name is syr Palo:
mydes. Then syr Safyr kneled dow
ne vppon his knees & prayed hym of
mercy. And thenne they vnlaced ther
helmes/& eyther kissed other weppng
¶ And in the meane whyle syr Epy
nogris arose out of his bedde and her
de them by the strokes. And so he ar/
med hym to helpe syr Paloupdes yf
nede were.

¶ How Palompdes & Safyr condu:
ted Eppynogrys to his castell/and of
other auentures .lxxxiiij.

Thenne syr Palompdes toke ꝑ
lady by the honde/& brought
her to syr Eppynogrys/And ther was
grete Joye betwyxe theym/for eyther
swowned for Joye whanne they were
mette ¶ Fayr knyghte & lady sayd sy
re Safyr/it were pyte to departe you
Jhesu sende you Joye eyther of other
¶ Gramercy gentyll knyghte sayde
Eppynogrys/and moche more thanke
be to my lorde syr Palompdes ꝑ thus
hath thurgh his prowesse made me to
gete my lady. ¶ Thenne syr Eppyno
grys requyred syre Palompdes & syre
Safyr his brother to ryde with them
vnto his castell for the sauf garde of
his persone. ¶ Syr sayd Palompdes
we woll be redy to conduyte you / by
cause that ye are sore wounded. & soo
was Eppynogrys & his lady horsid be
hynde hym vpon a softe ambuler. And
thenne they rode vnto his castell whe
re they had grete chere & Joye as gret
as euer syre Palomp des & syr Safyr
euer had in ther lyf dayes. So on the
morne syre Safyr & syr Palompdes
departed & rode as fortune lad them:
And so they rode all that daye vntyll
after none. And at the laste they herd
a grete weppng & a grete noyse dow/
ne in a manoir. ¶ Syr sayd they syr
Safyr lete vs wyte what noyse thys
is J woll wel sayd Palompdes. & so
they rode forth tyll that they came to
a fayr gate of a manoir/and there sa
te an olde man sayenge his prayers &
bedes/Thenne syre Palompdes and
syr Safyr alyght & lefte ther horses
and went wythin the gates. And ther
they sawe full many goodly men we:
pyng. ¶ Fayr syres sayd Palompdes
wherfore wepe ye & make this sorowe
Anone one of the knightes of the cal
tell behelde syr Palompdes & knewe
hym/and thenne went to his felowes
& sayd/Fayr felowes wyte ye wel all

we haue in this castell the same knyz te that slewe oure lorde at Lonazep./ for I knowe hym well it is syr Palomydes. Thenne they went vnto har: neys all that myghte bere harneys. lo me on horsbak & lom on fote to ꝑ nō bre of.lx.-And whañe they were redy/ they came fiersly vpon syr Palomy des & vppon syr Safyr wyth a grete noyse & sayd thus. Kepe the syr Palo mydes for thou art knowen/ & by ryz te thou must be deed/ for thou hast sla yn our lorde/ And therfore wyte thou well we woll slee the/ therfor defende the. Theñe syr Palomydes & syr Sa fyr the one sett his backe to the other and y aue many grete strokes/ & toke many grete strokes. And thus they fo ughte wyth a.xx.knyghtes & .xl. gen / tylmen & yomen nyghe two houres. / but at the last though they were loth syr Palomydes & syr Safyr were ta ken & yolde & put in a stronge prylon And wythin thre dayes.xij.knyghtes passyd vpon them. And they fonde sy re Palomydes gylty/ & syr Safyr not gylty of ther lordes deth. And whañe syre Safyr sholde bed elyuerde/ there was grete dole betwyxe syr Palomy: des & hym. And many pyteous com / playntes that syr Safyr made at his departynge/ there is no maker can rez herce the tenth parte. ¶ Fayr brother sayd Palomydes lete be thy dolour & thy sorowe . And yf I be ordeyned to dey a shamefull dethe welcome be it/ But & I had wyste of thys deth that I am demyd vnto I shold neuer haue be yolde. So syr Safyr departyd fro his brother wyth the gretest dolour & sorowe ꝑ euer made knyghte. ¶ And on the morne they of the castell ordey ned.xij.knyghtes to ryde wyth syr Pa lomydes to the fad of the same knyz: te that syr Palomydes slewe. And so they bounde his legges vnder an olde stedes bely. And theñe they rode with syr Pamylodes vnto a castell by ꝑ see syde that hyghte Pelownes/ and ther syr Palomydes sholde haue Justyce / Thus was ther ordenaunce. And soo they rode wyth syr Palomydes fast bi the castell of Joyous garde ¶ And as they passid by that castell/ there came rydyng out of that castel by them one that knewe syr Palomydes / & whan that knighte sawe syr Palomydes bo unde vpon a crokyd courser/ the knyz te askid syr Palomydes for what cau se he was ledde so ¶ A my fayr felow & knyghte sayd Palomydes I ride to ward my deth for ꝑ sleyng of a knyz te at a turnement of Lonazep: And if I had not departyd fro my lorde syr Tristram as I ought not to haue do now myghte I haue bey lure to haue had my lyf saued But I pray you syr knyghte recomaunde me to my lorde: syre Tristram & vnto my lady quene Isoud. And saye to them yf euer I re passed to them I ask them forgeuenes And also I beseche you recomaunde/ me vnto my lorde kynge Athur/ & to al the felyship of the rounde table vn to my power. Thenne that knyghte wept for pite of syr Palomydes. And therwyth al he rode vnto Joyous gar de as faste as his hors myghte renne: And lyghtly that knyghte descendyd downe of his hors /& went vnto syre Tristram. And there he tolde hym al as ye haue herde. And euer the knigh te wepte as he had bey madde.

¶ How syr Tristram made him redy to rescowe syre Palomydes / but syre Launcelot rescowed hym or he came / ¶ Caplin .lxxxv.

AS syr Tristram herd how syre Palomydes went to his dethe / he was heuy to here that / And sayd / how be it that I am wrothe wyth syr Palomydes / yet woll not I suffre hym to deye soo shamefull a deth / for he is a full noble knyghte. And thenne anone syr Tristram was armed. and toke his hors & two squyres wyth hym and rode a grete paas vnto the castel of Pelownes / where syr Palomydes was Juged to deth. And thyse twelue knyghtes that ladde syre Palomydes passyd by a welle where as syr Launcelot was whyche was alyghte there: and had tied his hors to a tree & take of his helme to drynke of that water And whan he sawe thyse knyghtes / he put on his helme & suffred them to passe by hym. And they was he ware of syr Palomydes bounden & lad shamefully to his deth. ¶ O Jhesu sayd Launcelot what mysauenture is betall hym that he is thus ladde toward his dethe. Forsothe sayd Launcelot it were shame to me to suffre this noble knyght so to deye & I myghte helpe hym. / Therfor I wol helpe hym what som euer come of it. or elles I shall deye for syr Palomydes sake. And thenne syr Launcelot mounted vpon his hors: & gate his spere in his honde / and rode after the .xij. knyghtes that ladde syre Palomydes. ¶ Fayr knyghtes sayd syre Launcelot whyther lede ye this knyght: it belemyth hym full yll to ryde bounde. Thenne thyse .xij. knyghtes sodenly torned ther hors & sayd to syr Launcelot / Syre knyghte we counsell the not to medle wyth this knyghte / for he hath deserued dethe / & vnto dethe he is Juged. ¶ That me repenteth sayd Launcelot that I maye not borowe hym wyth fayrnesse / for he is ouer good a knyghte to deye suche a shamefull dethe. And therfore fayre knyghtes sayd syr Launcelot kepe ye as well as ye can / for I woll rescowe that knyghte or deye for hym. They they begañe to dresse ther spercs / and syr Lañcelot smote the formest down hors & man. And so he serued thre mo wyth one spere / & they that spere brake / And there wythall syr Launcelot drewe his swerde. And thenne he smote ey the ryght honde & ey the left hõde / Thenne wythin a whyle he lefte none of those .xij. knyghtes / but he layd them to the erth. And the most parte of them were sore wounded. & then syr Launcelot toke the beste hors that he founde & lofyd syre Palomydes / & sette hym vpon that hors / and so they retorned agayn vnto Joyous garde. / thenne was syre Palomydes ware of syr Tristram how he came rydynge: And whan syr Launcelot sawe hym he knewe hym well / But syre Tristram knewe not hym by cause syr Launcelot had on his shold a goldeu shelde. ¶ So syr Launcelot made hym redy to Joust wyth syr Tristram / that syr Tristram shold not wene that he were syr Launcelot / Thenne syr Palomydes cryed on lowde to syr Tristram / O my lorde I requyre you Juste not wyth this knyghte / for this good knyght hath saued me from my deth ¶ Whan syr Tristram herd hym say

so he came a softe trottynge pas to/ warde them. And they syr Palomy/ des sayde. ¶My lorde syr Tristram moche am I beholdyng to you of you re grete goodnes that wold profre you re noble body to rescowe me vndeser/ued. for I haue gretly offended you/ Notwythstondyng sayd Palomydes here mette we wyth this noble knyght te that worshyppfully & manly rescow ed me from.xij.knyghtes/ and smote them doune al & wounded them sore/

¶How syr Tristram & syr Launce/ lot wyth syr Palomydes came to Joy ous garde/ & of Palomydes & of syre Tristram. ¶Capim .lxxxvi.

HAyre knyghte sayd syr Tris/ tram vnto syre Launcelot/ Of whens be ye. ¶I am a knighte arra unt sayd syr Launcelot that rideth to seke many aduentures ¶What is you re name sayd syr Tristram/ ¶Syre sayd Launcelot att this tyme I woll not telle you. Thenne syr Launcelot sayd vnto sir Tristram & to Palomy des/now eyther of you are mette togy gyder I woll depart from you. ¶Not so sayd syr Tristram I praye you of knyghthod to ryde wyth me vnto my castell. ¶Wyte ye well sayd syr Laū: celot I maye not ryde wyth you:for I haue many dedes to doo in other pla ces/that at this tyme I maye not aby de wyth you ¶A mercy Jhesu sayd sy re Tristram I requyre you as ye be a true knyghte to the order of knyght/ hode/playe you wyth me this nyghte Thenne syr Tristram had a graunt of syr Launcelot.how be it though he had not desyred hym/he wold haue ri den wyth them/eyther soone haue co me after them. for syr Launcelot ca/ me for none other cause in to that co untree but for to see syr Tristram/& whan they were come wythin Joyous garde/they alyghte/ & ther horses we re ladde in to a stable/and thenne they vnarmyd them. And whan syr Laun celot was vnhelmyd/syre Trystram & syr Palomydes knewe hym: Then syr Tristram toke syr Laūcelot in ar mes/and so dyd La beale Jsoud.and Palomydes kneeled downe vpon hys knees & thankyd syr Laūcelot. Whan syr Launcelot sawe syre Palomydes knele/ he lyghtly toke hym vp & sayd thus/Wyte thou well syr Palomydes I & ony knyght in this londe of wor shyp oughte of very ryghte socoure & rescowe so noble a knyghte as ye are: proued & renōmed thrugh out all this reame endlong & ouerthwart.& thenne was there Joye amonge them.And ꝑ offener that syr Palomydes sawe La beale Jsoud the heuyer he waxed day by daye. Thenne syr Launcelot with in thre or foure dayes departed / And wyth hym rode syr Ector de marys / And Dynadan & syr Palomydes we re there lefte wyth syr Tristram a.ij. monthes & more. But euer syr Palo/ mydes faded & mornyd that alle men had merueylle wherfore he faded soo awaye. ¶So vpon a day in the daw nynge syr Palomydes went in to the forest by hymselfe alone:and there he founde a welle/ and thenne he lokyd in to the welle.& in the water he sawe his owne vysage how he was distour bed & defaded no thynge lyke that he was/What may/e this meane sayd sy re Palomydes / And thus he sayd to

hymselfe/ A palompdes palompdes why art thou disfaded thou that was wonte to be called one of the fayreste knyghtest of the worlde/ I woll noo more lede this lyf/for I loue ỳ I may neuer gete nor recouer. And therwyth all he layd hym downe by the welle/ And thene he begañe to make a ryme of La beale Isoud & hym. ¶ And in ỳ meane while syr Tristram was that same daye ridey in to the forest to chace the harte of greele/ But syr Tristram wolde not ride on huntynge ne: uer more vnarmyd for bi cause of syr Breule launs pyte: & so as syr Tristram rode in to that forest vp & dowñ he herde one synge merueylously lowde/ And that was syre palompdes ỳ laye by the welle. And they syr Tristram rode softly thither. for he demed that there was some knyghte arraunte that was at the well. And whan syre Tristram came nyghe hym/ he descended downe from his hors and tied his hors faste to a tree/ and thenne he came nere him on fote. And anone he was ware where laye syr palompdes by the welle & sange lowde & merily. And euer the complayntes were of ỳ noble quene La beale Isoud/ the whyche wer merueyllously well sayd. and full dolefully & pyteously made. And all the hoole longe the noble knyghte syr Tristram herde from the begynnyng to the endynge/ the whyche grieued & troubled him sore. But thenne at the laste whan syre Tristram had herd all syr palompdes complayntes he was wrothe out of mesure/ & thought for to slee hym there as he laye/ Thene syr Tristram remembred hỹ selfe that syr palompdes was vnarmyd/ and of the noble name that syr palompdes had/ & the noble name ỳ hymself had. and thenne he made a restreynt of his angre. And so he wente vnto syr palompdes a soft paas & sayd. syr palompdes I haue herde your complaynt & of thy trealoy that thou hast owed me so long. And wyte thou well therfor thou shalt dey. And yf it were not for shame of knyghthooe/ ỳ sholdest not escape my hondȝ for now I knowe well thou hast awayted me wyth treason. Tell me sayd syr Tristram how ỳ wolt acquyte the. ¶ Syr sayd palompdes thus I woll acquyte me. As for quene La beale Isoud ye shall wyte well that I loue her aboue al other ladies of the worlde. And wel I wote it shalbe fall me as for her loue as befell to the noble knyghte syre Urehidius ỳ deyed for the loue of La: beale Isoud. And now syr Tristram I woll that ye wyte that I haue loued La beale Isoud many a day/ & she hathe be the cause of my worshyp. or elles I had be the most symplest knyghte in the worlde. For by her & by cause of her I haue wonne ỳ worshyp that I haue. For whan I remembred me of La beale Isoud I wanne the worshyp wher so euer I came for the most party. And yet had I neuer reward nor bountee of her dayes of my lyf/ & yet haue I bey her knyghte gwerdonles. And therfor syr Tristram as for ony deth I drede not. for I had as leyf dey as to lyue. And yf I were armyd as ỳ art/ I sholde lyghtly do batayle with the. ¶ Well haue ye vttred your treason sayde Tristram. ¶ I haue done to you no trealon sayde palompdes/ for loue is free for alle mey. & though

I haue loued your lady/she is my la: dy as well as yours/how be it I haue wronge yf ony wronge be.for ye reioy ce her & haue your delyt of her.and so had I neuer nor neuer any lyke to ha. ue/And yet shall I loue her to the vt termest dayes of my lyf as wel as ye.

¶ How there was a daye sette bytwe ne,syre Tristram & syre Palompdes: for to fyghte/and how syr Tristram was hurte¶ Capitm .lxxxvij.

Thenne sayd syr Tristram I woll fyghte wyth you to ỹ vt termest.¶ I graunte sayd Palomy/ des/for ly a better quarell kepe I ne: uer to fyghte/ffor and I deye of your hondes/ of a better knyghtes hondes maye I not be slayne. And sythen I vnderstonde that I shall neuer reioy: ce La beale Isoud /I haue as good a wyll to dey as to lyue.¶ Thenne set ye a daye that we shall do bataylle sa yd syr Tristram.¶ This daye fyfte ne dayes sayd syr Palomydes woll I mete wyth you here bi ly the medowe vnder Joyous garde.¶ ffy for shame sayd syr Tristram woll ye set so lon ge a daye/lete vs fyghte to mory. Not so sayd syr Palomydes/for I am me gre & haue be longe syke for the loue: of La beale Isoud/& therfore I woll repose me tyll I haue my strengthe a/ gayn. So thenne syr Tristram & syr Palomydes promysed faythfully/ to mete at the welle ỹ day fyftene dayes¶ I am remembred sayd syr Tris/ tram to syr Palomydes/that ye bra / ke me ones a promyse whan ỹ I rel / cowed you from Dreule launce pyte. C.ix.knyghtes.And thenne ye promy: sid me to mete at the peron & the gra ue beside Camelot/where at that ty/ me ye fayled of your promyse.¶ Wy te ye wel sayd syr Palomydes vnto sy re Tristram I was att that daye in pryson/soo ỹ I myghte not holde my promyse.¶ So god me helpe sayd sy re Tristram.& ye had holde your pro myse/this werke had not be here now at this tyme.Ryght so departyd syre Tristram & syr Palomydes.And soo sir Palomydes toke his hors and his harneys.and he rode vnto kyng Ar / thurs court.And ther syr Palomydes gate hym foure knyghtes & foure ser gauntes of armys/and so he retorned agaynward vnto Joyous garde.And in the meane whyle sir Tristram cha cyd & hunted at all manere of venery And aboute thre dayes afor the bata yll shold be as syr Trystram chaced ay harte.there was ay Archer shot at the harte/and by mysfortune he smo te syr Tristram in the thyckest of the thyghe/and the arow slew syr Tris: trams hors & hurte hym.¶ Whan syr Tristram was so hurte he was pas / synge heuy /& wyte ye well he bledde sore.And thenne he toke a nother hors & rode vnto Joyous garde with grete heuynesse/ more for the promyse that he had made with syr Palomydes/as to do bataylle wyth hym wythin thre dayes after thay for ony hurte of his thyghe . Wherfore there was neyther may ne woman that coude chere hỹ wyth ony thynge that they cowde ma ke to hỹ.neyther quene La beale Iso: ud/for euer he demed that syr Laun / celot had smyten hym so/that he shol de no be able to do bataylle wyth him at the daye set.

¶ How syr Palomydes kept his daye for to haue foughte but syr Tristram myghte not come/& of other thynges lxxxviij
¶ Capitm

But in no wyse there was noo knyghte abowte syr Tristram that wolde byleue that euer syr Palomydes wolde hurte syr Tristram no: ther by his owne hondes nor by none other-consentynge. ¶ Thenne whan the fyftene daye was come syr Palomydes came to the welle wyth foure knyghtes with hym of Arthurs courte & thre sergaunts of armys. And for this entent syr Palomydes brought ꝑ knyghtes wyth hym & the sergauntes of armys/ for they sholde bere recorde of the bataylle betwyx syr Tristram & syr Palomydes. And thone sergaũt brought in his helme. The other his spere. the thyrde his swerde. ¶ So syr Palomydes came in to the felde/ And there he abode nygh two houres. and then he sent a squyre vnto syr Tristram & delyred hym to come in to the felde to holde his promyse. Whan the squyre was come to Joyous garde/ anone as syr Tristram herde of his comynge/ he lete cõmaunde that ꝑ squyre sholde come to his presence ther as he laye in his bedde. ¶ My lorde syre Tristram sayd Palomydes squire wete you well my lorde Palomydes abydeth you in the felde/ and he wold wite whether ye wolde do batayle or not ¶ A my fayr brother sayd syr Tristram wyte thou well that I am ryght heuy for thyse tydyngs Therfor telle syr Palomydes & I were well at ease I wolde not lye here/ nor he sholde haue no nede to send for me/ & I myght eyther ryde or goo. And for thou shalt saye that I am no lyar syr Tristram shewed him his thyghe/ that the wounde was .vi. ynchys depe. And now thou hast seen my hurt tell thy lorde ꝑ this is no feyned matere. And telle hym ꝑ I had leuer than all the golde of kynge Arthur that I were hoole. And tel Palomydes as soone as I am hoole I shall seke hym endlong & ouerthwart and that I promyse you as I am true knyghte/ And yf euer I may mete wꝯ hym/ he shall haue batayle of me his fylle. And wyth this the squyre departid ¶ And whan syr Palomydes wist that syr Tristram was hurte he was gladde. And sayde/ now am I sure I shall haue no shame/ for I wote well I sholde haue had harde handelynge of hym/ and by lykelyhode I must nedes haue had the worse. For he is the hardeste knyghte in bataylle ꝑ is now lyuynge excepte syr Launcelot. ¶ And thenne departyd syr Palomydes where as fortune ladde hym. And wythin a month syre Tristram was hoole of his hurte. And thenne he toke his horse & rode from countree to countree/ & all straunge aduentures he achyeued: where someuer he rode. And alwayes he enquiryd for syre Palomydes/ but of al that quarter of Somer syr Tristram cowde neuer mete wyth syr Palomydes. ¶ But ꝑ as syr Tristram soughte & enquired after syr Palomydes/ syr Tristram acheued many grete bataylles/ wher thrugh all the noyse felle to syr Tristram/ and it sessyd of syr Launcelot. And therfore syr Launcelots brethern and hys kynesmen wold haue slayn syr Tristram bi cause of his fame. But whan syr Launce-

lot wyst how his kynnesmen were set he sayd to them openly/ Wyte ye well that & the enuy of you all be so hardy to wayte vpon my lord syr Tristram wyth ony hurte. shame or vylony as I am true knyghte I shall slee the beste of you wyth myn owne hondes. Alas fy for shame shold ye for his noble dedes a wayte vpon hym to slee hym. Jesu defende sayde Launcelot that euer ony noble knyghte as syre Tristram is sholde be dystroyed wyth treason./

¶ Of this the noyse & fame sprange in to Lonewayle and amonge them of Lyones/ wherof they were passing gladde/ and made grete Joye. & thene they of Lyones sente letters vnto syre Trystram of recomendacōy and many grete yeftes to mayntene syr Tristrams estate. ¶ And euer betwene syr Tristram resorted vnto Joyous garde where as La beale Jsoud was that loued hym as her lyf.:

Her endith the .x. boke whiche is of syr Tristram And followeth the. xi. boke whyche is of syr Launcelot

How syre Launcelot rode on his aduenture. and how he halpe a dolorous lady fro her payne. and how that he foughte wyth a dragon. Capm Primum

NOw leue we syr Tristram de Lyones & spe ke we of syre Launce lot du lake/ & of syre Galahalt syr Lauce lots sone how he was gotey/ & in what maner as the booke of frenshe rehercyth: ¶ Afore the tyme that syre Galahalt was gotey or born/ there came in an hermytage vn to kyng Arthur vpon Wytsonday as the knyghtes sate at the rounde table And whan the heremyte sawe the syge perylous/ he asked the kynge & al the knyghtes why that sege was voyde. Syr Arthur & all the knyghtes an swerde/ there shal neuer none sytte in that sege but one but yf he be dystroyed. ¶ They sayd the heremyte Wote ye what he is. Nay sayd Arthur & all the knyghtes we wote not who he is but shall sytte therin . Thenne wote I sayd the heremyte/ for he that shal sytte therin is vnborne & vngotey. & this same yere he shall be gotey that shal sytte there in that sege perylous/ & he shal wyne the Sangreall/ Whan this he remyte had made this mensyon he departyd fro the courte of Arthur. And thenne after this feest syr Launcelot rode on his aduenture tyll on a tyme by aduenture he paste ouer the pount of Corbyn. And there he saw the fayrest toure that euer he sawe. & there vnder was a fayr towne full of people/ and all the people men & wymen ceyed at ones Welcome syr Launcelot du lake the floure of all knyghthode/ for by hym all we shalbe holpen out of daunger ¶ What meane ye sayd syr Launcelot that ye crye so vpon me. A fayr knyghte sayde they alle here is wythin thys toure a dolorous lady that hathe ben ther in paynes many wynters & dayes For euer she boylleth in scaldyng water. And but late sayde all the people syr Gawayne was here & he myghte not helpe her/ & so he lefte her in payne. ¶ So maye I sayd syr Launcelot leue her in payne as well as syr Gawayne dyde. ¶ Naye sayde the people we knowe wel that it is syr Launcelot that shall delyuer her. ¶ Well sayd syre Launcelot/ they shewe me what I shal do. They they brought sir Launcelot in to the toure. And whan he came to chambre there as this lady was/ the dores of yren vnlocked & vnboltyd/ & so syr Launcelot wente in to the chambre that was as hote as ony stewe/ & there syr Launcelot tok the fayrest lady by the honde that euer he sawe. And she was nakyd as a nedyl. And by enchauntement quene Morgan le fay and the quene of Northgalys had put her ther in that paynes/ by cause she was callid the fayrest lady in that countre And there she had be fyue yeres/ & neuer myght she be delyuerde out of her grete paynes vnto tyme the best knyghte of the worlde had taken her by the honde / Thenne the people broughte her clothes. & whan she was arayed sire Launcelot thought shewas the fayrest lady of the worlde/ but yf it were quene Gweneuer. ¶ Thenne this lady sayd to syre Launcelot/ Syr yf it pleyse you woll ye goo wyth me herbi in to a chapell that we maye yeue lovynge & thankynge vnto god. ¶ Madame sayde syre Launcelot Comyth on wyth me I woll go wyth you. So whan they came ther they gaue thankyngs to god. & all the peple lerned &

lewde gaaf thankynges vnto god. / And sayd syr knyghte syn ye haue de lyuerde this lady / ye shall delyuer vs from a serpent that is here in a tom/ be. Then syr Launcelot toke his shel de & sayd / brynge me thyder / & what I maye do vnto the pleasur of god & you I woll doo. ¶ So whan syr Laũ celot came thyder he sawe wrytten vp: on the toumbe letters of golde ꝑ sayde thus. Here shall come a lybarde of kyn ges blood & he shall slee this serpent / & this lybarde shall engendre a lyon / in this forayne countree the whiche ly on shall passe all other knyghtes. So then syr Laũcelot lyft vp the toumbe & there came out an horryble & a feend: ly dragon spyttynge fyre oute of hys mouth. Then syr Laũcelot drew his swerde & foughte wyth the dragon lõ ge / & at last wyth grete payne syr La uncelot slew that dragon. ¶ Therw all came kynge Pelles the good & no ble knyghte / & salewed syr Launcelot & he hym agayn. Fayr knyghte sayde the kyng what is your name / I requy re you of your knyghthode telle me.

¶ How syr Launcelot came to Pelles & of the Sangreall / & how he begat Galahat on Elayne kynge Pelles doughter / Capl'm .ij.

SYr sayd Laũcelot wyte ye wel my name is syr Launcelot du lake. And my name is sayd the kyng Pelles kynge of the forayne countree. & colyn nygh vnto Joseph of Aroma thye. And they eyther of theym made moche of other / & soo they went in to the castell tõ take theyr repaste / And anone there came in a douue at ꝑ wꝯ dowe & in her mouth there semyd a li tyll sencer of golde / & therwyth al the re was suche a sauour as all the spy / cery of the worlde had ben there. And forth wyth all there was vpon the ta ble all maner of meetes & drynkes ꝑ they cowde thynke vpon. ¶ So came in a damoysell passynge fayr & yong & she bare a vessel of gold betwyx her hondes / & therto the kynge knelyd de uowtly & sayd his prayers / so dyde all that were there. ¶ D Jhesu sayde syr Launcelot what may this meane. This is sayd ꝑ kyng the richest thin ge that ony man hath lyuynge. And whan this thynge gooth abowte / the rounde table shall be broken. And wi te ꝑ well sayd the kyng this is the ho ly Sangreall that ye haue here seen ¶ So the kyng & syr Laũcelot ladde ther lyf the moost parte of that daye / And fayne wolde kynge Pelles haue founde the meane to haue had syr La uncelot to haue layn by his doughter fayr Elayne. And for this entent / the kyng knewe well that syr Launcelot sholde gete a chylde vpon hys dough ter / the whyche sholde be namyd syre Galahalt the good knyzte. by whom al the forayne countree sholde be bro: ught out of dangour / and by him the holy Graale sholde be encheuyd. / : ¶ Thenne came forth a lady why / che was callyd dame Brysen. and she sayde vnto the kynge / Syre wyte ye well syr Launcelot louyth no lady in the worlde but aloonly quene Gwe / neuer / And therfore werke ye by my counseylle / and I shall make hym to lye wyth your doughter / and he shall not wyte but that he lyeth wyth que / ne Gweneuer / ¶ D the moost fayre

lad̄ dame Bryley layd the kyng ho pe ye to brynge this abowte. ¶ Syre layd she vpon payn of my lyf lete me deale. For this Bryley was oñ of the grettest enchaũtresses ẏ was that tym̄ in the worlde lyuyng. ¶ They anone by dame Brylens wyt she made one to come to syr Launcelot ẏ he knewe well. And this may broughte hym a rynge from quene Gweneuer lyke as it had com̄ fro her/ & suche one as she was wont for the mooste part to were And whan syr Launcelot sawe ẏ to / hem. wyte ye wel he was neuer so fayne. ¶ Where is my lady sayd syr Laũcelot/ Jn the castell of Cale sayd the messenger but fyue myle thens. They syr Laũcelot thought to be there that same nyghte. And theñe this Bryley by the cõmaundement of kynge Pelles lete sende Elayne to this castel w̃ .xxv knyghtes. Thenne syr Launcelot agaynst nyght rode vnto that castel/ & ther anone he was receyued worshipfully wyth suche people to hym semynge as were abowte quene Gwenever. Wite ye well that syr Laũcelot was glad & so was that lady Elayne ẏ she had geteyn syr Laũcelot in her armes/ For well she knew that same nyghte shold be goten vpon her Galahalt. that shold preue the best knyzte of ẏ worlde. And so they lay togyders vnto sexte on the morne. And all the wyndowes & holes of that that chambre were stoppyd ẏ no manere of daye myghte be seen. And then syr Launcelot remẽbred hym/ and he arose vp & went to the wyndowe./

¶ How syr Launcelot was displeysyd whan he knewe that he had layñ by Elayne/ and how she was delyuered of Galahalt/ ¶ Capl'm tij.

AND anone as he had vnshytte the wyndowe the enchaunte/ment was gone/ Then he knewe hym̄ self that he had don amys. Alas he sayd that J haue lyued solong now am J shamyd. So theñ he gate his swerde in his hond & sayd/ thou traytresse what art thou that J haue layn by al this nyghte/ thou shalt deye ryght here of my hondes. Thenne this fayre Elayne shypped out of her bedde all nakyd & knelyd downe afore syr Launcelot & sayd Fayr curteys knyghte comen of kynges blode. J requyre you haue mercy vpon me. And as thou arte renõmed the mooste noble knyghte of the worlde slee me not/ for J haue in my wombe hym by the ẏ shall beẏ the mooste noblest knyght of the worlde. ¶ A false traytresse sayde syr Launcelot Why haste thou betrayed me. Anone telle me what thou arte. ¶ Sire she sayd J am Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles. ¶ Well sayd syre syr Launcelot J wol forgeue you this dede/ & therwyth he toke her vp in his

armes and kissed her. for she was a fayr lady & therto lusty & yonge. & a wyse as ony was yͤ tyme lyuynge. ¶ So god me helpe sayde syr Launcelot. I maye not wyte this to you / but her yͤ made this enchauntment vpon me as betwene you & me / & I maye fynde yͤ sam̃ lady Vrsley she shall lese her hede for wytchecraftes / for ther was neuer knyzte dysceyued so as I am this nyghte. And so syr Launcelot arayed hym̃ & armyd hym & toke his leue myldely att that lady ponge Elayne. & so he departyd. ¶ Thenne she sayd my lorde syr Launcelot I beseche you see me allone as ye may. for I haue obeyde me vnto the prophecy that my fad tellyd me / & by his cõmaundement to fulfyll thys prophecy I haue geuen yͤ grettest rychesse & the fayrest flouze yͤ euer I had. And that is my maydenhede that I shall neuer haue agayn. & therfore gentyll knyghte owe me youre good wyll. And so syr Launcelot arayed hym̃ & was armyd / & toke his leue myldly at yͤ ponge lady Elayne. & so he departyd & rode tylle he came to the castell of Corbyn / where her fader was. And as faste as her tyme came she was delyuerd of a fayr chylde And they crystened hym̃ Galahalt / & wyte ye well / that chylde was well kepte & well nourysshed. And he was namyd thus Galahalt. for by cause sir Launcelot was so named at yͤ fonte ston̄. And after yͤ the lad̃ of the Lake confermyd hym̃ syr Launcelot du: lake. ¶ They after this lady was delyuerd & chyrched / there came a knyzte vnto her / his name was syre Brozmel La pleche. whyche was a gret lorde / And he had loued yͤ lady longe / & he euermore delyred her to wedde her & so by no meane she cowde put hym̃ of Tyl on a day she sayd to sir Bromell. Wyte you well syr knyght I wol not loue you / for my loue is sett vpon the best knyghte of the world. ¶ Who is he sayd Bromell. ¶ Syr she sayde it is syr Laũcelot du lake that I loue & none other / & therfore wowe me no lenger. ¶ Ye saye well sayd syr Bromell / & sythen ye haue tolde me somoche ye shal haue but lytyll Joye of syr Laũcelot / for I shall slee hym̃ where someuer I mete hym̃. ¶ Syr sayd the lady Elayne / doo to hym̃ no trealoy / ¶ Wyte ye well my lady sayd Bromel. & I promyse you this twelue mõthes I shal kepe the pounte of Corbẽ for syr Launcelots sake / yͤ he shal nother come ne goo vnto you but I shal mete wyth hym̃.

¶ How syr Boꝛs cam̃ to dame Elayne & sawe Galahalt / & how he was fedde wyth the Sangreall .iiij.

Thenne as it felle by fortune & aduenture syre Boꝛs de Ganys that was neuewe vnto syr Launcelot came ouer that brydge / and ther syr Bromel & syr Boꝛs Jousted. And syr Boꝛs smote syr Bromell suche a buffet that he baze hym̃ ouer his hoꝛs croupe. And they syre Bromell as an hardy knyghte pulled out hys swerde & dressyd his sheld to do batayll wyth syr Boꝛs / And they syr Boꝛs alyght and auoydcd his hoꝛs. And there they dasshed togyders many sadde strokes And longe thus they foughte / tyll at the last syr Bromell was layed to the erthe. And there syre Boꝛs beganne

to vnlace his helme to slee hȳ/ They syr Bromell cryed syr Boys mercy.& yelded hym. ¶Vpon this couenaunt thou shal haue thi lyf sayd syr Boys So thou go vnto syr Laũcelot vpon Wytsondaye that nexte comyth.& yelde the vnto hym as knyghte recreaũt ¶I woll do it sayd syr Bromell/& ꝑ he sware vpon the crosse of ꝑ sword & so he lete hym departe.& syre Boys rode vnto kynge Pelles.that was w̄: in Corbyn.And whan the kynge and Elayne his doughter wyste that syre Boys was neuewe vnto syr Launce/ lot they made hym grete chere. They sayd dame Elayne/We merueyl where syr Launcelot is/for he came neuer here but ones.¶Merueylle not sayde syre Boys/for this halfe yere he hath ben in pryson wyth quene Morgay le fay kyng Arthurs syster.¶Alas sayde dame Elayne that me repentyth / And euer syr Boys beheldе that chylde in her armes.And euer hym semed it was passynge lyke syr Launcelot / ¶Truely sayd Elayne wyte ye wel this chylde he gate vpon me. Theñe syr Boys wept for Joye.And he prayde to god ꝑ it myghte preue as good a knyghte as his fader was.And so came in a whyte douue / and she bare a lytyll sencer of golde in her mouthe / And there was alle manere of meetes & drynkes/ And a maydey bare that Sangreall/ & she sayd openly Wyte you well syr Boys that this chylde is Galahalt that shall sytte in the sege peryllous & encheue the Sangreall / And he shall be moche better than e/ uer was syr Laũcelot du lake that is his owne fader.And thenne they knelyd downe & made ther deuocyons/ & there was suche a sauour as all ꝑ spycery in the worlde had ben there. And whan the douue toke her flyghte/the mayde vanysshed wyth the Sangre al as she came¶Syr sayd syr Boys vnto kynge Pelles/thys castell maye be namyd the castell aduenturous for here ben many straunge aduentures/ ¶That is soth sayde the kynge/For well maye this place be callyd the aduenturous place. For there come but fewe knyghtes here that goon awaye wyth ony worshyp/be he neuer so strõge here he may be preuyd.And but late syr Gawayne the gode knyght gate but lytyll worshyp here. For I lete you wyte sayde kynge Pelles / Here shall no knyghte wynne no worshyp but yf he be of worshyp hymself & of good lyuynge/and that loueth god & dredyth god/ & elles he getyth no worshyp her be he neuer so hardy¶That is a wondfull thynge sayd syr Boys what ye meane in this countree I wote not/for ye haue many straunge aduentures/& therfore I woll lye in this castell this nyghte.¶Ye shall not do so sayd kynge Pelles by my counsell. For it is harde & ye escape wythout a shame.¶I shall take the aduenture that woll befalle me sayd syr Boys:/ ¶Thenne I counseylle you sayd the kynge to be confessyd clene.¶As for that sayd syr Boys I woll be shryuen wyth a good wyll.So syr Boys was confessyd/& for all wymen syr Boys was a vyrgyn sauf for one/that was the doughter of kynge Brangorys/& oy her he gate a chylde ꝑ hyght Elayne. And sauf for her syr Boys was a clene maydey.And so syre Boys was ladde to bedde in a fayr large cham/

bre/and many dores were shytt abou te the chambre. But whan syr Bors aspyed all those dores/he voyded alle the people/ for he myghte haue no bo dy wyth hȳ.but in no wyse syr Bors wolde vnarme hym. But soo he layd him downe vpon the bedde. And righ te so he saw come in a lyghte/that he myghte well se a spere grete & longe/ that came strayt vpon hym poyntlyn ge: And so syr Bors semyd that ꝑ he: de of the spere brent like a tapre. And anone or syr Bors wist the spere heed smote hym in to the sholder an hond brede in depnesse . And that wounde greuyd syr Bors passynge sore. & they he layd hym downe agayn for payne And anone therwyth all there came a knyzte armyd wyth his shelde on his sholder & his swerd in his honde. and he badde syr Bors aryse syr knyghte & fyghte wyth me. ¶ I am sore hurt he layd/but yet I shall not faylle the. And thenne syr Bors sterte vp & drel syd his shelde/and thenne they lasshid togyders myghtely a grete while. and at the laste syr Bors bare hym back/ warde vntyll that he came to a cham bre dore/and there that knyghte yede in to that chambre & rested hym a gre te whyle . And whan he had reposyd hym he came out freshly agayn. and begañe newe bataylle wyth syr Bors myghtely & strongly.

¶ How syr Bors made syr Pedyner to yelde hym/& of merueyllous aduen tures that he had & how he achyeued them. ¶ Capl'm .v.

Thenne syr Bors thoughte he shold nomore go in to ꝑ cham bre to reste hym. And so syr Bors drel syd hym betwyx the knyght & the chā bre dore/and ther syr Bors smote hȳ downe/and thenne that knyghte yel: ded hym. ¶ What is your name sayd syr Bors. ¶ Syr sayd he my name is Pedyner of the streyght marches. So syr Bors made hym to swere at Wyt sondaye next comynge to be at court of kyng Arthur & yelde hym there as a prysoner & ay ouercome knyghte bi the hondes of syr Bors. So thus de/ parted syre Pedyner of the streyghte Marches. And thenne syr. Bors layd hym downe to rest. And thenne he her de & felte moche noyse in that cham/ bre. And thenne syr Bors aspied that there came in he wyst not whether at ꝑ dores or wyndowes shot of arowes & of quarelles so thicke that he merue led/ and many felle vpon hym & hur te hym in the bare places. And theñe syr Bors was ware where came in a hideous lyon. So syr Bors dressid hȳ vnto the lyon/ And anone the lyon be raste hym his shelde / And wyth hys swerde syr Bors smote of ꝑ lyons he: de. ¶ Ryght so syr Bors forth wyth al sawe a dragon in the court passyng horryble. & ther semyd letters of gold wryten in his forehed. And syr Bors thoughte that the letters made a syg/ nyficacōn of kynge Arthur. ¶ Ryght so there came an horryble Lybarde & an olde. and there they foughte longe and dyde grete bataylle togyder. And at the last the dragon spyt out of his mouthe as it had ben an an hundred: dragons/ And lyghtly all the smalle dragons slewe the olde dragon & tare hym all to pyeces. ¶ Anone wyth all ther came an olde man into the halle

and he sate him downe in a fayr cha ze/ and there semed to be two adders abowte his necke. And thenne the old man hadd an harpe/ & there he sange an old song/ how Joseph of Armathye came in to this londe: Thenne whan he had songen the olde man bad syre Bors goo from thens. for here shal ye haue no mo aduentures/ and ful wor shyppfully haue ye done/ & better shall ye do her after. And thenne syr Bors semyd ꝑ there came the whytest dou/ ue wyth a lytyll goldey sencer in her: mouthe. And anone therwyth all the tempest sessyd & passid that afor was merueyllous to here/ So was all that courte full of good sauours. Thenne syr Bors sawe foure fayre chyldren berynge foure tapres / & an olde man in the myddes of the chyldren wyth a sencer in his one hond & a spere in his other honde/ And that spere was cal led the spere of vengaunce.

¶ How syr Bors departid/ and how syr Launcelot was rebukid of the que ne Gweneuer/ & of his excuse vi

NOw sayd that olde man to sy re Bors Go ye to your colyn syr Launcelot & telle hym of this ad: uenture/ the whiche had be mooste con uenyent for hym of all erthly knygh: tes/ but synne is soo fowle in hym he may not encheue suche holy dedes. for had not ben his synne he had past al the knyghtes that euer wer in his day es. And telle thou syr Laũcelot. of all worldly aduentures he passyth in mã hode & prowesses al other. but in thys spyrytuell materes he shall haue ma: ny his better ¶ And thenne syr Bors sawe foure gentyl wymen comyng by him poorely beseen. And he sawe whe re ꝑ they entred in to a chambre wher was gret lyght as it were a somer lyz te/ and the wymen kneled downe afo re an awter of syluer wyth foure pylo wes/ and as it had ben a bysshop kne lyng downe afore that table of syluer And as syr Bors loked ouer his heed he sawe a swerde lyke syluer naked / houynge ouer his heed. And the clere/ nesse therof smote so in his eyen that at that tyme syr Bors was blynde/ & there he herde a voys that sayd Goo hens thou syre Bors/ for as yet thou art not worthy for to be in this place. And thenne he yede bakwarde to his bedde tylle on the morne. And on the morne kynge Pelles made grete Joye of syre Bors/ & thenne he departyd & rode to Camelot. And there he fonde syr Launcelot du lake. And tolde him of the aduentures that he had seen w̃ kynge Pelles at Corbyn. ¶ So ꝑ noy se sprange in Arthurs court that Laũ celot had goten a chyld vpon Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles/ wherfo re quene Gweneuer was wroth/ and gaue many rebukes to syr Launcelot And called hym fals knyghte. & then syr Launcelot tolde the quene all. and how he was made to lye by her by en chauntement in lykenes of the quene/ So the quene helde syr Launcelot ex: culpyd. ¶ And as the boke sayth kyng Arthur had be in Fraunce/ & had ma de werre vpon ꝑ myghty kyng Clau: das & had wonne moche of his londs And whan the kyng was come agay ne/ he lete crye a grete feest / that alle lordes & ladyes of Englond shold be there/ but yf it were suche as were re/

re rebellyons agaynst hym . / :

¶ How dame Elayne Galahalts mo der came in grete Astate to Camelot. & how Launcelot behauyd hym there ¶ Capl'm .vij.

AND whañe dame Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles her de of this feest/she went to her fader: & requyred hym that he wold geue her leue to ryde to that feest. ¶ The kyn: ge answerde I woll well that ye goo thyther / But in ony wyse as ye loue me & woll haue my blessynge/that ye be wel beseen in the rychest wyse/and loke that ye spare not for no coste. Al ke & ye shal haue all that you nedeth Thenne by thaduyse of dame Bry: sen her maydeu/all thynge was apa: rellid vnto the purpose.that ther wal neuer no lady more rychelyer beseen . ¶ So she rode wyth.xx.knyghtes & .x ladyes & gentyl wymen to the nombr of an hundred horses. And whan she came to Camelot kynge Arthur and ꝑ quene Gweneuer sayd & al ꝑ knyz tes/ that dame Elayne was ꝑ fayrest & the beste beseen lady that euer was in that court. And anone as kyng Ar thur wyst that she was come/he mett her & salewed her/and so dyd the mol te party of all the knyghtes of the ro: ũde table.both syr Tristram syr Ble oberys & syr Gawayne. & many mo that I woll not reherce. ¶ But whan syr Laũcelot saw her he was so asha myd/and that by cause he drewe hys swerd on the morne whan he had lay by her / that he wolde not salewe her nor speke to her. And yet syr Launce/ lot thoughte she was the fayrest wo / may that euer he saw in his lyf dayes But whan dame Elayne saw syr La uncelot that wold not speke vnto her she was so heuy that she wend her her te wold haue to brast. For wite ye wel out of mesure she louyd hym. ¶ And thene Elayne sayde vnto her woman dame Bryseu/the vnkyndnesse of syre Launcelot sleeth me nere. A peas ma: dame sayd dame Bryseu I woll vnd take that this nyght he shal lye with you & ye wolde holde you styll. That wer me leuer sayd dame Elayne thã alle the golde that is aboue the erthe . Lete me deale sayde dame Bryseu. / ¶ Soo whan Elayne was broughte vnto quene Gweneuer / eyther made other good chere by coũtenaunce/but no thynge wyth hertes. But alle men & wymen spake of the bewte of dam Elayne & of her grete ryches. Thene at nyghte the quene cõmaunded/that dame Elayne sholde slepe in a cham bre nyghe her chambre/& all vnd one roof. and so it was done as the quene cõmaunded. ¶ Thenne the quene sen te for syr Launcelot & badde hym co / me to her chambre that nyghte/or el/ lys I am sure sayd the quene ꝑ ye wol go to your ladyes bedd dame Elayne by whom ye gate Galahalt ¶ A ma dame sayde syr Launcelot neuer saye ye so/for that I dyde was ayenst my wyll. ¶ Thenne sayd the quene. loke that ye come to me whan I sende for you. ¶ Madame sayd syre Lauucelot I shal not faylle you but I shal be re dy at your cõmaundement. This bar gayn was soone done & made betwen them. But dame Bryseu knewe it by her crafts & tolde it to her lady dame Elayne. ¶ Alas sayd she how shal I

do. Lete me deale layd dame Bryley for I shall brynge hym by the honde euey to your bedde/ & he shall wene þ I am quene Gweneuers messengere. ¶ Now well is me layd dame Elayne/ for all the world I loue not so moche as I do syr Launcelot.

¶ How dame Bryley by enchaunte/ ment brought syr Launcelot to dame Elayns bedde/ & how quene Gwene uer rebukyd hym ¶ Capitm .viij.

SO whan tyme came that alle the folkes were a bedde/ dame Bryley came to syr Launcelots bedd syde & sayde/ Syr Launcelot du lake slepe you/ My lady quene Gweneuer lyeth & awayteth vpon you. ¶ Do fayre ladi sayd syr Launcelot I am redy to go wyth you wher ye wol haue me So syr Launcelot threwe vpon hym a longe gowne & his swerde in his hō de. And thenne dame Bryley toke hȳ by the fyngre & ladde him to her ladyes bedde dame Elayne. And they she departed & lefte them in bedde togydȳ Wyte ye well the lady was gladde/ & so was syr Launcelot. for he wende þ he had hadde a nother in his armes.: ¶ Now leue we them kyssynge & clyppynge as was kyndely thyng/ & now speke we of quene Gweneuer/ þ sent one of her gentylwȳmen vnto syr Launcelots bedde. And whañe she came ther she founde syr Launcelots bedde colde. & he was away. So she came to the quene & tolde her all. ¶ Alas sayd the quene where is that knyghte become. Thenne the quene was nygh out of her wytte/ & thenne she wrythed & weltred as a madde womay. & might not slepe a four or fyue houres. They syr Launcelot had a condycōn that he vsyd of custome/ he wold clatre in his slepe and speke oft of hys lady quene Gweneuer. So as syr Launcelot had waked as longe as it had plesed hym Thenne by course of kynde he slepte & dame Elayne bothe. And in his slepe he talkyd & clateryd as a Jay of þ loue that had be betwene quene Gweneuer & hym. And so as he talkyd loo lowde the quene herde him ther as she lay in her chambre. And whan she herde hym loo clatre she was nygh wood & oute of her mynde/ and for angre & payne wyst not what to do. And then she coughed so lowde that syr Launcelot awaked/ & he knewe her hēmynge And thenne he knew well that he lay not by the quene. & therwyth he lepte out of his bedde as he had be a wood may in his sherte. And the quene met hym in the floore/ and thus she sayde Fals traytour knighte that thou arte loke thou neuer abyde in my courte. & auoyde my chambre/ And not so hardy thou fals traytour knyghte that þ arte that euer thou come in my syght ¶ Alas sayd syr Launcelot/ & therwȳ all he toke suche ay hertli sorowe atte her wordes that he felle downe to the floore in a swowne. And therwith all quene Gweneuer departyd. & whañe syr Laūcelott awoke of his swowne/ he lept out at a bay wyndowe in to a gardey. and ther with thornes he was all to ratchyd in his vysage & his body/ And so he ranne forth he wyst not whyther / & was wylde wood as euer was may. And so he ranne two yere/ and neuer may myght haue grace to knowe hym.

¶How dame Elayne was cõmaun/ded bi quene Gwencuer to voyde the courte. & how syr Launcelot became madde ¶Capĩ ix.

NOw torne we to quene Gwe: neuer & to the fayr lady Elayne That whan dame Elayne herde the quene so to rebuke syr Launcelot/ and also she sawe how he swowned & how he lepte out at a baye wyndowe Thenne she sayd vnto quene Gwe/ neuer ¶Madame ye are gretly to blame for syr Laũcelot/ for now haue ye loste hym/ For I sawe & herde by hys coũtenance that he is madde for euer Alas madame ye do grete synne. and to yourself grete dyshonour/ for ye haue a lorde of your owne/ & therfore it is your part to loue hym/ For there is noo quene in thys worlde hathe suche a nother kynge as ye haue. And yf ye were not I myghte haue the loue of: my lorde syre Lauucelot. And cause I haue to loue hỹ/ for he hath my mayden hode/ and by hym I haue borne a fayr sone. & his name is Galahalt. & he shall be in his tyme the best knyzt of the worlde. ¶Dame Elayne sayd the quene whan it is daylyght I charge & warne you to auoyde my courte And for the loue ye owe vnto syr Launcelot discouer not his counsel/ for & ye do it woll be his dethe. ¶As for that sayd dame Elayne I daze vnder take he is marred for euer/ & that haue ye made. for ye nor I are lyke to reioyce hym/ For he made the most pyteuous grone whan he lept out at yonder kaye wyndowe that euer I herde may make. ¶Alas sayd fayr elayne & alas sayd the quene Gwencuer for now I wote wel we haue loste hỹ for euer. ¶So on the morne dame Elayne toke her leue to departe/ & she wolde noo lenger abyde. Thenne kynge Arthur broughte her on her waye wt moo than an hundred knyghtes thorugh a forest. And bi the waye she tolde syr Boys de Ganys all how it betyde that same nyghte/ & how syr Launcelot lept out at a wyndow araged out of his wyt. ¶Alas sayd syr Boys where is my lord syr Launcelot become/ ¶Syr sayde Elayne I wote nere. ¶Alas sayd syr Boys betwix you bothe ye haue distroyed ỹ good knyghte. ¶As for me sayd dame Elayne I sayd neuer nor dide neuer thyng that sholde in ony wyse displeyse hym. but wyth the rebuke that quene Gwene/ uer gaf hym I sawe hym swowne to the erth. And whan he awoke he toke his swerde in his honde naked/ saue his sherte & lept out at a wyndow wt the sorowfullest grone that euer I herde may make. ¶Now fare wel dame Elayne sayd syr Boys/ and hold my lorde Arthur wyth a tale as longe as ye can/ for I woll torne agayn to quene Gweneuer & geue her ay hete. and I require you as euer ye wol haue my seruyse make good watche & aspie yf euer ye may se my lorde syr Laũcelot ¶Truely sayd fayr Elayne I shall doo all that I may doo/ for as fayne wold I knowe & wyte where he is become as you or ony of his kỹne or quene Gweneuer. And cause haue I therto as well as ony other. And wyte ye well sayd fayr Elayne to syr Boys/ I wold lese my lyf for hỹ rather than he shold be hurt/ But alas I cast me neuer for to se hỹ. and the cheif cause

of this is dame Gweneuer. ¶ Mada me sayd dame Bryseyn ꝑ whyche had made the enchauntemente before be/ twyx syr Launcelot & her I praye you hertely lete syr Boys departe & / hygh hym wyth all hys myghte as faste as he maye to seke syr Launcelot/ ffor I warne you he is clene out of his mynde/and yet he shall be well holpe: and but by myracle. Thenne wepte dame Elayne/ & so dyde syr Boys de Ganys/and so they departyd. ¶ And syr Boys rode streyght vnto quene Gweneuer. And whan she sawe syre Boys she wepte as she were wood. ¶ fy on your weppynge sayd syr Boys de Ganys/ for ye wepe neuer but whan ther is no bote. Alas sayd syr Boys ꝑ euer syr Launcelots kynne sawe you/ ffor now haue ye loste the beste knyght of our blood & he that was all our leder & socourer. And I dare saye & make it good that alle kynges crystey nor he / they maye not fynde suche a knyghte for to speke of his noblinesse & curtesy wyth his bewte & his gentylnesse./ Alas sayd syr Boys what shal we do that ben of his blood. Alas sayde syr Ector de Marys. Alas sayd syr Lyonell.

¶ What sorow quene Gwenouer made for syre Launcelot/ & how he was soughte by knyghtꝭ of his kynne x.

AND whan ꝑ quene herd them saye so/she felle to the erth in a deed swowne. And thenne syr Boorl toke he vp & dawed her. And whañe she was awaked she knelyd afore the thre knyghtes/and held vp bothe her hondes & besoughte them to seke him and spare not for no goodes: but that he be foundey/for I wote he is out of his mynde. And syr Boys/syr Ector & syr Lyonell departyd from the quene/forthey myghte not abyde no lenger for sorowe. And thenne the quene lent them tresour ynough for ther expences. And so they toke ther horses & ther armour & departyd. And thenne they rode from countree to countree in forestes & in wyldernes & in wastes. & euer they layed watche alwel both at forestes & at al maner of men as they rode to herkey & spēr after hym/as he that was a nakyd man in his sherte/ w̄ a swerd in his honde. ¶ And thus they rode nigh a quarter of a yere end longe & ouerthwart in many places / forestes & wyldernesse/ & offen tymes were euyll lodged for hys sake / & yet for all theyr labour & seknynge cowde they neuer here word of hym. And wete ye well thyse thre knyghtꝭ were pasynge sory. ¶ Thenne at the last syre Boys & his felowes mette w̄ a knyghte that hyghte syr Melyon de Tartare ¶ Now fayr knyght sayd syr Boorl whether be ye awaye/ for they knewe eyther other afore tyme. ¶ Syr sayde Melyon I am in the waye towarde ꝑ courte of kynge Arthur. ¶ Thenne we praye you sayde syre Boys that ye woll telle my lorde Arthur & my ladi quene Gweneuer & all the felyshypp of the Rounde table that we can not in no wyse here telle where syr Launcelot is become. ¶ Thenne syr Melyon departyd from them/ & sayde that he wold telle the kynge & the quene & all the felyshyp of the rōnde table as they had desyred hym. ¶ So whan syre Melyon came to the courte of kynge Arthur / he tolde the kynge & the

quene and al the felyshyp of the roun: de table what syr Boys had sayde of syr Launcelot. ¶ They syr Gawayne/syr Uwayne/syr Sagramore le de syrus/syr Aglouale/& syr Percyuale de Galys toke vpon them by the gret delyre of kynge Arthur/& in especyal bi the quene to seke thrugh out al Englond/ Walys & Scotlonde to fynde syre Launcelot. And wyth them rode .xviij. knyghtes mo to bere them felyshypp/ And wyte ye well they lackyd no maner of spending/& so were they xviij. knyghtes. ¶ Now torne we to syr syr Launcelot/ & speke we of his care & wo/& what payne he there endured for colde/hunger & thryst he had plente. ¶ And thus as thyse noble knyghtes rode togyders/they by one assente departed/& thenne they rode by two/ by thre/& by four/& by fyue. And euer they assygned where they sholde mete And so syr Aglouale & syr Percyuale rode togyders vnto ther moder ꝑ was a quene in tho dayes. And whan she sawe her two sones for Joye she wept tenderly. & thenne she sayd/A my dere sones. Whan your fader was slayne he lefte me foure sones/of the whyche now bey tweyne slayne. And forꝑ dethe of my noble sone syr Lamorak: shall my herte neuer be gladde. & they she knelyd downe vpon her knees to/ fore Aglouale & syr Percyuale/& besoughte them to abyde at home with her. ¶ A swete moder sayd syr Percyuale we maye not. for we bey come of kynges blood of bothe partyes/ And therfore moder it is our kynde to haũ fe armes and nõble dedes. ¶ Alas my swete sones thenne she sayd/for your sakes I shall lese my lyknynge & luste and theñe wynde & weder I may not endure/what for the dethe of your fader kynge Pellenore that was shamefully slayne bi the hondes of syr Gawayne and his brother syr Gaherys And they slewe hym not manfully/ but by treason. ¶ And my dere sones this is a piteous complaynt for me of your faders dethe/Consyderyng also ꝑ deth of syr Lamorak that of knyȝt hode had but fewe felowes. Now my dere sones haue this in your myndes/ ¶ Thenne there was but weppynge & sobbyng in the courte whan they shold departe. And she fell in swownyng in the myddes of the courte.

¶ How a seruaunte of syr Aglouals was slayne/and what vengaunce syr Aglouale and syr Percyuale dyd ther fore. Capl'm .xi.

AND whañe she was awakyd/ she sent a Squyre after them wyth spendynge ynough/ And whan the squyre hadde ouertake them/ they wold not suffre hȳ to ryde with them but sent hym home agayn to comfort ther moder. prayenge her mekely of her blessynge. And so this squyre was benighted. And by misfortune he happyd to come to a castell wher dwelled a Baroune. ¶ And so whan the squyre was comen in to the castell. The lorde asked him from whens he came and whom he seruyd. ¶ My lorde sayde the squyre I serue a good knyghte. that is callyd syr Aglouale. The squire sayde it to good entente/ Wenynge vnto the squyre to haue ben the more forborne for syr Aglouals sake: than that yf he hadde answerde he hadde

serued ỳ quene Aglouals mod. ¶ Wel my felowe sayd ỳ lorde of that castell for syr Aglouals sak thou shalt haue euyll lodgyng/for syr Aglouale slew my brother/& therfore thou shalt dey ony party of payement/ And theñ that lorde cõmaunded his mey to haue hỹ awaye & slee hym/& so they dyde.and so pullyd hym out of the castell/& there they slew hym wout mercy.Ryght so on the morne came syr Aglouale & syr Percyuale rydyng by a chirche yer de where mey & wymey were bely/& beheld the deed squyre/& they thought te to bury hym. ¶ What is there sayd syr Aglouale that ye behoʼde so faste. ¶ A good may sterte forth & sayd/fayr knyghte here lyeth a squyre slayne shamefully this nyghte. ¶ How was he slayne fayr felowe sayd syr Aglouale. ¶ My fayr syr sayd the may.the lorde of this castell lodged this squyre this nyghte.And by cause he sayde he was seruaunt vnto a good knight ỳ is wyth kynge Arthur/his name is syr Aglouale:therfore the lorde cõmaunded to slee hym/ & for this cause is he slayñ. ¶ Gramercy sayd syr Aglouale/ & ye shall se hys dethe reuengyd lyghtly/ For I am the same knyght for whom this squyre was slayne./: ¶ They syr Aglouale callid vnto hym syr Percyuale.and badde hym alyght lyghtly/And so they alyghte bothe/& betoke theyr horses to ther mey/ And so they yede on fote in to the castell/& as soone as they were wythin the castell gate syr Aglouale badde the porter goo vnto his lorde & telle hym that I am syr Aglouale for whom this squire was slayne this nyghte. Anone the porter tolde this to his lord.whose name was Goodwyn.Anone he armed hym/& thenne he came in to the court & sayd/Whiche of you is syr Aglouale.Her I am sayd Aglouale/for what cause sayd Aglouale slewest thou this nyghte my moders squyre. ¶ I slewe him sayde syr Goodwyn by cause of the.for ỳ slewest my brother syr Gawdelyn. ¶ As for thy brother sayde syr Aglouale I auowe it I slew hym/for he was a fals knyght & a betrayer of ladyes & of good knyghtes/ And for the deth of my squyre thou shalt deye ¶ I defy the sayd Goodwyn. They they lasshyd togyders/ as egrely as it had bey two lyons. And syr Percyuale foughte wyth all the remenaunt ỳ wold fyghte.And wythin a whyle syre Percyuale had slayne all that wolde wythstonde hym. For syr Percyuale dcled so his strokes that were so rude that there durst no may abyde him ¶ And wythin a whyle syr Aglouale had syr Goodwyn at the erthe/& there he vnlaced his helme & strok of his heed.And thenne they departyd & toke ther horses.And theñe they lete carry the deed squyre vnto a pryory/and there they entered hym.

¶ How syr Percyuale departyd secretly from his brother.and how he lolid a knyghte boundey wyth a cheyne/& of other thynges. ¶ Capĩm .xĩj.

AND whan this was done they rode in to many coũtrees euer enquyryng after syr Laũcelot/but neuer they coude here of him.And at last they came to a castell ỳ hyght Cardycay/And there syr Percyuale & syr

Agloualе were lodgyd togyders/And
pryuely abowte mydnyghte syr Perci
ualе came to Aglouals squyre & sayd
Aryse & make the redy / for thou & I
woll ryde awaye secretly. ¶Syr sayd
the squyre I wolde fayne ryde wt you
where ye wold haue me/but & my lor
de youre brother take me he woll slee
me. ¶As for þ care thou not sayd syr
Percyuale for I shall be thy warraũt
And so they rode tyll it was after no
ne.& thenne he came vpon a bridge of
stony/And there he founde a knyght
that was boundey wyth a cheyne fast
abowte the waste vnto a pyler of sto/
ne. ¶O fayr knyghte sayd that boũ:
dey knyghte/ I requyre the lose me of
boundes. ¶What knyghte are ye say
de syr Percyuale/& for what cause ar̃
ye so boundey. ¶Syr I shal telle you
sayd that knyghte/ I am a knyghte
of the table rounde/& my name is syr
Perlydes/& thus by aduenture I cam̃
this waye/& here I lodgyd in this cal
tell att brydge fote/& therin dwelleth
an vncurteys lady. And by cause she
profred me to be her paramour & I re
fused her / she sette her mey vpon me
sodenly or I myghte come to my we /
pey.& thus they bounde me. And here
I wote well I shall deye /but yf some
man of worshyppe breke my bondes.
¶Be ye of gode chere sayd syr Percy
uale/& by cause ye are a knyghte of þ
table rounde as well as I / I truste to
god to breke your bondes. And ther wt
syr Percyuale pullyd oute his swerde
& stroke atte the cheyne wyth suche a
myghte that he kytte atwo the chey /
ne & thrugh syr Perlydes hawbert.& e
hurte hym a lytyl. ¶O Jhesu sayd si
re Perlydes that was a myghty stro/
ke as euer I felt one/ For had not the
cheyne be ye had slayne me. And ther
wt al syr Percydes sawe a knyghte co
mynge out of a castel al þ euer he mig
te flynge. ¶Beware sayd syr Percy /
des ponder comyth a may þ woll ha
ue ado wyth you. ¶Lete him come sa
yd syr Percyuale.& so he mette wyth
that knyghte in the myddes of þ bryd
ge: And syr Percyuale gaue him suche
a buffett þ he smote hym quyte from
his hors & ouer a parte of the brydge.
that had not bey a lytyll vessell vnder
the bridge þ knyghte had be drowned
And they syr Percyuale toke the knig
tes hors & made syr Percydes to mou̇
te vpon hym. And so they rode vnto þ
castell/ and badd the lady delyuer syr
Percydes seruauntes/or elles he wol:
de slee al that euer he founde.& so for
fere she delyuered them all. ¶Thenne
was syre Percyuale ware of a lady þ
stode in þ toure. ¶A madame sayd sy
re Percyuale what vse & custome is þ
in a lady to dystroye good knyghtes/
but yf they woll be youre paramour/
Forsoth it is a shamefull custome of
a lady. And yf I had not a grete ma:
tere in my honde I sholde fordo your
cuyll customes. And soo syr Percydes
broughte syr Percyuale vnto his ow:
ne castel: And there he made hym gre
te chere al that nyghte. And on þ mor
ne whã syr Percyuale had herd masse
& broken his faste/he badde syr Percy
des ryde vnto kynge Arthur /and tell
the kyng how that ye mette wyth me
And telle my brother syre Agloualе /
how I relcowed you. And bydde hym
seke not after me . / For I am in the
queste for to seke syr Launcelot du La
ke. ¶And though that he se ke me /

he shall not fynde me/ & telle hym I woll neuer se hym nor the courte tyll I haue foũde syr Launcelot. Also tell syr Kay the Senescall & to syr Mordred that I truste/to Jhesu to be of as grete worthynes as eyther of thyem / For tel them I shal neuer forgete ther mockes & scornes that they dyd to me that daye ỳ I was made knyghte/ & telle them I woll neuer se that courte tyll mey speke more worshypp of me thay euer mey dyd of ony of them bo the. And so syr Percydes departid fro syr Percyuale. & they he rode vnto kyng Arthur/& tolde there of syr Percyuale: ¶ And whay syr Aglouale herd hym speke of his brother syr Percyuale/he sayd he departyd from me vn / kyndly.

¶ How syr Percyuale mette wyth syr Ector/& how they fonghte long/and how they had almost slayñ eche other ¶ Capĺm .xiij.

SYr sayd syr Percydes on my life he shall preue a noble knyzte as ony now is lyuynge. And whay he sawe syr Kay & syre Mordred/syre Percydes sayde thus/My fayr lordes bothe syr Percyuale gretyth you well bothe/& he sent you word by me that he trusteth to god or euer he come to ỳ courte agayne to be of as grete noblynesse as euer were ye bothe/& mo mey to speke of his noblynes thay euer dyde of yours. ¶ It maye well be sayd syr Kay & syr Mordred/ But at that tyme whay he was made knyghte he was ful vnlykly to preue a good knizte/ ¶ As for that sayd kynge Arthur he must nedes preue a good kuyghte for his fader & his brethery were noble knyghtes. ¶ And now wol we torne vnto syr Percyuale ỳ rode longe/& in a forest he mette a knyghte wyth a brokey shelde & a brokey helme/& as soone as eyther sawe other redily they made them redy to Joust/& so hurtlyd togyders wyth all the myghte of ther horses/& mette togyder so harde that syr Percyuale was smyten to the erth & thenne syr Percyuale arose lyghtly & caste his shelde vpon his sholder: & drewe hys swerde / & badde the other knyghte alyghte & doo we batayle to the vttermest/ ¶ Wylle ye more sayde that knyghte/ & therwyth he alyghte & put his hors from hym/& they they came togyders ay ealy paas/ & there they lasshyd togyders wyth noble swerdes/And somtyme they stroke & somtyme they foyned/& eyther gaue other many grete woundes. Thus they fought nere half a daye/ & neuer rested but ryght lytyll. And there was none of them bothe that had lesse woundes than .xv. And they bledde so moche ỳ it was merueyl that they stode on ther fete/But this knyght ỳ fought with syr Percyuale was a prouyd knyghte & a wel fyghtyng knyghte/& syr Percyuale was ponge & stronge not knonge in fyghtynge as the other was. ¶ Thenne syr Percyuale spake fyrst & sayd Syr knyghte holde thy honde a lytyll whyle styll/ for we haue fouzte for a symple matere and quarell ouer longe/ And therfore I requyre the telle me thy name / for I was neuer or this tyme matched. ¶ So god me helpe sayd the other knyghte And neuer before this tyme was there neuer noo manere knyghte that wounded / and hurted me soo ryghte greuously

as thou hast done. & yet haue I fought te in many batayles. & now shal thou wyte that I am a knyghte of the rou de table/and my name is syre Ector de Marys broder vnto the good kniz te syr Launcelot du lake. ¶ Alas sayd syr Percyuale/& my name is syr Per: cyuale de Galys that hath made my queste to seke syr Launcelot/& now I am syker that I shall neuer fynysshe my queste for ye haue slayne me with your hondes. ¶ It is not so sayd syr Ector for I am slayñ bi your hondes & maye not lyue/ Therfore I requyre you sayd syr Ector vnto syr Percyua le ryde ye here by to a pryory/& bryng me a preest that I may receyue my sa uyour. for I may not lyue. And whan ye come to the courte of kyng Arthur telle not my brod syr Launcelot how that ye slewe me/for thenne he wol be your mortall enmy. But ye may saye that I was slayne in my queste as I soughte hym. ¶ Alas sayd syr Percy uale ye saye that thynge ꝑ neuer woll be/for I am so faynte for bledynge ꝑ I maye vnethe stonde./ how sholde I thenne take my hors.

¶ How by myracle they wer both ma de hole bi the comyng of the holy vel sell of the Sangreall ¶ Capĩ. xiiij.

Thenne they made bothe grete: dole out of mesure. This wol not auayle sayd syr Percyuale. & they he knelyd downe/and made his pray ers deuowtely vnto almyghty Jhesu/ for he was one of the beste knyghtes of the world that at that tyme was in whom the very fayth stode moost in.: ¶ Ryght soo there came by the holy vessell of Sangreall wyth all manez of swetnesse & sauour. but they cowde not redy se who baze that vessell / but syr Percyuale had a glẽmeryng of ꝑ vessell & of the maydey that baze it. / for he was a perfyt clene maydey/ & forth wyth al they bothe were as hoo le of hyde & lyme as euer they wer in ther lyue dayes. Thenne they gaue thankynges to god wyth grete mylde nesse. ¶ O Jhesu sayd syr Percyuale: what may this meane that we be thꝰ helpd/& ryght now we were at the po ynt of deyenge. ¶ I wote full wel sa yd syr Ector what it is. It is ay ho/ ly vessell that is borne by a maydey / & therin is a part of the holy blood of our lorde Jhesu Cryst blessyd mot he be/ But if maye not be seen sayd syre Ector but ꝑ if it be by a perfyght man ¶ So god me helpe sayd syr Percyua le I sawe a damoysell as me thought al in whyte wyth a vessell in both her hondes/& forth wyth all I was hoole ¶ Soo thenne they toke ther horses & ther harneys/& amended it as wel as they myghte that was broken/and so they mounted vpon ther horses & ro/ de talkynge togyders. And there syre Ector de Marys tolde syre Percyuale how he had soughte his broder sir La uncelot/& neuer cowde here wytynge of hym. By many strange aduentuzes haue I ben in this queste. And so ey/ ther tolde other of ther aduentures.

¶ HERe endeth the .xi. Bok And foloweth the.xij. Boke.:

How syr Launcelot in his madnes toke a swerde and foughte wt a knyghte & after lept in a bed.ca. primum

AND now leue we a lityll of syr Ector & of syr Percyuale & speke we of syr Launcelot yt suffred & endured many sharpe shoures / yt euer ranne wylde wood from place to place/& lyued by fruyte & suche as he myghte gete/and dranke water two yeres/And other clothyng had he but lytyll saue his sherte and his breche./ ¶ Thus as syr Launcelot wandryd here & there he came in a fayr medow where he founde a pauelyon/& therin vpon a tree henge a whyte sheld.and two swerdes henge there by/and two speres lenyd ther by a tree. And whan syr Launcelot sawe the swerdes anone he lepte to the oue swerde & toke it in his honde & drewe it out/and they he lasshyd at the shelde that all yt medow range of the dyntes/that he gaf suche a noyse as.x.knyghtes had fouȝte togyder. They came forth a dwerf & lept vnto syr Launcelot/& wold haue had the swerde out of his honde/& thenne syr Launcelot toke him by the both sholders & threwe hym to yt grounde vpon his necke yt he had almoost broken his necke/And therwythall yt dwerf cryed helpe. They came forth alykly knyghte & wel appareylled in

scarlet furred with myneuer. And anone as he sawe syr Launcelot/he demyd that he sholde be oute of his wytte/& thenne he sayd wyth fayr speche ¶ Sode may lay downe that swerde. for as me semyth thou hast more nede of slepe & of warme clothes thay to welde that swerde. ¶ As for that sayde syre Launcelot come not to nyghe/ for and thou doo wyte thou well I woll slee ꝑ And whay the knyghte of the pauelion sawe that he sterte bakwarde within the pauelyon/ And thenne ꝑ dwerf armed hym lyghtly/and so the knyzt thoughte by force & myghte to take ꝑ swerde from sir Launcelot. And so he came stepppynge oute. And whay syre Launcelot sawe hym come all armed wyth his swerde in his honde thenne syr Launcelot flewe to hym with suche a myghte & hytte hym vpon ꝑ helme suche a buffet that the stroke trowbled his braynes/& therwith the swerde brake in thre/and the knyghte fell to the erth as he had ben deed/the blode brastyng out at his mouthe/the nose & the eres. And thenne syr Launcelot ranne in to the pauelion. & rasshed euyn in to the warme bedde/And there was a lady in that bedde/& she gaf her smocke & ranne out of the pauelyon. And whay she sawe her lord lye at the groundc lyke to be deed/thenne she cryed & wept as she had ben mad Thenne wyth her noyse the knyghte awakyd oute of his swowne/& loked vp wekely with his eyen. And thenne he asked her where was that maddeman that had geuen hym suche a buffet / for suche a buffet had I neuer of mannys honde. ¶ Syr sayd the dwerfe it is no worshyp to hurte hym / for he is a may out of his wytte. and doute ye not he hathe ben a may of grete worshyp / And for some hertely sorow that he hath taken he is falle madde. And me semyth sayd the dwerf/he resemblith moche vnto syr Launcelot For hȳ I sawe at the grete turnement besyde Lonazep. ¶ Jhesu defende sayd that knyghte that euer that noble knyghte syr Launcelot shold be in suche a plyght. But what some euer he be sayde that knyghte harme wyll I none do hym. And this knyghtes name was Blyaunt. Thenne he sayde vnto the dwerf Go thou fast on horsbak vnto my brother syr Selyuaunt that is at the castell Blank & telle hȳ of myne aduenture. And bydde hym brynge wyth hym an hors lyter / and thenne woll we bere this knyghte vnto my castell.

¶ How syr Launcelot was caryed in an hors lyter/& how syr Launcelot resscowed syr Blyaunt his hoost. .xj.

So the dwerf rode fast. & he came agayn & broughte syr Selyuaunt wyth hym .vi. men with an hors lyter. And so they toke vp theyr bedde wyth syr Launcelot/& soo caryed all away wyth theym vnto the castell Blank. And he neuer awakyd tyll he was wythin the castell. & thenne they bounde his hondes & his fete / & gaue hym good meetes & good drynkes/ and broughte hym agayn to his strengthe & his fayrnesse/ But in his wytte they cowde not bryng hȳ ayen nor to knowe hymself. Thus was syre Launcelot there more than a yere & an half honestly arayed & fayr farne

wyth all. ¶ Thenne vpon a day this lorde of that castell syr Blyaunt toke his armes on horsbak with a spere to seke aduentures. And as he rode in a foreste there mette hym two knyghtes aduenturous. The one was Breuse launce pyte/ & his broder syr Bertlot And thise two ranne both at ones vp on syr Blyaunt/ & brake ther speres vpon his body/and thenne they drew oute swerdes & made grete batayle/ & foughte longe togyders. But atte the laste syr Blyaunt was sore wounded & felte hymself faynte/and thenne he fledde on horsbak towarde his castell And as they came hurlyng vnder the castell where as syr Launcelot laye in a wyndowe/and sawe how two knyg tes layd vpon syr Blyaunt with ther swerdes. And whan syr Launcelot saw that yet as wood as he was he was so ry for his lorde syr Blyaũt. And they syr Launcelot brak the cheynes from his legges & of his armys/ And in ꝑ brekynge he hurte his hondes sore / & so syr Launcelot ranne out at a pos/ terne/ and there he mette wyth ꝑ two knygytes that chacid syr Blyaunt. & there he pullyd downe syr Bertlot w̃ his bare hondes from his hors. & ther wyth all he wrathe his swerde out of his honde/ & so he lept vnto syr Breu se/and gaue him suche a bucket vpon the heed that he tombled bakward o/ uer his hors croupe. And whañe syre Bertelot sawe his brother haue suche a falle. he gate a spere in his honde & wolde haue ronne syr Launcelot tho: rugh. That sawe syr Blyaunt/and stroke of the honde of syr Bertlot./ & thenne syr Breuse & syr Bertelot ga: te ther horses & fled awaye. ¶ Whan syr Selyuant came & sawe what syre Launcelot had doon for hys brother/ Thenne he thanked god/ & sos dyde his brother that euer they dyde hym o ny good. ¶ But whan syre Blyaunt sawe that syr Launcelot was hurt w̃ the brekynge of his prons / thenne he was heup that euer he bounde hym./ ¶ Bynde hym no more sayd syr Se lyuaunt/for he is happy & gracyous/ Thenne they made grete Joye of syr Launcelot/and they bounde hym no/ more/ And so he abode ther half a ye re & more. And on the morne erly syre Laũcelot wss ware where came a gre te boore w̃ many houndes nygh hym But the boore was so bidge ther myg te no houndes tere hym/and the hun/ ters came after blowynge ther hornes both vpon horsbak & some vpon fote And thenne syr Launcelot was ware where one alighte & tyed his hors to a tree. & lened his spere ayenst the tree

¶ How syr Launcelot fought ayenst a boore & slewe him/and how he was hurte and broughte to ay hermytage Capl'm xiij

So came syr Launcelot & foũ: de the hors boundey tyll a tree & a spere lenynge agaynste a tree/ & a swerde teyed to the sadyll bowe/ And thenne syr Launcelot lept in to the sa dyll & gate that spere in his honde/ & thenne he rode after the boore/ & then syr Laũcelot was ware where the bo: re' set his ars to a tree faste by an her/ mytage. Thenne syr Laũcelot ranne at the boore wyth his spere/ and ther/ wyth the boore tornyd hym quykly & raue out the lounges & the herte of the

hors so that syr Launcelot fell to the erthe. And or euer syr Launcelot myght gete from the hors. the bore rafe hym on the brawne of the thyghe vp to the hough boon. And thenne syr Launcelot was wroth/ And vp he gate vpon his fete and drewe his swerde/ and he smote of the boores heed at one stroke And therwyth al came out the heremite/ and sawe hym haue suche a wounde. Thenne the heremyte came to syr Launcelot & bemonyd hym/ and wolde haue had hym vnto his hermytage But whan syr Launcelot herde hym speke he was so wrothe wyth his wounde that he ranne vpon the heremyte to haue slayne hym. And the heremyte ranne awaye. And whan syr Launcelot myght not ouergete hym he threw his swerde after hym/ for syr Launcelot myghte thenne noo ferder for bledynge. Thenne the heremyte torned agayn/ and asked syre Laũcelot how he was hurt. ¶ Felowe sayd syr Laũcelot this boore hath betey me sore./: ¶ Then ne come with me sayd ỹ heremyte & I shall hele you. ¶ Go thy waye sayd syre Launcelot & dcale not wyth me. Thenne the heremyte rãne his waye / and there he mette wyth a good knyght with many men. ¶ Syre sayd ỹ heremyte/ here is fast by my place the goodlyeste man that euer I sawe/ & he is sore wounded with a bore. & yet he hath slayne the boore/ but wel I wote sayd the heremyte & he be not holpen that goodly man shal dey of that wounde / and that were grete pyte. Thenne that knyghte at desyre of the heremyte gate a carte / and in that cart that knyght put the boore & syr Launcelot. for syr Launcelot was so feble that they myghte ryght easely deale wyth hym. And so syr Launcelot was broughte vnto the heremytage/ and the heremyte heelyd hym of his wounde. But the heremyte myght not fynde syr Launcelot sustenaunce. And soo he enpeyred & wexed feble both of his body & of his wytte for ỹ defawte of sustenaunce. & wexed mor̃ wooder than he was aforehonde. And then vpon a daye syr Laũcelot ranne his waye in to the foreste. And by aduenture he came to the cyte of Corbyn where dame Elayne was ỹ bare Galahalt syr Launcelots sone. And soo whan he was entred in to the towne / he ranne thrugh the towne to the castell. And thenne all the ponge men of that cyte ranne after syr Launcelot. & there they threwe turues at hym & gaue hym many sadde strokes. And euer as syre Launcelot myghte ouer retche ony of them/ he threwe them soo they wolde neuer come in his hondes mor̃ For of some he brake the legges & the armys/ and so fledde in to the castell. And theñe came out knyghtes & squyres & welcowed syre Laũcelot/ & whan they beheld hym & loked vpon his persone / they thoughte they sawe neuer so goodly a man. And wh̃ they saw so many woundes vpon hym/ all they demyd that he had ben a man of worshyp. And theñe they ordened hym clothes to his body/ and strawe vnd̃neth hym/ & a lytyll hous. And thenne euery daye they wolde throwe hym meete/ and sette hym drynke. But there were but fewe that wolde brynge hym meete to his hondes.

¶ How syr Launcelot was knowe by

dame Elayne and was borne in to a chambre/ & after heelyd by the Sanc greall Capl'n iiij

So it befell that kynge Pelles: had a neuewe/ his name was Castor/ And so he desyred of the kyn: ge to be made knyghte. And so att re/ queste of this Castor the kynge made hym knyghte att the feest of Candel/ masse. And whan syr Castor was ma de knyzte/ that same day he gaue ma ny gownes. And thene syr Castor sen te for the foole/ that was syr Launce lot. And whan he was come afore syr Castor/ he gaue syr Launcelot a robe of scarlet & all that longed vnto hym & whan syr Launcelot was so arayed lyke a knyghte/ he was the semelyest man in al the court. and none so well made. So whan he sawe his tyme he went in to the gardey. And there syre Lañcelot layed him downe by a welle & slepte. And so att after noone dame Elayne & her maydens came in to ꝑ gardey to playe them. And as they ro myd vp & downe one of dame Elay/ nes maydes aspied where laye a good ly man by the welle slepynge/ And a: none shewed hym to dame Elayne. / Peas sayd dame Elayne & saye no worde. And thenne she brought dame Elayne where he laye. And whan ꝑ she beheldе hym/ anone she felle in re membraunce of hym / & knewe hym vereli for syr Lañcelot. And therwith all she felle on weppynge so hertely/ ꝑ she sanke euyn to therthe. And whan she had thus wept a grete whyle. they she arose & callyd her maydens & say de she was syke. And so she yede oute of the gardey/ and she went streyghte to her fader/ and there she toke hym a part by hymself. And thenne she say/ de D fader nowhaue I nede of you re helpe/ and but yf that ye helpe me/ farwel my gode days for euer What is that doughter sayd kynge Pelles.: Syr she sayd thus it is in your gar dey/ I went for to sporte/ and ther by the welle I found syr Lañcelot du la ke slepynge. I maye not byleue ꝑ sayd kynge Pelles. Syr she saydе truely he is there / And me semyth he sholde be dystracte oute of his wytte.: Thene holde you styll sayd ꝑ kyn ge & lete me deale. Thenne the kynge callyd to hym suche as he moost trul: syd a foure persones & dame Elayne: his doughter. And whan they came to the welle & beheld syr Launcelot. ano ne dame Bryseu knewe hym. Syr sayd dame Bryseu we must be wyse how we dele wyth hym. for this knyz te is out of his mynde. and yf we awa ke hym rudely/ what he woll do we al knowe not/ But ye shall abyde/ & I shal throwe suche ay enchauntement vpon hym that he shall not awake w̄ in the space of ay hour. And so she di de. Thenne wythin a lytyll whyle after the kynge cōmaunded that all ꝑ people sholde auoyde that none shold be in that way there as the kyng wol de come. And so whan this was doon thyse foure men & thyse ladyes layde honde on syr Launcelot / And so they bare hym in to a toure/ and so in to ꝑ chambre wher was the holy vessell of the Sancgreall. And by force syr La: uncelot was layed by that holy vessel And there came ay holy may & vnhe lyd that vessel. And so bimyracle and by vertue of that holy vessell syr Laū

celot was heled & recouerde . & whan that he was awaked/he groned & sy3 hed & complayned gretly.that he was passynge sore.

¶How syr Launcelot after þ he was hoole & had his mynde he was asha/ myd/and how that Elayne desired a castell for hym ¶Capl'm .v.

AND whan syr Launcelot saw kyng Pelles & Elayne he wex ed alhampd & sayd thus/O lord Jhe su how came I here/for goddis sake my lorde lete me wyte how that I ca/ me here ¶Syr sayd dame Elayne in to this countree ye came like a madde man clene out of your wyte/and here ye haue be kept as a foole/and no cre ature her knew what ye were vntyll bi fortune a mayde of myn brought me vnto you where as ye laye slepyng bi a welle.and anone as I verely beheld you I knewe you/ and thenne I told my fader/and so wer ye brought afo re this holy vessell/and by vertue of it thus were ye heled. ¶O Jhesu mercy sayd syr Launcelot / yf this be sothe/ how many ther be that knowe of my woodnes. ¶Soo god me helpe sayde Elayne nomo but my fader & I & da me Bryseu. ¶Now for Crystis loue sayd syre Laũcelot kepe it in counsell and lete no man knowe it in the worl de/for I am sore ashamed that I ha ue be thus mysca'ried.for I am banyl shed out of the countree of Logris for euer/that is for to saye the countre of Englonde. ¶And soo syr Launcelot laye more than a fourtenyght or euer he might styre for sorenesse. And then vpon a day he sayd vnto dame Elay ne thyse wordes. Lady Elayne for yo ur sake I haue had moche trauayle.ca re & anguysshe/ it nedeth not to reher ce it. Ye knowe well how/notwythstõ dyng I knowe well I haue dony fou le to you whan that I drew my swer de to you to haue slayñ you vpon the morne whan I had layen wyth you / And all was the cause that ye & da / me Bryseu made me for to lye by you maugre myn heed.and as ye say that nyght Galahalt your sone was gotey ¶That is trouth sayd dame Elayñ ¶Now woll ye for my loue sayd syre Launcelot goo vnto your fader & ge: te me a place of hym wherin I maye dwelle/ for in the courte of kynge Ar thur maye I neuer come. ¶Syr sayd dame Elayne I woll lyue & dey with you/and oonly for your sake / yf my lyf myght not auaylle you & my deth myghte auaylle you / wyte ye well I wolde deye for your sake.And I woll goo to my fader/& I am sure/there is no thynge that I can desyre of hym but I shall haue it . And where ye be my lorde syr Launcelot doubte ye not but I woll be wyth you wyth all the ser / uyse that I may do. ¶So forth with all she went vnto her fader & sayd:sy re/my lorde syr Launcelot desyreth to be here by you in some castell of you: res. ¶Well doughter sayde the kynge syth it is his desyre/ to abyde in thyse marches / he shall be in the castell of Blyaunt/ and there shall ye be wyth hym & .xx. of the fayrest ladyes that be in this countree . and they shall be of the grete blood . And ye shall haue .x. knyghtes wyth you . For doughter I woll þ ye wyte we all ben honoured bi the blood of syr Launcelot /

¶How syr Lañcelot came in to Joy/ ous Ile/ and there he named hymselfe Le chyualer malfet¶Capl'm vi

Thenne went dame Elayne vn to syr Launcelot & tolde hym all how her fader had deuysed for hȳ & her.¶Theñe came the knyght syre Lastor that was neuewe vnto kynge Pelles vnto syr Launcelot and askid hym what was his name.¶Syr say de syr Launcelot my name is Le chy/ ualer mal fet. That is to saye/ ỹ knyg te that hath trespassed.¶Syr sayd sy re Lastor it maye well be so/ but euer me semeth your name shold be syr La ñcelot du lake/ for or now I haue seen you.¶Syr sayd Lañcelot ye are no t as a gentyll knyghte/ I put caas my name were syre Lañcelot/ and that it lyste me not to dyscouere my name./ what sholdit greue you to kepe my co unsell & ye not hurte therby. But wy te you well & euer it lye in my power I shall greue you/ and that I promy: se you truely.¶They syr Lastor kne lyd doune & askid syr Launcelot mer cy/ for I shall neuer vtter what ye be while ye be in thyse partyes. Thenne syr Launcelot pardonned hym¶And thenne after this kyng Pelles wyth .x knightes & dame Elayne & .xx. ladies rode vnto the castell of Blyaunt that stode in ay Ilonde beclosid with yron wyth a fayr water depe & large. And whan they were there/ syre Launcelot lete calle it the Joyous Ile. And there he was called none other wyse but Le cheualer malfet/ the knyghte ỹ hath trespassyd.¶Thenne syr Launcelot lete make hym a shelde all of Sabyl & a quene crownyd in the myddes al of syluer. and a knyghte clene armyd knelynge afore her. And euery daye ones for ony myrthes that all the la/ dyes myght make him/ he wolde onel loke towardes the reame of Logrys/ where kinge Arthur & quene Gwene uer were. And thenne wold he fall vp on a weppng as his hert sholde to bre ke.¶So it fell that tyme syr Launce lot herde of a Justyng faste bi his cas tell wythin thre leuges. Theñe he cal lyd vnto hym a dwerf/ & badde hȳ go vnto that Joustynge/ And or euer the knyghtes departe loke thou make the re a crye in herynge of all the knygh/ tes/ that there is one knyghte in Joy: ous Ile/ that is the castel of Blyaunt & say his name is Le cheualer malfet that wol Jouste ayenst knyghtes that woll coñ. And who that putteth that knyght to the worse/ shall haue a fay re mayden & a Jerfaucon.

¶Of a grete turneyeng in the Joyo/ us Ile/ and how syr Percyuale fough te wyth hym¶Capl'm vij.

SOwhan this crye was made/ vnto Joyous Ile drewe knigh tes to the nombre of fyue hundred/ & wyte ye well there was neuer seen ny. Arthurs dayes one knyghte that dide somoche dedes of armys as syr Laū: celot dyde thre dayes togyders/ For al the boke maketh truely mencyon/ he had the better of fyue hundred knygh tes/ And there was not one slayne of them. And after that syre Launcelot made them al a grete feest. And in the meane whyle came syre Percyuale de Galys & syr Ector de Marys vnder that castel that was callyd the Joyo?

Jle. And as they beheld that gaye cal-
tell/they wolde haue goon to that cal
tell/but they myghte not for the bro-
de water/and brydge cowde they fyn
de none. Thene they sawe on thother
syde a lady wyth a sperhauke on her
hond. And syr Percyuale callyd vnto
her/& askyd that lady who was in ỹ
castel. ¶ Fayre knyghte she sayd here
wythin this castell is the fayrest lady
in this londe/& her name is Elayne.
Also we hauc in this castel the fayrest
knyght & the myghtyest man that is
I dare say lyuynge/and he calleth hȳ
self Le cheualer malfet. ¶ How came
he in to thyse marches sayd syr Percy
uale. Truly sayd the damoysell he ca
me in to this countreye lyke a madde
man wyth doggs & boyes chacyng hȳ
thrugh the cyte of Lorbyn. And by ỹ
holy vessel of the Sancgreall he was
broughte in to his wytte agayne/but
he woll not do batayle wyth no knyg
te but by vndorn or by noone. And yf
ye lyst to come in to the castell sayd ỹ
lady ye must ride vnto the ferder syde
of the castell. and there shall ye fynde
a vessel that woll bere you & your hor
se. Thenne they departyd & came vn
to the vessell/& thenne syre percyuale
alyght & sayd to syr Ector de Marys
Ye shall abyde me here vntyll that I
wyte what maner a knyght he is. for
it were shame vntō vs in as moche as
he is but one knyghte/ and we sholde
bothe doo batayle wyth hym. ¶ Doo
as ye lyste sayd syr Ector/and here I
shall abyde you vntyll that I here of
you. Thenne passyd syr Percyuale ỹ
water/And whan he came to the cas-
tell gate/he badde the porter/go thou
to the good knyghte wythin the castel
and telle hym here is come an arrant
knyghte to Jouste wyth hym. ¶ Syre
sayd the porter ryde ye wythin the cas
tell/& there is a comyn place for Jus-
tynge/that lordes and ladyes may be
holde you. ¶ Soo anone as syr Lan-
celot had warnynge/he was soone re
dy/And there syr Percyuale & syr La
uncelot encountred wyth suche a myg
te/and ther speres were soo rude/that
bothe the horses & the knyghtz fell to
the erthe. Thenne they auoyded ther
horses and flange out noble swerdes.
and hewe awaye castels of their shel-
des. and hurtlyd togyders wyth theyr
sheldes lyke two bores. and eyther wo
unded other passynge sore. ¶ Atte the
laste syr Percynale spake firste whan
they had foughte more than two hou
res. ¶ Fayre knyghte sayd syr Percy-
uale I requyre the telle me thy name/
For I mette neuer wyth suche a knyg
te ¶ Syr sayde syr Launcelot my na
me is Le cheualer malfet. Now telle
me youre name sayde syre Launcelot
I requyre you gentyll knyght. ¶ Tru
ly sayd syr Percyuale my name is sy
re Percyuale de Galys/that was bro
ther vnto the good knyght syr Lamo
rak de Galys / and kynge Pellenore
was oure fader/ and syr Aglouale is
my brother. ¶ Alas sayde syr Launce
lot what haue I dooy to fyghte wyth
you that are a knyghte of the rounde
table/that somtyme was your felowe
in kynge Arthurs courte.

¶ Howeche of them knew other. and
of ther curteysye/And how his broder
Ector came to hym/and of ther Joye
¶ Capl'm .viij.

AND there wyth all syr Launcelot kneled downe vpon hys knees / and threwe away his shelde & his swerde from hym. Whan syr Percyuale sawe hym do so / he merueylled what he meaned / & thenne thus he sayd. ¶ Syr knyzte what someuer thou be I requyre the vpon the hyghe ordre of knyghthode. tell me thy true name ¶ Thenne he sayd soo god me helpe my name is syr Launcelot du lake kyng Bans sone of Benoy. ¶ Alas sayde syr Percyuale what haue I done / I was sent by the quene for to seke you & so I haue soughte you nyghe this.ij yeres. And yonder is syr Ector de Marys youre brother abydeth me on the other syde of the yonder water. Now for godds sake sayd syr Percyuale for geue me myn offences that I haue here done. ¶ It is soone forgeuen sayd syr Launcelot / Thenne syr Percyuale sent for syr Launcelot de marys. And whan syr Launcelot had a syght of hym. he ranne to hym & toke hym in his armys. And they syr Ector kneled downe / and eyther wepte vpon other that all had pyte to beholde them / Thenne came dame Elayne / and she ther made theym grete chere as myghte lye in her power. And there she tolde syr Ector & syr Percyuale how and in what maner syr Launcelot came in to the coutree / and how he was heelyd. And there it was knowen how longe syr Launcelot was wyth syr Blyaunt & with syr Selyuaunt. and how he fyrst met wyth them / and how he departed fro them by cause of a boore. And how the heremyte heelyd syr Launcelot of hys grete wonnde. And how that he came to Lorbyn.:

¶ How syr Bors & syr Lyonell came to kyng Brandegoer. & how syr Bors toke his sone Helyne le Blanh / & of syr Launcelot ¶ Capitulum ix.

NOw leue we syr Launcelot in the Joyous Ile wyth the lady dame Elayne and syr Percyuale & syre Ector playenge wyth them / & torn we to syr Bors de Ganys & syr Lyonell / that had soughte syr Launcelot nyghe by the space of two yere / & neuer cowde they here of hym. And as they thus rode bi aduenture they cam to the hous of Brandegore. & ther syr Bors was wel knowen / for he hadde goten a chylde vpon the kynges doughter. xv. yere tofore / and his name was Elyn le blanh / And whan syr Bors sawe that chylde it lykyd hym passyng well. And so those knyghtes had goode chere of the kyng Brandegore. And on the morn syr Bors came afore kynge Brandegore & sayd Here is my sone Helyn le Blanh / that as it is sayd he is my sone. And syth it is so I wol that ye wyte I woll haue hym wt me to the courte of kynge Arthur. ¶ Syr sayd the kyng ye maye well take hym wyth you. but he is ouer tendre of age ¶ As for that sayd syr Bors I wol haue hym wyth me / & brynge hym to the hous of moost worship of the world ¶ So whan syr Bors sholde departe there was maade grete sorowe for the departynge of Helyn le Blanh / & grete wepyng was there made. But syre Bors & syr Lyonel departyd. And wt in shorte space after ther departynge they came vnto Camelot where as at tyme was the noble kynge Arthur / & whanne kynge Arthur vnderstode

ȳ helyȳ le Blank was kynge Boris lone & neuewe vnto kyng Brandego ze. Thenne kynge Arthur lete make hym knyght of the rounde table/& so he preued a good knighte & ay aduen turous. ¶ Now woll we torne to oure matere of syr Launcelot. ¶ Jt befell vpon a daye syr Ector & syr Percyua le came to syr Launcelot & askyd hȳ what he wolde do/& whyther he wol wolde goo wyth them vnto kyng Ar: thur or not. ¶ Naye sayde syr Laun: celot.that naye not be by no meane/ for J was so benefited at the courte that J cast me neuer to come ther mo re. ¶ Syr sayd syr Ector J am youre brother/ & ye are the may in the worl de that J loue mooste. And yf J vnder stode that it were your dyssworshyp ye maye vnderstonde J wolde neuer coñ seyle you therto. But kynge Arthur & al his knyghtes/& in especyall quene Gweneuer made suche dole & sorowe that it was merueyle to here & se. And ye must remembre the grete worshipp & renõmee that ye be of / how that ye haue be more spoke of than ony other knyghte that is now lyuynge. For there is none ȳ berith the name now but ye & syr Tristram/therfor brother sa yd syr Ector/ make you redy to ryde to the court wyth vs/ And J dare say there was neuer knyghte better welco me to ȳ courte than ye/ & J wote wel & can make it good sayd syr Ector it hath cost my lady the quene.xx.thou/ sand poũde the lekyng of you. ¶ Wel brother sayd syr Laũcelot J woll doo after your counsell & ryde wyth you/ So thenne they take ther horses and made them redy.& toke ther leue atte kyng Pelles & at dame Elayne. And whan syre Launcelot sholde departe. dame Elayne made grete sorow. My lord syr Laũcelot sayd dame Elayne at thys same feest of Pentecoste shall youre sone & myn Galahad be made knyghte/for he is fully now.xv. wyn ter olde. ¶ Do as ye lyste sayd syr La uncelot / god geue hym grace to preue a good knyghte. ¶ As for that sayde dame Elayne J dowte not he shal pre ue the beste man of his kynne excepte one. ¶ Theñe shall he be a may good ynough sayd syr Launcelot.

¶ How syr Launcelot w̃ syr Percyua le & syr Ector came to ȳ courte.& of ȳ grete Joye of hym Capl'm .x.

Thenne they departyd/& wyth in fyue dayes Journey they ca me to Camelot/ȳ is callyd in engly/ sshe Wynchester. And whan syr Laũ: celot was come amonge them/ȳ kyn: ge & all the knyghtes made grete Joy of hȳ. And ther syr Percyuale de Ga lys & syr-Ector de Marys beganne & told the hoole aduentures that syr La uncelot had bey out of his mynde the tyme of his ablence.and how he cal/ lyd hymself le cheualer malefet/ the knyghte that had helpallyd. And in thre dayes syr Launcelot smote dow/ ne fyue hundred knyghtes. And euer as syr Ector & syr Percyuale told thy se tales of syr Launcelot/quene Gwe neuer wept as she sholde haue deyed/ Thenne the quene made grete chere. ¶ O Jhesu sayd kyng Arthur J mer ueyle for what cause ye syr Launcelot went out of your mynde. J & many o: ther deme it was for the loue of fayre Elayne ȳ doughter of kyng Pelles by

whom ye are noysed that haue goten a chylde/and his name is Galahad: and men saye he shall do merueylles. ¶ My lorde sayde syr Launcelot yf I dyde ony foly I haue that I soughte. & therwyth all the kyng spake no more. ¶ But all syre Launcelots kynne knewe for whom he went oute of hys mynde. And they there were grete feestes made & gret Joye. And many grete lordes & ladyes whan̄e they herde ꝯ syr Launcelot was come to the courte agayn made grete Joye.

¶ How La beale Jloud counseyled syre Tristram to go vnto the courte to the grete feest of Pentecoste. .xi.

NOw woll we lene of this mater & speke we of syr Tristram & of syr Palomydes that was the last crystened. ¶ Whan syr Tristram was cōme home to Joyous garde from his aduentures. All this whyle ꝯ syr Launcelot was myst two yere & mor/syr Tristram bare the renōme thrugh all the reame of Logrys & many straunge aduentures befell hym/& full well & manly and worshypfully he broughte theim to an ende. ¶ Soo whan he was come home La beale Jloud told hym of the grete feest ꝯ shulde be at Pentecost nexte folowynge. & there shewed hym how syr Launcelot had be myst two yeres/and all ꝯ whyle he had ben out of his mynde. & how he was holpen by the holy vessell the Sancgreall. ¶ Alas sayde syr Tristram. that caused some debate betwyx hym & quene Gweneuer. ¶ Syr sayd dame Jloud I knowe it all/for quene Gweneuer sent me a letter in ꝯ whyche she wrote me alle how it was/ for to requyre you to seke hym/And now blessid be god sayd La beale Jloud he is hoole & sounde & comen ayen vnto the courte. ¶ Therof am I gladde sayd syr Tristram/ & now shall ye & I make vs redy/ For bothe ye & I woll be at feest: ¶ Syr sayd Jloud & it pleyse you I woll not be there/for thrugh me ye be marked of many good knyghtes / & that causeth you to haue moche more labour for my sake thay nedyd you. ¶ Thenne wol I not be there sayd syre Tristram but yf ye be there / ¶ God defende sayd La beale Jloud for thenne shal I be spoken of shame amonge all quenes & ladyes of estate for ye that are callyd one of the noblyest knyghtes of the worlde/& ye a knyghte of the rounde table/how may ye be myst at that feest/What shall be sayd amonge all knyghtes: See how syre Tristram huntyth & hawketh & cowreth wythin a castell wyth his lady/& forsakyth your worshypp/Alas shall some saye it is pytee that euer he was made knyghte or ꝯ euer he sholde haue the loue of a lady. Also what shall quenes & ladyes say of me it is pyte ꝯ I haue my lyf that I woll hold so noble a knyghte as ye are from his worshyppe. ¶ Soo god me helpe sayd syr Tristram vnto La beale Jloud / it is pallyng well sayd of you & nobly cōseled/& now I well vnderstonde that ye loue me. And lyke as ye haue counselyd me I woll do a parte there after But there shall no may nor chylde ryde wyth me but myself. & so wol I ryde on tewysdaye next comyng/ & noo more harneys of weere but my spere: & my swerde.

¶How syr Tristram departed vnarmyd & met w̄ syr Palomydes. & how they smote eche other. & how Palomydes forbarehym. ¶Capitulo .xij.

AND so whan the day came syre Tristram toke his leue att La beale Isoud/And she sent w̄ hym foure knightes/& wythin half a myle he sent them ayen. And wythin a myle after syre Tristram sawe afore hym where syre Palomydes hadde stryken downe a knyghte/& almoste wounded hym to the dethe. Thenne syr Tristram repentyd hym ẏ he was not armyd. And thenne he houed styl: Wyth that syr Palomydes knewe syr Tristram & cried oy hygh. Syr Tristram now be we mette / for or we departe we woll redresse oure olde sores. ¶As for that sayd syr Tristram there was neuer yet Cristen man myghte make his boste that euer I fledde fro hym. & wyte thou wel syr Palomydes thou ẏ arte a sarralyn shall neuer make thy boste ẏ syr Tristram de Lyones shal flee fro the. And therwyth syr Tristram made his hors to renne/ & wyth all his mighte he came streyght vpon syr Palomydes/ & brake his spere vp on hym an hundred ppeces. And forth with al syr Tristram drewe his swerde/ & thenne he torned his hors & stroke at syr Palomydes syre grete strok̄ vpon his helme/ And thenne syr Palomydes stode styll & beheld syr Tristram. and merueylled of his woodnes & of his foly. And then̄e syr Palomydes sayd to hymselfe/ & syr Tristram were armyd it were harde to sesse hym of this batayle/ & yf I torne agayn & slee hym I am shamyd where so euer that I goo. ¶Thenne syr Tristram spake & sayd Thou cowarde knyghte what castest thou to do/ Why wolt thou not do bataylle wyth me/ for haue ẏ no doubte I shall endure alle thy malyce. ¶Syr Tristram sayd Palomydes full well thou wotteste I maye not fyghte wyth the for shame/ for ẏ art here nakyd & I am armyd/ & yf I slee the the dyshonour shall be myn/ And well thou wotest sayd syr Palomydes to syr Tristram I knowe thy strength & thi hardynesse tenoure agaynst a good knyghte. ¶That is trou the sayd syr Tristram I vnderstonde thy valyauntnesse well. ¶Ye say wel sayde syr Palomydes. Now I requyre you telle me a questyon that I shal aske you. ¶Tell me what it is sayd syre Tristram & I shal answere you the trouth as god me helpe. ¶I put caas sayd Palomydes that ye were armed at al poyntes as wel as I am. & I naked as ye be/ what wolde ye do to me now bi your true knyghthode. ¶Sayd syr Tristram now I vnderstonde the well syre Palomydes / for now I must saye myn owne Jugement/ & as god me blysse ẏ I shall saye/ shall not be sayd for no fere that I haue of the/ But this all/ Wyte thou well syr Palomydes as at this tyme thou sholdest departe from me/ for I wolde not haue adoo wyth the. ¶No more woll I sayd syr Palomydes/ and therfore ryde forth on thy waye. ¶As for that I maye chese sayd syr Tristram eyther to ryde or to abyde. But syr Palomydes sayd syr Tristram I merueyle of one thynge that ẏ that art so good a knyght ẏ thou wolt not be cristned/ & thy bro̅ syr Safyr is cristenyd.

¶How syr Tristram gate hym harneys of a knyghte whyche was hurt. and how he ouerthrewe syr Palomydes/Capl'm xiij.

AS for that sayde syr Palomydes I may not yet be crystned for one auowe that I haue made many yeres agoon: how be it in my herte I byleue in Jhesu Cryste & his mylde moder mary/but I haue but one batayll to doo. And whan that is done I woll be baptysed wyth a good wylle. ¶Bi my heed sayd Tristram as for one bataylle thou shalt not seke it no lenger. For god defende sayd syr Tristram that thrugh my defawte ꝑ shold dest lenger lyue thus a sarralyn/ For oynder is a knyghte that ye syr Palomydes haue hurt and smyten downe. Now helpe me that I were armyd in his armour/and I shall soone fulfyll thyn auowes. ¶As ye woll sayd Palomydes so it shall be. Soo they rode bothe vnto that knyghte that sate on a banke. And theñe syr Tristram salewed hym/& he wekely salewed hym ageyn. ¶Syr knyghte sayd syr Tristram I requyre you tell me your ryghte name. ¶Syr he sayd my name is syr Gallerон of Galway & knyghte of the table rounde. ¶So god me helpe sayd syr Tristram I am ryght heup of your hurtes. But this is all/I must praye you to lene me al your hole armour. for ye se I am vnarmyd/& I must doo bataylle with this knyghte. ¶Syr sayde the hurte knyghte ye shall haue it wyth a good wyll/ But ye must beware/for I warne you that knyghte is wyghte. Syr sayd Gallerон I praye you telle me your name/ & what is that knyghtꝭ name ꝑ hath betey me ¶Syr as for my name it is syr Tristram de Lyones/and for the knyghtes name that hath hurte you: is syr Palomydes broder to the good knyght syr Safyr/and yet is syr Palomydes vncrystenyd. ¶Alas sayd sire Galleron that is pyte that so good a knighte & so noble a may of armes shold be vncrystenyd. ¶So god me helpe sayde syre Tristram. eyther he shall slee me or I hym/but ꝑ he shall be crystenyd or euer we departe in sondre ¶My lorde syr Tristram sayd syre Galleron/your renõme & worshyp is well knewey thrugh many reames and god saue you this daye from lenshyp & shame. Thenne syr Tristram vnarmed Galleron/the whyche was a noble knighte. and had done many dedes of armys. And he was a large knyghte of flesshe & booy. And whan he was vnarmyd he stode vpon his fete/ for he was brysed in the back wꝺ a spere. Yet so as syr Galleron myghte he armyd syr Tristram. And thenne syr Tristram mountyd vpon hys owne hors/and in his honde he gate syre Gallerons spere/And there wyth all syr Palomydes was redi and so they came hurtlynge togyders/and eyther smote other in the middes of ther shyldes/and there wyth all syr Palomydes spere brake/& syr Tristram smote downe the hors. And syr Palomydes assoone as he myght auoyded hys hors & dressyd his shelde/ and pullyd out his swerde. That sawe syr Tristram/and therwyth all he alyghted & tyed his hors to a tree.

¶How syr Tristram & syr Palomy

des foughte longe togyder and after accorded.and how syr Tristram made hym to be cystenyd. xiij.

Thenne they came togyders as two wylde boores lasshyng togyders/tracynge & trauercynge as noble men that oft had ben well proued in bataylle/But euer syr Palomydes dradde the myghte of syr Tristram/ And therfor he suffred hym to brethe hym/Thus they foughte more than̄e two houres/but ofter syre Tristram smot suche strokes at syr Palomydes that he made hym to knele. And syre Palomydes brake & kytte awaye many pyeces of syr Tristrams shelde/& thenne syr Palomydes woundyd syre Tristram:for he was a wel fightyng man. Thenne syr Tristram was wode wrothe out of mesure/and rasshyd vpon syr Palomydes w̄ suche a mighte that syr Palomydes fell grouelyng to the erthe. And therwyth all he lept vp lyghtly vpon his fete. And thenne syre Tristram wounded Palomydes sore thr ugh the sholder. And euer syr Tristram foughte styll in lyke harde And syr Palomydes faylled not but gaue hym many sadde strokes . And at last syr Tristram doubled his strokes/& by fortune syr Tristram smote syr Palomydes swerde oute of hys honde. And yf syr Palomydes hadde stowped for his swerde he had be slayne. Theune Palomydes stode stylle & beheldе hys swerde wyth a sorowfull hert. ¶ How now sayd syr Tristram vnto Palomydes/ now haue I the at a vauntage as thou haddest me thys daye/ but it shall neuer be sayd in no courte nor among no good knyghtes that syr Tristram shal slee ony knyght that is wepenlees. And therfore take thou thy swerde and lete vs make ay ende of this bataylle. ¶ Thenne spake syre Palomydes & sayd. As for to doo thys bataylle I daze ryght wel ende it/ But I haue noo grete luste to fyghte noo more. And for this cause sayd syr Palomydes. Thoffence that I haue dooy to you is not so grete but and it please you we may be frendes All that I haue offended is and was for the loue of quene La beale Isoud kynge Markis wyf. And as for her I daze say she is pyerles aboue al other ladyes/ and also I proffred her neuer no dyshonour. And by her and by cause of her I haue gotey the mooste part of my worshyp. And ly-hey I offended neuer as to her owne person̄. And as for the offence that I haue dooy it was agaynst your owne persone. And for that offence ye haue yeuey me this day many grieuous and sadde strokys and some I haue geuey you agayne/ And now I daze saye I felt neuer no may of so grete myghte & strengthe/ nor so well brethed/but yf it were syre Launcelot du lake/ Wherfore I requyre you my lorde syr Tristram for geue me alle that I haue offendyd to you . And this same daye haue me to the nexte chyrche / and fyrste lete me be clene confessyd/& after se you now that I be truely baptysed. And thenne woll we all togyders ryde vnto the courte of my lorde kynge Arthur / that we maye be there at the hyghe feest. / ¶ Now take your hors sayd syr Tristram/And as ye saye ryght so it shal be. And all your euyll wyll god forgeue it you and I doo. And here withiy

this myle is the Suffrecay of Carle / ill that shall geue you the sacrament of Baptym ¶ Thenne they toke ther horses / and syr Galleron rode wyth them. And whan they came before the Suffrecay / syr Tristram tolde hym ther desyre. ¶ Thenne the Suffrecay cõmaunded to fyll a grete vessell with water / And whan he had halowed it / he thenne confessyd clene syr Palomydes. And syr Tristram & syr Galleron were his godfaders. And thenne soone after they departyd rydynge toward Camelot / where the noble kyng Arthur & quene Gweneuer were / kepynge a courte ryall of the moost noble knyghtes of the worlde. And for the moost party all the knyghtes of ỹ rounde table were there at that tyme ¶ And so the kynge and all the courte were gladde that syr Palomydes was crystenyd. ¶ And at the same fest ỹ came Galahad and sate in the sege perylous. ¶ And so there wyth all departid and dysceuerid all the noble felyshyp of knyghtes of the rounde table. And syr Tristram retorned agayne vnto Joyous garde. And syr Palomydes folowed the questynge beest.

¶ HERe endyth the seconde booke of syr Tristram that was drawen oute of frenshe in to englysshe / ¶ But here is nõo rehersall of the thyrde boke. ¶ And here after shall folowe the noble tale of the Sangreall / that is callyd the holy vessell and the lygnyfycacyon of the blessyd blood of oure sauyour Jhesu Cryste / blessyd mote it be. The whyche was broughte in to this lond by Joseph of Armathye

Therfore ov all synfull soules blessid lord haue thou mercy / that by the vertue of thy bytter passyon oure synnes maye be forgeuen vs / And at the last daye of our Jugement we may come to thy kyngdome in heuen. Amen

Here endith the .xij. boke And after begin neth the .xiij. boke.

How at the vigyll of the feest of Pentecoste entryd in to the halle before kynge Arthur a damoysell & desyred sÿr Launcelot for to come and dubbe a knÿghte . and how he went wÿth her. Capÿm Primum

IN the vigyll of pen: tecost whan all the fe lyshyp of the rounde table were comen vn to Camelot. and theꝝ herd ther seruyse and the tables were sette redy to the meete Ryght so entred in to the halle a full fayr gentylwoman on horsbak ꝑ had ryden full fast. for her hors was al be swette. Thenne she there a lyghte/ & came before the kyng & salewed hym And he sayd damoysel god blesse you Syr sayd she for goddys sake say ye me where syr Launcelot is. Yonder ye maye se hym sayd the kynge. Theñe she went vnto syr Launcelot & sayde Syr Laũcelot I salewe you on kyng Pelles behalf/ and I requyre you coñ on wÿ me here by in to a forest. Then syr Launcelot askyd her wyth whom she dwelled. I dwelle sayd she wyth kynge Pelles/ What woll ye wyth me sayde syr Launcelot. Ye shall knowe

sayde she & vnderstonde whan ye come thyther/ Well sayde he I woll gladly goo wyth you. So syr Launcelot bad his squyre sadyll his hors & bryng hil armour. And in al hast he dyde his cõmaundement. ¶ They came the quene vnto syr Launcelot & sayd/ wol ye leue vs at this hyghe feest. ¶ Madame sayd ꝑ gentylwoman wyte ye wel he shal be wyth you to morn by dyner tyme ¶ Yf I wyst sayd the quene that he sholde not be wyth vs here tomorn he sholde not go wyth you by my goode wyll. ¶ Ryght so departyd syr Launcelot wyth the gentylwoman/ and rode vntyl that he came in to a forest & in to a grete valeye/ where he sawe an abbaye of nonnes/ And there was a squyre redy & opened the gates/ and so they entred & descended of ther hors les. & ther cam a fayr felyshyp about syr Launcelot & welcomyd hym & were passynge gladde of his comynge. & thenne they ladde hym vnto thabbesse chambre & vnarmyd hym. And ryght so he was ware vppon a bedde lyeng two of his colyns. syr Bors & syr Lyonell/ & thenne he awakyd them. And whan they sawe him they made grete Joye: ¶ Syr sayd syr Bors vnto syre Laũcelot what aduenture hath brouzte you hyther/ for we wende to morne to haue founde you at Camelot ¶ As god me helpe sayd syr Laũcelot a gentylwoman broughte me hyther/ but I knowe not the cause. In the meane while that they stode thus talkyng to gyder/ therin came .xij. nounes ꝑ brought wyth them syr Galahad/ ꝑ whiche was passynge fayr & well made ꝑ vneth men in the worlde myghte not fynde his matche. And all tho ladyes wept. ¶ Syr sayd they all we brynge you here this childe the whiche we haue nourysshed/ & we praye you to make hym a knyghte/ for of a more worthyer mannys honde maye he not receyue the ordre of knyghthode. ¶ Syr Launcelot beheld the yonge squyre/ and sawe hym semely & demure as a douue with all manere of good fetures/ that he wende of hys aege neuer to haue seen so fayr a may of fourme ¶ Thenne sayd syr Laũcelot. cometh this desyre of hymselfe. he & all they sayd. ye. ¶ Thenne shall he sayd syr Launcelot receyue the hye ordre of knyzthode ás to morne at the reuerence of ꝑ hye feest. ¶ That nyghte syr Launcelot had passynge good chere. And on the morn at the hour of prime at Galahads desyre he made hym knyghte/ & sayd God make hym a good man for bewet faylleth hym not as ony ꝑ lyueth.

¶ How the letters were foũde wryten in the sege perylous/ & of the meruey lous aduenture of the swerde in a stone. ¶ Capitulum .xij.

NOw fayr syr sayd syr Launcelot woll ye come wyth me vnto the courte of kynge Arthur. ¶ Nay sayd he I woll not go wyth you as at this tyme. Thenne he departyd from them & toke his two colyns wyth hym and so they came vnto Camelot by ꝑ houre of vndorn on Whytsonday. Bi that tyme the kynge & the quene were goon to the mynstre to here ther seruise. Thenne the kynge & the quene were passynge gladde of syr Bors & syr Lyonell/ & so was al the felyship. So whan the kynge & alle the knyghtes

wer come from the seruise.the barons syed in the seges of the rounde table al aboute wryten wyth goldey letters here ought to sytte he/ & he ought to sytte here.And thus they went so lon ge tyll they came to the sege perylous where they founde letters newely wri ton of golde whyche sayd/ fouze hun dred wynters & fouze & fyfty accom / plysshed after the passyon of our lord Jhesu Cryst ought this sege to be ful fylled.Thenne al they sayd/This is a meruey llous thynge & ay aduentu/ rous. ¶ Jy the name of god sayd syr Laũcelot.And thenne accounted ꝑ ter me of the wrytyng from the byrth of our lorde vnto that day. ¶ Jt semeth me sayd sir Launcelot this sege ough te to be fulfylled this same daye/ for this is the feest of Pentecost after the fouze hundred & fouze & fyfty yeze./& yf it wolde pleyse all partyes J wold noñ of thyse letters wer seen thys day tyll he be come that ought to encheue this aduentuze. Theñe made they to ordeyne a clothe of sylke for to couer thyse letters in the sege peryllous .

Thenne the kynge badde haste vnto dyner. ¶ Syr sayd syr Kay the stew: ward yf ye goo now vnto your meete ye shal bicke your olde custome of you re court.For ye haue not vsyd oy thys daye to sytte at your meete or that ye haue seen some aduentuze. ¶ Ye saye soth sayd the kynge/but J had so gre te Joye of syr Launcelot and of his co syns whyche be come to the courte ho le & sounde/ so that J bethoughte me not of myn olde custome. So as they stode spekynge in came a squyze & say de vnto the kyng. ¶ Syr J bryng vn to you merneyllous tydynges'/What bey they sayd the kynge. ¶ Syr there is here byneth at the ryuer a grete sto: ne whyche J sawe flete aboue the wa ter/ & therin J sawe stykynge a swer de. ¶ The kynge sayd J woll se that meruey lle. So all the knyghtes went wyth hym.And whan they came vn/ to the ryuer they founde there a stony fletynge as it were of redde marbyll. & therin stacke a fayr ryche swerde/ & in the pomell therof were precious sto nes wroughte wyth subtyll letters of golde/ Thenne the barons radde the letters/whyche sayd in this wyse/ Ne: uer shal man take me hens but oonly he by whoos syde J oughte to hange/ and he syall be the beste knyghte of ꝑ worlde. ¶ Whan the kynge had seen the letters he sayd vnto sir Launcelot Fayr syr this swerde ought to be you res.for J am sure ye be the best knigh te of the worlde. ¶ Thenne syr Laũ/ celot answerde full soberly.Certes sy re it is not my swerde. Also syr wyte ye wel J haue none hardynes to sette my honde to/for it longyth not to hã ge bi my syde.Also who that assayeth to take that swerde & fayleth of it/he shall receyne a wounde by that swerd that he shall not be hoole longe after And J woll that ye wyte that this sa: me day shal thaduentures of ꝑ Sanc greall that is callid the holy vessel be gynne.

How syr Gawayne assayed to draw out the swerde / & how an olde man broughte in Galahad. Capĩ xiij.

NOw fayr nenewe sayd ꝑ kyn ge vnto syr Gawayne assaye ye for my loue ¶ Syr he sayd saue yo re good grace J shall not doo ꝑ. Syr

layd the kynge allaye to take ꝑ swer: de ¶at my cōmaundement ¶Syr layd Gawayne your cōmaundement I woll obeye. And therwyth he toke vp the swerd by the handyls/but he myȝte nōt styre it. ¶I thanke you layde the kyng to syr Gawayne. ¶My lorde syr Gawayne layd syr Launcelot now wyte ye wel this swerde shal touche you soo sore/that ye shall wyll ye had neuer sette your honde therto for the beste castell of this reame. ¶Syre he layd I myghte not wythlay myne vncles wylle & cōmaundemente. But whan the kynge herde this he repented it moche. And layd vnto syr Percyuale that he sholde assaye for his loue. ¶And he layd Gladly for to bere syr Gawaynꝭ felyshyp. And therwith he sette his honde on the swerde/ and drewe it strongely/but he myghte not meue it. Thenne were there no moo that durste be so hardy to set ther hondes therto. ¶Now may ye goo to youre dyner layd syr Kay vnto the kyng for a merueyllous aduenture haue ye seen. So the kynge & all went to the courte. And euery knyghte knewe his owne place & set him therin. And yonge men ꝑ were knyghtes serued them ¶So whan they were serued & all seges fulfylled sauf oonly the sege perylous/Anone there befell a merueyllous aduenture/that all the doores and wyndowes of the paleys shytte bi thē self. Not for thenne the halle was not gretly derkyd/& therwyth they abasshyd bothe one & other. ¶They kynge Arthur spak fyrst & layd By god fayr felowes and lordes we haue seen this daye merueylles/but or nyghte I suppose we shall se gretter merueylles

¶In the meane whyle came in a goode olde man & an auncient clothed al in whyte. And there was no knyghte knewe from whens he came. And wt̄ hym he brought a yonge knyghte both the on fote in reddē armes: wythoute swerd or shelde saue a scauberd hanggynge by his syde/And thyse wordes he layd Peas be wyth you fayr lordes ¶Then the olde man layd vnto Arthur Syr I bringe you here a yonge knyght whyche is of kynges lygnage and of the kynreed of Joseph of Armathia wherby the merueyles of this courte & of strange reames shal be fully accomplyshed.

¶How the olde man broughte Galahad to the syege perylous & sett hym therin/and how all the knyghtes merueylled. Capl'm .iiij

The kynge was ryghte gladde of his wordes. & layd vnto the good man Syre ye be ryght welcome & the yonge knyghte with you. Then the olde man made the yong man to vnarme him. And he was in a cote of redde sendyll/ and bare a mantyll vpon hys sholder that was furred wyth ermyn/and put that vpon hym. And the olde knyghte layd vnto the yong knyghte/ Syr folowyth me. And anone he ladde hym vnto the sege perylous/Where belyde sate syr Launcelot. And the good man lyft vp the clothe and fonde there letters that layd this is ꝑ sege of Galahad the good knyghte. ¶Syr layd the olde man wyte ye well that place is yours. And thenne he sette him downe surely in that sege And thenne he layd to the olde man

syr ye maye now goo your waye / for well haue ye dooy that ye were cõmaunded to do. And recõmaunde me vnto my graunsyre kynge Pelles / & vnto my lorde Petchere: And saye them oy my behalue I shal come & se them allone as euer I maye. Soo the good may departed / & there mette hym .xx. noble squyres. And so tok ther horses & went ther waye. ¶ Thenne all the knyghtes of the table rounde merueyled gretly of syr Galahad ꝯ he durst syt there in that sege perylous & was so tendre of aege / And wyst not from whens he came but all oonly by god. And sayde / This is he by whom the Sancgreall shall be encheued / for there late neuer none but he: but he were myscheued. ¶ They syr Laũcelot beheld his sone & had grete Joye of hym ¶ They Boys told his felowes vpon payne of my lyfe this yonge knyghte shal come vnto grete worshyp. This nõyse was grete in all the courte / so ꝯ it came to the quene / Theñe she had merueylle what knyghte it myght be ꝯ durste auenture hym to sytte in the sege perylous. Many sayd vnto ꝑ quene he resembled moche vnto syr Laũcelot / ¶ I maye well suppose sayd ꝑ quene that syr Launcelot begate hym on kyng Pelles doughter / by the whyche he was made to lye by enchaunte ment. & his name is Galahad. I wol wolde fayne se hym sayde the quene / For he must nedes be a noble may for so is his fader that hym begate Ire / põrte me to al the table rounde. ¶ So whan the meete was dooy ꝯ the kynge & all were ryseu / the kyng yede vnto the sege perylous & lyft vp the clothe / & founde there the name of Galahad. And thenne he shewed it vnto syr Gawayne. And sayd. Fayr neuew now haue we amonge vs syr Gala / had the good knyght ꝯ shall worshyp vs all. And vppon payn of my lyf he shal encheue the Sancgreall right as sir Launcelot had done vs to vnderstonde. Thenne came kyng Arthur vnto Galahad & sayd Syr ye be welcome for ye shall meue many good knyghtes to the queste of the Sancgreall / & ye shall encheue that neuer knyghtes myghte brynge to an ende. They the kynge toke hym by the honde & went downe from the palays to shewe Galahad the aduentur of the stoon.

¶ How kyng Archur shewed the stone houyng on the water to Galahad. & how he drewe out the swerde .v.

The quene herde therof & came after wyth many ladyes / and shewed them the stoon where it houed on the water. ¶ Syre sayd the kynge to syr Galahad here is a grete merueylle as euer I sawe / and ryght good knyghtes haue assayed & fayled. / ¶ Syr sayd Galahad that is no merueylle / for this aduenture is not thers but myn / & for the surete of this swerde I broughte none wyth me / For here by my syde hangeth the scauberde. ¶ And anone he layed hys honde on the swerde / and lyghtly drewe it out of the stoon / and put it in the shethe / And sayde vnto the kynge / Now it gooth better than it dyde afore honde ¶ Syr sayde the kynge thenne a shelde god shal sende you. ¶ Now haue I sayde Galahad that swerde that some tyme was the goode knyghtes /

Balyn le saueage/ and he was a pal
lyng good man of his hondes. & with
this swerde he slewe his brother Ba:
lan/ and ꝑ was grete pyte for he was
a good knyghte/ & eyther slewe other
thrugh a dolorous stroke that Balyn
gaue vnto my grauntfader kyng Pel
les/ the whyche is not hoole / nor not
shall be tyll I hele him. ¶ Therwith
the kynge & all aspyed where came ry
dyng downe ꝑ ryuer a lady on a why
te palfraye towarde theim. They she
salewed the kynge & the quene/ & al/
kyd yf that syre Launcelot was the /
re. ¶ And thenne he answerde hymsel
fe I am here fayr lady. They she say
de alle wyth weppynge how your grete
doynge is chaungyd syth this daye in
the morne. ¶ Damoysell why saye ye
so sayd Laũcelot. ¶ I saye you soth
sayd the damoysell/ for ye were thys
daye the beste knyghte of the worlde/
but who sholde saye so now he sholde
be openly proued for a lyar . for the
re is now one better thay ye. And wel
it is preued by thaduenture of ꝑ swer
de wherto ye durst not sette your hon
de/ and that is the chaunge & leuyng
of your name/ wherfor I make vnto
you a remembraunce. that ye shal not
wene from henseforth that ye be ꝑ bes
te knyghte of the worlde. ¶ As tow/
chynge vnto that sayd Launcelot/ I
knowe well I was neuer the best. Yes
sayd the damoysell that were ye & aꝝ
yet of ony synfull may of the worlde
¶ And syr kynge Nacyen the heremy
te sendeth the worde that the shall be:
fall the grettest worshyp that euer be:
fell kynge in Brytayne. & I saye you
wherfore/ for this day the Sancgreal
apered in thy hous & fed the & al thy
felyshyp of the rounde table. Soo she
departed/ & went the same waye that
she came.

¶ How kyng Arthur had al tho knig
tes togyder for to Juste in the medow
beside Wẽchestre or they departid vi.

NOw sayd the kyng I am sure
at this queste of the Sancgre:
all shall all ye of the table rounde de/
part/ & neuer shall I se you agayn ho
le togyder/ therfore I wol se you al ho
le togyder in the medow of Camelot
te Just & to turney. that after your de
the mey maye speke of it/ that suche
good knightes were hooly togyder su
che a day. And vnto that counsel & at
the kynges request they accorded al/ &
toke on ther harneys that longyd vn:
to Justyng. But all this meanyng of
the kynge was for to se Galahad pre
ued. For the kyng demyd he shold not
lyghtely come agayn vnto the courte
after his departyng. So were they al
sembled in the medowe bothe more &
lesse. Thenne syr Galahad by ꝑ pray:
er of the kyng & the quene dyde vpon
hym a noble Jesseraunce/ & also he dy
de on his helme/ but shelde wold he ta
ke none for noo prayer of the kynge/
¶ And thenne syr Gawayne & other
knyghtes prayed hym for to take a spe
re. Ryght soo he dyde. And the quene
was in a towre wyth alle her ladyes/
for to beholde that turnement. They
syr Galahad dressid hym in the myd
des of the medowe/ and began to bre
ke speres merueyllously that all men
had wonder of hym/ For he there sur
mountid and exceded all the other knig
tes sir for wit a whyle he had defoylled
many good knyghtz of ꝑ table roũde

saue thyne/that was syr Launcelot & syr Percyuale.

¶How thenuene desyred to se Ga / lahad/& howafter alle the knyghtes were replenysshed w̄ the holy Sanc/greall/& how al they auowed the en: queste of the same. Capl'm vij

Thenne the kynge at the que / nes requestmade hym to alyȝ te/& to vnlace hi helme that the que ne myghte se hy̅ in the vilage. Whan she beheldе him she sayd sothly I dar: e well saye that syr Laũcelot begate hy̅. For neuer two men assembled mo re in lykneſſe. therfore it is no merue ple though he beof grete prowesse. So a lady that stode by the quene sayde / Madame for goddys sake oughte he of ryght to be so good a knighte ¶Ye forsoth sayd the quene/for he is of al partyes come of the best knyghtes of the worlde & of the hyghest lygnage/ For syr Launcelot is comen but of the viij. degree from our lord Jhesu Cryst & syr Galahad is of ỹ. ix. degre from our lorde Jhesu Cryste/ therfore I dar e say they ben the grettest gentylmen of the worlde. ¶ And thenne the kyn ge & all astates went home vnto Ca melot/ & so went to euensonge to ỹ gre te mynstre. and so after vpon that to supper. And euery knighte sate in his owne place as they were tofore honde They anone they herd crakyng & cri eng of thonder that them thoughte ỹ place shold all to dryue. In ỹ myddes of this blast entred a sũne beame mo: re clere by seuen tymes than euer they sawe day/& al they were alyghted of the grace of the holy ghost. They be: gan euery knyghte to behold other/& eyther sawe other by ther semyng fay rer than euer they sawe afore/ not for they ther was no knyghte myght spe ke one worde a grete whyle. & so they lokid euery man on other as they had ben dome. They ther entred in to the halle the holy grale couerd wyth whi te sampyte/but there was none myght se it/nor who bare it/& there was al ỹ halle fulfylled with good odours. and euery knyghte had suche meete & dry̅ ke as he beste loued in this worlde/& whan the holy grayle had be born tho rugh the halle: then the holy vessel de partyd sodenly ỹ they wyst not wher̄ it became. They had they al breth to speke/& then the kynge yelded than/ kyngꝭ to god of his grace that he had sent them ¶ Certes sayd the kyng we oughte to thanke our lord Jhū gretly for ỹ he hath shewed vs this daye att reuerence of this hyghe feest of pente coste. ¶ Now sayd syr Gawayne we haue ben serued this daye of what me tes & drynkꝭ we thoughte on/but one thynge begyled vs/we myghte not se the holy grayle it was soo precyously couerde / Wherfore I woll make here a vowe, that tomorn wythout lenger abydynge I shall labour in the queſt of the Sangreall/that I shall holde me oute a twelue month & a daye: or more yf nede be/and neuer shall I re/ torne agayn vnto the courte tyll I ha ue seen it more openly than it hath be seen here. And yf I maye not spede/I shall retorn ayen as he that may not be ayenst the wyll of our lorde Jhesu crist. ¶ Whan they of the table roũde herd syr Gawayne say so/they arose most parti of them & auowed ỹ same

¶Anone as kynge Arthur herde thil he was gretly dyspleysed. For he wyst wel they myghte not agayn say theyr auowes. ¶Alas sayd kyng Arthur to syr Gawayne/ ye haue nyghe slayne me wyth the auow & promyse that ye haue made. for thrugh you ye haue be raft me the fayrest felyshyp & the tru: est of knyghthode that euer were seen togyders in ony reame of the wo rlde/ For whan they departe from hens I am sure they all shall neuer mete mo re in this worlde. for they shal dey ma ny in the quest. And so it forthynketh me a lytyll/ for I haue loued them as well as my lyf/ Wherfore it shall gre ue me ryght sore ÿ departycõn of this felyshyp/ for I haue had ay olde custo me to haue them in my felyshyp.

¶How grete sorow was made of the kyng & ladies for ÿ departyng of the knyghtes. & how they departid. viij

AND therwyth the teris fyll in his eyen. And thenne he sayd Gawayne Gawayne ye haue set me in grete sorowe/ For I haue gret dow: te that my true felyshypp shall neuer mete here more agayn. ¶A sayde syr Laũcelot comfort yourself/ for it shal be vnto vs a gret honour/ and moche more thañe yf we deyed in ony other: places/ for of dethe we ben syker. ¶A Launcelot sayd the kyng the grete lo ue ÿ I haue had vnto you all the day es of my lyf maketh me to haue such dolefull wordes/ for neuer Crystey kyñ ge had neuer so many worthy men at his table as I haue had this day at ÿ rounde table. & that is my gret sorow ¶Whan the quene/ ladyes & gentyl / wymen wyst thise tydynges. they had suche sorowe & heuynes that her myg te noo tonge telle it. For thise knygh tes had holde them in honour & chyer te. But amonge all other quene Gue neuer made grete sorow. ¶I meruey le sayd she my lorde wold suffre them to departe from hym. Thus was alle the courte troublyd for the loue of the departycõn of tho knyghtes/ & many of those ladyes ÿ lued knyghtes wol de haue goon wyth her louers. And so had they doon had not an olde knyg te come among them in relygyous clo thynge/ & thenne he spake all on hye. & sayd Fayr lordes whyche haue swo re in the queste of the Sangreall/ thy sendeth you Nacyen therempte word that none in this queste lede lady nor gentylwoman wyth hym/ for it is not to do in so hyghe a seruyse as they la bour in. For I warne you playne he ÿ is not clene of his synnes/ he shal not se the mysteryes of our lord Jhesu cry ste. And for this cause they left ther la dyes & gentylwymen. ¶After this ÿ quene came vnto Galahad. & askyd hym of whens he was & of what coũ tree. She tolde her of whens he was/ & sone vnto Launcelot he sayde he was As to that he sayd neyther ye nor nay ¶So god me helpe sayd the quene of you fader ye nede not to shame you./ For he is the goodlyeste knyghte & of the best mey of the worlde comey. & of the strene of alle partyes of kynges./ Wherfore ye oughte of ryght to be of your dedes a passinge good may. and certaynly she sayd ye resemble hym mo che. ¶Thenne syre Galahad was a lytyll ashamyd. ¶And thenne he say de Madame sythey that ye knowe my

certayne wherfor do ye alle it me/for he that is my fader/shall be knowen openly & all betymes. And thẽne they went to reste them. And in the honour of the hyghnesse of Galahad he was ladde in to kyng Arthurs chambre. & there rested in his owne bedde. And al sone as it was daye the kynge arose/ for he had noo reste of all that nyghte for sorowe. Then he went vnto Gawayne & to syre Launcelot that were aryesy for to here masse. And then the kynge sayde agayn/ ¶ A Gawayne Gawayne ye haue betrayed me/ For neuer shall my courte be amended by you/ but ye woll neuer be sory for me as I am for you. And therwith the teres began to ronne downe by his vysage. And therwyth the kyng sayd. A knyghte syr Launcelot / I requyre the thou counsell me/ for I wolde ꝑ this queste were vndoon & it myghte be. / Syr sayd syr Launcelot/ ye sawe yesterdaye soo many worthy knyghtes ꝑ they were swoorne/ that they may not leue it in no manere of wyse. ¶ That wote I wel sayd the kyng/ but it shal so heuye me at their departyng that I wote well ther shal no maner of Joye remedye me. And thenne the kynge & the quene went to the mynstre. ¶ Soo anone Laũcelot & Gawayne cõmaũded their men to brynge their armes/ & whan they all were armed saue theyr shelds & ther helmes/ thenne they came to theyr felyshyp/ whyche all were redy in the same wyse for to go to the mynster to here ther seruyse. ¶ They after the seruyse was doon/ the kyng wold wyte how many had vndertake the queste of the holy Grayle / And to accounte them he prayed them all/

¶ Thenne found they by the tale an hundred & fyfty/ and all were knyghtes of the table rounde. And they they put on ther helmes & departed/ and re cõmaunded theym all hooly vnto the quene. And there was wepyng & grete sorow. ¶ Thenne the quene departed in-to her chambre/ soo that noo man sholde apperceyue her grete sorowes. / ¶ Whan syr Laũcelot myst the quene he went to ꝑ chambre. And whan she sawe hym/ she cryed alowde O Laũcelot Launcelot. ye haue betrayed me & put me to the-deth for to leue thus my lorde. ¶ A madame sayd syr Launcelot I praye you be not displeysed/ for I shall come agayn allone as I maye wyth my worshyp. ¶ Alas sayd she ꝑ euer I sawe you. But he that suffred deth vpon the crosse for al mankynde he be vntõ you good conduyte and saueuee/ and al the hoole felyshyp. Ryght so departed Launcelot/ and fonde his felyship that abode his comyng/ and so they mounted on ther horses/ & rode thrugh the strete of Camelot/ And there was weppynge of ryche & poore/ And the kynge torned away/ & myght not speke for weppyng. ¶ So wythin a whyle they came to a cyte & a castell that hyghte Nagon/ there they entred in to the castell. And the lord ther of was an olde man that hyghte Nagon/ And he was a good man of hys lyuyng/ and sette open the gates. and made them al the chere that he myght. ¶ And soo on the morne they were alle accorded that they sholde departe euerych from other. And on the morne they departyd wyth weppynge chere/ And euery knyghte toke the waye that hym beste lyked.

¶ How Galahad gate hym a shelde And how they spedde that presumed / to take downe the sayd shelde/ .ix.

NOw rydeth Galahad yet wt out shelde. & so rode foure dayes without ony aduenture. And at the fourth day after euelonge he came to a whyte abbaye/and there he was receyued wyth grete reuerence & lad vnto a chambre/and there he was vnarmed /And thenne was he ware of knyghtes of the table rounde. One was syre Bagdemagus/& the other syr Dwayne. And whan they sawe hym they wente vnto hym / and made of hym grete solace/and so they went vnto supper. ¶ Syrs sayd syr Galahad what aduenture broughte you hyther. ¶ Syre they sayd all it is tolde vs that wythin thys place is a shelde that no man maye bere aboute his necke but he be myscheued or deed wythin thre dayes other maymed for euer. ¶ A syr sayd kynge Bagdemagus/ I shall bere it tomorne for to assaye this aduenture/ ¶ By the name of God sayd Galahad. ¶ Syr sayd Bagdemagus/and I maye not encheue the aduenture of this shelde ye shall take it vpon you. For I am sure ye shal not fayle ¶ Syre sayd Galahad I ryght well agree me therto/for I haue no sheld. So on the morne they aroos & herde masse./ Thenne Bagdemagus askid where the aduenturous shelde was. Anone a monke ladde hym behynde an awter wher ỹ shelde henge as whyte as ony snowe. but in the middes was a redde crosse. ¶ Syres sayde the monke thys shelde ought not to be hanged about no knyghtꝭ necke but he be the worthyest knyght of the worlde/ therfor I counseylle you knyghtes to be well aduysed. ¶ Well sayd Bagdemagus I wote well I am not the best knyghte of the worlde/but I shall assaye to bere it. And so bare it out of the mynstre. And thenne he sayd vnto Galahad. & it please you to abyde here styll tyl that ye wote how that I spede. ¶ I shal abide you sayd Galahad. Then kynge Bagdemagus toke wyth hym a good squyre to brynge tydynges vnto syr Galahad how he sped. Then whan they had rydden two myle & came to a fayr valeye afore an hermytage. And thenne they sawe a knyghte come from that party in whyte armour, hors & all. And he came as fast as his hors myghte renne/ & his spere in his reest. And syr Bagdemagus dressed his spere ayenst hym/& brak it vpon the whyte knyghte. But the other stroke hym so harde that he brake the mayles & schoue hym thrugh the ryght sholder/ for the shelde couered hym not as atte that tyme/and so he bare hym from his hors. And ther wyth he alyghte & toke the whyte shelde from hym/ Sayenge/knyghte thou hast don thy self grete foly/ for this shelde ought not to be borne/ but by hym that shall haue no piere that lyueth. And thenne he came to Bagdemagus squyre & sayd Bere this shelde to the good knyghte. syr Galahad that thou lefte in the abbay & grete hym well by me. ¶ Syre sayd the squyre what is your name ¶ Take thou none hede of my name sayd the knyghte/for it is not for the to know for none erthly may ¶ Now fayr syr sayde the squyre at the reuerence of Jhesu cryst/ telle me for what

cause this shelde may not be born but yf ꝑ berer therof be myschened. Now sith thou hast comaūded me so sayd the knyght/this shelde behoueth vnto no may but vnto Galahad. And ꝑ squyre went vnto Bagdemagus/& askyd whether he were sore woundyd or not ¶Ye forsoth sayde he/ I shall escape harde from the dethe/ Thenne he fet hys hors & brought hym wyth grete payne vnto ay abbaye. Thenne was he take downe softly & vnarmyd and layed in a bedde/ and his woūde was lokyd vnto/ And as the boke telleth/ he laye there longe/and escappyd hardely wyth the lyf.

¶How Galahad departed wyth the shelde/And how kynge Euelake had receyued this shelde of Joseph of Armathye. Capl'm .x.

SYr Galahad sayd the squyre that knighte ꝑ wonnded Bagdemagus sendyth you gretyng/& bad that ye sholde bere this shelde/ where thrugh grete aduentures sholde befall ¶Now blessyd be god & fortune sayde Galahad. And thenne he askyd his armes & mountyd vpon his hors. and henge the whyte shelde aboute his necke & cōmaunded them vnto god. And syr Hwayne sayde he wolde bere hym felyshyp yf it pleysed hym. ¶Syr sayd Galahad that maye ye not/for I must goo alone saue this squyre shall bere me felyship. & so departid Hwayne. ¶Thenne wythin a whyle came Galahad there as the white knyghte abode hym by thermytage. And euerich salewed other curteysly. ¶Syr sayd Galahad by this shelde bey many merueyles falle. ¶Syr sayd ꝑ knyghte it befel after the passyon of our lorde Jhesu Crist. xxxij. yere/that Joseph of Armathye the gentyl knyghte/ the whyche toke downe our lorde of ꝑ holy crosse att ꝑ tyme he departyd from Jherusalem wyth a grete part of his kynred wyth hym. And so they laboured vntyll that they came to a cytee ꝑ hight Sarras. And at that same houre that Joseph came to Sarras ther was a kynge that hyghte Euelake. ꝑ had gret werre ayenst the Sarralyns and in especiall ayenst one Sarralyn the whyche was kynge Euelakes cosyn/a ryche kynge & a myghty/whyche marched nygh this londe. and hys name was called Tollome le feyntes So on a daye thyse two mette to doo bataylle. Thenne Joseph the sone of Joseph of Armathye wente to kynge Euelake & tolde hym he sholde be discomfyted & slayne. but yf he lefte his byleue of the olde lawe & bileue vpon the newe lawe. And thenne he shewed him the ryght byleue of the holy Trinyte/to the whyche he agreed vnto w̄ all his hert. And there this shelde was made for kynge Euelake in the nam̄ of him that dyed vpon the crosse. And thenne thrugh hys good byleue he had the better of kyng Tollome. for whā Euelake was in the bataylle / there was a cloth sette afore the shelde. and whan he was in the grettest peryll he lete put awaye the clothe. And thenne hys enmyes sawe a fygure of a man on the crosse where thrugh they al were discomfyte. And so it befell that a man of kynge Euelakes was smyten his honde of / and bare that honde in his other honde/ And Joseph callyd ꝑ

may vnto hym/and badde hym goo: with good deuocõy & touche the crosse And assone as that may had touchyd the crosse wyth his hond.it was as ho le as euer it was tofore.¶ They soo: ne after there fell a grete merueyle/ ꝑ the crosse of the shelde at one tyme va nysshed away that no may wyst whe re it became.¶ And theñe kyng Eue lake was baptysed.and for the mooste party all the people of that cyte.¶ So soone after Joseph wold departe/and kynge Euelake wolde goo wyth him whether he wolde or nolde.And so by fortune they came in to thys londe . ꝑ at that tyme was callyd gret Brytay ne/and there they founde a gret felon paynym that put Joseph in to prylon And so by fortune tydynges came vn to a worthy may that hyghte Mõn / drames/And he assembled alle his pe ple for the grete renõmee he had herde of Joseph.And so he came in to ꝑ lon de of grete Brytayne/and dysheryted this felon paynym & consumed hym / And therwyth delyuerde Joseph oute of prylon.And after that all the peo: ple were torned to the crystey fayth.

¶ How Joseph made a crosse on the whyte shelde wyth hys blood/ & how Galahad was by a monke broughte to a tombe.Capĩm xi.

NOt longe after ꝑ Joseph was layed in his dedly bedde.And whan kynge Euelake sawe ꝑ/ he ma de grete sorowe & sayd For thy loue I haue lefte my countree/and syth thou shalt departe oute of this worlde.leue me some token of thyne that I maye thynke on the.¶ Joseph sayd ꝑ woll I do ful gladly. Now brynge me you re shelo that I toke you whan ye wen te in to the bataylle ayenst kyng Tol leme. Thenne Joseph bledde so: at the nose, so that he myghte not by no meane be stanchid.And therupon that sheelde he made a crosse of hys owne blood.¶ Now may ye se a remembra ũce that I loue you.for ye shall neuer se this sheld but ye shal thynke on me And it shall be alwayes as freshe as it is now. And neuer shall man beere this sheld about his necke but he shal repent it vnto ꝑ tyme that Galahad the good knyghte bere it/and the last of my lygnage shal haue it about his necke that shall do many merueyllo: us dedes.¶ Now sayd kynge Eucla/ ke wher shall I put this shelde ꝑ this worthy knyghte maye haue it / ¶ Ye shall leue it there as Nacyen the here myte shall be put after his dethe/ For thyther shall that good knyghte cõm the fyftenth day after that he shall re ceyue the ordre of knyghthode/and so that day that they sette is this tyme ꝑ ye haue his sheld.And in the same ab baye lyeth Nacyen the heremyte.And thenne the whyte knyghte vanysshed away.¶ Anone as the squyre had her de thyse wordes.he alyghte of his hac keney & knelyd downe at Galahads fete/and prayed hym that he myghte goo wyth hym tyll he had made hym knyghte/ Yf I wolde not refuse you/ thenne woll ye make me a knyghte sa yd the squyre/and that ordre by ꝑ gra ce of god shall be wel sette in me. So syr Galahad graunted hym/and tor ned agayn vnto the abbaye ꝑ they ca me fro. And ther mey made gret Joy of syre Galahad.& anone as he was

alyghte there was a monke broughte hym vnto a tombe in a chyrche yerde where that was suche a noyse/ ꝑ who that herde it shold verely nye be mad or lese his strengthe. And syr he sayde I deme it is a fende.

¶ Of the merueylle that syre Gala/ had herde & sawe in the tombe. & how he made Melyas knyghte .xij.

NOw lede me thider sayd Galahad/ aud so they dyde al ar: myd saue his helme. ¶ Now sayd the good may goo to the tombe & lyfte it vp. So he dyde/ & herde a grete noyse and pyteously he sayde that alle mey myghte here it. ¶ Syr Galahad the seruaunt of Jhesu come thou not nye me. for thou shalt make me goo ayen there where I haue bey so longe. But Galahad was noo thynge afrayed / but lyft vp the stoon/ And there came out so fowle a smoke/ & after he sawe the fowlest fygure lepe therout ꝑ euer he sawe in the lyknesse of a may. and thenne he blessyd hym/ & wyst well it was a fende. Thenne herde he a voyce say. Galahad I se ther enuyronne abowte the so many angels/ that my power maye not hurte the. ¶ Right soo syr Galahad sawe a body all ar/ myd lye in that tombe & belyde hym: a swerde. ¶ Now fayr brother sayde Galahad lete vs remeue this body / for it is not worthy to lye in this chyr cheyerd. for he was a fals cristey man And therwith they al departed & went to the abbay. And anone as he was vnarmed a good may came & set hym downe bi hym/ & sayd Syr I shal tel you what betokenyth al that ye sawe for that couered body betokeneth the dureste of the worlde & the grete synne that our lord fonde in the worlde/ for there was suche wretchydnesse that ꝑ fader loued not the sone/ nor the sone loued not the fader. And that was oñ of the causes that our lord toke flesh and blood of a clene mayden. For our sȳnes were so grete at that tyme that wel nygh al was wickydnesse ¶ Truly sayd Galahad I byleue you ryght well. ¶ So syre Galahad rested hym there that nyghte. And vpon the morne he made the squyre knyghte/ & alkyd hym his name & of what kynred he was come. ¶ Syr sayd he mey call me Melyas de Lyle. and I am the sone of the kyng of Denmark. ¶ Now fayr syr sayde Galahad syth that ye be come of kynges & quenes/ now lokith that knyghthode be well sette in you. for ye oughte to be a myrrour vnto alle chyualry. ¶ Syr sayd Melyas ye say soth. But syr syth ye haue made me a knyght ye must of ryght graunt me my fyrst delyre that is resonable. ¶ Ye saye sothe sayde Galahod. ¶ Melyas sayde thenne/ that ye wolle suffre me to ride with you in this quest of the Sancgreall tyl that some aduenture departe vs. ¶ I graunt you syr sayd Galahad. Thenne mey broughte syre Melyas his armour & hys spēr & his hors. And so syr Galahad & he rode forth alle that weke or they found ony aduenture. And they vpon a Mondaye in the mornynge as they were departyd from an abbaye/ they came to a crosse whiche departyd two wayes/ And in that crosse were letters wryten that sayd thus/ Now ye knyghtes arraunt that goon to seke aduen/

nentures/se here two wayes/that one waye defendeth the ꝑ thou ne go that waye/for he shall not goo oute of the way agayn/but yf he be a good may & a worthi knyghte. And yf thou goo on the lyft honde/thou shalt not lyȝt sp ther wyne prowesse/ for ꝑ shalt in this waye be soone assayed. ¶ Syr sayd Melyas to Galahad/ yf it lyketh you: to suffre me to take the waye on the lyft honde tell me. for there I shal well preue my strengthe ¶ It were better sayd Galahad ye rode not ꝑ way for I deme I shold better escape in ꝑ waye thay ye. ¶ Nay I pray you my lord lete me haue ꝑ aduenture. ¶ Take it in godds name sayd Galahad.

¶ Of thaduenture that Melyas had & how Galahad reuengyd hym/ and how Melyas was caryed in to an abbaye. ¶ Capl'm xiij

AND thenne rode Melyas into an olde foreste/ & therin he rode two dayes & more. & thenne he came in to a fayr medowe/ & there was a fayr lodge of bowes. And thenne he aspied in that lodge a chayer/ wherin was a crowne of golde subtylly wrought. Also there were clothes couerd vpon the erthe/ & many delycyous metes sette theron. Syr Melyas beheld this aduenture & thoughte it meruelous. But he had no hungre/ but of the crowne of gold he toke moche kepe/ & therwyth he stowped downe & toke it vp & rode his way wyth it. And anone he sawe a knyghte came rydynge: after hym that sayd/ Knyghte let doune that crowne whyche is not yours/ and therfore defendeth you. Thenne syr Melyas blessyd hym & sayd Faire lorde of heuen helpe & saue thy newe made knyghte. And thenne they lete ther horses renne as faste as they myȝte/ so that the other knighte smote syr Melyas thrugh hawberk & thrugh ꝑ lyft syde that he felle to the erth nygh deed/ And thenne he toke the crowne. & went his way. and syr Melyas laye styll & had no power to stye. ¶ In ꝑ meane whyle by fortune ther came syre Galahad & fonde hym there in peryll of deth. ¶ And thenne he sayd A Melyas who hath wounded you. therfore it had ben better to haue rydeyn ꝑ other way. And whan syr Melyas herde hym speke. ¶ Syr he sayd for god dis loue lete me not deye in this foreste but bere me vnto the abbaye here beside that I may be confessed & haue my ryghtes. ¶ It shal be dooyn sayd Galahad/ but where is he that hath wounded you. ¶ Wyth that syre Galahad herde in the leues crye on hygh Knyȝte kepe the from me ¶ A sir sayd Melyas bewaye/ for that is he that hathe slayne me. ¶ Syr Galahad answer/ de syr knyghte come on youre peryll/ Thenne eyther dressyd to other & came rydyng as faste as ther horses myȝte renne. And Galahad smote him so that his spere went thrugh his shold. and smote hym downe of hys hors/ & in the fallyng Galahads spere broke With that came out a nother knyght out of the leues/ and brake a spere vpon Galahad or euer he myghte torn hym/ Thenne Galahad drewe oute the swerde & smote of the lefte harme of hym/ soo that it fell to the erthe/ & thenne he fledde. and syr Galahad folowed fast after hym. And thenne he

torned agayne vnto syr Melyas/and there he alyghte & dressyd hym softly on his hors tofore hym/ for the stroun cheon of the spere was in his body/ & syr Galahad sterte vp behynde hym. and helde hym in his armes/ & so brought him to the abbaye/and there vnarmyd hym and brought hym to hys chambre. & thenne he askyd his saue/our. And whan he had receyued hym. he sayd vnto syr Galahad/ Syr lete deth come whan it pleyseth god. And therwyth he drewe out the stroncheon of the spere out of his body/& then he swowned. ¶ Thenne came there an olde monke whyche somtyme had be a knyghte & beheldе syr Melyas/and anone he ransakyd hym. & then he sayd vnto syr Galahad/ I shal hele hȳ of this woundе by the grace of god wt in the terme of. vij. wekes. Then was syr Galahad gladde & vnarmyd hȳ And sayde he wolde abyde there thre dayes. And thenne he asked syr Meli as how it stode wyth hym. ¶ Theñe he sayd he was torned vnto helpynge god bethankyd.

¶ How Galahad departed/& how he was cōmaunded to go in to the castell of Maydens. to dystroye the wyckyd custome Capl'my .xiiij.

NOw woll I departe sayd Galahad for I haue moche on hō de/for many good knyghtes bey full bely abowte it. And this knyghte & I were in the same queste of the Sanc/greall. ¶ Syre sayde a good may for his synne he was thus wounded. and I merueylle sayde the good may how ye durst take vpon you so riche a thyng as the hyghe ordre of knyghthode wt oute clene confessyon/and that was by cause ye were bytterly wounded. For the waye on the ryght honde betoke/ nith the hyghe waye of our lorde Jhū Cryste & the waye of a true good ly!/ uer. And the other waye betokenyth ꝑ waye of synners & of mysbyleuers. / And whan the deuyll sawe your pryde & presumpcōn for to take you in ꝑ queste of the Sancgreall/ that made you for to be ouerthrowen/ for it may not be encheued but by vertuous ly/ uyng. Also the wrytyng on the crosse was a sygnyficacōn of heuenly dedes & of knyghtly dedes in goddys werkȝ & no knyghtly dedes in worldly wer: kes. & pryde is heed of al deedly sȳnes that causeth this knyght to depart fro Galahad. And where thou toke st the crowne of golde/thou synned in coue tyse & in theft/& thyse were no knyȝt ly dedes. And this Galahad the ho: ly knyghte the whyche foughte wyth the two knyghtes/ the two knyghtes sygnyfye the two deedly synnes why: che were hooly in this knyghte Mely as/ and they myghte not wythstonde you/for ye are wythout deedly synne Now departed Galahad fro thens & betaughte them al vnto god. ¶ Syre Melyas sayd/My lorde Galahad allone as I maye ryde I shall se you/ ¶ God send you good helth sayd Galahad. and so he tok his hors & departed. & rode many Journeyes forward & bakwarde as aduenture wolde lede hym. And at the laste it happyd hym to departe from a place or a castell ꝑ whyche was namyd Abblasoure. and he hyd herde no masse/ the whyche he was euer wonte to here or euer he de/

parted out of ony castell or place. and kepte that for a custome. Thenne syr Galahad came vnto a mountayne / where he founde ay olde chapell / and founde there no body / for all was desolate. And there he kneled tofore the awter / and beloughte god of holsome counsell. Soo as he prayed he herde a voys that sayde Goo thou now thou aduenturous knyghte to the castell of maydens / & there do thou awaye the wyckyd customes.

¶ How syr Galahad foughte wyth the knyghtes of the castel & dystroyed the wyckyd custome ¶ Capl'm .xv.

Thenne as syr Galahad herde this he thankyd god / and tok his hors / And he hadde not rydey but half a myle / he sawe iy a valeye afor hym a stronge castell wyth depe dychꝫ And ther ranne belyde it a fayr ryuer that hyghte Syuarne / And there he mette wyth a may of grete aege / and eyther salewed other. And Galahad alkyd hym & the castelles name. Fayr sire sayd he it is the castell of Maydens ¶ That is a cursyd castell sayd Galahad / and all they that hey conuer / saunt therin / For all pyte is out ther / of & al hardynesse. & myscheyf is ther in / therfore I counsell you syr knyghte to torne agayn. ¶ Syr sayd Galahad wyte ye well I shall not torne a / gayn. Thene lokyd syr Galahad on his armes that noo thynge fayled hym And they he put his shelde afore him And anone there mette hym. vij. fayr maydens / the whyche sayd vnto hym Syr knyghte ye ryde here iy a gret folly / for ye haue the water to passe ouer ¶ Why sholde I not passe the water sayd Galahad. So rode he away fro them & mette with a squyre that sayd Knyghte, tho knyghtes iy the castell defyey you / and forbydde you ye goo no ferder tyll that they wyte what ye wolde. ¶ Fayr syr sayde Galahad I tome for to dystroye the wycked custome of this castell. ¶ Syr sayd ꝑ squyre & ye woll abyde by that ye shall haue ynough to do. ¶ Goo you now sayd Galahad & hast my mater. They the squire entred iy to the castell. And anone after there came out of the castell. vij. knyghtes / & all were brethery And whan they sawe Galahad / they cryed Knyghte kepe the: for we assure the no thynge but dethe. ¶ Why sayd Galahad wyll ye all haue ado wyth me atte onys. ¶ Ye sayde they / therto mayst thou trust. Thenne Galahad put forth his spet & smote the formest to the erth / that nere he brake his necke. And therwyth all the other smote oy his shelde grete strokes so that ther speres brake. Thenne syr Galahad drew out his swerde / & set vpon them so harde that it was merueyle to se it & so thrugh grete force he made them to forsake the felde. & Galahad chaced them tyll they entred iy to the castell / and so passid thrugh the castel at a noother gate ¶ And there mette syr Galahad ay olde may clothed iy religyous clothynge & sayd Syr haue here the keyes of this castell. Thenne syr Galahad opened the gates & sawe soo moche people iy the strete: that he myghte not nombre them. And all sayd syr ye be welcome / for longe haue we abydey here oure delyueraunce. / ¶ They came to hym a gentylwoman

and sayd thyse knyghtes bey fledde / but they woll come agayn this nyght and here to bgynne agayn ther euyll custome. ¶ What woll ye that I shal do sayd Galahad ¶ Syr sayd ỹ gen tylwoman / that ye sende after all the knyghtes hyther that holde ther lon: des of this castell / and make them to swere for to vse the customes that we re vsed here tofore of olde tyme. ¶ I woll well sayde Galahad. And there she brōughte hym an horne of yuery / bounden wyth golde rychely / & sayde Syr blowe this horne whyche wol be herde two myles abowte this castell.: ¶ Whan syr Galahad hadd blowen the horne. he sette hym downe vpon a bedde. ¶ Theñe came a preest to Ga lahad & sayd Syr it is past a. vij. yere that thise. vij. brethern came in to this castell & herberowed wyth the lord of this castell / that hyghte the duke Lya nowre. And he was lord of all this co untree. And whan they aspyed the du kes douzter / that was a fayr woman Thenne by ther fals couyn they ma: de debate betwyxe themself / & the du: ke of his goodnes wolde haue depar / ted them / And there they slewe hym & his eldest sone. And thenne they toke the maydey & the tzelour of the castel And thenne by grete force they helde all the knyghtes of this castell ayenst ther wyll vnder ther obeyssaunce & in grete seruage & tuage. robbyng & pyl lyng the poore comyn people of all ỹ they had / So it happed on a daye the dukes doughter sayd / ye haue done to me grete wronge to slee myn owne fa der / my brother / and thus to hold our londes / Not for thy she sayd / ye shal not holde this castell for many yeres / for by one knyghte ye shall be ouer / come. Thus she prophecyed seuey ye: res passed. ¶ Wel sayd the. vij. knygh tes / sythey ye saye soo / there shall ne: uer lady nor knyghte passe thys castel but they shall abyde maugre ther he / des or deye therfore tyll that knyghte become by whom we shal lese this cas tell / And therfore it is called the may dens castell / for they haue deuoured many maydens. ¶ Now sayd Gala: had is she here for whome this castell was losse. ¶ Naye syre sayd the preest she deyed wythin thre nyghtes after ỹ she was thus enforced. And sithey ha ue they kepte her ponger syster wyche enduryth grete paynes wyth mo'other ladyes. ¶ By this were the knightes of the countree comey. And thenne he made them to doo homage & fewte to the dukes doughter. And sett them in grete ease of herte. And on the morne there came one to Galahad. and told him how that Gawayne / Gareth & Gwayne had slayne the. vij. brethern / ¶ I suppose well sayd syr Galahad And toke his armour & his hors / and cōmaunded them vnto god.

¶ How syr Gawayne came to the ab baye for to folowe Galahad: & how he was shryuen to an heremyte Capitulum xvi.

NOw sayth the tale After that syr Gawayne departed he ro de many Journeys both towarde and frowarde. ¶ And at the last he came to the abbaye where as syr Galahad had the whyte shelde. And there syre Gawayne lernyd the very waye for

to sewe after syre Galahad/And soo he rode to the Abbaye where Melyas lay syke. And there Melyas tolde syr Gawayne of the merueylous aduen/ture that syr Galahad dyd. ¶Certes sayd syr Gawayne I am not happy/ ye I toke not the waye that he wente/ for & I maye mete wyth hym I woll not departe from hym lyghtly. For al meruelous aduentures syre Galahad encheueth. ¶Syr sayd one of ye mon: kes he woll not of your felishyp. Why sayd syr Gawayne/ Syr sayd he for ye be wycked & synfull/and he is blyf ful. ¶Ryght as they thus stode talkyn ge there came in rydynge syr Gareth And thenne they made Joye eyther of other. & on the morne they herd masse & soo departed. And by the waye they mette wyth syre Dwayne le auoultre. And there syr Dwayne tolde syr Ga wayne how he had mette wyth none aduenture syth he departyd from the courte. ¶Nor we sayd syr Gawayne And eyther promised other of tho thre knyghtꝭ not to departe while they we re in that queste but yf fortune caused it ¶So they departed & rode by fortu ne tyll that they came by the castel of maydens. And there the.vij.brethern aspyed the thre knyghtes. And sayde. sythen we ben banisshed bi one knygh te from this castell / we shall dystroye all the knyghtes of kynge Arthurs ye we maye ouercome for the loue of syr Galahad. And therwyth ye.vij.knyz: tes sette vpon the thre knyghtes. And by fortune syr Gawayne slew one of the brethern/ & echone of his felowes slewe a nother/ and so slewe the seue naunt. And thenne they toke the way vnder the castell. And there they loste the way that syr Galahad rode/and there euerych of them departed from other. And syr Gawayne rode tyll he came to an hermytage/And there he founde the good may sayeng hys eue song of our lady. And there syr Ga/ wayne alyghd herberow for charyte/& the good may grauntyd it hym glad: ly. ¶Thenne the good may axed hȳ what he was. ¶Syr he sayd I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs/ that am in the queste of the Sancgreall/& my name is syr Gawayne. ¶Syr sayde the good may I woll wyte how it stō dyth betwyxe god & you. ¶Syr sayd syre Gawayne: I woll wyth a good wyll shewe you my lyf yf it plese you And there he tolde the heremyte. how a monke of an abbaye callyd me wyc kyd knyghte. ¶He myghte well saye it sayd the heremyte. For whan ye we re fyrste made knighte ye sholde haue taken you to knyghtly dedes & vertu: ous lyuynge/& ye haue doon the con/ trary. for ye haue lyued myscheuously many wynters/And syr Galahad is a mayde & synned neuer/ and that is the cause he shal encheue wh ere he go ye nor none suche shall not attayne nor noñ in your felishyp. For ye haue vsed the most vnkyndest lyf that euer I herde knyghte lyue/For certes had ye not ben so wyked as ye are/neuer had the.vij.brethern be slayne by you & yo ur two felowes / For syre Galahad hymselfe alone bete them all .vij. the day tofore. But his lyuynge is suche he shall slee noo may lyghtly. Also I may say you/the castell of Maydens betoken the good soules ye were in pry son afor the Incarnacōn of Jhesu crist ¶And the seuen knyghtes betokene

the seuen deedly synnes that regned ꝑ tyme in the worlde. And I may lyken the good Galahad vnto the sonne of the hyghe fader that lyghte wythin a mayde & boughte all the soules out of thralle. So dyd syr Galahad delyuer al the maydens out of the wooful cal tell. ¶ Now syr Gawayne sayd ꝑ go de may/ thou must doo penaunce for thy synne ¶ Syr what penaunce shal I do. ¶ Suche as I woll geue sayd ꝑ good may. ¶ Nay sayd syr Gawayñ I maye do no penaunce/ for we knyz tes aduenturous ofte suffre grete woo & payne. ¶ Well sayd the good may. & thenne he helde his peas. and beta/ ughte hym vnto god. And bi aduentu re he mette wyth syr Aglouale & syre Grysset two knyghtes of the table ro unde. And they two rode foure dayes wythout fyndynge of ony aduenture. And at the fyfth day/ they departyd. And eucryche held as fell them by ad uenture.

¶ Here leueth the tale of syr Gawayne & his felowes/ and spekyth of syr Galahad.

¶ How syr Galahad mette wyth syr Launcelot & wyth syr Percyuale: and smote theim downe and departed fro them Capl'm .xvij.

So whan syre Galahad was departyd fro ꝑ castel of May: dens/ he rode tyll he came to a wast fo rest/ and there he mette wyth syr Laũ celot & syr Percyuale/ but they knewe hym not/ for he was newe dysguysed ¶ Ryght soo syr Launcelot his fader dressid his spere and brake it vpoñ sir Galahad. And Galahad smote him so agayne that he smote downe horse and man. And thenne he drewe hys swerde/ and dressyd hym vnto syr Per cyuale/ and smote hym so oy the hel / me that it roue to the coyffe of stele. & had not the swerde swerued syr Per / cyuale had be slayne. And wyth ꝑ stro ke he felle oute of his sadyll. ¶ This Joustes was doon tofore the heremy / tage where a Recluse dwelled. ¶ And whan she saw syr Galahad ryde. she sayd God be wyth the beste knyghte of the worlde. A certes sayd she all a/ lowde that syr Launcelot & syr Percy uale myghte here it. And ponder two knyghtes had knowen the as well as I doo they wold not haue encountryd wyth the. ¶ Thenne whan syr Ga/ lahad herde her say so/ he was adrad to be knowe. Therwyth he smote his hors wyth the spurs and rode a grete paas frowarde them. Thenne percey ued they bothe that he was Galahad And vp they gate oy ther horses/ and rode faste after hym. But wyth in a/ whyle he was out of ther syghte. And thenne they torned agayne wyth heup chere. ¶ Lete vs aske some tydynges sayd syr Percyuale at ponder Recluse ¶ Doo as it lyketh you sayd syr La/ uncelot. ¶ Whan syr Percyuale came to the Recluse / she knewe hym well ynough & syre Launcelot bothe. But syr Launcelot rode ouerthwart & end longe in a wylde forest/ and helde no pathe/ but as wylde aduenture ladde hym. And at the last he came to a sto ny crosse. whyche departed two wayes in waste londe. And by the crosse was a stony that was of marbyll. But it was so derke ꝑ syr Launcelot myghte not wyte wel what it was. Thenne

syr Launcelot lokyd hy him.and saw ay olde chapel/and there he wende to haue found peple.And syr Launcelot tyed his hors to a tree/ & ther he dyde of his shelde & henge it vpon a tree/ a thenne he went vnto the chapell doze: & founde it waste & broken.And w̄ / in he founde a fayr awter ful rychely arayed with cloth of clene sylke.& there stode a fayr clene candylstyk/wyth che bare.vi.grete candellys . And the candylstyk was of syluer. And whan syr Launcelot saw this lyghte/he had grete wyll for to entree in to the cha / pell/but he cowde fynde no place where he myghte entree. Thenne was he passynge heuy & dysmayed.They he retorned & came to his hors.and dyde of his sadyll & brydyll & lete hym pas ture/And vnlacyd his helm̄/& vngyr de his swerde/ and layed hym downe to slepe on his shelde tofore ꝑ crosse.

¶How syre Laũcelot half slepynge & half wakynge sawe a syke may borne in a lytter.and how he was heelyd w̄ the Sancgreall ¶Capl'm .xviij.

AND so he fell on slepe/& halfe wakynge & slepyng he sawe come by hym two palfreys all fayr & whyte/the whyche bare a lytter/there in lyenge a syke knyghte.And whan he was nyghe the crosse/he there abo: de stylle. All this syr Launcelot sawe & behelde/for he slept not verply.and he herde hy̆ say/O swete lorde whan shall this sorowe leue me/and whañe shall the holy vessell come by me whe re thorugh I shall be blessid.For I ha ue endured thus longe/for lytyll trel / palle.A full grete whyle complayned the knyghte thus . And alwayes syre Launcelot herde it. ¶Wyth that syre Launcelot sawe the candylstyk wyth the syxe tapres come before the crosse/ And he sawe noo body that broughte it.Also there came a table of syluer & the holy vessell of the Sangreall/alle whyche syr Launcelot had seen afore tyme in kynge Petcheours hous.And therwyth the syke knyghte sette hym vp/and helde vp bothe his hondes/ & sayd Fayre swete lorde whyche is he: re wythin the holy vessel/take hede to me that I maye be hoole of this ma/ lady . And therwyth on his hondes & on his knees he went so nygh that he towched the holy vessell/and kyste it/ And anone he was hoole.And thenne he sayd Lorde god I thanke the/for I am heelyd of this sykenesse.So whan the holy vessell hadd ben there a grete whyle/ it went vnto the chapell wyth the chandeler & the syghte/so that syr Launcelot wyst not where it became/ for he was ouertaken wyth sy̆ne that he had noo power to ryse agaynst the holy vessell. Wherfore after that ma/ ny men sayde of hym shame/But he toke repentaunce after that. ¶They the syke knyghte dressid hym vp.and kyssed the crosse. ¶Anone his squyre broughte hym his armes/ And askyd his lorde how he dyde. ¶Truely say: de he I thanke god right wel.thrugh the holy vessell I am heelyd / But I haue ryght grete merueylle of this ple pynge knyghte that hath had neyther grace nor power to awake durynge ꝑ whyle that this holy vessell hath ben here present. ¶I dare ryght well say sayd the squyre that he dwelleth and is defoyled in some manere of deedly

lynne wherof he was neuer confessed By my fayth sayd the knyghte what someuer he be he is vnhappy. for as I deme he is of the felyship of the roun de table/the whiche is entred in to the queste of the Sancgreall. ¶ Syr sayd the squyre here I haue brought you al your armys saue youre helme & youre swerde/& therfor by myn assent now maye ye take thys knyghtes helme & his swerd/& so he dyde. And whan he was clene armyd he toke syr Launce: lots hors. for he was better than his & so departed they from the crosse.

¶ How a voys spake to syr Lañcelot & how he fonde his hors & his helme born away & after went on fote xix

Thenne anone syre Launcelot wakyd & let hym vp/and be/thoughte hym what he had seen there & whether it were dremes or not. Ryght so herde he a voys ꝑ sayd Syr Laun: celot more harder than is the stoon & more bytter than is the wood/& more nakyd and bare than is the leyf of ꝑ fygge tree. therfore goo thou fro hens & wythdrawe the from this holy pla ce/¶ And whan syr Launcelot herde this he was passinge heuy & wyst not what to to do/& so departyd sore we/pyng/and cursid ꝑ tyme that he was borne. For thenne he demyd neuer to haue had worshyp more. For the wor des went to his hert tyl that he knew wherfore he was callyd so. ¶ Thesñe syr Launcelot went to the crosse/ and founde his helme/his swerde and his hors takey awaye. And thenne he cal lyd hymself a veri wretche and moost vnhappy of alle knyghtes. And there he layd My synne & my wretchydnes hath brought me vnto grete dyshono ur. For whanue I soughte worldly ad uentures for worldly delyres I euer en cheued them. and had the better in eue ry place/and neuer was I dyscomfy: te in no quarell were it ryght or wron ge. And now I take vpon me the ad/ uentures of holy thynges/and now I see and vnderstonde/ that myne olde synne hyndreth me and shampyth me. soo that I had noo power to styre nor to speke whanne the holy blood appe red afore me. ¶ Soo thus he sorowed tyll it was daye: and herde the foules of the ayre synge. Thenne somwhat he was comforted/ But whanne syre Launcelot myst his hors & his harne ys thenne he wyst well god was dys/ pleysed wyth hym/ Thenne he depar ted from the crosse on fote in to a fo/ rest. And soo by prime he came to an hyghe hylle. and founde an heremyta tage and an heremyte therin/ why che was gooyng vnto masse. And thenne syr Launcelot knelyd downe/and cry ed on our lorde mercy for his wycked werkes. So whan masse was doon syr re Launcelot callyd the heremyte and prayed hym for charite for to here hir lyf/¶ Wyth a good wyll sayd the go de man. Syr sayde he be ye of kynge Arthurs courte and of the felyshyp of of the rounde table. ¶ Ye forsoth/and my name is syr Launcelot du Lake ꝑ hath ben ryght well sayd of/and gret ly magnyfyed/And now it is so/ my good fortune is chaunged/ For I am the most wretche & caytyf of the worl de. ¶ Thenne the heremyte behelde hym/and hadde grete merueylle how he was soo sore abasshyd. ¶ Syre

sayd the heremyte/ye oughte to thanke god more than ony knyght lyuyng for he hath caused you to haue more worldly worshyp than ony knyghte ꝑ now lyueth. And for your presumpcyon to take vppon you in deedly synne for to be in his presence where his flesshe & his blood was/ that caused you ye myght not se it wyth worldly eyen for he wold not apere where suche sy-ners be but yf it be vnto ther gret hurte & vnto ther grete shame. And there is noo knyghte lyuynge now ꝑ ought to geue to god so grete thanke as ye/ for he hath yeuen you bewte/semelynesse/& grete strengthe aboue all other knyghtes. And therfore ye are the more beholdynge to god: than ony other may/ to loue hym & drede hym for your strengthe and manhode woll lytyl auaylle you & god be ayenst you.

¶ How syr Launcelot was shryuen/ & what sorowe he made/ And of goode enlamples whyche were shewed to hym ¶ Capl'm .xx.

Thenne syr Laũcelot wept wyth heuy chere/and sayde Now I knowe well ye saye me sothe. ¶ Syre sayde the good man/ hyde none olde synne from me/ ¶ Truely sayd syre Launcelot/ that were me full lothe to dyscouer. For this fourtene yere I neuer dyscouered one thynge that I haue vsyd. And that maye I now wyte my shame & my dysauenture. & thenne he tolde there that good man alle his lyf. and how he had loued a quene vnmesurably & oute of mesure longe/ & al my grete dedes of armys that I haue done I dyd for the moost party for the quenes sake. And for her sake wolde I do batayll were it ryght or wronge/ and neuer dyde I bataylle all oonly for goddys sake/ but for to wynne worshyp/ & to cause me to be the better beloued/ & lytyll or nought I thanked god of it. ¶ They syr Launcelot sayd I pray you counsell me. ¶ I. wol counsell you sayd the heremyte/ yf ye woll ensure me that ye woll neuer comen in that quenes felyshyp as moche as ye maye forbere. ¶ And thenne syr Laũcelot promysed hym he nolde by ꝑ fayth of his body. ¶ Loke that youre herte & your mouthe accorde sayd the good may/ and I shall ensure you ye shal haue more worshyp than euer ye had ¶ Holy fader sayd syr Launcelot I merueylle of the voys that sayde to me merueyllous wordes / as ye haue herde tofore honde. ¶ Haue ye no merueylle sayd the good may therof/ for it semeth wel god loueth you. for men maye vnderstonde a stody is harde of hynde/ & namely one more than a nother/ and that is to vnderstond by the syr Launcelot. For thou wolt not leue thy synne for no goodnes that god hath sent the/ therfore ꝑ art more harder than ony stody/ And neuer wolde thou be made nesshe nother by water nor by fyre/ And that is/ the hete of ꝑ holy ghost may not entre in the. Now take hede in all the worlde men shall not fynde one knyghte to whom oure lord hath yeuen so moche of grace as our lorde hath yeuen you. For he hath yeuen you fayrnes wyth semely. es. / he hath yeuen you wytte & discrecyon to know good from euyll/ he hath yeuen you prowesse & hardynesse/ & geuen you to werke soo largely/ that ye

haue had at all dayes the better whē
some euer ye came. And now our lord
woll suffre you no lenger/but that ye
shall knowe hym whether ye wyll or
not. And why the boys callyd the byt
ter thay wood / for where ouermoche
synne dwelleth/there maye be but ly/
tyll swetnesse/Wherfore thou arte lyk
ned to ay olde rotey tree. Now haue I
shewed the why thou art harder thay
the stoon & bytterer thay ꝑ tree. Now
shall I shewe the why thou art more
naked & barer thay the sygge tree. It
befel that our lorde on Palmesonday
prechyd in Jherusalem / and there he
founde in the people that all hardnes
was herberowed in them. And ther he
founde in alle the towne not one that
wolde herberowe hym/& they he went
e wythout the towne & founde in the
myddes of the way a syggetree ꝑ whi
che was ryght fayr & well garnisshed
of leues/but frute had it none. They
our lorde cursyd the tree that bare noo
fruyte/ that betokenyth the syggetree
vnto Jherusalem that had leues & no
fruyte ¶ So thou syr Laūcelot whan
the holy Grayle was broughte afore
the/he fonde in the no fruyte/nor goo
de thought nor good wyll & defoylled
wyth lechery. ¶ Certes sayd syre Laū
celot/all that ye haue sayde is true/&
from henceforwarde I caste me by the
grace of god neuer to be so wycked as
I haue bey/but as to folowe knyght:
hode & to doo fetys of armys. They
the good man Joyned syre Launcelot
suche penaunce as he myghte do/and
to sewe knyghthode/And so assoylled
him. and prayed syr Launcelot to abi
de wyth hym al that day. ¶ I wol wel
sayde syr Launcelot/ For I haue ney:
ther helme nor hors nor swerde. ¶ As
for that sayde the good man I shall
helpe you or to morne atte euen of ay
hors and alle that longyth vnto you/
¶ And thēne syr Launcelot repentyd
hym gretly./

¶ HERe leuyth the story of syre
Launcelot/And so endyth the.xiij.bo
ke of this present volume.

Here folowyth the.xiiij. boke. whyche treatith of syr Percyuale de Galys.

How syr Percyuale came to a Recluse and asked her counsell. and how she tolde hym that she was his aunte. Capitulum Primum

NOw sayth the tale/ that whan syr Launcelot was ryden after syre Galahad/ the whyche had all thyse aduentures aboue sayd Syr Percyuale torned agayn vnto the Recluse/ where he demyd to haue tydynges of that knyghte that syr Launcelot folowed. And so he knelid at her wyndowe/ & the Recluse openyd it/ & askyd syre Percyuale what he wolde. ¶ Madame he sayd I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs courte/ & my name is syr Percyuale de Galys. Whan the Recluse herde his name she had grete Joye of him/ for gretly she loued him tofore alle other knyghtes/ for so she owed to do for she was his aunt. And thenne she cõmaunded the gates tobe opened. And there he had all the chere that she myghte make hym/ & al that was in her power was at his cõmaundement. So on the morn syr Percyuale went to the Recluse/ & asked her yf she knewe that knyght wyth the white shelde. Syr sayd she why wolde ye wyte. Truely madame sayd syr Per:

cyuale I shal neuer be we
that I knowe of that knyg
shyp/& that I maye fyghe
for I maye not leue hym
for I haue the shame yet/
uale sayde she/Wolde ye fy
him/I se well ye haue grete
slayne as your fader was th
rageoulnes. ¶Madame sayd
cyuale it semyth by your word
ye knowe me. ¶ Ye sayde she/
oughte to knowe you/ for I am
aunt/all though I be in a pryory p
ce / for some callyd me somtyme th
quene of the wast londes. And I was
callyd the quene of mooste ryches in
the worlde / And it pleysed me neuer
my ryches somoche as dooth my po
uerte. Thenne syr Percyuale wept for
very pyte whan that he knewe it was
his aunte/¶A fayr neuewe sayde she
whane herde ye tidynges from youre
moder. ¶ Truly sayd he I herde not
of her / But I dreme of her moche in
my slepe/& therfore I wote not whe
ther she be deed or on lyue. ¶ Certes
fayr neuewe sayde she/your moder is
deed. For after your departynge from
her/she toke suche a sorowe that ano:
ne after she was confessyd she deyed/
¶Now god haue mercy on her soule
sayd syr Percyuale/it sore forthȳketh
me/but all we must chaunge the lyf/
¶ Now fayre aunte telle me what is
the knyghte/I deme it be he that bare
the redde armys on Wytsondaye. Wy
te ye wel sayd she that is he/for other
wyse oughte he not to doo/but to goo
in redde armys. And that same knyz:
te hath noo pere/for he werkyth al bi
myracle. And he shall neuer be ouerco
me of none erthly mānys honde.

ye h
faders &
and ther wy
be of your felysh
you/ for lyth ye dep
moder/ye wolde neuer
de suche felyshyp at the tabl
Whan Merlyn had ordeyned the
de table he sayd by them whyche shou
de be felowes of the rounde table/ the
frouth of the Sancgreall shall be wel
knowen. And men askyd hym how
men myghte knowe them that sholde
best doo to encheue the Sancgreall /
Thenne he sayde there sholde be thre
whyte bulles that sholde encheue it/&
the two sholde be maydens. & the thyr
de sholde be chaste. And that one of ȳ
thre sholde passe his fader/ as moche
as the lyon passyth the lybarde bothe
of strengthe & hardynesse. They that
herde Merlyn say so/ sayd thus vnto
Merlyn. Sythen there shall be suche
a knyghte thou sholdest ordeyn by thy
crafte a sege that no man sholde sytte
in it: but he all oonly that shall passe
all other knyghtes / Thenne Merlyn

…de the awter he sawe a ry…
…e a fayr as of cloth of sylk
…Thenne syr Percyuale aspy
…was a may or a woman/
…sage was couerde. Thenne
…his lokynge & herde his ser
…whay it came to the sacryn
…at laye wythin that percloos
…ym vp & vncouerid his heed
…nne hym belemyd a passynge
…ay. & he had a crowne of golde
…his heed/And his sholders were
…yd & vnheled vnto his nauyl. and
…enne syr Percyuale alyyed his bodi
was full of grete woundes bothe oyn
sholders/armes & vysage. And euer
he helde vp his hondes ayenst our lor:
des body/and cryed Fayr swete fader
Jhesu Cryste forgete not me. & soo he
laye downe. But alwayes he was in
his prayers & oryons. And hȳ semed
to be of the aege of thre hundred wȳ/
ter. And whay the masse was dony
prest toke our lordes body & bare it to
the syk kyng. And whan he had vsed
it he dyde of his crowne/and cōmaun
ded the crowne to be sett oy the awter
¶ Thenne syre Percyuale askyd one
of the brethery what he was. ¶ Syre
sayd the good man/ye haue herde mo
che of Joseph of Armathye /how he
was sent by Jhesu Crist in to this lon
de for to preche & teche the holy Cristē
fayth/ And therfore he suffred many
persecucōns the whiche the ennmyes of
Criste dyde vnto hym. And in the cy:
te of Sarras he conuertyd a kynge /
whos name was Euelak. And so this
kyng came with Joseph in to this lon
de. And euer he was bely to be thēr al
the Sancgreall was. And oy a tyme
he nyghed it so nye that our lord was

…lyr Percyuale came in to a mo:
nestery where he founde kyng Euela
ke whyche was ay olde may .iij.

Thenne departyd syr Percyuale
from his aunte eyther makȳ:
ge gret sorowe. And so he rode tyl eue
longe tyme. And then he herde a clok
smyte. And thenne he was ware of an
hous closyd well wyth walles & depe
dyches. And there he knockyd att the
gate & was lete in. And he alyghte/ &
was ladde in to a chambre/and soone
he was vnarmyd. And there he hadde
ryght good chere all that nyghte. and
oy the morne he herde his masse. And
in the monestery he founde a preest re
dy at the awter. And oy the ryght sy:
de he sawe a pewe closyd wyth grey /

dyspleysed wyth hym. But euer he fo lowed it more & more/ tyll god stroke hym almoost blynde. Then this kyn ge cryed mercy/& sayd Fayr lorde le/ te me neuer deye tyll the good knygh te of my blood of the nynth degree be come that I may se hym openly that he shall encheue the Sancgreall that I maye kysse hym.

How syr Percyuale sawe many men of armys berynge a deed knyghte / & how he foughte ayenst them .iiij.

Thenne whañe the kynge thus had made his prayers he her/ de a voys ꝑ sayd Herde hey thy pray: ers/for thou shalt not deye tyll he ha: ue kysse the / And whay the knyghte shall come :the clereneste of your eyen shall come ayen & ye shall se openly / your woundes shall be helyd/and erst shall they neuer close. And this befell of kynge Euelake. And this same kyn ge hath lyued thise thre hundred wyn ters this holy lyf. And men sayen the knyghte is in the courte that shall hee le hym. ¶ Syr sayde the good may I pray you telle me what knyghte that ye be/ and yf ye be of kynge Arthurs courte & of the table rounde. ¶ Ye for soth sayd he/ & my name is syr Percy uale de Galys. And whay the good may vnderstode his name he made gre te Joye of hym. And thenne syr Percy uale departed & rode tyll the houre of noone. And he mette in a valey abow te a.xx.men of armys. whyche bare in a bere a knyghte deedly slayne. /And whay they saw syr Percyuale they al kid him of whens he was. And he an swerde of the courte of kynge Arthur Thenne they cryed all at onys slee hym Thenne syr Percyuale smote the fyr ste to the erth & his hors vpon hym/& thenne. vij. of the knyghtes smote vp: on his shelde all at onys/ & the reme/ naunt slew hys hors so that he fell to the erthe. So had they slayne hym or taken hym had not the good knyghte syre Galahad wyth the redde armys come there by aduenture in to tho par tyes: And whay he sawe all tho knyg tes vppon one knyghte/he cryed saue me that knyghtes lyf. And thenne he dressyd hym toward the.xx.men of ar mys as faste as his hors myghte dry/ ue wyth his spere in the rest/and smo te the formest hors & may to the erthe And whay his spere was broken / he sette his honde to his swerde & smote on the ryght honde & on the lyft hon/ de that it was merueylle to se. And at euery stroke he smote one doune or put him to a rebuke. so that they wold fyg te nomore. but fledde to a thyck forest And syr Galahad folowed hem. And whay syr Percyuale sawe syr Gala: had chace theim so/ he made grete so/ rowe that his hors was away. & they he wist wel it was syr Galahad. And thenne he cried alowde A fayr knygh te abyde & suffre me to do thankyngs vnto the/ for moche haue ye doon for me/ But euer syr Galahad rode soo fast that at last he past out of his syg te. And as faste as syr Percyuale myg te he went after hym on fote cryenge. And thenne he mette wyth a yoman ry dyng vpon ay hakney the whiche lad in his hond a grete stede blacker than ony beere. ¶ A fayre frende sayd syre Percyuale as euer I maye doo for you & to be your true knyghte in the fyrst

place ye wol requyre me or desyr of me ony thyng that ye woll lene me that: blacke stede that I myght ouertake a knyghte the whyche rydeth afore me. ¶ Syre knyghte sayde the yoman I pray you holde me excused of that.for that I maye not do. For wyte ye well the hors is suche a mannys hors that & I lent it you or ony man ꝑ he wolde slee me: ¶ Alas sayde syr Percyuale I had neuer soo grete sorowe as I haue had for lesyng of yond knyght. ¶ Sire sayde the yoman I am ryght heuy for you.for a gode hors wolde beseme you well / but I dare not delyuer you this hors but yf ye wolde take hȳ fro me. ¶ That woll I not doo sayde syr Percyuale/and so they departed. And syr Percyuale sat hym downer vnde a tree & made sorow out of mesur. And as he was there there came a knygh/ te rydyng on the hors that the yoman laadde/& he was clene armyd.

¶ How a yoman desyred hym to gete agayn ay hors/and how syr Percyua les hakneye was slayne/ and how he gate ay hors. ¶ Capĩ .v.

AND anone the yoman cam̃ ri dyng after as faste as euer he myghte. And asked syr Percyuale yf he sawe ony knyghte rydynge on hys blacke stede. ¶ Ye syr forsoth sayd he. Why syr aske ye me that. ¶ A syr sayde the yoman that stede he hath taken from me wyth strengthe. wherfor my lorde wol slee me in what place he fȳ deth me. ¶ Well sayd syr Percyuale/ what woldest thou that I dyde / thou seest well that I am on fote/ but and I had a good hors I shold brynge hȳ soone agayne ¶ Syr sayd the yoman take myn hakney & do the best ye can and I shall sewe you on fote to wyte how ꝑ ye shal spede. Thenne syr Per cyuale mounted vpon that hakney & rode as faste as he myghte. And atte the laste he sawe that knyghte. And thenne he cryed knyghte torne agayn And he torned & sette his spere ayenst syr Percyuale/ And he smote the hak ney in the myddes of the brest that he felle downe deed to the erth/ and ther̄ he had a grete falle. And the other rode his waye. And thenne syr Percyua le was wood wrothe / & cryed Abyde wycked knyghte cowarde & fals her/ ted knyghte/torne agayn & fyghte wt̄ me on fote. But he answerde not but past on his waye. Whan syr Percyua le sawe he wolde not torne he caste a/ way his helme & swerde. & sayd/ now am I a very wretche/ cursyd & moost vnhappy aboue alle other knyghtes. So in this sorowe he abode all ꝑ day tyll it was nyghte / & thenne he was feynte and layed hym downe & slepte tyll it was mydnyghte. And thenne he awaked & sawe afore hym a woman whyche sayd vnto hym ryght fyersly Syr Percyuale what doost thou here he answerde I doo neyther good nor grete yll. ¶ Yf thou wolt ensure me sa yd she that thou wylt fulfyll my wyll whan I somone the / I shall lene the myn owne hors/whiche shall bere the whither thou wylt. ¶ Syr Percyuale was gladde of her profre and ensured her to fulfyll all her desyre. ¶ Thenne abyde me here sayd she & I shall go & fetche you ay hors. And soo she came soone agayne & broughte ay hors wt̄ her that was Inly blacke. Whan syre

percyuale beheldе that hors/ he merueylled þ it was so grete & so wel apparelled. And not for they he was so hardy/ & he lepte vpon hym/ & toke none hede of hymself. And so anone as he was vpon hȳ/ he threste to hym wyth his spores/ & so rode by a forest/ & the mone shone clere. And within an houre & lesse he bare hym fourе dayes Journey thens vntyll he came to a rouh water/ the whyche rorpd / & his horse wolde haue born hym in to it.

¶ Of the grete daunger that syr Percyuale was in by hys hors / and how he sawe a serpent and a lyon fyghte/

¶ Capitulum .vi.

AND whan syr percyuale cam nyghe the brȳme/ & sawe the water so boystous/ he dowted to passe ouer it. And thenne he made a sygne of the crosse in his foreheed. Whan the fend felt hym so charged/ he shoke of syr percyuale. & he went in to þ water crienge & rorynge makynge grete sorowe. And it semyd vnto hym that the water brent: Thenne syr Percyuale perceyued it was a fende the whiche wolde haue broughte hȳ vnto his perdicȳon. Thenne he cōmaunded hymself e vnto god/ & prayed our lorde to kepe hym from all suche temptacȯns/ & so he prayed all that nyghte tyll on þ morne that it was day. Then he sawe þ he was in a wylde mountayn/ whyche was closed wyth the see nyghe all aboute þ he myghte se no londe aboute hȳ whyche myghte releue hym but wylde beestis: And thenne he went in to a valeye /and there he sawe a yonge serpent brynge a yonge lyon by the necke. And so he came by syr Percyuale. Wyth that came a grete lyon cryenge & rorynge after the serpent. And as soone as syre Percyuale sawe this/ he merueylled/ & hyed hym thyther. But anone the lyon had ouertake the serpent/ & beganne bataylle wyth hym. And thenne syr Percyuale thoughte to helpe the lyon for he was the more natuel beest of the two. And there he gaue the serpent suche a buffet þ he had a deedly wōunde. Whan the lyon sawe that/ he made no semblaunt to fyght wyth hym/ but made hym all the chere that a beest myghte make a mayne. Thenne syr Percyuale perceyued that & cast downe his shelde/ whyche was broken/ & thenne he dide of his helme for to gadre wynde/ for he was gretly enchaufed wyth the serpent. And the lyon went alwaye abowte hym fawnynge as a spanyell. And thenne he strokyd hym on the necke & on þ sholders. And thenne he thankyd god of the felyshyp of that beest. And abowte noone the lyon toke his lytyll whelpe and trussyd him and bare hym there he came fro. Thenne was syr Percyuale alone. ¶ And as the tale telleth he was one of þ men of the worlde at that tyme/ whyche moste byleued in our lorde Jhesu Cryste/ For in those dayes there were but fewe folkes þ byleued in almyghty god ther Rederner perfyghtly. For in those dayes þ sone sparyd not the fader no more in consyderacȯn than a straunger. And so the noble knyghte syr Percyuale cōforted hymself in our lord Jhesu. And besoughte god noo temptacyon sholde brynge ne peruerte hym oute of al: myghty goddys seruyse/ but to endure & perseuere as his true champyon/

Thus whay syr Percyuale had pray ed/he sawe the lyon came towarde hȳ & thenne he cowchyd downe at his fe te. And so alle ꝑ nyghte the lyon & he slepte togyders. And whan syr Percy uale slept he dremed a merueylous dre me: That there two ladyes mette wt hym/& that oñ sate vpon a lyon/and that other sate vpon a serpent/& that one of them was yonge and the other was olde. And the yongest hȳ though te sayd syr Percyuale my lord salew eth the/& sendith the worde ꝑ thou a: raye the & make the redy/for to mory ꝑ must fyghte wyth the strongest chā pyon of the worlde/And yf ꝑ be ouer: come/thou shalt not be quyte for lesȳ ge of ony of thi membres/but ꝑ shalt be shamyd for euer tō the worldes en: de/And thenne he axid her what wal her lorde/ & she sayd the grettest lorde of all the worlde/And so she departid sodenly ꝑ he wyst not where.

¶How the aduylon ꝑ syr Percyuale sawe/& how his aduylon was expow ned/& of his lyon Capl'm vij.

Thenne came forth the other la: dy that rode vpon the serpent And she sayd/syr Percyuale I cōplay ne me of you ꝑ ye haue done vnto me & haue not offended vnto you/Certel madame he sayd/ vnto you nor no la dy I neuer offended/ Yes sayde she / I shall tel you why/I haue nourished in this place a grete while a serpent whi che serued me a grete whyle/& yester/ day ye slewe hym as he gate his proy Saye me for what cause ye slewe hȳ For the lyon was not yours/Mada / me sayd syr Percyuale I knowe well ꝑ lyon was not myn/but I dyd it/for ꝑ lion is of more gentyller nature thā the serpent/& therfor I slew hym/Me lemyth I dyde not amys agaynst you Madame sayd he what wolde ye that I dyd/I wolde sayd she for the amen des of my beest ꝑ ye become my may/ And thenne he answerde/that woll I not graunt you/ Noo sayd she Tru : li ye were neuer but my seruaunt/syn ye receyued the homage of oure lorde Jhesu Cryste/Therfore I enlure you in what place I may fynde you wyth out kepyng I shal take you as he that somtym was my may/ And so she de parted from syr Percyuale & left hym sleppynge/ the whyche was sore trauey led of his aduylon. And on the mor/ ne he arose & blessid him/and he was passynge feble. Thenne was syr Per: cyuale waxe in the see/and saw a ship come saylynge towarde hym. And si re Percyuale went vnto the shyp/and founde it couered wythin & wythoute wyth whyte lampte. And at the borde stode an old may clothed in a surples in lyknesse of a preest. ¶Syr sayd syr Percyuale ye be welcome. ¶God he/ pe you sayd the good may. ¶Syr sa yd/the old may of whens be ye. ¶Sy re sayd syr Percyuale I am of kynge Arthurs courte/and a knyghte of the table rounde/ꝑ whiche am in the quel te of the Sanegreall. And here I am in grete durelle & myserye / and neuer am lyke to escape oute of this wylder nesse. ¶Dowte ye not sayde the good may and ye be soo true a knyghte as the order of Chyualry requyreth: and also of herte as ye oughte & sholde be Ye shold not dowte nor mystrust that none enmye shalde slay nor fere you/

What are ye layd syr Percyuale. Syr layd the olde may I am of a straunge countree/ & hyther I come to comfort you. ¶ Syr layd syr Percyuale what sygnyfyeth my dreme that I dremyd this nighte. And there he tolde him al togider. ¶ She whiche rode vpon the lyon layd the good may betokenyth ꝑ newe lawe of holy chyrche/ ꝑ is to vnderstonde Faythe/good hope/byleue/ & baptym. For she semyd yonger than ꝑ other / it is grete mealoy/ For she was born tythe Resurrecciõ & the passyon of our lorde Jhesu Cryst. And for grete loue she came to the/ to warn̄ the of thy grete batayle that shall befall the ¶ W̄ whom layd syr Percyuale shall I fyghte ¶ Wyth the mooste champyon of the worlde sayde the olde may / For as the lady sayd/ but yf thou quyte the well thou shalt not be quytte by lesyng of one membre/ but thou shalt be shamed to the worldes ende ¶ And she that rode vpon the serpent sygnyfyeth the olde lawe/ & that serpent betokenyth a fende . And why she blamed the that thou slewest her seruaunte/ it betokenyth no thynge. The serpent that thou slewest betokenyth the deuyll ꝑ thou rodest vpon to the roche And whan ꝑ made a sygne of ꝑ croise there thou slewe him/ & put away his power. And whan she axyd the amendes & to become her may/ & thou sayd thou wold not/ ꝑ was to make the to bileue on her & leue thi baptim. ¶ So he cõmaunded sir Percyuale to departe. And so he lept ouer the borde. & the shyp & al went away he wyst not whither. Then he went vp vnto the roche & fonde ꝑ lyon ꝑ alway kept hym̄ fely: shyp. & had grete Joye of hym.

¶ How syr Percyuale sawe a shyp comynge towarde hym/ & how the lady of the shyppe tolde hym of her dyshe: rytaunce. ¶ Capl'm viij.

By that syr Percyuale had abydey there tyll myddaye/ he saw a shyppe come rowynge in the see as all the wynde of the worlde had dryuen it/ & so it droof vnder that roche/ And whan syre Percyuale sawe this/ he hyed hym̄ thyther/ & fonde the shyp couerd with sylke more blacker than ony beer. And therin was a gentyl woman of grete bewte/ & she was clothed rychely ꝑ none myghte be better. And whan she sawe syr Percyuale/ she sayde Who broughte you in this wyldernesse / where ye be neuer lyke to passe hens/ for ye shal deye here for hunger & myscheef. ¶ Damoysell sayde syre Percyuale I serue the best may of the world/ & in his seruyse he wol nor suffre me to deye/ for who that knocketh shall entree / & who that axeth shall haue/ & who seketh hym he hideth hym̄ not. ¶ But they she sayd sir Percyuale wote ye what I am. ¶ Ye sayde he. ¶ Now who taught you my name sayd she. ¶ Now sayde syr Percyuale I know you better than ye wene/ & I come out of the wast forest wher̄ I fond the redde knyghte w̄ the whyte shelde sayd ꝑ damoysel. ¶ A damoysel sayd he w̄ that knight wold I mete passyng fayn ¶ Syr sayd she/ & ye wol endure me by the fayth ꝑ ye owe vnto knyghthode ꝑ ye shal do my wyll what tyme I somone you/ I shall brynge you to ꝑ knyght. ¶ Ye sayd he I shal promyse you your desyre. ¶ Well sayd she I shall tell you/ I sawe hym̄ in the forest

chacynge two knightes vnto a water the whiche is called Mortayle/and he droue them in to that water for drede of deth. And the two knyghtes palled ouer/& the redde knyght pallyd after & thet his hors was drowned. And he thrugh grete strengthe escaped vnto ỹ londe. Thus she tolde him/& syr Percyuale was passynge gladde therof. Thenne she askyd hym yf he had ete ony mete late. ¶ Nay madame truely sayd he I ete no meete nygh this thre dayes / But late here I spake wyth a good man that fedde me wyth his gode wordes & holy/& refrellhed me gretly. ¶ A syr knyghte sayde she/ ỹ same man is an enchaunteur & a multyplyer of wordes. For & ye byleue hym ye shal playnly be shamed & deye in this rocke for pure hungre/& be etey wyth wylde beestꝭ: and ye be a ponge man & a goodly knyghte/ And I shall help you & ye woll/ ¶ What are ye sayd syre Percyuale ỹ profreth me this grete kyndnesse. ¶ I am sayd she a gentyl woman that am dysheryted / whyche was somtyme the rychelte woman of ỹ worlde. ¶ Damoysell sayd syr Percyuale who hath dysheryted you/ for I haue grete pyte of you. ¶ Syr sayd she I dwellyd wyth the grettelte man of the world/& he made me so fayr & so clere that there was none lyke me/ And of that grete bewte I had a lytyl pryde more than I ought to haue had Also I sayd a worde that pleysed him not / & thenne he wolde not suffre me to be ony lenger in his company/& so droue me from myn herytage/and so soo dysheryted me. And he had neuer pyte of me nor of none of my counsel nor of my courte/& sythen syr knyzte it hath befalle me so/ and thrugh me & myn I haue take fro hym many of his men/& made them becom̃ my men for they alke neuer no thynge of me: but I geue it them that & moche mor Thy I & all my seruañtes were agaynst hym nyghte & daye. Therfore I know now noo good knyghte nor no good may but I gete them on my syde & I maye. And for that I knowe ỹ thou art a good knyght/ I beleche the to helpe me. And for ye be a felowe of the Rounde table wherfore ye oughte not to fayle no gentylwoman whiche is dysheryted/ & she beloughte you of helpe.

¶ How syre Percyuale promysed her helpe/& how he requyred her of loue/ And how he was saued fro the layde fende. ¶ Capl'm .ix.

Thenne syr Percyuale promysed her all the helpe ỹ he myghte. And thenne she thanked him. And at ỹ tyme the weder was hote. Thenne she callid vnto her a gentilwoman. & badde her brynge forth a pauelyon/& so she dyde/& pyghte it vpon the gras uell. ¶ Syr sayd she/ now may ye rest you in this hete of the daye. They he thanked her/ & she put of his helme & his shelde & there he slept a grete whyle. And thenne he awoke / and asked her yf she hadd ony meete. ¶ And she sayde ye/ye shall haue ryght ynough And so there was sette ynough vpon the table. And there was so grete plentee that he hadde merueylle. For there was all manere of meetes that he coude thynke on. Also he dranke thēr the strongest wyne that euer he dranke at hym thoughte. And therwyth alle he

was a lytyll chafed more thay he ouh te to be. Wyth that he beheldē the gen tylwomay/ & hym thoughte she was the fayrest creature that euer he sawe. And thēne syr Percyuale profred her loue / & prayed her that she wolde be his. Thenne she refusid hym in a ma nere whay he requyred her for by cau: se he shold be the more ardaunt on her And euer he lessyd not to pray her of loue. And whay she sawe hym wel en chafed/thenne she sayd Syr Percyua le wyte you wel I shall not fulfyll yo ur wyll/ but yf ye swere from henfor the ye shall be my true sernaunt/ & to do no thynge but that I shall cōmaū de you. / Wyll ye ensure me this as ye be a true knyghte: ¶ Ye sayd he fayre lady by the fayth of my body. ¶ Well sayd she now shall ye do wt me what so it pleyse you. And now wite ye wel ye are the knyghte in the worlde that I moost desyre to. And they two squy res were cōmaunded to make a bedde in the myddes of the pauelyon. And anone she was vnclothed & layed ther in. And then syre Percyuale layed hȳ downe by her naked. And by aduentu re & grace/ he sawe hys swerde lye on the grounde nakyd/ in whoos pomell was a redde crosse/ & the sygne of the crucifyx therin. And bethoughte hym on his knyzthode & his promyse ma: de tofore honde vnto the good may / Thenne he made a sygne of the crosse in his forehed/and therwyth the pa/ uelyon torned vp so downe / & thenne it chaungyd vnto a smoke & a blacke clowde/ And thenne he was adradde & cryed alowde.

¶ How syre Percyuale for penaunce

roof hymself thrugh the thyghe/And how she was knowen for the deuyll / ¶ Capl'm .x.

HAyr swete fader Jhesu Cryste ne lete me not be shamyd/ the whyche was nyghe lost hadd not thy grace bey. And thenne he lokyd in to a shyppe/and sawe her entree therin. Whyche sayde. syr Percyuale ye haue betrayed me. And so she went wyth ꝑ wynde rorynge & yellynge that it se/ myd al ꝑ water brent after her. Then syr Percyuale made grete sorowe. and drewe his swerde vnto hym. sayenge/ Sythen my flesshe wol be my mayst/ ter I shall punysshe it/ & therwyth he roof hymself thrugh the thyghe/that the blood stert abowte him/ & sayd O good lorde take this in recompensacyon of that I haue done ayenst the my lorde. So thenne he clothed hym & ar myd hym/and callid hymself a wrec che/ sayenge how nyghe was I loste. & to haue loste that I sholde neuer ha ue gotten ayen/that was my vyrgyny te/for that maye neuer be recouerd af ter it is ones loste. And thenne he stop pyd his bledynge wounde wyth a pyec ce of his sherte. ¶ Thus as he made his mone he sawe the same shypp fro the-orient come ꝑ the good may was in the daye afore. And the noble knyz te was ashamyd wyth hymself. & ther wt he felle in a swowne/ & whan he a: woke he went vnto hym wekely & the re he salewed this good may. & thēne he axed syr Percyuale how he had do syn I departed. Syr he sayd het was a gentylwomay ꝑ ladd me in to deed ly sȳne. & tolde hym al. Knewe ye her not sayd the good may. Nay sayd he

but well I wote the fende sent her hyther to shame me. ¶ O gode knyghte sayd he thou art a fole. for that gentyl woman was the mayster fende of hel the whyche hath power aboue all deuylles/ And that was the olde lady ꝑ thou sawest in thyn aduisyon rydyng ony the serpent ¶ Thenne he tolde syr Percyuale how our lorde Jhesu Cryst bete him out of heuen for his syñe/ the whyche was the mooste bryghtest aungell of heuen/ and therfore he lost his heritage. And that was the champion that thou foughtest wyth all/ the whyche had ouercom̃ the/ had not the grace of god be/ Now beware syr Percyuale & take this for ay enlample. And thenne the good man vanyshed away ¶ Thenne syr Percyuale toke his armes & entred in to the shyppe/ and so departyd from thens.

HERe endyth the.xiiij. boke whyche is of syr Percyuale. ¶ And folowyth the.xv. boke whyche is of syr Launcelot du Lake.

How syr Launcelot came in to a chapell where he founde deed in a whyte sherte a man of Relygyon of an hundred wynter olde. Capl'm Primum

DOw whan the here / myte hadde kept syr Launcelot thre dayes the heremyte gate hȳ ay hors/ay helme/& a swerde. And thenne he departid aboute the hour of noone And thenne he sawe a lytyll houle/& whan he came nere he sawe a chapell and ther beside he sawe ay olde man that was clothed all in whyte full ryche. And thenne syr Launcelot sayd god saue you. ¶ God kepe you sayde the good man/ and make you a good knyghte. Thenne syr Launcelot alyghte & entred in to the chapell/and there he sawe ay olde man deed in a whyte sherte of passynge fyne cloth. ¶ Syre sayde the good man thys man that is deed ought not to be in suche clothyng as yese hym in/ For in that he brake the othe of his ordre/ For he hath ben more than an hundred wynter a man of a religyon. And then the gode man & syr Launcelot went in to the chapel And the gode man toke a stole aboute his neck & a boke. And thenne he contynued on that boke / And wyth that they sawe in an hydous fygure & horryble that ther was noman so harde herted nor so hardi but he sholde haue be afeerde. ¶ Thenne sayde the fende Thou hast trauayled me gretly/ Now tell me what thou wolt wyth me. ¶ I woll sayd the good man that thou telle me how my felowe became deed/& whether he be saued or dampned ¶ Then he sayd wyth ay horryble voys/ he is not lost but saued. ¶ How maye that be sayd the good man/it semyd to me that he lyued not well / For he brake his ordre for to were a sherte where he oughte to were none. And who that telleth pastich ayenst our ordre doth not wel ¶ Not so sayd the fende/this man that lyeth hēr deed was come of a grete lygnage. And there was a lorde that hyghte the erle de Dale that helde grete werre ayenst this mannys neuewe/ the whyche hyght Aguarus. And so this Aguarus sawe the erle was byggar than he/ Thenne he went for to take counsell of his vncle the whyche lyeth here deed as ye maye se. And thenne he askid leue & went out of his hermytage for to mayntene hys neuew ayenst the myghty erle. And so it happyd that thys man that lyeth here deed dyde so moche by hys wysdom & hardynesse that the erle was take & thre of hys lordys by force of this deed man.

¶ How men wold haue hewen a deed man & it wolde not be/& how syr Launcelot toke the hayre of the deed man ¶ Capl'm .ij.

Thenne was thēr peas betwyxe the erle & this Aguarus & grete sureté/ that the erle sholde neuer werre ayenst hym. Thenne this deed man that here lyeth came to this hermytage a/gayn. And thēne the erle made two of hys neuewes for to be auenged vpon this man. So they came on a daye & fonde this deed man at the sacryng of his masse/and they abode him tyll he had sayd masse. And thenne they sett vpon hym & drewe out swerdes to haue slayne hym. But there wolde noo swerde byte on hym more than vpon a gadde of stele/for the hye lorde whyche he serued he him preserued. Then made they a grete fyre/ & dyde of alle his clothes & the hayre of his backe/& thenne this deed man heremyte sayde

vnto them/ wene ye to brenne me/ It shall not lye in your power nor to pe: ryshe me as moche as a shrede & ther̄ were ony oy my bodi¶ Noo sayd one of them/it shall be assayed/ And they they dyspoylled hym & put vpon him this sherte/ & threwe hym in the fyre. And there he laye all that nyghte tyll it was daye in that fire & was not de de. And so on the morne I came & fo unde hym deed/but I founde neyther shrede nor shynne perysshed. And soo toke hym oute of the fyre wyth grete fere & layed hym here as ye maye see/ And now may ye suffre me to go my waye/for I haue sayd you the soth/ & thenne he departyd wyth a grete tem/ peste .¶ Thenne was the good may & syre Laũcelot more gladder thanne they were tofore. And they syr Laun/ celot dwellyd wyth that good may ỹ nyghte.¶ Syr sayd the good may be ye not syr Launcelot du lake.¶ Ye sy re sayd he.¶ What seke ye in this coñ tree.¶ Syr sayd syr Launcelot I goo to seke the aduentures of the Sangre all.¶ Wel sayd he seke it maye ye wel But though it were here ye shall ha/ ue noo power to se it noo more thay a blynde may sholde se a bryghte swer de/ And that is longe oy your synne/ And elles ye were more abeler thanne ony may lyuynge. And thenne syr La uncelot began to wepe.¶ Thenne sa yd ỹ good may. wer̄ ye confessyd syth ye entred in to the queste ōf the Sanc greall.¶ Ye sayd syr Laũcelot. They vpon the morne whay the good hadd longe his masse/thenne they buryed ỹ deed may .¶ Thenne syr Launcelot sayd/ Fader what shall I do.¶ Now sayd the good may I requyre you ta/ ke this hayre that was this holy mā/ nys & put it next your shynne. and it shall preuayle you gretly.¶ Syr & I woll do it sayd syr Launcelot. Also I charge you that ye ete no flesh allon ge as ye be in the queste of the Sancg reall/ nor ye shall drynke no wyne /& that ye here masse dayly & ye may do it. So he toke the hayre & put it vpon hym/& so departyd at euensong tyme And so rode he in to a forest/ & there he mette wyth a gentylwoman ridyn ge vpon a whyte palfrey. And thenne she axed hym syr knyghte whither ry de you.¶ Certes damoysell sayd Laũ celot I wote not whyther I ryde: but as fortune ledyth me.¶ A syr Laun: celot sayd she/ I wote what aduentu/ re ye seke/for ye were afor tyme nexer thay ye be now/ And yet shall ye se it more openly thay euer ye dyde/& that shall ye vnderstonde in shorte tyme. / Thenne syr Laũcelot alkyd her whe: re he myghte be herberowed ỹ nyghte ¶ Ye shall none fynde this daye nor nyghte/but tomorn ye shal fynde her berowe good/& ease of that ye ben in dowte of. And thenne he cōmaunded her vnto god . Thenne he rode tyll ỹ he came to a crosse/& tok that for hys hoost as for that nyghte.

¶ Of ay aduysyon that syr Launce/ lot had / & how he tolde it to ay here/ myte & declyred counsell of hym iij.

AAnd so he put his hors to pas ture/and dyde of his helme & his shelde/& made his prayers vnto ỹ crosse/ ỹ he neuer falle in deedly sỹne agayn. And so he layd hym downe to slepe. And anone as he was a slepe/it

befell hym there ay aduylyon: That there came a may afore hym all by cõ palle of sterrys/ And that may had a crowne of golde on his heed/and that may ladde in his felyshyp.vij. kyngs & two knyghtes/And al thyse worshi ped the crosse knelyng vpon ther kne: es/holdynge vp ther hondes towarde heuen/And all they sayde Fayr swete fader of heuen come & vysyte vs/ and yelde vnto vs euerych as we haue de serued/ Thenne loked syr Launcelot vp to heuen/& him semed the clowdes dyd-open/and ay olde may came dou ne with a company of angels/& alyz te amonge them/And gaue vnto euer yche his blessynge/& callyd theim hys seruauntes & good & true knyghtes/ And whan thys olde may had sayde thus/he came to one of those knygh: tes & sayd I haue lost all that I haue set in the/for thou hast ruled the aga: ynst me as a werryour/& vsyd wrong werres wyth vayngloxy: more for the pleysure of the worlde thañ to pleyse me/therfore thou shalt be confoundid wythoute thou yelde me my trelour./ ¶All this aduysyon sawe syr Laun/ celot at the crosse. ¶And on the morn he toke his hors & rode to myddaỹ/ & there by aduenture he mette wyth the same knyghte that toke his hors/hel: me & his swerd whan he slept/whan the Sancgreall apperid afore ỹ crosse Whan syr Launcelot sawe hym he sa lewed hym not fayr/but cryed on hye knyghte kepe the/for thou hast done to me grete vnkyndenesse. And theñe they put afore theym ther speres. And syre Launcelot came so fiersly vppon hỹ that he smote hym & his hors dou ne to the erthe/that he had nighe bro key his neck. Thenne syr Launcelot toke the knyghtes hors that was hys owne afore honde/& descended fromꝑ hors he sate vpon & mouted vpon hys owne hors. and tyed the knightes ow ne hors to a tree that he mighte fynde that hors whan that he was aryseỹ. / ¶Theñe syr Launcelot rode tyll nyx te/And by aduenture he mette ay he/ rempte/& eche of them salewed other. And there he rested with ỹ good may all nyght/& gaue his hors suche as he myghte gete. ¶Thenne sayd the go/ de may vnto Launcelot Of whens be ye ¶Syr he sayd I am of Arthurs co urte/& my name is syre Launcelot du lake/that am in the quest of the San greall. And therfore I pray you to co: unseyle me of a vysyon the whyche I had at the crosse. And so he tolde hym all.

¶How the herempte expowned to sir Launcelot his aduysyon/& tolde hym ỹ syr Galahad was his sone .iiij.

LD syr Launcelot sayd the go de may/there thou myghtesse vnderstonde the highe lygnage that ỹ art comen of. And thyn aduysyon be: tokenyth / after the passyon of Jhesu Cryst.xl.yere Joseph of Armathy pre chyd the victory of kynge Euelake ỹ he had in the bataylles ỹ better of his enmyes/& of the.vij.kyngs & the two knyghtes. The fyrste of them is cal/ lyd Napus an holy may. And the se/ conde hyghte Nacyen in remembraũ: ce of his grauntsyre/& in hym dwel/ lyd our lord Jhesu Crist. And the thir de was callyd Hellias le grose. And ỹ fourth hyghte Lilyas. And the fyfth hyghte Jonas/he departed out of his

countree & went in to Walys/and to / he the doughter of Manuell/wherby he had the londe of Gaule. And he ca me to dwelle in this countree. And of hym came kynge Launcelot thy gra: untsyre/the whyche there wedded the kynges doughter of Irlond/& he was as worthy a man as thou art. And of hym came kynge Ban thy fader/the whyche was the laste of the. vij. kyn/ gs. And by the syr Launcelot it sygny fyeth that the angels sayd thou were none of the seuen felishyps. And þ last was the nynthe knighte. he was sig nyfyed to a lyon / for he sholde passe all manere of erthly knyghtes/ þ is syr Galahad the whiche thou gate on kynge Pelles doughter . And þ ought to thanke god more than̄e ony other: man lyuyng. For of a synner erthly þ hast no pere as in knyghthode/nor ne/ uer shall be. But lytyll thanke hast þ geuen to god for all the grete vertues that god hath lent the. ¶ Syr sayde Launcelot ye say that þ good knygh te is my sone. ¶ That oughtest thou to know sayd þ good man & no man better. For thou knewest the doughter of kyng Pelles flesshly/and on her þ begatest Galahad. And that was he that at the feest of Pentecost sate in þ sege perillous/and therfor make thou it knowen openly that he is one of thi begetyng on kynge Pelles doughter / for that woll be thy worship. & honou re vnto all thy kynred. And I counsel you in no place prece not vpon hym to haue adoo with hym. ¶ Well sayd La uncelot me semeth that good knygh: te sholde praye for me vnto the hyghe fader/that I falle not to synne ayen. ¶ Trust thou well sayd þ good man þ thou farest moche the better for hys prayer. But the sone shal not bere the wyckydnesse of the fader/nor the fa: der shall not bere the wyckydnesse of the sone/But euerych shall bere hys owne burthen/ & therfore beseke thou oonly god/ & he woll helpe the in alle thy nedes. And thenne syr Laũcelot & he went to supper/ & so layed hym to reste. And the hayre prycked so syr La uncelots shyne/that it greued hȳ ful sore/but he toke it mekely/ & suffred þ payne. And soo on the morne he herde his masse & toke his armys/and so to ke hys leue./

¶ How syr Launcelot Jusked w̄ ma/ ny knyghtes & he was taken .v.

AND thenne mounted vppon his hors/ & rode in to a forest and helde no hyghe waye . And as he lokyd afore hym/he sawe a fayr play ne/& beside that a fayr castell. And a fore the castel were many pauelyons of sylke & of dyuers hewe / And hym semyd that he sawe there fyue hūdred knyghtes rydynge on horsbak . And ther̄ were two partyes. They that we re of the castell were all in blacke hor ses & ther trappours black . And they that were wythout were all on whyte horses & trappours. And eueriche hur tyd to other that it merueyled syr La uncelot. And at the laste hym thought they of the castell were put to the wor se. Thenne thoughte syre Launcelot for to helpe there the weker partye in encreacynge of his chyualrye. And so syr Laũcelot threste in amonge þ par ty of the castel/& smote dōune a knyg te hors & may to the erth. And thenne

he raſſhed here & there/ and dyde mer ueyllous dedes of armes. And thenne he drewe out his ſwerde/& ſtrake ma: ny knyghtes to the erthe/ ſo that alle thole that ſawe hym merueylled that euer one knighte myghte doo ſo grete dedes of armys. But alwayes ꝑ why te knyghtes helde them nyghe abow/ te ſyr Launcelot for to wery hym and wynne hȳ. But at the laſte as a man may not euer endure ſyr Laũcelot wex yd ſo faynt of fyghtynge & trauelyng and was ſo wery of his grete dedes. ꝑ he myghte not lyfte vp his armes for to geue one ſtroke/ ſo that he wend ne uer to haue born armes. And they thei all toke him & ladde hym away in to a foreſte/ and there made hym to alyz te & to reſt hym. And thenne all the fe lyſhyppe of the caſtell were ouercome for the defawte of him Thenne they ſayde all vnto ſyr Launcelot Bleſſyd be god that ye be now of our felyſhip For we ſhall holde you in our priſon. And ſo they left hym wyth fewe wor des. And thenne ſyre Launcelot made grete ſorowe/ for neuer or now was I neuer at turnement ne Jouſtes but I had the beſte/ & now I am ſhamyd/ & thenne he ſayd/ now I am ſure that I am more ſynfuller than euer I was./ Thus he rode ſorowyng/ and half a day he was in diſpeyre/ tyll that he ca me in to a depe valey .And whan ſyr Launcelot ſaw he myght not ryde vp in to the mountayne/ he there alighte vnder an appyll tree/ and there he lef te his helme & his ſheld/ & put his hor ſe vnto paſture . And thenne he layed hym downe to ſlepe. And thenne hym thoughte there came an olde man afo re hym the whyche ſayd A Launcelot of euyll fayth & poore byleue/ wherfo re is thy wyll turned ſo lyghtly towar de thy deedly ſȳne. And whan he had ſayd thus he vanyſſhed awaye/ & La uncelot wyſt not where he was becom Thenne he toke his hors & armyd hȳ. And as he rode bi the waye he ſawe a chapell where was a Recluſe whyche had a wyndowe that ſhe myght ſe vp to the awter. And all alowde ſhe cal/ lyd Launcelot/ for ꝑ he ſemyd a knyz te arraunt. And thenne he came: & ſhe aſkyd hym what he was / & of what place/ & whet aboute he went to ſeke.

¶ How ſyr Launcelot tolde his aduy ſyon to a woman/ & ſhe expowned it to hym. ¶ Capl'm .vi.

AND thenne he tolde her al to gyder worde by worde / & the trouth how it befell hym at the turne: ment. And after tolde her hys aduyſy on that he had had that nyght in his ſlepe. And prayed her to telle hȳ what it myghte meane/ for he was not well content wyth it. ¶ A Launcelot ſayd ſhe as longe as ye were knyghte of er thely knyghthede / ye were the mooſt merueylous man of the worlde & mo ſte aduenturous: Now ſayd the lady ſythen ye be ſette amonge the knygh/ tes of heuenly aduentures/ yf auentu: ture fel the contrary at that turnemen te/ haue thou no merueylle/ For ꝑ tur nement yeſterday was but a tokenyn ge of our lorde. And not for they thēr was none enchauntment/ for they att the turnement were erthly knyghtes/ The turnemente was a token to ſee who ſholde haue mooſt knyghtes ey / ther Clyazar the ſonne of the kynge

pelles or Argustus the sone of kynge Harlon/But Clyazar was al clothed in whyte/ & Argustus was clothed in blacke the whyche were conen. Alle what this betokenyth I shall tell you ¶The day of Pentecost whan kyng Arthur helde hys courte/it befell that erthly kynges & kuyghtes toke a tur: nement togyders/ that is to saye/the queste of the Sangreall. The erthly knyghtes were they the whyche were clothed al in blacke. And the couerynge betokeneth the synnes wherof they be not confessid. And they wyth the co uerynge of whyte betokenyth vyrgy/ nyte/& they that chose chastyte/ And thus was the queste begonne in them: Thenne thou beheldest the synners & the good men. And whan thou sawest the synners ouercomen/ thou enclyne dest to that party for bobaunce & pry de of the worlde/and all that must be lefte in that queste. For in this queste thou shalt haue many felowes & thy betters/ For thou arte so feble of euyll trust and good byleue/ This made it whan thou were there whēr they toke the/& ladde the in to the foreste. And anone there apperyd the Sancgreall: vnto the whyte knyghtes/but ꝑ were so feble of good bileue & fayth that ꝑ myghte not abyde it for all ꝑ teching of the good man/but anone thou tor ned to the synners. And that caused thi mysauentur̄ that ꝑ sholdest know good from euyll/ & vaynglory of the worlde/ the whyche is not worth a pe re. And for grete pryde thou madeste grete sorowe that ꝑ haddest not ouer: come all the whyte knyghtes wych ꝑ couerynge of whyte/ by whom was be tokened vyrginyte & chastyte/& ther/ fore god was wroth with the/ for god loueth no suche dedes in this queste/& this aduysyon sygnefyeth ꝑ thou were of euyll fayth & of poore byleue/ ꝑ whyche wyll make the to falle in to ꝑ depe pytte of helle yf ꝑ kepe the not./ ¶Now haue I warned the of thi va: ynglory & of thy pride/that thou hast many tymes erred ayenst thy maker/ Beware of euerlastynge payne/ For of all erthly knyghtes I haue most pi te of the/ For I knowe well thou hast not thi pere of ony erthly synful man And so the cōmaunded syr Launcelot to dyner. And after dyner he cōmaun ded her to god & toke his hors/and so rode in to a depe valeye. And there he sawe a ryuer & an hyghe mountayne And thrugh the water he muste nedes passe/the whyche was hydous. & they in the name ōf god he toke it with go de herte. And whan he came ouer he sawe an armyd knyghte hors & man blacke as ony beer/ Wythout ony wor de he smote syr Laūcelots hors to the erth. And so he passyd on he wyst not where he was become. And theune he toke his helme & his sheld/ & thanked god of his aduenture.

¶Here leueth of the story of syr La: uncelot/ And soo endyth the.xv.boke ¶And begynneth the.xvi.boke why/ che spekyth of syr Gawayne.

How syr Gawayne was nyghe wery of the queste of the Sancgreall. & of his meruellous dreme Capm j.

NOw whan syr Gawayne was departyd from his felyshyp / he rode longe wythoute ony aduenture. For he founde not the tenthe parte of aduentures as he was wonte to doo. For syre Gawayne rode from Wytsondaye vnto Myghelmasse and foũde none aduenture that pleysid hym ¶ Soo oy a daye it befell syr Gawayne mett wyth syr Ector de Marys And eyther made grete Joye of other that it were merueylle to telle. And so they tolde euerych other & compleyned them gretly that they cowde fynde none adnenture. ¶ Truely sayd sire Gawayne to syr Ector I am nyhe wery of this queste / & loth I am to sowe ferder in strange countrees. One thynge meruepled me sayd syr Ector I haue mette wyth twenty knyghtes fellowes of myn / & all they cõplayne as I doo. ¶ I merueple sayd syr Gawayne wher̃ Launcelot your brod is. Truly sayd Ectõr I can not here of hym ne of Galahad / Percyuale nor / Bors / ¶ Lete theim be sayd syre Gawayne for they haue noo erthly peeys. And yf

one thynge were not in syr Launcelot he had no felowe of none erthly may But he is as we bey / but yf he toke more payne vpon hym. But and thyse foure knyghtes bey mette togyders / they woll be lothe that ony may mete wyth them. For & those knyghtes say le of the Sancgreall Jt is in waste of alle the remenaunt of vs knyghtes of the rounde table to recouer it. ¶ Thꝰ as syr Ector and syr Gawayne rode more than. viij. dayes. And on a Sa/ terdaye they founde an olde chapell ꝑ whiche was wasted/that there sempd noo man thyther repayred. And there they alyghte/and sette ther sperys att the dore. And those two knyghtes en: tred in to the chapell/ and there made ther orysons a grete whyle/ And sone after sette them downe in the seges of the chapell. And as syre Ector & syre Gawayne spake of one thynge and other/for heynesse they felle on slepe And there befelle them bothe meruey lous aduentures in dremynge. ¶ Syr Gawayne hym sempd he came in to a medowe full of herbes & floures / & there he sawe a rake of bulles/the nō: bre of an hundred & fyfty/whyche we re prowde & blacke saue thre of them were all whyte and one had a blacke spotte/And the other two wer so fayr & so white that they myght be no whi ter. And thyse thre bulles whiche wer̄ soo fayr were teyed wyth two stronge cordes/ And the remenaunt of the bul les sayd amonge them Goo we hens to seke better pasture/& so some went & some came agayn/but they were so lene that they myghte not stonde vp / right/ And of the bulles that were so white that one came agayne and noo mōo/ But whan this whyte bull was come agayne/amonge thyse other a / rose there vpp a grete crye for lacke of wynde that kayled them/ And so they departed one here and a nother there. This vysyon befell Gawayne that nyghte.

¶ Of the aduysion of syr Ector/and how he Justed wyth syr Dwayne le a: uoultres his sworne brother ¶ Ca pitulum .ij.

BVt to Ector de Marys befell a nother vysyon the contrari/for it sempd hym that his brother syr La ūcelot and he alyghte out of one chay re/and lepte vpon two horses/ And ꝑ one sayd to the other Go we seke that we shall not fynde/And hym thought te that a man bete syr Launcelot/and dyspoylled hym/and clothed hym in a nother araye the whyche was all full of knottes/ and sette hȳ vpon an asse And so he rode tyll he came to the fay rest welle that euer he sawe/ And syre Launcelot alyght & wolde haue dron ke of that welle/And whan he stow/ ped to drynk of that water the water sanke from hym/And whan syr La / uncelot sawe that he torned and went thyther as he came fro/And in ꝑmea ne whyle thus alway slepynge syr Ec tor dremyd that his brother syr Laū: celot rode vnto the tyme they came to a ryche mannys howse where as at ꝑ tyme was a weddynge / And there he sawe a kynge/ the whyche sayd/ sy

re knyghte/here is noo place for you/ And thenne he torned agayne vnto the chayre that he came fro. ¶ Thus w̄/ in a whyle bothe syr Gawayne & syr Ector awaked. And eche knyghte tol de other of ther aduysion/the whyche merueylled them gretly. ¶ Truely sa yd syr Ector I shal neuer be mery tyl I here tydynges of my brother syr La uncelot. ¶ Now as they sate thus tal kynge they sawe an honde shewynge vnto the elbowe / and the honde was couered with redde samyte. And vpon the same honde honge a brydyll / not ryght ryche/ And helde within the fyl te a grete candyll whiche brenned ryg te clere/and so passyd afore them and entred in to the chapel/And thenne it vanysshed awaye and they wyste not where. And anone came doune a voy se whyche sayd Knyghtes ful of euyl fayth & of poore byleue thyse two thē ges haue faylled you/ and therfore ye maye not come to the aduentures of̄ Sancgreall. ¶ Thenne kyrste spake syr Gawayne & sayd/ Syr Ector ha ue ye herde thyse wordes. ¶ Ye truely sayd syr Ector I haue herde all. Now goo we sayd syr Ector vnto some he: rempte that woll tell vs of our aduy / syon/for it semyth me we labour alle in vayne. And soo they departed and rode in to a valey. And there mette w̄ a squire whiche rode vpon an hakney And they salewed him fayr & curteys ly. ¶ Syr sayd syr Gawayne can ye teche vs to ony herempte. ¶ Here is one in a lytyl mountayne sayd ỹ squi re/but it is so rough there may no hor se goo thyther/And therfore ye muste goo vpon fote / There shall ye fynde a poore hous. And there is Nacyen ỹ herempte / whyche is the holyest man in this countree. And soo they depar / ted eyther from other. ¶ And thenne in a valeye they mette wyth a knygh: te well armyd/whyche profered them to Just as feire as he sawe them. ¶ In the name of god sayd syr Gawayne. Syth I departed from Camelot/ther was none profred me to Just but ones ¶ Now syr sayd Ector lete me Just w̄ hym. ¶ Nay sayd Gawayne ye shall not/but yf I be beten/ It shall not for thynke me theune yf ye goo after me And thenne eyther enbraced other to Jouste/and came togyders as faste as ther horses myghte renne / and brake ther shyldes and ther mayles/and the one more than the other. And syr Ga wayne was wounded in the lefte syde But the other knyghte was smytten thrugh the breste/ and the spere came out on the other syde. And so they fel bothe oute of ther sadyls. And in the fallynge they brake bothe ther speres ¶ Anone sir Gawayne arose and set his honde to his swerde/and caste his shelde afore hym/But all for nought was it/for the knyghte had no power to aryse agayn hym. ¶ Thenne sayd syr Gawayne / ye must yelde you as ay ouercome may/or elles I may sle you. ¶ A syre knyghte sayde he I am but deed/for goddys sake and of your gentylnesse lede me here vnto ay ab / bay that I maye receyue my creatour ¶ Syr sayd Gawayne I knowe no hous of relygyon here by. ¶ Syr sayd the knyghte / sette me on ay horse for: fore you and I shall teche you. Then syr Gawayne sette hym vp in the sa dyll. And so syr Gawayne lepte vpon the same hors behynde hym for to sul

ceyne hym. And rode so long tyll they came to an abbay where they were receyued. And anone this hurte knyghte was vnarmed. and receyued his creatour: ¶Thenne this deedly wounded knyghte prayed syr Gawayne to drawe oute of hys body the trunchcon of the spere. ¶Thenne syr Gawayne alkyd hym what manere knyghte he was and what was his name that knewe hym not. ¶Thenne the hurte knyghte answerde I am sayde he of kynge Arthurs courte. and haue ben a felowe of the rounde table. And thou and I were brethern sworne togyders And now syre Gawayne thou haste slayne me. And my name is Vwayne le auoultres / whyche somtyme was sone vnto kynge Vryens. And haue'la / boured me in the queste of the Sanc: greall as thyself syr Gawayne & many other knyghtes haue doon. ¶And my dethe I praye to god almyghty' to forgeue it the. For now from hennes forth it shal euer be sayd / that the oñ sworne brother hath slayne the other.

¶Howsyr Gawayne & syr Ector came vnto an hermytage for to be confessyd / And how they shewed to ỹ hermyte ther aduysyons. Capl'm .iij.

Alas sayd Gawayñ that euer this mysauenture is befallen me. ¶No force sayd Vwayne / syth I shall deye this dethe. of a moche worshypfuller mannys honde myghte I not deye / ¶But whan ye come to the courte recõmaunde me vnto my lorde kynge Arthur and to al those of the rounde table that ben left alyue / And for olde brotherhode thynke on me: / ¶Thenne beganne sir Gawayne to wepe and syr Ector also. And thenne Vwayne hymself and syr Gawayne drewe out the trunchcon of the spere / And anone departed the soule from ỹ body. Thenne syr Ector & syr Gawayne full honestely buryed hym as men ought to burye a kynges sone / And made wryten vppon hys tombe his name / and by whom he was slayne. ¶Thenne departed syr Gawayne & syr Ector as heuy as they myghte for ther mysauenture / And soo rode tyll that they came to the rough moũtayn. And there they keyed ther horses and went on fote to the heremytage. And whan they were comen vp / they sawe a poore hous / and beside the chapell a lytyll courtlage / where ther̃ Nacyen the heremyte gadered wortes / as he whyche had tasted none other meete of a grete while. And whan he saw the arraunt knyghtes / he came towarde them and salewed them. And they hym ayen ¶Fayr lordes sayd he what aduenture broughte you hither. ¶Sire sayd Gawayne to speke wyth you for to be confessid. ¶Syr sayd the, heremyte I am redy. Thenne they tolde hym somoche that he wyste wel what they were. And thenne he thoughte to counseylle them yf he myghte. They began Gawayne fyrste / & tolde hym of his aduysyon that he had had in ỹ chapell. And syr Ector tolde hym all as it is afore rehercyd ¶Syr sayd the heremyte vnto syr Gawayne / ỹ fayr medow & the racke therin ought to be vnderstonde ỹ rounde table. & by the mewe ought to be vnderstonde Hump

lyte & pacyence. Thole bey the thyn
ges whiche bey alwayes grene & quyc
ke/ for mey maye noo tyme surmo /
unte ne ouercome humplyte and pacy
ence / Therfore was the rounde table
ordeyned and foundey. And the chy :
ualry hath be at alle tymes/so by the
fraternite & brotherhede whyche was
there that she myght not be vaynquy
shed ne ouercomey. For mey sayd she
was founded in pacyence and in hu /
mplytee . At the racke ete an hundred
and fyfty bulles/ But they ete not in
the medowe. For ther hertes sholde be
sette and grounded in humplytee and
pacyence. ¶ And thole bulles were ve
ry prowde & blacke excepte oonly thre
¶ By the bulles is to vnderstonde the
felyshyp of the rounde table/ whyche
for ther grete synnes and ther outra :
geous wyckydnesse bey blacke. Blak
nesse is for to saye Wythout good and
vertuous werkes. ¶ And the thre bul/
les whyche were whyte excepte oonly
one whyche was spotted. ¶ The two
whyte betoken syr Galahad and syr
Percyuale/ for they be maydens clene
wythout spotte or wemme. ¶ And the
thyrde that had a spott sygnefyeth sy
re Boys de Ganys/whyche trespas /
syd but ones in his pyrgynyte/But si
they he kepte hymself so well in chas:
tytee/that all his offence is for geuey
hym and his mysdedes. ¶ And wher/
fore thole thre were teyed by the nec /
kes/for by cause they bey thre knygh
tes in pyrgynytee and chastytee / and
there is noo pryde smyten in theym./
¶ And the blacke bulles whyche sayd
Goo we hens / they were thole why/
the at Pentecoste at the hyghe feest to
ke vppon them to goō in the queste of
the Sancgreall/Wythout confessyon
they myghte not entree in the medow
of humplytee and pacyence / And ther
fore they retorned in to waste countre
es. That sygnyfyeth dethe/ for there
shall deye many of theym. Euerych
of them shall slee other for synne. and
they that shall escape/ shall be so lene
that it shall be merueylle to se theym/
And of the thre bulles wythout spotte
the one shall come agayne/and the o:
ther two neuer.

¶ How the heremyte Nacyen expow:
ned ther aduysyon ¶ Capl'm iiij.

Thenne spake Nacyen the here
myte vnto syr Ector. Soth it
is that syr Laūcelot and ye come dou
ne of one chayer. The chayer betoke/
nyth maystershyp and lordshyp whi/
che ye came downe fro ¶ But ye two
knyghtes sayde the heremyte/ ye goo
to seke that ye shall neuer fynde: that
is the Sancgreall: For it is the secrete
thyng of our lord Jhesu Cryst. What
is to meane: that syre Launcelot felle
downe of his hors/ he hath lefte pry/
de sayd the heremyte/and taken him
to humplyte/ for he hath cryed mer/
cy loude for his synne/and sore repen
tyd hym. And oure lorde hath vestited
and clothed hym in his clothyng/the
whyche is full of knottes/ That is ꝑ
harde hayre that he werych dayly. / :
¶ And the asse that he rode vpon is a
beest of humplytee. For god wolde not
ryde vpon noo stede nor vpon no pal:
frey. ¶ Soo in ensample that an asse
betokenyth mekenesse that thou saw/
est syr Launcelot ryde vpon in thy sle
pe dremynge. ¶ And also the welle

where as the water sanke from hym whan he sholde haue taken therof/ & whan he sawe he myghte not haue it he retorned thyther from whens he came. For the well betokenygh the hyhe grace of god / the more men desyre it to take it/the more shall be ther desyre. So whan he came nygh the Sancgreall/he mekyd hym ꝑ he helde hym not a may worthy to be so nygh ꝑ holy vessell/for he had ben so defoylled in deedly synne by the space of many yeres. Yet whan he knelyd to drynke of the welle/there he sawe grete preuydence of the Sancgreall. And for he had serued so longe the deuyl/he shal haue vengaunce.xxiiij.dayes long/for that he hath be the deuylles seruaunt xxiiij.yere. And thenne soone after he shall retorne to Camelot oute of thys countree/ and he shall saye a parte of suche thynges as he hath founde ./: ¶ Now woll I telle you what betoke nyth the honde wyth the candell and the brydell / That is to vnderstonde the holy ghost where charyte is euer/ And the brydell sygnyfyeth abstynence/for whan she is brydled in crysten mannys herte/she holdyth hym so shorte that he fallyth not in deedly synne And the candyll whyche sheweth clerenesse & syghte sygnyfyeth the ryght waye of Jhesu Cryste. And whan he went & sayd knyghtꝭ of poore fayth & of wycked byleue/thyse thre thyngꝭ faylled Charite Abstynence & Trouthe/therfore ye may not attayne that hyghe aduenture of the Sangreall.

¶ Of the good counseyle that the hermyte gaue to them. ¶ Capl'm .v.

QErtes sayd Gawayne/sothly haue ye sayd that I fele it openly. Now I praye you good may & holy fader telle me why we mette not wt so many aduentures as we were wont to doo & comynly haue the better. ¶ I shal tell you gladly sayd ꝑ good may Thaduenture of the Sancgreal whi che ye & many other haue vndertak the queste of it & fynde it not: The cause is/for it apereth not to synners.: Wherefor merueyle not / though ye fayle therof & many other. For ye be an vntrue knyghte/& a grete murderer/and to good men sygnyfyeth other thyngꝭ than murdre. For I dare saye as syn/full as syre Launcelot hath ben/syth ꝑ he went in to the quest of the Sancgreall/he slew neuer man/nor nought he shall tyll that he come vnto Camelot ayen. For he hath taken vpon him for to forsake synne. And were not ꝑ he is vnstable/but by his thoughte he is lykly to torne agayne/he sholde be nexte to encheue it sauf Galahad hys sone. But god knoweth hys thoughte & his vnstablynesse / and yet shall he deye ryght ay holy man. And no dowte he hath no felowe of none erthli sꝑ full man. ¶ Syr sayde Gawayne it semyth me by your wordes/ ꝑ for our synnes it woll not auayle vs to traue yll in this queste. ¶ Truely sayde the gode man/ther ben ay hundred suche as ye be/that neuer shal preuayle/but to haue shame. And whan they herde thyse wordes they cõmaunded hym vnto god. ¶ Thenne the good man calyd Gawayne & sayde/it is longe tyme passid syth ye were made knyghte & neuer sythen thou seruedest thy maker/and now thou art so olde a tree ꝑ

ny the is neyther lyf ne fruyte. Wher/
fore bethynke the that ỹ yelde to oure
lorde the baze rynde/lith the fende ha
the the leues & the fruyte. ¶ Syr layd
Gawayne & I had leyser I wolde spe
ke wyth you/but my felowe here syre
Ector is goon & abydeth me yond by
neth the hylle. ¶ Well layde the good
may thou were better to be coũseylled
Thenne departed Gawayne & cam
of Ector/& so toke ther horses & rode
tyll they came to a fosters hous/why:
che herberowed them right well. And
on the morne they departid from ther
hoost/& rode longe or they cowde fyn
de ony aduenture.

¶ How syr Bors mette wyth an here
myte & how he was confessyd to him
and of his penaunce enioyned to hym
Capitm. .vi.

SO whan Bors was departyd
from Camelot/he mette with
a relygyous man rydynge on an asse.
And syr Bors salewed hym. Anone ỹ
gode may knewe hỹ that he was one
of the knyghtes arraunt that was in
the queste of the Sancgreall. ¶ What
are ye sayd the good may. ¶ Syr say
de he I am a knyghte ỹ fayne wolde
be counseyled in the queste of ỹ Sanc
greall. ffor he shall haue moche erthly
worshyp that maye bryng it to ay en
de. ¶ Certes sayde the good may-that
is soth/for he shall be the best knygh
te of the world & the fayrest of all the
felyshyp. But wyte you wel ther̃ shal
none atteyne it but by clennesse / that
is pure confessyon. So rode they togy
der tyl that they came to ay hermyta
ge/and there he prayed Bors to dwel
all that nyghte wyth hym. And so he
alyghte & put away his armour/and
prayed hym that he myghte be confes
syd And so they went in to the chapel
and there he was clene confessyd. And
they ete brede & dranke water togyder
¶ Now sayde the good may I praye
the that thou ete none other/tyll that
thou sytte at the table wher the Sanc
greall shal be. ¶ Syr sayd he I agree
me therto / But howe wote ye that I
shall sytte there. ¶ Yes sayd the good
may/that knowe I/but there shal be
but fewe of youre felowes wyth you.
¶ All is welcome sayd syr Bors that
god sendyth me. ¶ Also sayde the go:
de may in stede of a sherte & in sygne
of chastylment/ ye shall weere a gar:
ment/ therfore I praye you do of alle
your clothes & your sherte. And so he
dyde. And thenne he toke hym a scar/
let cott/ soo that sholde be in stede of
his shert/tyl he had fullylled the quel
te of the Sancgreall. & the good may
fonde hym in so merueyllous a lyfe &
so stable/ that he merueylled/and felt
that he was neuer corrupte in flesshly
lustes/but in one tyme that he begate
Helyn le blanke. ¶ Thenne he armyd
hỹ & toke his leue & so departed. And
soo a lytyll from thennes he loked vp
in to a tree/and there he sawe a pal/
lyng grete byrde vpon ay olde tre. and
it was passynge drye wythoute leues.
And the byrde sate aboue & had byrds
the whyche were deed for hungre. So
smote he hymselfe wyth his becke the
whyche was grete & sharpe. And so ỹ
grete byrde bled tyll ỹ he deyed amon
ge his byrdes. And the yonge byrdes
token the lyf by the blood of the grete
byrde. Whan Bors sawe this he wyst

well it was a grete tokenynge/ ¶ For whanne he sawe the grete byrde arose not/thenne he tok his hors & yede his way. ¶ So by euenlonge by aduentu re he came to a stronge toure & ay hye And there was he lodgyd gladly.

¶ How syr Bors was lodgyd wyth a lady/ and how he toke oy hym for to fyghte ayenst a champyon for her lon de Capl'my .viij.

AND whay he was vnarmyd / they ladde hym in to ay hyhe toure where was a lady yonge/lusti & fayre/And she receyued hym with gre te Joye.and made hym to sytt downe by her. And so he was set to suppe w̃ flesshe & many deyntees. And whañe syr Bors sawe that/he bethought hȳ oy his penaunce/& badde a squyre to brynge hym water.And so he brough te hym/and he made soppes therin & ete them. ¶ A sayde the lady/I trowe ye lyke not my meete. ¶ Yes truely sa yd syr Bors god thanke you madam̃ but I maye ete none other meete thys day/Thenne she spake nomore as at that tyme/for she was lothe to dysple se hym. ¶ Thenne after supper they spake of one thynge & other. Wyth ȳ came a squyre and sayde Madame ye must purueyy you to morne for a chā pyon/ for elles youre syster woll haue thys castell & also your londes excepte ye cay fynde a knyghte that woll fyg te to mory in your quarell ayenst Pry day le noyre. Thenc she made sorowe & sayd A lord god wherfore graunted ye to holde my londe/ wherof I shold now be dysheryted wythout reason & ryght. And whay syr Bors had herd her saye thus/He sayd I shall comfor te you. ¶ Syr sayd she I shal tell you There was here a kynge that hyghte Anyause whyche helde all this londe in his keppynge: So it myshappyd he loued a gentylwoman a grete deale el der thay I. So toke he her al this lon de to her in keppynge/& all his men to gouerne.And she broughte vpp many euyll customes wherby she put to deth a grete party of his kynnelmen.And whann he sawe that he lete chace her out of this londe & betoke it me & all this londe in my demeanes/But ano ne as this worthi kyng was deed this other lady began to werre vpon me & hath dystroyed many of my men and torned them ayenst me/ ȳ I haue well nyghe no man lefte me/And I haue nought ellys but this high toure that she lefte me.And yet she hath promy: sed me to haue thys toure wythoute I can fynde a knyghte to fyghte w̃ her champyon. ¶ Now telle me sayd syre Bors what is that Prydan le noyre. ¶ Syr sayd she he is the mooste doub: ted man of thys londe. ¶ Now maye ye sende her wo[illegible]e that ye haue foun: de a knyghte th[illegible]shal fyghte wyth ȳ Prydan le noyre in goddys quarell & yours. ¶ Thenne that lady was not a lytyll gladde/and sente worde ȳ she was purueyed.And that nyght Bors had good chere/but in no bedde wolde he come/but layed hym on the floore/ Nor neuer wolde doo otherwyse tyll ȳ he hadd mette wyth queste the of the Sancgreall.

¶ Of a vylyon whych syr Bors had that nyghte/and how he foughte and oeurcome his aduersary viij/

AND anone as he was a slepe/ hym befelle a vysyon/ That there came to hym two byrdes/ ꝑ one as whyte as a swanne/ and the other was merueylous blacke/ But it was not so gret as the other/but in the lyknesse of a rauen: Thenne the whyte byrde came to hym & sayd/And thou woldest geue me mete and serue me/I shold geue ꝑ al the ryches of the world/and I shall make the as fayr & as whyte as I am. Soo the whyte byrde departyd. ¶And there came the blak byrde to hym & sayde/And thou wolt serue me tomorowe & haue me in noo dyspyte though I be blacke/for wyte thou wel that more auayleth my blaknesse than the other whytnesse/& then she departed. ¶And he had a nother vysyon/Hym thought that he came to a grete place whyche sempd a chapell And there he founde a chayer sette on the lyft syde whyche was worme eten & feble/And on the ryghte honde were two floures lyke a lely/and the one wold haue take fro the other her whitnesse/but a good may departed theim that towched not the other/ And they out of euerych flouze cam many flouzes out & fruyte grete plente/Thenne hȳ thoughte the good may sayd/shold de not he doo gret e foly that wolde lete thyse two flouzes perysshe for to socour the rotey tree that it fell not to ꝑ erth/Syr sayd he it semyth me ꝑ this wode mighte not auaylle/Now kepe the sayd the good may that thou neuer se suche aduentuze befalle the. ¶Thenne he awaked & made a syg/ne of the crosse in ꝑ mydes of his forheed. And so rose & clothed hym. And there came the lady of the place/ and she salewed hym/ and he her agayne/ and so went to a chapell/& there herd ther seruyse. And there came a company of knyghtes that the lady had sente fore for to lede syr Boꝛs vnto batayll. ¶Thenne askyd he his armys/& whan he was armyd/she prayed hym to take a lytyll mozsel to dyne. ¶Nay madame sayd he/ that shall I not do tyll I haue done my batayle by ꝑ grace of god. And so he lept vpon his horse/and so departed al the knyghtes & men wyth hym. ¶And assone as thyse ladyes mette togyder/ She whyche syr Boꝛs sholde fyghte for complayned her & sayd Madame ye haue doñ me wrong to bereue me of my londes that kyng Anylaus gaue me/and full loth I am there sholde be ony batayll ¶Ye shal not chese sayd the other lady or elles youre knyghte wythdrawe hym. ¶Thenne there was the crye made whyche party had the better of the two knyghtes/that his lady sholde reioyse all the londes. ¶Now departed the one knyghte here & the other ther̄ Thenne they came togyder wyth suche a raundon ꝑ they percyd ther shyldes & ther hawberkes/ and the speres flewe in peces/ and they wounded eyther other sore. Thenne hurtlyd they togyders/ so that they fell both to the erth & ther horses betwene ther legges And anone they arose & sette hond to ther swerdes/and smot eche one other vpon the heedes that they made grete woundes & depe that the blood wente out of ther bodyes. For there foũde syr Boꝛs gretter defence in that knyghte mor̄ than he wende. For that Prydan was a passyng good knyghte/ and he wounded syr Boꝛs full euyll. & he hȳ

agayn. But euer this pryday helde ꝑ stoure in lyke harde. That perceyued syr Boys/ and suffred him tyl he was nyghe atteynte. And thenne he ranne vppon hym more. And the other went bakwarde for drede of deth. So in hil wythdrawynge he fell vpryght. And syr Boys drewe his helme so strongly that he rent it fro his heed. And gaue him grete strokes with the flat of his swerde vpon the vilage/ & badde him yelde hym̄ or he sholde slee hym. Then he cried hym mercy & sayd Fayr knyȝte for goddys loue·slee me not/ & I shal ensure the neuer to werre ayenst thi lady/ but be alway towarde her. Then Boys lete hym be. Thenne the old lady fledde wyth all her knyghtes.

¶ How ꝑ ladi was restored to her londes by the bataylle of syr Boys/ & of his departynge/ & how he mette syre Lyonell taken & beten wyth thornes/ also a mayde whiche sholde haue ben deuoured. ¶ Capl'm .ix.

So then ne came Boys to all ꝑ helde londes of his lady/ & sayd he shold dystroye them but yf they dyde suche seruyse vnto her as longed vnto her londes. So they dyd ther homage/ and they that wolde not were chacyd out of ther londes. Thenne befell ꝑ ponge ladi to come to her astate agayn by the myghty prowesse of syr Boys de Ganys. So whan all the countree was sette in peas/ thenne syre Boys toke his leue & departed/ & she thanked hym gretly. And wolde haue geuen hym grete rychesse/ but he refused it. Then he rode all that day tyll nyghte/ and came to ay herberowe to a lady whyche knew hym̄ well ynough and made of him grete Joye. ¶ Upon the morn assoone as the daye appered Boys departed from thens/ & so rode ny to a foreste vnto the houre of mydday. And there befell hym a meruey lous aduenture. So he mette at the departyng of two wayes two knyghtes that ladde Lyonell his brother all naked bounden vpon a stronge hakneye & hys hondes bounden tofore his brest And euerych of them helde in hys hō de thornes wherw̄ they went betynge hym so sore that the blood trayled downe more than in ay hundred places of his body/ so that he was all blode tofor̄ & behynde/ but he sayd neuer a worde as he whyche was gret of herte/ he suffred all that euer they dyd to hym as though he had felte none anguysh. ¶ Anone syr Boys dressyd hym̄ to rescowe hym that was his brother/ And soo he loked vpon the other syde of hym/ And sawe a knyght whyche broughte a fayr gentylwoman/ and wolde haue sette her in ꝑ thyckest place of the forest for to haue ben the more sure outer oute of the waye from them ꝑ soughte hym. And she whiche was nothyng alured cryed wyth ay hye voys Saynt mary socour your mayde. And anone she aspyed where syr Boys came rydyng. And whan he came nygh her/ she demyd hym a knyghte of the rounde table/ wherof she hoped to haue some comfort. And thenne she coniured hym by the fayth that he ought vnto hym in whoos seruyse thou arte entred/ and for the faythe ye owe vnto the hygh ordre of knyghthode and for the noble kynge Arthurs sake that I suppose that made the knighte. that

thou help me/and suffre me not to be shamyd of this knyght. Whan Bors herde her saye thus/he had soo moche sorowe he wyste not what to doo. For yf I let my brother be in aduenture he must be slayne/and that wolde I not for all the erthe/And yf I helpe not ꝑ mayde/she is shamed for euer/and also she shall lese her vyrgynyte/ ꝑ why che she shall neuer gete agayn. Then lyfte he vp his eyen & sayd weppynge/ fayr swete lorde Jhesu Cryste whoos lyge may I am kepe Lyonell my bro: ther that thyse knyghtes slee hym not And for pyte of you & for Mary sake I shall socour this mayde.

¶ How syr Bors lefte to relcowe hys brother & went to relcowe the damoy sell/and how it was tolde hym ꝑ Lyo nell was deed ¶ Capĩ .x.

Thenne dressyd he hym vnto ꝑ knyghte the whiche had ꝑ gen tylwoman/and thenne he cryed Syre knyzte leue your honde of ꝑ mayde or ye be but deed/ And thenne he set dow ne the maydey/and was al armyd at all peces saue he lackid his spere. they he dressyd his shelde/ & drewe out hys swerde. And Bors smote hym so har: de that it went thrugh his shelde & ha berione on the lyfte sholder. And tho/ rugh grete strengthe he bete hym dow ne to the erthe/And at the pullyng ou te of Bors spere there he swowned. / Thenne come Bors to the mayde/ & sayd How semyth it you of thys knyz te/ye be delyuerd at this tyme ¶ Now sayd she I praye you lede me there as this knyghte had me. ¶ I shall do it gladly sayd he/and toke the hors of ꝑ wounded knyghte/and sette the gen/ tylwoman vpon hym/ & soo brought her as she desyred. ¶ Syr knyghte sa yd she ye haue beter sped than ye wen de/ For & I had loste my maydenhede fyue hundred mey sholde haue deyed for it/ ¶ What knyghte was he ꝑ had you in the forest sayd syr Bors. ¶ Bi my fayth sayd she he is my colin. So wote I neuer wyth what engyn ꝑ fen de enchaufed hym / for yesterdaye he toke me from my fader pryuely/for I nor none of my fads mey mystrusted hym/ And yf he had had my mayden hede/he shold haue deyed for the sẽne and hys body shamyd & dyshonoured for euer. Thus as she stode talkynge wyth hym there came. xij. knyghtes se kynge after her. And anone she tolde them all how Bors had delyuerd her Thenne they made gret Joye and be soughte hỹ to come to her fader a-gre te lorde/and he sholde be ryght welco me. ¶ Truely sayd Bors that maye not be at this tyme/ For I haue a gre te aduenture to doo in this countree:/ Soo he cõmaunded them vnto god & departed. ¶ Thẽne syr Bors rode af ter Lyonell his brother by the trace of theyr horses. Thus he rode seknynge a grete while. Then he ouertoke a may clothid in a relygyous clothynge/& ro de on a strong black hors blaker than a beere. ¶ And sayd syr knyght what seke yon. ¶ Syre sayde he I seke my brother that I saw within a lytyl spa ce ago beten wyth two knyghtes. ¶ A Bors dyscomfyte you not/ne falle in no wanhope/for I shall tell you ty dynges suche as they bey for truely he is deed. They shewed he him a newe slayne body lyenge in a bussh e/and it

semyd hym well that it was the body of Lyonell/ And thene he made suche a sorowe that he felle to the erthe alle in a swowne/& laye a grete whyle there. And whan he came to hymselfe/he sayde fayr brother syth the company of you & me is departed shall I neuer haue Joye in my herte/& now he whyche I haue take vnto my mayster/ he be my helpe/ And whan he had sayde thus he toke hisbodi lyghtly in his armes/and put it vpon the arlon of the sadyl. And thenne he sayd to the may Canst thou tell me vnto some chapel where that I may bury this body. Lo me on sayde he/here is one faste by/& so longe they rode tyl they sawe a fayre towne/ and afore it there semyd an olde feble chapell. And thenne they alyghte both & put hym in to a tombe of marbyll.

¶ How syr Boys tolde his dreme to a preest whiche he had driuen/& of the counseyle that the preest gaue to hym ¶ Capitulo .xi.

NOw leue we hym here sayd ye good may/& go we to our herberow tyll to morow we woll come here agayn to do hym seruyse. ¶ Syr sayd Boys be ye a preest. ¶ Ye forsoth sayd he. ¶ Thenne I praye you tell me a dreme sayd Boys that befel me the last nyghte. ¶ Say on sayd he. They he began so moche to telle hym of the gret byrde in the forest/ And after tolde hym of his byrdes one whyte/a nother blacke/and of the rotey tree/& of the whyte floures. ¶ Syr I shall tell you a parte now sayd the preest & the other dele tomorowe/ The whyte foule betokenyth a gentylwoman fayr & ryche/whyche loued the paramours & hath loued the long/ And yf thou warne her loue she shall goo deye anone/ yf thou haue no pyte on her/ that syngnefyeth the gret byrde/ye whyche shal make the to warne her. Now for noo fere that thou hast ne for noo drede ye thou hast of god thou shalt not warne her but thou woldest not doo it for to beholden shalt for to conquere ye lose of the vaynglory of the worlde/ for that shal befalle the now & thou warne her/that Launcelot the good knyghte thy colyn shall deye/ And therfore men shall now saye that ye art a mayseer/bothe of thy brother syr Lyonel & of thy colyn syre Launcelot du lake the whiche thou myghtest haue saued & rescowed easely/ but thou wenest to rescowe a mayde/ whyche perteyneth no thyng to the/ Now loke thou whether it had be greter harme of thi brothers dethe or elles to haue suffred her to-haue lost her maydenhed. ¶ They axyd he hym hast thou herde the tokenes of thy dreme ye whiche I haue told: de to you. ¶ Ye forsoth sayd syr Boys al your expolycõn & declaryng of my dreme I haue well vnderstonde & herde. ¶ Thenne sayde the may in this blacke clothynge / thenne is it in thy defawte yf syr Laũcelot thi colyn dey ¶ Syr sayd Boys that were me loth for wyte ye wel there is no thynge in the worlde but I had leuer do it than to se my lorde syre Launcelot du lake to dey in my defaute. ¶ Chese ye now the one or the other sayd ye good may And thenne he ladde syre Boys in to hyghe towre/& there he founde knyghtes & ladies/ Tho ladies sayd he was

welcome/and so they vnarmyd hym/ & whan he was in his doublet / men brought hym a mantell furryd with ermyn & put it aboute him. And then they made hym suche chere that he had forgoten all his sorowe & anguysshe/ & oonly sette his herte in thyse delytes & deyntees/ & toke noo thoughte more for his brother syr Lyonell neyther of syr Launcelot du Lake his cosyn. And anone came out of a chambre to him the fayrest lady that euer he sawe/ & mor richer beseen than euer he sawe quene Gweneuer or ony other estate. ¶ Loo sayd they syr Boors here is the lady to whom we owe all oure seruyse/ and I trow she be the rychest lady & the fayrest of all the worlde/ & the lady whych louyth you best aboue other knyghtes/ for she woll haue no knyghte but you. And whan he vnderstode that Ian / gage he was abasshyd. Not for thenne she salewed hym & he her/ And thenne they sate downe togyder & spake of many thynges/ in somoche that she boughte hym to be her loue/ for she had louyd hym aboue al erthly men/ & she sholde make hym rycher than euer was mayden of his aege. ¶ Whan Boors vnderstode her wordes he was ryghte euyll at ease/ whyche in noo manere wolde not breke chastite. so wyst he not how to answere her.

¶ How the deuyll in a womans lyknesse wolde haue had syr Boors to haue lyen by her/ & how by goddys grace he escapyd ¶ Capitre xij.

Alas sayd she Boors shal ye not doo my wyll. ¶ Madame sayd Boors there is no lady in the world/ de whos wyll I wol fulfyll as of this thyng/ for my brother lyeth deed whych was slayne ryght late. ¶ Boors sayd she I haue loued you longe for the grete bewte I haue seen in you/ & the gret hardynesse that I haue herde of you that nedes ye must lye by me this nyght/ & therfor I praye you graunt it me ¶ Truely sayd he I shal not do it in no maner wise. Thenne she made hym suche sorowe as though he wolde haue deyed. ¶ Well Boors sayd she vnto this haue ye brought me nygh to myn ende. And therwyth she toke hym by the honde/ & badde hym beholde her & ye shall se how I shall deye for youre loue. ¶ A sayd he thenne/ that shall I neuer se. They she departyd & went vp in to a hyghe batylment/ & ladde wyth her.xij.gentilwymen. And whan they were aboue /one of the gentylwymen cryed & sayd. A syr Boors gentyl knyght haue mercy on vs al/ & suffre my lady to haue her wyll/ and yf ye do not we must suffre deth with our lady for to falle downe of this hyghe towre/ & yf ye suffre vs for to deye for so lytyll a thynge/ all ladyes & gentylwymen wyll saye of you dishonour. ¶ They loked he vpwarde/ & they semyd al ladyes of greate estate & of rychesse. and well beseen. Thenne had he of theym grete pyte/ Not for that he was vncouenable vnsemelled in hymself that leuer than he had loste his soule they all had lost ther soules. And wyth that they felle downe all at ones vnto the erthe. And whan he sawe that sodeyn chaunce he was ryght greuously abasshyd / and had therof grete merueyle. Wyth that he blessyd his body and his vysage/ & anone he herde a ryght gret noyce and

a grete crye as though alle the fendes of helle had ben aboute hym. And there wyth he sawe neyther toure ne ladi ne gentyl woman/nor no chapel whēr he broughte his brother to. Thenne helde he vp both his hondes to heuen & sayd Fayr fader god I am greuoul ly escapyd. And thenne he toke his ar mes & his hors and rode on his waye. Then he herde a clocke smite on his ryght honde/& thyther he came to an abbay on his ryght honde closid with hyghe walles/& was thēr lete in. they they supposed þ he was one of the que ste of the Sancgreall. So they lad hȳ in to a chambre & vnarmyd hym. Sy re sayd syr Bors yf there be ony holy man in this hous I praye you lete me speke with him. Thenne one of them lad hym vnto the abbot: whyche was in a chapell. & thenne syr Bors salew ed hym/& he him agayn. ¶ Syr sayd Bors I am a knyghte arraunt/& tol de hym alle the aduenture whyche he had seen. ¶ Syr knyghte sayd the ab bot I wote not what ye be/for I wen de neuer that a knyghte of your aege myghte haue ben so stronge in þ gra/ ce of our lord Jhesu crist. Not for they ye shall goo vnto your reste/for I wol not counsel you thys daye/it is to late And to morowe I shal counseyle you as I can.

¶ Of the holy compynacion of an ab/ bot to syr Bors/& how the abbot coū selled hym ¶ Capl'm .xiij.

And that nyght was syr Bors serued rychely. And on þ mor ne erly he herde masse/& the abbot ca: me to hym/and badde hym good mo rowe/and Bors to him agayne. And thenne he tolde hym he was a felowe of the queste of the Sancgreal/ & how he had charge of the holy may/ to ete brede & water. ¶ Thenne oure lorde Jhesu Cryst shewed him vnto you in lyknes of a soule that suffred gret an guyssh for vs syn he was put vpon þ the crosse/ and bledde hys herte blood for mankynde. There was the token & the lyknesse of the Sangreall þ ap: pered afore you/ For the blood that þ gret soule bledde reuyued the chekens from deth to lyf. And by the bare tree is betokened the worlde whyche is na kyd & without frute but yf it come of oure lorde. Also the lady for whom ye foughte fore & kynge Anyaus why/ che was lorde there tofore betokeneth Jhesu Crist whiche is kyng of þ worl de/& that he foughte wyth the cham: pyon for the lady/this it betokenyth/ For whan he toke the batayle for the lady / by her shall ye vnderstonde the newe lawe of Jhesu Cryst & holy chir che/and by the other lady ye shall vn dērstonde the olde lawe & the fende whi che all daye werryth ayenst holy chyr che/for ye dyde your batayll w̄ ryght For ye be Jhesu cristes knyghtes/ther fore ye oughte to be defenders of holi chyrche. And by the blacke byrde myg te be vnderstonde holy chyrche/whyche sayth I am blacke/but he is fayre ./ And by the whyte byrde that ye sawe myght-mey vnderstōnde Sathan the fende of helle. And I shall tell how þ swanne is whyte wythoute forth and blacke Wiy. It is ypocrisy whyche is wythoute yelowe or pale/and semyth without forth in manere & condycōn the very seruauntes of Jhesu Cryste

but they bey wythin so horrible of fyl the & lynne & begyle the worlde euyll And whan the fende appered to the in lyknesse of a man of relygyon: & bla/ myd the that thou left thy broder/for a lady so ladde the where ỹ scuyd thi brother was slayne/but he ꝺ yet oy li ue/& alle was for to put the in errour & brynge the vnto wanhope & lechery for he knewe thou were tender herted And all was for thou sholdest not fȳ de the blessyd aduenture of the Sanc greal. And the thyrd foule betokeneth the stronge batayle ayenst the fayr la dyes whyche were all deuyls. Also the drye tree & the white lely/the drye tree betokenyth thy brother Lyonell why: che is drye wout vertue/& therfor ma ny men ought to call hym the roten tree & the worme eten tree for he is a mur: derer & dooth contrary to the ordre of knyghthode. And the two whyte flou res lygnefye two maydens/ the one is a knyghte whyche was wounded tho: ther daye/& the other is the gentyl wo man whyche ye relcowed. And why ỹ other floure drewe nyghe the other/ ỹ was the knyghte whyche wolde haue defoylled her & hymself bothe. And sy re. Boys ye had be a grete fole & in gre te peryll for to haue seen tho two flou res perysshe for to socoure the Roten tree. For & they had synned togiđ they had be dampned/& for that ye relcow ed them bothe/ men myghte calle you a very knyghte & seruaunt of Jhesu Cryste.

¶ How syr Boys mette wyth his bro ther syr Lyonel/And how syr Lyonel wolde haue slayne syr Boys his bro : ther ¶ Capĩ .xiiij.

They went syr Boys fro thens & cõmaunded the Abbot vnto god: And thenne he rode all that daye & herberowed with ay olde lady/and oy the morne he rode vnto a castell in a valeye/& there he mette wyth a yo/ man gooynge a grete paas towarde a forest. ¶ Say me sayd syr Boys canst thou telle me of ony aduenture. ¶ Sy re sayd he here shal be vnđ this castel a grete & a merueyllous turnement./ ¶ Of what folkes shal it be sayd syr Boys. ¶ The erle of playns shall be in the one party. & the ladyes neuewe of Heruy oy the other party. Then Boys thought to be there yf he myght te mete wyth his brother syr Lyonell: or ony of his felyshyp whiche were in the queste of the Sancgreal. And then he torned to an hermytage ỹ was inỹ entree of the forest. & whan he was co me thither he founde there syr Lyonel his brother whyche sate all armyd at the entree of the chapell dore for to a/ byde there herberowe tyl on the mory ỹ the turnemente shall be. And whan syr Boys sawe hym he had gret Joye of hym/that it was merueylle to telle of his Joye/& thenne he alyght of his hors & sayd Fayr swete brother whan cam̃ ye hyther. Anone as Lyonel saw hym he sayd. ¶ A Boys ye maye not make none auaunte/but as for you I myghte haue bellayne whan ye sawe two knyghtes ledynge me away betȳ ge me ye lefte me for to socoure a gen tylwoman / & suffred me in peryll of deth/ For neuer before ne dyde no bro ther to a nother soo grete as vntruthe And for that myssedede now I enswre you but dethe/for well haue ye deser / ued it/ therfore kepe the from henssor

warde/and that shall ye fynde allone as I am armyd. Whan syr Bors vnd stode his brodrs wrath: he kneled doune to the erth/& cryed hym mercy/holdynge vp bothe his hondes/& prayed hȳ to forgeue hȳ his cuyll wyll. Nay sayde Lyonell that shall neuer be & I maye haue the hygher honde ꝑ I ma: ke myn auowe to god/thou shalt haue deth for it/for it were pyte ye lyued ony lenger. Ryght so he went in & took his harneys & mounted vpyon hys hors/& came tofore him & sayd Bors kepe the fromme/for I shal do to the as I wolde do to a felon or a traytour For ye be the vntruest knyghte ꝑ ever came out of so worthy a hous as wal kynge Bors de Ganys/whyche was our fader. Therfor stert vpon thy hor se/& so shalt thou be moost at thy vantage. And but yf thou wolt I woll renne vpon the there as ꝑ stondest on fote/& so the shame shall be myn and the harme thyn: but of that synne ne reche I not. ¶ Whan syr Bors sawe that he must fyghte with his brother: or elles to deye/he nyste what to doo/ Thenne his hert counsellyd hym not therto/in asmoche as Lyonel was born or he/wherfor he oughte to bere hȳ reuerence. Yet knelyd he downe afore Lyonels hors fete/& sayd Fayr swete brother haue merci vpon me/& sle me not/& haue in remembraunce the grete loue whyche oughte to be betwene vs tweyne. What syr Bors sayd to Lyo/ nell he roughte not. For the fende had broughte hym in suche a wyll that he sholde slee hym. ¶ Thenne whan Ly onel sawe he wolde none other/& that he wolde not ryse to geue hym batayl he rasshyd ouer hym so that he smote Bors with his hors fete vpwarde to therth/and hurte hym sore ꝑ he swow ned of dystresse/ the wyche he felt in hymself to haue deyed without confes syon. So whan Lyonell sawe this he alyghte of his hors to haue smyten of his heed. And so he toke hym by ꝑ hel me/& wolde haue rent it from his he: de. Then came the heremite rennyng vnto hym whyche was a good man & of grete aege/& well had herde all the wordes that were betwene them/& so felle downe vpon syr Bors.

How syr Colgreuaūce fought ayenst syr Lyonell for to saue syr Bors/and how the heremyte was slayne. Ca: pitulum. .xv.

Thenne sayde he to Lyonell A gentyll knyghte/haue mercy vpon me & vpon thy brother/for yf ꝑ slee hym/thou shalt be deed of synne. and that were sorowfull/for he is one of the worthiest knyghtes of the worl de/& of the beste condycyons. ¶ Soo god me helpe sayd Lyonell syr preest/ but yf ye flee fro hym I shall slee you and he shall neuer the sooner be quyte ¶ Certes sayd the god' man I haue le uer ye slee me than hym/for my dethe shall not be grete harme not half soo moche as of his. ¶ well sayd Lyonell I am greed. And sett his honde to his swerde/ and smote hym so harde that his heed yede bakwarde. Not for that he restreyned hȳ of his cuyll wyll/but toke his brother by the helme and vn: lacyd it to haue stryken of his heed/& had slayne hym wythout faylle/ But soo it happenyd/ Colgreuaunce a fe/ lowe of Rounde table came ryght so

at ꝑ tyme thyther as our lordes wylle was. And whan he sawe ꝑ good man slayne / he merueylled moche what it myghte be. And thenne he behelde Lyoncll wolde haue slayne his brother. & knewe syr Bors whiche he loued tyzt well. Thenne sterte he downe & toke Lyonell by the sholders & drewe hym strongly abak from Bors / & sayd Lyonell wyll ye slee your brother ꝑ worthiest knyzte of the worlde one / & that sholde no good man suffre. ¶ Why sayd Lyonell wyll ye lete me / therfor yf ye entermete you in this / I shall slee you & hym after. ¶ Why sayd Colgreuaunce is this soth ꝑ ye woll slee hym ¶ Slee hym wyll I sayd he / who soo saye the contrary / for he hath done so moche ayenst me / ꝑ he hath wel deserued it. And so ranne vpon hym / & wolde haue smyten hym thrugh the heed. And syr Colgreuaunce ranne betwyx them & sayde & ye be so hardy to do so more we two shal medle togiđ. Whan Lyonell vnderstode his wordes / he toke his shelde afore hym / & askyd hym what that he was / And he tolde hym Colgreuaũce one of his felowes. then Lyonell defyed hym / & gaue hym a grete stroke thrugh the helme / Thenne he drew his swerde / for he was a passyng good knyght / & defended hym tyzt manfully. So long dured the batayle that Bors rose vp all anguyssholsly & behelde Colgreuaunce ꝑ good knyzte foughte wt his brother for his quarell. Thenne was he full sory & heuy. & thoughte yf Colgreuaunce slee hym that was his brother / he sholde neuer haue Joye / And yf his brother slewe Colgreuaunce / the shame sholde euer be myn. Thenne wold he haue ryden to haue departed them but he had not somoche myght to stonde on fote. So he abode hym so longe tyll Colgreuaunce had the wors / for Lyonel was of grete chyualry & ryghte hardy. & had percyd the hawberk & the helme: ꝑ he abode but deth / for he had lost moche of hys blood / that it was merueylle ꝑ he myghte stonde vpryght / They beheld he syr Bors whiche sate dressing hym vpward & sayd. ¶ A Bors why come ye not to caste me oute of peryll of deth wherin I haue put me to socour you whyche were ryght now nyghe the dethe. ¶ Certes sayd Lyonell that shall not auayle you / for none of you shall bere others warraunte / but that ye shal deye both of my honde. Whan Bors herde ꝑ he dyde somoche he rose & put on his helme. Thene perceyued he fyrst ꝑ heremyte prest whyche was slayne / thenne made he a merueylous sorowe vpon hym.

¶ How syr Lyonell slewe syr Colgreuaũce / & how after he wold haue slayne syr Bors. ¶ Capĩ xvi.

Thenne ofte Colgreuaunce cryed vpon syr Bors / Why wyll ye lete me dey here for your sake / yf it pleyse you ꝑ I deye for you / the dethe woll pleyse me the better for to saue a worthy man. With that worde syr Lyonell smote of ꝑ helme from his heed Thenne Colgreuaunce sawe that he myght not escape / thenne he sayd Fayr swete Jhesu that I haue myspdo haue mercy vpon my soule. For suche sorowe that my herte suffryth for goodnesse & for almes dede ꝑ I wold haue done / be to me a ligement of penaũce

vnto my soules helth. At thise wordes Lyonell smote hym so sore that he bare hym to the erthe. So whan he had slayne Colgreuaunce/ he ranne vpon his brother as a fendly man/ & gaue hym suche a stroke that he made hym stowpe. And he that was ful of hunplyte prayed hym for goddys sake to leue this bataylle/ For & it befell fayre brother that I slewe you or ye me/ we sholde be deed of that synne. ¶ Neuer god helpe me yf I haue oy the mercy/ yf I may haue the better sayd Lyonel Thenne drewe Boys hys swerde alle weppynge and sayd/ Fayr brother god knowyth myn entent/ A fayr brother ye haue doon ful euyll this day to slee suche ay holy preest the whyche neuer trespassyd/ Also ye haue slayne a gen: tyll knyghte & one of oure felowes/ & well wote ye that I any not aferde of you gretely/ but I drede the wrathe of god/ And thys is ay vnkyndly werre therfore god shewe miracle vppon vs bothe. Now god haue mercy vpon me thouz I defende my lyf ayenst my brother. Wyth that Boys lyft vp his honde & wolde haue smyten his brod.

How there came a voys whyche charged syr Boys to towche not hym/ and of a clowde that came betwene them: ¶ Capl'm xvij.

AND thenne he herde a voyce ꝑ sayd Flee Boys & touche him not/ or elles thou shalt slee hȳ. Ryght so alyghte a clowde betwyxe theim in lyknes of a fyre & a merueyllous flã: me that bothe ther two sheldes brent. Theñe were they sore afrayed ꝑ they fell both to therthe/ & laye there a gre while in a swowne. And whan they came to themself/ Boys saw that his brother had no harme. Theñe he held vp bothe his hondes/ for he dradde that god had taken vengaunce vpon hym. Wyth that he herde a voyce say Boys goo hens & bere thi brother noo lenger felyshyp/ but take thi way anone ryght to the see/ for syre Percyuale abydeth the there. ¶ Thenne he sayd to his brother Fayr swete brother for geue me for goddis loue all that I haue trespassyd vnto you. ¶ Thenne he answerde God forgeue it the & I doo gladly. So syr Boys departid fro hȳ & rode the next way to the see. And at the laste by fortune he came to an abbay whyche was nyghe the see. That nyghte Boys rested hym there. And in his slepe there came a voys to hym & badde hym goo to the see. Thenne he sterte vp & made a signe of ꝑ crosse in the myddes of his foreheed/ & toke his harneys & made redi his hors and mounted vpon hym. And at a broken walle he rode out/ and rode soo longe tyl that he came to the see. And on the stronde he founde a shyppe coueryd al wyth whyte sampyte. And he alyght/ & betoke hym to Jhesu Cryst. And anone as he entred in to the shyp the shyp departed in to the see/ & went so faste that hym semyd the shyppe went flenge. But it was soone derke so that he myght not knowe no may/ & so he slepte tyll it was daye. Thenne he awakyd and saw in the myddes of the shyppe a knyghte all armyd saue hys helme. Thenne knewe he that it was syr Percyuale de Galys/ & thenne he made of hym ryght grete Joye / But syr Percyuale was abasshyd of hym/

and asked hym what he was. ¶ A fayr syr sayde Bors knowe ye not me.: ¶ Certes sayd he I merueylle how ye came hyther/ but yf our lord brought ye hyther hymself. Thenne syr Bors smyled & dyde of his helme. Thenne Percyuale knew hym/ and eyther made grete Joye of other that it was merueyle to here: Thenne Bors tolde hȳ how he came in to the shyppe/ and by whoos amonysshment. And eyther tolde other of ther temptacōns as ye haue herde tofore honde. Soo went they downewarde in the see one while bakwarde/ a nother whyle forwarde/ and euerych comforted other/ & ofte were in ther prayers. ¶ Thenne sayd Percyuale we lacke none thynge but Galahad the good knyghte.

AND thus endyth the .xvi. boke whyche is of syr Gawaynˉ/ Ector de Marys/ & syr Bors de Ganys. & syr Percyuale.

¶ And here folowyth the .xvij. boke whyche is of the noble knyghte syre Galahad./

How syr Galahad fought at a turnement. and how he was knowen of syr Gawayn and of syr Ector de Marys Capitulum Primum

Thayth ỹ story whan Galahad had relcoued Percyuale from ỹ .xx. knyghtes/he yede tho in to a wast forest wherin he rode many Journeyes. And he founde many aduentures the whiche he brought to an ende/wherof the story maketh hēr no mencyon. Thenne he toke his way to the see on a daye. /And it befell as he passyd by a castell where was a wond turnement/But they without had done no somoche that they wythin wer put to the wors/yet were they wythin gode knyghtꝭ ynough. Whan Galahad sawe that thole wythin were atte soo grete a myschef: that men slew them atte the entree of the castell/thenne he thoughte to helpe them. And put a spere forth/& smote the fyrst that he slay to the erthe/and the spere brake to peces. Thenne he drewe his swerde. and smote there as they were thickest/& so he dyde wonderful dedes of armes/ ỹ al they merueyled. Thenne it happid syr Gawayne & syr Ector de Marys were wyth the knyghtes without/but whan they aspyed the whyte sheldeꝫ the redde crosse/The one sayde to the other/ponder is the good knyghte syr Galahad / Now he sholde be a grete fole whyche sholde mete with hym to fyght. ¶ So by aduenture he came bi syr Gawayne/ and he smote hym so hard that he claue his helme & the coyf of prey vnto his heed/so that Gawayne fell to the erth. But the stroke was so grete that it slented downe to therth & carf the hors sholder in two. ¶ Whan Ector sawe Gawayne doune he drewe hym aside/& thoughte it no wysdom for to abyde hym/ & also for naturall loue that he was his vncle. Thus thrugh his grete hardynesse he bete abak all the knyghtes without e. And thenne they wythin came oute & chaced them al aboute. But whā Galahad sawe there wolde none fore ne agayn/he stale awaye pryuely so ỹ none wyste where he was become. / ¶ Now by my heed sayde Gawayne to Ector now are the wordes true that were sayd of Launcelot du lake/ that the swerde whyche stake in the stoon sholde geue me suche a buffet ỹ I wolde not haue it for the best castel in this worlde. And sothly now it is preuyd tru/for neuer before had I suche a stroke of mannys honde. ¶ Syr sayd Ector for me semyth your quest is doon. ¶ & yours is not doon sayde Gawayne / but myn is doon I shal seke no ferder Thenne Gawayne was borne in to castell & vnarmyd hym/& layde hym in a ryche bedde/ And a leche founde that he myght lyue/& to be hole with in a month/ Thus Gawayne & Ector abode togodder/for syr Ector wold not awaye tyll Gawayne were hoole ¶ And the good knyghte Galahad rode so longe tyll he came that nyght to the castel of Carbonek. And it befel hym thus / that he was benyghted in ay hermytage. ¶ Soo the good may was gladde whan̄e he sawe he was a knyghte arraunt. So whan they wer atte reste/there came a gentylwoman knockynge at the dore/ callyd Galalahad. And so the good may came to the dore to wyte what she wolde. they she callyd the heremyte syre Helyas I am a gentylwoman ỹ wolde speke wt the knyghte whyche is wt you. They

the good man awakyd Galahad / & badde hym aryse & speke wyth a gen: tylwoman that semyth hath grete ne de of you. Thenne Galahad went to her & asked her what she wolde. Ga: lahad sayde she: I woll that ye arme you & mount vpon your hors & folow me / for I shall shewe you wythin thys thre dayes the hyghest aduenture & euer ony knighte sawe. Anone Gala had armyd hym & toke his hors & cō/ maunded hym to god. And badde the gentylwoman goo & he wolde folowe there as she lyked.

¶ How syr Galahad rode wyth a da moysel / and came to the shyppe whēr as syr Bors & syre Percyuale were in ¶ Capitm .ij.

SO she rode as faste as her pal fray myght bere her tyll & she came to the see / the whyche was cal / lyd Collybe. And at the nyght they ca me vnto a castell in a valeye closyd wᵗ a rennyuge water & wyth strong wal les & hyghe. And so she entred in to ꝑ castell wyth Galahad / And ther had he grete chere. for the lady of that cas tell was the damoysels lady. So whā he was vnarmyd / thenne sayd the da moysell Madame shall we abyde hēr all this daye. ¶ Nay sayd she but tyll he hathe dyned & tyll he hath slepte a lytyll. So he ete & slept a whyle tyl & the mayde callyd hym / & armyd hym by torche lyghte. And whan the may/ de was horsyd & he both / the lady to / ke Galahad a fayr shelde & a ryche / And so they departed from the castel tyll they came to the see syde. And the re they founde the shippe where Bors & Percyuale were in / the whiche cryed on the shypp borde Syr Galahad ye be welcome / we haue abyden you lon: ge. And whan he herde them / he axyd them what they were. ¶ Syr sayd she leue your hors hēr / & I shall leue myn & toke ther sadyls & ther bridyls with them / and made a crosse on them / & so entred in to the shyppe . And the two knightes receyued them both wᵗ grete Joye / and eucryche knewe other. And so the wynde arose / & droue them tho rugh the see in a merueyllous place. & wythin a whyle it dawyd. Thenne dy de Galahad of his helme & his swer/ de / & asked of his felowes fro whens came that fayr shyppe. Truely sayde they ye wote as well as we but of god dys grace. And thenne they tolde euer yche to other of all ther aduentures / & of ther grete temptacōns. ¶ Truly sa yd Galahad ye are moche bounde to god for ye haue escapid grete aduentu res. And had not the gentylman be I hadde not come here. ffor as for you I wende neuer to haue foūde you in thy se straunge countrees. ¶ A Galahad sayde Bors yf Launcelot youre fader were here / thenne were we well at ea: se / for thenne me semed we lacked no thyng. ¶ That may not be sayd Ga lahad but yf it pleysed oure lorde. By thenne the shyppe wente fro the londe of Logrys / and by auenture it aryued vp bytwyx two rockes passynge grete & merueyllouse / but there they myght not londe / for thēr was a swolowe of the see / sauf there was a nother shipp & vppon it they myghte goo wythout daunger. ¶ Goo we thyther sayd the gentylwoman / & there shall we se ad/ uentures / for soo is oure lordys wyll.:

And whan they came thither/they fo unde the chyp ryche ynough/ but they founde neyther may ne woman ther in/But they found in the ende of the chyppe two fayr letters wryten/why/ che layd a dredfull worde & a meruey lous Thou may whyche shall entree in to thys chyp.beware thou be in sted fast byleue for I am fayth And ther fore beware how ÿ entrest for & thou faylle I shall not helpe the . ¶ They layd the gentylwoman Percyuale wo te what I am. ¶ Certes layd he naye to my wetynge ¶ Wyte ye well layde she that I am thy syster/ whyche am doughter of kyng Pellenore. And the refore wyte ye well ye are the may in the worlde that I moost loue . And yf ye be not in perfygth byleue of Jhesu crist entree not in no manere of wyse. for thenne sholde ye perysshe the chyp for it is so perfyghte/it woll suffre no synner in it. Whan Percyuale vnder/ stode that she was his very syster / he was Inwardly gladde & sayde fayre syster I shall entre therin. For yf I be a mysse creature or ay vntrue knygh: te there shall I perysshe.

¶ How syr Galahad entred in to the chyppe/& of a fayr bedde therin wyth other merueyllous thynges/ and of a swerde ¶ Capl'm .iij.

IN the meane whyle Galahad: blessyd hym/& entred therin / & thenne next the gentylwoman/& they syr Bors & syr Percyuale. And whan they were in/it was so merueylous fa yr & ryche that they merucylled. And in the myddes of the chippe was a fa yr bedde/and Galahad went therto: and founde there a crowne of sylke. & at the fete was a swerde ryche & fayr And it was drawen out of the shethe half a fote & more/ & the swerde was of dyuers facyons/ & the pomell was of stoon. And there was in him al ma nere of colours that ony may myght fynde. & euerych of the colours hadd dyuers vertues/And the scalys of the hafte were of two sybbes of dyuers bes tes. The one beest was a serpent why che was conuersaunt in Calydone/& is callyd the serpent of of the fende. / And the boon of him is of suche a ver tue that there is no honde that honde lyth it shall neuer be wery nor hurt/& the other best is a fysh whyche is not ryght gret/and haunteth the flood of Eufrate. And that fysh is callyd Er tanax . And his bones bey of suche a manere of kynde/that who that han: dleth them shall haue so moche wylle that he shall neuer be wery/& he shal not thynke on Joye nor sorow that he had had/but only that thinge that he beholdeth before him. And as for this swerde there shall neuer may begripe hym at the handels but one/but he shal passe al other. ¶ In the name of god sayd Percyuale I shall assaye to han: dle it. So he sette his honde to ÿ swer de/ but he myghte not begrype it. By my fayth sayd he now haue I fayled ¶ Bors sette his honde therto & fayl: led. ¶ Thenne Galahad beheld the swerde & sawe the letters lyke blode ÿ sayd/Lete se who shall assay to draw me out of my sheth but yf he be more hardyer than ony other/ & who ÿ dra wyth me/wyte ye well he shall neuer fayll of shame of his body or sobe wo ũded to ÿ deth. ¶ By my fayth sayd

Galahad I wolde deawe this swerde out of the shethe/but the offending is so grete that I shall not sett my hond therto. ¶ Now syres sayde the gentyl woman wyte ye wel that the drawynge of this swerd is warned to al men sauf only to you. Also this shippe aryued in the reame of Logrys/& that tyme was deedly werre betwene kynge Labor whiche was fader vnto ỹ maymed kynge & kynge Hurlame whiche was a sarralyn. But thenne was he newely cristenyd/soo that men helde hỹ afterward one of the wyttiest men of the worlde. And soo vpon a daye it befell that kynge Labors & kyng Hurlame assembled ther folke vpon the see where this shyppe was aryued/& there kynge Hurlame was discomfyte/& his men slayñ/and he was a ferde to be deed/ and fledde to his shyppe/& there founde this swerde & drewe it. & came oute & founde kynge Labor the man in the worlde of all cristendome in whom was thenne the grettest kaynyth. And whan kinge Hurlame sawe kynge Labor/he dressyd his swerde & smote him vpon the helme so harde ỹ he claue hym & his hors to the erth wt the fyrste stroke of his swerde. And it was in the reame of Logrys. And soo befell gret pestylence & grete harme to both reames. For sythen encreacyd no ther corne ne grasse nor well nighe no frupte/ne in the water was no fysshe Wherfore men calle it the londes of ỹ two marches the wast londe for ỹ doloreus stroke. And whan kynge Hurlame sawe this swerde so kerupnge/ he torned agayne to fetche the scaberde: And so came in to this shippe and entred & put vp the swerde in to ỹ shethe. And alsoone as he had dony it he felle downe deed afore the bedde/thus was the swerde proued ỹ none ne dre/ we it but he wer deed or maymed. So lay he there tyll a mayde came in to ỹ shyppe/& cast hym out/for there was no man so hardy of the worlde to entree in to that shyppe for the defence.

¶ Of the merueyllous of the swerde & of the scaubcrde ¶ Capl'm iiij

And thenne beheldc they ỹ scaberde/it sempd to be of a serpentes skỹne. And theron were letters of gold & syluer. And the gyrdyl was but poorely to counte/& not able to susteyne suche a ryche swerde. And ỹ letters sayde He whyche shall welde me oughte to be more hardyer thañe ony other yf he bere me as truely as I ouzte to be bory. For the body of hỹ whyche I oughte to hange by he shall not be shamed in no place while he is gyrde wyth this gyrdyll/ nor neuer none be so hardy to doo awaye this gyrdyl For it oughte not be dony awaye but by the hondes of a mayde/& that she be a kynges doughter & quenes. & she must be a mayde all the dayes of her lyf/both in wyll & in dede. And yf she breke her virgynyte she shall deye the mooste vylanous dethe that euer dyde ony woman. ¶ Syr sayde Percyuale torne this swerde ỹ we maye se what is on the other syde. And it was redde as blood wyth blacke letters as ony cole. Whyche sayd He that shall praysc me mooste/mooste shall he fynde me to blame atte a grete uede/& to whom I shall be moste debonayr shal I be moste feloy/and that shal be at one tyme

fayr brother sayd she to percyuale it befell after a.xl.yere after the passion of Jhesu Cryst.that Nacyen thy brod in lawe of kyng Mordrayns was borne in to a towne more than foure dayes Journeye from his countree by the cõmaundement of oure lorde in to an ayle in to the partyes of the weste/ the whiche they callyd the yle of Turnaũce. So befell it that he founde this shippe at the entree of a roche/& he founde thys bedde & the swerde/ as we haue herde now. Not for theñe he had not lomoche hardynesse to drawe it.And there he dwellyd an eyghte dayes.And at ỹ nynthe daye there felle a grete wynde whyche departyd hym oute of the yle & broughte hym to a nother yle by a roche/And there he founde the gretest gyaunt that euer man might se.There wyth came that horrible gyaunt tõ slee hym.And thenne he lokyd abowte him & myghte not flee.And he had no thynge to defende hym wyth.Soo he ranne to his swerde/ and whan he sawe it naked/he praysed it moche/& thenne he shoke it/ & therwyth he brake it in the myddes. ¶A sayd Nacyen the thyng ỹ I moost praysed ought I now moost to blame.And therw he threwe the peces of the swerde ouer his bedde.And after he lepte ouer the borde to fyghte with the gyaunt/and slewe hym.And anone he entred in to the shyppe agayn/and the wynde arose & droue hym thrugh the see/that by auenture he came to a nother shyppe: where kynge Mordrayns was/whyche had ben tempted full euyll wyth a fende in the porte of perylous roche / And whañe that one sawe the other/ they made gret Joye of other.& eyther tolde other of ther aduentures/& how the swerde kaylled hym att his moost nede. Whan Mordrayns sawe ỹ swerde he praysed it moche:but the brekinge was not to doo/but by wyckydnes of thy self warde/for thou art in somme synne.And there he toke the swerde & sette the peces togyder/and they sowdred as fayr as euer they were tofore. And there put he the swerde in the shethe/ and layed it downe on the bedde. Thenne herde they a voys that sayd Goo out of this shyppe a lytyll whyle / & entre in to the other for drede ye falle in deedly synne/for & ye be founde in deedly synne ye may not escape but perysshe.And so they went in to ỹ other shyppe/And as Nacyen went ouer the borde he was smyten wyth a swerde on the ryght fote that he felle downe noselynge to the shyppis borde & therwyth he sayd O god how am I hurte.And thenne there came a voys & sayd Take thou that for thy forfet that thou dydest in drawynge of thys swerde/therfore thou receyuest a woũde/for thou were neuer worthi to handle it /the wrytynge maketh mencõy. ¶Jn the name of god sayd Gala / had/ye are ryght wyse of thise werkȝ.

¶How kyng Pelles was smyten thorugh both thyes by cause he drewe the swerde/ & of other merueyllous hystoryes ¶Capĩm .v.

SYr sayd she there was a kyng ỹ hyghte Pelles the maymed kynge/And whyle he myghte ryde he supported moche cristendom and holy chyrche.So vpon a daye he huntid in a wood of his whyche lastid vnto the

see/and at the last he losse his houdes & his knyghtes/sauf oonly one. And there he & his knyghte wente tyll that they came towarde Irlonde/& ther he founde the shyppe. And whan he saw the letters & vnderstode theym/ yet he entred/for he was ryght perfyghte of his lyf. but hys knyght had none hardynesse to entree/and there founde he this swerde/ & drewe it out as moche as ye maye se. Soo therwyth entred a spere wher wyth he was smyte thruh both thyes/ and neuer syth myght he be heelpd/ne nought shall tofore we com to him. Thus sayd she Was not kynge Pelles your graunt syre may/ ned for his hardynesse. ¶ Jy the name of god damoysell sayd Galahad Soo they went towarde the bedde to beholde all abowte it/& aboue the bede there henge two swerdes. Also there were two spyndyls whiche were as whyte as ony snowe/ & other ꝑ were as redde as blood/& other aboue grene as ony emeraude. Of thyse colou/res were the spyndyls/& of naturel colour within/& wythout ony paynting. ¶ Thyse spyndyls sayd ꝑ damoysell were whan synfull Eue came togadre fruyte/for whiche Adam & she were put out of Paradys/she toke w̄ her the bough on the whyche the apple henge on. Thenne perceyued she that the braunche was fayr & grene/ And she remembred her the losse why she came fro the tree/thenne she thought ought to kepe the braunche as longe as she myghte/& for she had no cofre to kepe it in/she put it in the erth. Soo by the wyll of our lorde the braunche grewe to a grete tree w̄ a lytyl while/& was as white as ony snow. braun ches. bowes & leues/that was a token a maydey planted it. But after god came to Adam/ & badde hym knowe his wyf fleshly as nature requyred it So laye Adam w̄ hys wyf vnder the same tree/& anone ꝑ tree whyche was whyte & full grene as ony grasse/& al that came out of it/ And in the same tyme that they medled togyders there was Abell begoten. Thus was ꝑ tree longe of grene colour. And so it befell many dayes after/vnder the same tree Cayn slewe Abell/ wherof befell grete meruelle. For anone as Abell had receyued the dethe vnder the grene tree he lost the grene coloure & became red & that was in tokenynge of the blood And anone all the plantes deyed ther of/but the tree grewe & werxd meruey lously fayr/ And it was ꝑ fayrest tree & the mooste delectable that ony man myghte beholde/& so deyed the plantes that grewe out of it tofore that tyme ꝑ Abel was slayne vnder it. Soo longe dured the tree tylle ꝑ Salomon kynge Dauid sone regned/ & held ꝑ londe after his fad/ This Salomon was wyse & knewe the vertues of stones & of all trees/ And so he knewe ꝑ course of the sterres & many other dyuers thynges/ Thys Salomon hadd ayn euyll wyf/where thrugh he wende that there had ben noo good woman And so he dyspysed them in his bokes ¶ So answerd a voys hym ones Salomon yf heuynesse come to a man bi a woman/ne recche thou neuer. For yet shall there come a woman wherof there shal come grettter Joye to many a hūdred more thanne the heuynesse doth geue sorowe or heuynesse/& that woman shall be borne of thy lygnage./

¶Tho whan Salomon herde thyse wordes/he helde hymself but a foole/ & the trouth he perceyued by olde bo / kes. Also the holy ghost shewed him ꝑ comyng of the glorious vyrgyn Ma/ ry. Thenne asked he of the boys/yf it sholde be in the yerde of his lygna/ ge¶Nay sayd the boys/but ther shal come á may whyche shal be a mayde & the laste of your blood/and he shal be as good a knyghte as duke Josue thy brother in lawe.

¶How Salomon toke Dauid swerd by the counsell of his wyf/ & of other materes'merueyllous¶Capl'm vi.

NOw haue I certyfyed the of ꝑ thou stodest in dowte. Thenne was Salomon gladde that ther̄ shol de come ony suche of his lignage/but euer he merueyled & studyed who that sholde be/& what his name myght be his wyfe perceyued that he studyed/& thoughte she wolde knowe it at some leasoy/And so she awayted her tyme & asked of him the cause of his studi eng. And there he tolde her al togyder how the boys tolde hym.¶Well sayd she I shall lete make a shyppe of the beest wood & moost durable that men maye fynde. So Salomon sent for al the carpenters of the londe & the beste And whan they had made the shyppe the lady sayd to Salomon.¶Syr sa yd she /syn it is so that thys knyghte oughte to passe all knyghtꝭ of chyual ry whyche haue ben tofor hym/& shal come after hym. More ouer I shal tell you sayd she/ye shal goo in to our lor dys tẽple where is kyng Daupd swer de your fader/ the whyche is the mer/ ueylloust & the sharpest that euer was taken in ony knyghtes honde/Ther: fore take that / & take of the pomell / and therto make ye a pomell of precy ous stones that it be so subtylly made that no man perceyue it/but that they be alle one / And after make there an hylt so merueyloully & wonderly that no man may know it/ And after ma ke a merueyllous sheth. And whan ye haue made alle this I shall lete make a gyrdyll therto suche as shall pleyse me. And this kyng Salomon lete ma ke as she deuysed/bothe the shyppe & all the remenañt. And whan the shyp was redy in the see to saylle/ the lady lete make a grete bedde & merueylous ryche/and sett her vpon the beddes he de couerpd wyth sylk/& layd the swer de at the fete. And the gyrdyls wer̄ of hempe. And therwyth the kynge was angry.¶Syr wyte ye well sayd she ꝑ I haue none so hyghe a thynge why/ che were worthy to susteyne so bygh a swerde/ & a mayde shall bryng other knyghtꝭ therto/ but I wote not whan it shalbe ne what tyme. And there she lete make a couerynge to the shypp of cloth that shall neuer rote for no ma/ nere of weder. Yet wente that lady/& made a carpentere to come to the tree whyche Abel was slayne vnder. Now sayd she carue me oute of this tree as moche wood as wol make me a spyn dyll.¶A madame sayd he this is the tree/the whyche our firste moder plan ted.¶Doo it sayd she or elles I shall dystroy the. Anone as he begay to wer ke/there came out dropes of blood/ & thenne wolde he haue lefte / But she wolde not suffre hym. And so he toke away as moche wode as myghte wel

make a spyndyll/and so she made hȳ to take as moche of the grene tre & of the whyte tree. And whan thyse thre spyndyls were shapen:she made them to be fastnid on the selar of the bedde Whan Salomon sawe this/ he sayde to his wyf Ye haue doon meruey loully/for though all the worlde were here ryght now/he coude not deuyse wherefore all this was made/but our lord hymself/& thou that hast doon it wotest not what it shall betoken. Now lete it be sayd she/for ye shall here tydȳges sooner than ye wene.

¶ Of the wonderfull tale of kynge Salomon & his wyf vij.

That nighte laye Salomon before the shyppe wyth lytyll felyshyp. And whan Salomon was on slepe/hym thoughte there came from heuen a grete company of angels & alyghte in to the shyppe/ & toke water whyche was broughte by an angel in a vessell of syluer/ and sprent alle the shippe/And after he came to the swerde & drewe letters on the hylt/ And after went to the shyppes borde/ & wrote there other letters/whyche sayde/ȳ man that woll entree wythin me/beware that thou be full wythin the fayth/for I am but faythe and byleue.: Whan Salomon aspyed thyse letters he was abasshyd so that he durste not entree/& so drewe hȳ abak/& the shyp was anone shouen in the see / And it went so faste that he loste syghte of it wythin a lytyll whyle. And thenne a lytyll voys sayd. ¶ Salomon the last knyghte of thy lygnage shall reste in this bedde. Thenne went Salomon & awakyd his wyf/ and tolde her ofȳ aduentures of the shyppe.

Now sayth the hystory / that a grete whyle the thre felowes behelde the bed & the thre spyndylles. Thenne they were at certayne that they were of natural coloures wythoute paynetynge/ Thenne they lyft vp a clothe whyche was aboue the grounde/ & there founde a ryche purse by semynge. And Percyuale toke it / & founde therin a wrytte. And so he radde it/ & deuysed the maner of the spyndylles & of the shyppe whens it came/ and by whom it was made. ¶ Now sayd Galahad where shal we fynde ȳ gentylwoman that shall make ñew gyrdylles to the swerde. ¶ Fayre syr sayd Percyuales syster dysmay you not/for by the leue of god I shall lete make a gyrdyll to the swerd suche one as shal long therto. And then she openyd a boxe & toke out gyrdylls whiche were semely wrought wyth goldey thredes. And ther: vpon were set full of precyous stones & a riche buckel of golde. ¶ Loo lordȝ sayd she here is a gyrdyll that oughte to be sette aboute the swerde. And wite ye wel the grettest parte of this gyrdle was made of my heer whiche I loued well whyle that I was a woman of the worlde. But assone as I wyst ȳ this aduenture was ordened me I clippyd of my heer/and made this girdyl in the name of god. ¶ Ye be well yfounde sayd syr Boys. For certes ye haue put vs out of grete payne where in we sholde haue entred ne hadde youre techynges ben. ¶ Thenne wente the gentylwoman and sette it on the gyrdyll of the swerde. ¶ Now sayde the thre felowes What is the ryght name

of the swerde/and what shall we call it. ¶ Truely sayde she the name of ꝑ swerde is the swerde wyth the straunge gyrdyls & the shethe neuer of blood / For no man that hathe blood in hym ne shal neuer se the one party of ꝑ she the whiche was made of the tree of lyfe. ¶ Thenne they sayd to Galahad Jn the name of Jhesu Crist/ we pray you that ye gyrde you wyth this swerde/whiche hath ben so moche desyred in the reame of Logrys. ¶ Now lete me begyn sayd Galahad to gripe thy swerde for to geue you courage/ But wyte you wel it longeth nomore to me than it doth to you. And then he gryped aboute it wyth hys fyngres a grete deale. And thenne she gyrde hym aboute the mydyll w̄ the swerde. Now recke I not though I deye/ for now I holde me one of the blessyd maydens of the worlde whyche hath made the the worthyest knyghte of the worlde / ¶ Damoysell sayd Galahad ye haue doon so moche that I shal be your knyght al the dayes of my lyf. Then they went from that shyppe/ & wente to thother. And anone the wynde drone in to the see a grete pās / but they had no vytayll. But it befell that thei came on ꝑ morn to a castell that men cal Carteloyse/ ꝓ was in the marches of Scotlond. & whan they had passed the porte/the gentylwoman sayd Lordes here ben men aryuey / that & they wyste that ye were of kynge Arthurs courte / ye sholde be assaylled anone. ¶ Damoysel sayd Galahad he that cast vs oute of the roche shall delyuer vs from them.

¶ How Galahad & his felowes cam to a castell/ & how they were foughte wyth al/ & how they slewe ther aduersaryes/ & of other maters. viij.

So it befell as they spoke thus there came a squyre bi them/ & asked what they were. And the sayde they were of kynge Arthurs hous. Is that soth sayd he. Now by my heed sayd he ye ben euyll arryued. And thēne torned he ayen vnto the cheyf fortresse And within a whyle they herde a horne blowe. Thenne a gentilwoman came to them and asked them of whens they were/ And they tolde her. ¶ Fayr lordes sayd she torne ayen yf ye maye for goddys loue/for ye ben come vnto your dethe. ¶ Nay sayde they we wolle not torne ayen/for he shal helpe vs in whos seruyse we ben entred in. They as they stode talkyng/thēr came knyghtes wel armyd/and badde them yelde them or elles to deye. That yelpynge sayd they shal be noyous to you. And therwyth they lete ther horses renne.: And syr Percyuale smote the formest to the erth/and toke his hors & mounted therupon. And the same dyd Galahad/Also Boors serued a nother so. For they had noo horses in that countre/for they left ther horses whan thei toke ther shyppe in other countrees/ & soo whanne they were horsyd/thenne beganne they to sette vpon them. And the knyghtes of the castel fledde in to the strongest fortresse/ & the thre knyghtes folowed after them in to the castel And so alyght on foote/and wyth ther swer swerdes slewe them downe/and gate in to the halle. ¶ Thenne whan they beheld the grete multytude of peple whyche they had slayne. they they

helde themself grete lyeners. ¶ Certes sayde Boys/ I wene & god had loued them that we sholde not haue had po: wer to haue slayne them th⁹/ but they haue done somoche ayenst our lorde þ he woll not suffre theym to regne noo lenger. ¶ Saye ye not so sayde Gala had for yf they mysdyde ayenst god/ the vengaunce is not ours/ but to hym whyche hath power therof. ¶ So ca/ me thet out of a chambre a good may whyche was a preest/ & bare goddys body in a cuppe. And whan he sawe them whyche lay deed in the halle/ he was all abasshed. And Galahad dy/ de of his helme & knelyd downe/ & so dyde his two felowes. Syr sayd they haue ye no drede of vs/ for we bey of kynge Arthurs courte. ¶ Thenne al kid the good may how they were slay ne so sodenly. And they tolde it hym/ ¶ Truely sayde the good may/ & ye myght lyue as long as the world myg te endure/ ne myghte ye haue dony so grete an almesse dede as this. ¶ Syre sayd Galahad I repent me moche in as moche as they were cristenyd. Nay repent you not sayd he: for they were not cristened. And I shal tell you hou þ I wote of thys castell. ¶ Here was lorde erle Hernox/ not but one yere/ & he had thre sones good knyghtz of ar mes & a doughter the fayrest gentyl/ woman that mey knewe. So tho thre knyghtz loued ther syster so sore that they brent in loue/ & so they lay by her maugre her heed. And for she cryed to her fad they slewe her/ & toke ther fa der & put hym in prison/ and woũded hym nyghe to the dethe/ But a colyn of hers relcowed hym. And thenne dy: de they grete vnthouthe. They slewe clerkes & preestis/ and made bete dow ne chapels þ our lordes seruyse myght be not be serued ne sayd. And this sa/ me day ther fader sent to me for to be confessid & houselyd/ but suche shame had neuer may as I had this daye wt the thre brethery. But the erle bad me suffre/ for he sayd they sholde not lon ge endure. For thre seruauntes of our lorde shold dystroye them/ & now it is brought to ay ende. And by this may ye wyte that our lord is not displeysed wyth your dedes. ¶ Certes sayd Ga: lahad & it had not pleysed our lorde/ neuer sholde we haue slayne so many mey in so lytyll whyle. And they they broughte the erle Hernox out of pry/ son in to the myddes of the halle that knewe Galahad anone. & yet he saw hym neuer afore but by reuelacyon of our lorde.

¶ How the thre knyghtes wyth Perci uales syster came in to the wast forest & of ay hart & foure lyons/ & of other thynges ¶ Capl'm ix.

Thenne began he to wepe right tenderly/ & sayd Long haue I byden your comynge/ but for goddys loue hold me in your armes þ my sou le may departe out of my body in soo good a mãnys armys as ye be. Glad ly sayd Galahad. ¶ And they one sa yd on hyghe that all herde Galahad well hast thou auenged me on goddis enmyes. Now behoueth the to go to þ maymed kynge allone as thou mayst for he shall receyue by the helthe whyp che he hath abiden so longe. And ther with the soule departid from the bodi And Galahad made hym to be bury ed as hym ought to be/ So departiþ

thre knyghtes/ and Percyuales syster wyth theim. And so they came in to a waste foreste/and there they sawe afore them a white harte whyche four lyons ladde. Thenne they toke them to assent for to folow after/for to know whyther they repayred. And soo they rode after a ryght gret paas tyll that they came to a valeye/& there by was ay hermitage wher̄ a gode may dwelled. And the harte & the lyons entred also. So whay they sawe al this they torned to the chapell/& sawe the gode may in á relygyous wede & in the armour of our lorde/for he wolde synge masse of the holy ghost. And soo they entred & herde masse. And at the secretes of the masse they thre saw the harte become a may/the whyche mercyed them/& sette hym vpon the awter in a ryche sege/and sawe the foure lyons were chaunged/the one to the forme of a may/the other to the fourme of a lyon/& the thyrde to ay egle. and the fourth was changed vnto ay oxe/ Thenne toke they ther sege/where the harte sate and went out thrugh a glasse wyndow/ & there was no thyng perisshed nor brokey. And they herde a voys saye In suche a manere entred the sone of god in the vombe of a mayde Mary/whos virginyte ne was not perisshed ne hurt. And whay they herde thyse wordes they fell downe to the erthe & were astonyed. And ther w̄ was a gret clerenesse. And whay they were come to thēselfe agayn: they went to the good may & prayed hym that he wolde saye them the trouth. ¶ What thynge haue ye seey sayd he. And they tolde hym all that they had seey. ¶ A lordes sayd he ye be welcome/now wote J well ye bey the gode knyghtes the whyche shall brynge the Sancgreall to ay ende. For ye be they vnto whom our lorde shall shewe grete secretes/ & wel oughte our lorde be lygnyfyed to ay harte. For the harte whay he is olde he wexyth yonge agayn in his white shynne. Right so cometh agayn oure lorde from dethe to lyf/ for he loste erthly flesshe that was the deedly flesshe whiche he had taken in the wombe of the blessyd vyrgyn Mary / And for that cause apperyd our lorde as a whyte harte wythoute spotte. And the foure that were wyth hym is to vnderstond the foure Euangelistes/ whiche sette in wrytyng a part of Jhesu crists dedes that he dyde somtyme whay he was amonge you ay erthly may. For wyte you well neuer erst ne myght no knyghte knowe the trouth/ for oft tymes or this our lorde shewed hym vnto good mey & vnto good knyghts in lykenesse of ay harte. But J suppose from henseforth ye shall se nomore/ & thēne they Joyed moche & dwelled there all that daye. And vpon the morow wha they had herd masse/ they departed & cōmaunded the good may vnto god. And so they came to a castell and passyd by. Soo there came a knyghte armed after & sayd Lords herke what J shall saye to you.

¶ How they were delyred of a straunge custom̄ whyche they wold not obey and how they foughte & slewe many knyghtes ¶ Capl'm .x.

THis gentil womay that ye lede w̄ you is a mayde/ Syr sayde she a mayde J am. Thenne he toke

her by the brydyl & layd By the holy crosse ye shall not escape me to fore ye haue yolde the custome of this castell. ¶ Lete her goo layd Percyuale/ ye be not wyse/for a maydey in what place the compyth is free ¶ So in the meane whyle there came out a.x.or.xij.knyz tes armyd of the castell. & wyth them came gentyl wymey / whyche helde a dysshe of syluer. And thenne they lay de This gentyl woman must yelde vs the custome of this castell. ¶ Syr lay de a knighte what mayde passyth her by shall yeue this dysshe full of blood of her right harme ¶ Blame haue he layd Galahad that broughte vp su/ che customes/And soo god me saue I enlure you / of this gentyl woman ye shall faylle whyle that I lyue. ¶ So god me helpe layd Percyuale I had le uer be slayne/ And I also layd Boys ¶ By my trouthe layde the knyghte thenne shall ye deye/ for ye maye not endure agaynst vs though ye wer the beste knyghtes of the world. Thenne lete they renne eche to other . And the thre felowes bete the.x.knightes/and thenne sette ther hondes to ther swer/ des/& bete them downe & slewe them Thenne there came out of the castell a.lx.knyghtes armyd. ¶ Fayre lordes layde the thre felowes haue mercy on yourselfe/& haue not adoo wyth vs./ ¶ Nay fayr lordes layd the knyghtes of the castell we counsell you to wyth drawe you/for ye bey the best knygh: tes of the worlde/and therfore doo no more for ye haue dooy; ynough/ ¶ We woll lete you go with this harme/ but we must nedes haue ꝑ custome. ¶ Lez tes sayde Galahad for nought speke ye. ¶ Wel layd they/wol ye dey. ¶ We bey not come therto layde Galahad. Thenne beganne they to medle togy ders. And Galahad wyth the straun ge gyrdyls drewe his swerd/and smo te on the ryght honde & on the lyft hō de / and slewe whom that euer abode hym. And dyde suche meruey les ꝑ the re was none that sawe/ but they wen de he had bey none erthly may but a monstre . And his two felowes halpe hym passyng well. And so they helde their Journeye euerych in lyke harde tyll it was nighte. Thenne must they nedes departe. ¶ Soo came in a good knighte & layd to the thre felowes/ yf ye woll come in to nyghte/& take su: che herberow as her̄ is/ye shall be ryz te welcome/ And we shall enlure you by the fayth of oure bodyes/& as we bey true knightes to leue you in suche astate tomorowe as we fynde you wi: out ony falshede. & assone as ye know of the custome we dare saye ye wol ac cord/ ¶ Therfore for goddys loue sa: yd the gentyl woman goo thyther and spare not for me. ¶ So we layd Ga lahad/and so they entred in to the cas tell/and whan they were alighte they made Joye of them. So within a whi le the thre knyghtz askyd the custome of ꝑ castel/& wherfore it was. ¶ what it is layd they we wol say you the trou the.

¶ How syr Percyualys syster bledde a dysshe full of blood for to heele a lady wherfore she deyed/& how that the bo dy was put in a shyppe .xi.

There is in this castell a gentyl woman whiche we haue/and this castell is hers & many other. So it befell many yeres agoon/ there fell

vppon her a maladye. And whan she had layne a grete whyle she fell vnto a meselle. and of no leche she cowde haue no remedy / But at the laste ay old may sayd / & she myghte haue a dysshful of blood of a mayde & a clene vyrgyn in wylle & in werke / & a kynges doughter / that blodd sholde be her hele / and for to anoynt her with al / And for this thynge was this custome made: ¶ Now sayd percyuales syster fayr knyghtes I se wel that this gentyl woman is but deed / but she haue soo moche of my blood. ¶ Certes sayd syre Galahad & ye blede soo moche / ye may dey. ¶ Truely sayd she & I dey for to heele her / I shall gete me greate worshyp & soules helth / & worshyp to my lygnage. And better is one harme than tweyne. And therfore there shall be nomore batayll but tomory I shal yelde you the custom of thys castell. & thenne there was grete Joye more than there was tofor. For elles had ther ben mortall werre vpon the mory / not w̄stōdyng she wold none other whether they wolde or nolde. ¶ That nyghte were the thre felowes ealyd wyth the best. And on the mory they herd masse ¶ And syr Percyualys syster bad brȳge. forth the syke lady. So she was / ꝑ whiche was cuyll at ease. Thenne sayd she Who shall lete me blood. Soo one came forth & lete her blood. And she bled somoche that the dysshe was full. Thenne she lyft vp her honde & blessid her. And thenne she sayd to the lady Madame I am come to the deth for to make you hoole / for goddys loue prayeth for me. Wyth that she felle in a swowne. Thenne Galahad and his two felowes stert vp to her & lyft her vpp / and staunched her / But she had bledde somoche she myght not lyue. ¶ Thenne she sayd whan she was awakyd / Fayre brother percyuale I deye for the heelynge of this lady / So I requyre you / that ye bery me not in this countree / but allone as I am deed put me in a bote at the nexte hauen & lete me goo as aduenture wol lede me And allone as ye thre come to the cyte of Sarras: there to enchene the holy Grayle ye shal fynde me vnder a towre arryued / & there bury me in the spyrytuell place. For I saye you soo me there Galahad shalbe buryed & ye also in the same place. Whan percyuale vnderstode thyle wordes he graunted it her wepyng. ¶ And thenne sayd a voys Lordes & felowes tomorow at the houre of pryme ye thre shall departe euerych from other: tyll the aduenture bryng you to the maryed kynge. ¶ Thenne asked she her sauyour. & allone as she had receyued it the soule departyd from the body. So the same day was the lady helyd whan she was enoynted wyth all. Thenne syre Percyuale made a letter of al that she had holpen them as in strange aduentures & put it in her ryght honde / & layed her in a barge / & couerd it with blacke sylke. And so the wynde aroos & droue the barge from the lond / and all knyghtes beheld it tyll it was out of ther syghte. Thenne they drewe al to the castell. And so forth wyth there fell a sodeyn tempest of thonder / lyghtenynge & reyne as all the erth wolde haue broke. So half the castell torned vp so downe. So it passyd euelong or the tempest was lessyd / Thenne they sawe afore them a knyghte armyd / &

wounded hard in the body & in the he de ꝑ sayde O god socour me/ for now it is nede. After this knyghte came a nother knyghte & a dwerf whyche cri ed to them a ferre/ stonde ye maye not escape. Thenne the wounded knyght held vp his hondꝭ to god that he shol de not dey in suche tribulacõn. ¶ Tru ly sayd Galahad I shall socour hym for his sake ꝑ he callyth vpon. ¶ Syr sayde Bors I shall do it/ for it is not for you/ for he is but one knyght: Sy re sayde he I graunt. ¶ So syr Bors toke his hors & cõmaunded hym to god And rode after to relcowe the woũded knyghte.

¶ How Galahad & percyuale foun de in a castell many tombes of may / dens that had bledde to dethe ¶ Ca pitulum .xij.

NOw sayth the story/ that alle nyghte Galahad & percyua: le were in a chapel in ther prayers for to saue syr Bors. So on the morowe they dressyd them in ther harneys to / warde the castell to wite what was be tyde of theym therin. And whan they came there/ they founde neyther may ne womay that he ne was dede by the vengaunce of our lorde. ¶ Wyth that they herd a voys that sayd This ven gaunce is for blood shedynge of may dens. Also they founde at ende of the chapel a chyrcheyerde/ & therin myght they se a.lx.fayr tombes. And ꝑ pla ce was so fayr & so delectable ꝑ it se / myd theym there had bey no tempest/ For there laye the bodyes of all the go de maydens whiche were martred for the syke ladyes sake. Also they found the name of eueryche/ & of what blo/ de they were come. And al were of kyn ges blood/ and .xij. of them were kyn/ ges doughters. ¶ Thenne they depar ted & went in to a forest. ¶ Now sayd percyuale vnto Galahad we must de parte. So praye we our lorde that we may mete togiõ in shorte tyme. They they dyde of ther helmes & kyssed to / gyder/ & wept at ther departynge.

¶ How syr Launcelot entred in to the shyp where syre percyualys syster lay ded. and how he mette wyth syr Ga lahad his sone ¶ Capl'm xij.

NOw sayth the story that whã Launcelot was come to ꝑ wa ter of Mortoyse/ as it is rehercyd befor he was in grete peryll. And so he lay/ de hym downe & slepte/ & toke the ad: uenture that god wolde sende hym . / ¶ So whan he was a slepe/ there ca / me a vysyon vnto hym & sayd Laun: celot aryse vp & take thyn armour/ & entree in to the fyrste shippe that thou shalt fynde. And whan he herde thyse wordes he stert vp & sawe grete clere/ nesse abowte hym. And thenne he lyft vp his hondc & blessid hym/ and so to ke his armes & made hym redy. Aad so by aduenture he came by a stronde and founde a shyppe the whyche was wythout sayle or oore. And assone as he was wythin the shyppe/ thẽ he fel te the moost swetnesse that euer he felt And he was fulfylled wyth all thyng that he thoughte on or delyred. They he sayd Fayr swete fader Cryst I wo te not in what Joy I am/ for this Joy passeth all erthly Joyes ꝑ euer I was in. And so in this Joye he layed hym

downe to the shyppe borde and slepte tyll daye. And whan he awoke he fou de there a fayr bedde & therin lyeng a gentylwoman deed / the whyche was syr Percyuales syster. And as Lañce: lot deuysed her he aspyed in her ryght honde a wrytte / the whyche he radde / the whyche tolde him all the aduentu re as ye haue herde tofore / & of what lygnage she was come. ¶ So ẅ this gentylwoman syre Launcelot was a month & more ¶ Yf ye wolde alke me how he lyued he that fedde the people of Jsrahell wyth manna in deserte / ly ke wyse fed him. For euery day whan he had sayd hys prayers / he was suste ned wyth the grace of the holy ghost. ¶ So on a nighte he went to play hym by the waters syde / for he was som / what wery of the shyppe / and thenne he listned & herde an hors come & one rydynge vpon hym. And whan he ca: me nighe he semyd a knyghte. & so he lete hym passe / & went there as the shyp was. And there he alyghte & toke the sadyll & the brydyll & put the hors fro hym / & went in to the shyp. And they Launcelot dressyd vnto hym. & sayde Ye be welcome. And he answerde & sa lewed him agayn. And askid him his name / for moche my herte geueth vn: to you ¶ Truely sayd he my name is Launcelo du lake ¶ Syr sayd he they be ye welcome / for ye were the begyn / ner of me in this worlde. ¶ A sayd he Are ye Galahad. ¶ Ye forsoth sayde he. And so he knelyd downe & askyd hym his blessynge / and after toke of his helme & kyssed hym. And there was grete Joye betwene theim / for there is no tonge can telle the Joye that they ma de eyther of other / and many a frend: ly worde spoke betwene / as kynd wol de / the whyche is no nede here to be re hercyd. And there euerych tolde other of ther aduentures & merueylles that we re befalle to them in many Journeys syth they departyd from the courte. :/ ¶ And anone as Galahad sawe the gentylwoman ded in the bed he knew her wel ynough / & tolde gret worshyp of her & that she was the beste mayde lyuynge. And it was grete pyte of her dethe. But whan syr Launcelot herde how the merueyllous swerde was go: ten / & who made it / & all the merueyl les rehercyd afore. Thenne he prayed Galahad hit sone that he wold shew hym the swerde. And so he dyde / & ano: ne he kyssed the pomell / the hyltes / & the scauberde. ¶ Truely sayd Launce lot neuer erst knewe J of so hyghe ad ueutures doon & so merueyllous stra: unge. ¶ So dwellyd Lañcelot & Ga lahad wythin that shyppe half a yere & serued god dayly & nyghtly with al ther power. And ofte they arryued in yles ferre from folk / whet there repay red none but wylde beestis. And there they founde many straunge aduentu / res & peryllous / whyche they brought to an ende / But for thole aduentures were wyth wylde beestys: & not in the queste of the Sangreall / therfore the tale maketh here noo mencyon / for it wold be long to tell that befel them.

¶ How a knyght brought to syr Ga: lahad an hors & badde hym come fro his fader syr Launcelot .xiiij.

SO after on a Mondaye it be / fell that they arryued in the edge of a forelte tofore a crolle. And thenne

sawe they a knyghte armyd al in whi te/& was rychely horsyd.& lad in hys ryght honde a whyte hors/ And so he came to the shyppe & salewed the two knyghtes on the hyghe lordes behalf. And sayde Galahad syr ye haue ben longe ynough wyth your fader/come out of the shyppe/and lepe vpon this hors/& go where the aduentures shall lede the in the queste of the Sancgre/ all. Thenne he went to his fader and kyst him swetly & sayd fayr swete fa der I wote not whanne I shal se you more tyll I se the body of Jhesu Crist ¶ I praye you sayd Launcelot pray you to the hyghe fader/ that he holde me in his seruyse. And so he toke his hors. And ther they herde a voys that sayd Thynke for to doo well/ for the one shall neuer se the other before the dredefull daye of dome. ¶ Now sone Galahad sayd Laūcelot syn we shal departe/& neuer se other/ I praye to ỹ hygh fader to conserue me & you both ¶ Syr sayd Galahad no prayer aua ylleth somoche as yours. And ther w Galahad entred in to the forest. And the wynde aroos / & droue Launcelot more than a month thrugh out the se where he slepte but lytyll/ but prayed to god that he myghte se some tydyn gs of the Sancgreall ¶ So it befel on a nyghte at mydnyghte he arryued a/ fore a castell on the backe syde/why / che was ryche & fayre. And there was a posterne opened towarde the see / & was open without ony kepynge/ sauf two lyons kept the entre. And the mo ne shoon clere ¶ Anone syr Launcelot herde a voys that sayd Launcelot go out of thys shyppe/& entree in to ỹ cas tel where thou shalt se a grete part of thy desyre. Then he ranne to his ar mes & so armyd hym/ and so went to the gate/& sawe the lyons. They sett he honde to his swerde and drewe it / Thenne there came a dwerf sodenly & smote hym on the arme so sore that the swerd fell out of his honde. They herde he a voys saye O may of euyll fayth & poore byleue/ wherfor trowest thou more on thy harneys than in thy maker/ for he myghte more auayle ỹ than thyn armour in whos seruyse ỹ thou art sette. ¶ Thenne sayd Laun: celot fayr fader Jhesu Cryst I than/ ke the of thy grete mercy that thou re preuest me of my mysdede/ Now se I well that thou holdest me for thy ser/ uaunt. They toke he agayn his swer de & put it vp in his shethe/and made a crosse in his forehed/ & came to the lyons. And they made semblaūt to do hym arme/notwythstondynge he pas: syd by them wythout hurt/and entred in to the castell to the cheyf fortresse. & there were they all at rest. Thenne La uncelot entred in so armyd/for he foū de no gate nor doore but it was ope / nyd. And at the laste he founde a chā: bre wherof the doore was shytt/and he sette his honde therto to haue opened it/but he myghte not.

¶ How syr Launcelot was tofore the doore of the chambre wherin the holy Sancgreall was ¶ Capl'm .xv.

Thenne he enforcid him moche to vndoo the doore. Thenne he lystnid & herde a voys whyche son ge so swetely that it semyd none erth ly thyng. And hym thoughte the voy: ce sayd Joye & honour be to the fader

of heuey. Thenne Launcelot knelyd downe tofore the chābre/for wel wyst he that there was the Sancgreall in ꝑ chambre. Thenne layd he Fayr swete fader Jhesu Cryst yf euer I dyd thyng that pleysed the lorde/ for thy ppte ne haue me not in dysppte for my sȳnes doy afore tyme/& that thou shew me some thyng of that I seke. And wt that he sawe the chambre dore open/& with that there came out a grete clerenesse/that the hous was as bryght al all the torches of the worlde hadd bey there. So came he to the chambre dore/& wolde haue entred. And anone a voys sayde to hym Flee Launcelot/& entre not/for thou oughtest not to do it/and yf thou entre thou shalt forthȳ ke it. Tho he wythdrewe hym abak ryght heuy. Thenne lokyd he vp in ꝑ myddes of the chambre & saw a table of syluer & the holy vessell couerd wredde sampte & many angels abowte it/wherof one helde a candyl of were brennyng/and the other helde a crosse & the ornamentꝫ of the awter. And be fot ꝑ holy vessell he saw a good man clothed as a preest. And it semyd that he was at the sacrynge of the masse./ And it semyd to Laūcelot that aboue the preestꝫ hondes were thre men wher eof the two put the yongest by lyklynesse bytwene the prestis hondes/and so he lyft it vp ryght hyghe. And it semyd to shewe so to the people/& they Launcelot merueylled not a lytyll. for hym thought the preest was so gretly chargid of the fygure that him semed that he sholde falle to the erthe. And whan he sawe none abowte him that wolde helpe hym / thenne came he to the dore a grete paas & sayd Fayr fader Jhesu Cryst ne tak it for no sȳne though I helpe the gode man whiche hath grete nede of helpe/Ryght so entred he in to the chambre/& came towarde the table of syluer. And whan he came nyghe he felt a brethe that hym thoughte was entremedlyd wyth fyre whyche smote him so sore in the vysage that hym thoughte it brent his vysage. And therwyth he fell to the erth & had no power to arise/as he was so araged that had lost the power of his bodi & his heryng & his seeng. Then felte he many hondes abowte hȳ whiche tok hym vp & bare hym out of the chambre wythout ony amendyng of his swowne/and left hym there semȳge deed to all the people. So vpon the morowe whan it was fayr daye: they wythin were aryseyn/ & founde Launcelot lyenge afore the chambre doore. All they merueylled how that he cam in. And so they lokyd vpon hym & felte his poule to wyte whether there were ony lyf in him/& so they founde lyfe in him/But he myghte not stonde nor styre no membre that he had. And so they toke him by euery parte of the body & bare him in to a chambre. and layed him in a ryche bedde ferre from all folke/ and so he laye foure dayes. Thenne the one sayd he was a lyue/ & the other sayd nay. ¶ In the name of god sayd an old man/for I do you veryly to wyte/ he is not deed/ but he is so ful of lyf as the myghtiest of you all. And therfore I cōunseyll you that he be well kept tyll god sende hym lyf agayne.

¶How syr Launcelot had layen.xxiiij. dayes and as many nyghtes as a deed may/& of other dyuers maters xvi.

IN suche maner they kept Launcelot.xxiiij. dayes & also many nyghtes that euer he laye styll as a dede may. And at the.xxv.daye befel hym after mydnyght that he openyd his eyen And whan he sawe folk he made grete sorowe/& sayd Why haue ye awaked me/for I was more at ease thanne I am now/O Jhesu Cryst/who myghte be so blessyd that myghte se openly the grete meruaylles of secretenes there where no synner maye be. ¶What haue ye seen sayd they aboute hym. ¶I haue seen sayd he so grete meruaylles that no tonge may telle/& more than ony hert can thynke/& had not my lorde bey hem afore me I had seen moche more. ¶Thenne they tolde hym how he had layen there.xxiiij.dayes & nyghtes. Then hym thoughte how it was punyshment for the .xxiiij. yeres that he had ben a synner/wherfore our lorde put him in penaunce.xxiiij.dayes & nyghtes. ¶Thenne lokyd syr Launcelot afore hym/& saw the hayre whyche he had born nygh a yere/ for that he forthought hym ryght moche that he had brokey his promyse vnto the hermyte whyche he had auowed to doo ¶Thenne they askid how it stode with hym ¶Forsoth sayd he I am hoole of body thankyd be our lorde/therfore syres for goddys loue telle me where I am. ¶Thenne sayde they all that he was in the castell of Carbonek. Therwith came a gentylwoman & brought hym a sherte of smalle lynen clothe/but he changed not there/but toke the hayre to hym agayn. ¶Syre sayde they the queste of the Sangreall is encheued. now ryght in you/ that neuer shall ye see of the Sangreall nomore than ye haue seen. ¶Now I thanke god sayd Launcelot of his grete mercy of that I haue seen/for it suffyseth me / For as I suppose no man in thys worlde hathe lyued better than I haue don to enchene that I haue doon. And therwith he toke the hayre & clothyd hym in it/ & aboue that he put a lynnen shert/and after a robe of scarlet fresshe & newe. & whan he was so arayed/they merueylled alle/for they knewe hym that he was Launcelot the good knyghte/ And thenne they sayd all O my lord syr Launcelot be that ye. ¶And he sayd Truely I am he. They came worde to kynge Pelles that the knyghte that had layen so long deed was syr Launcelot. Thenne was the kynge ryghte gladde/& went to se hym. And whan Launcelot sawe hym come/he dressyd hym agaynst hym. And there made the kynge grete Joye of hym. And there the kynge tolde hym tydynges/ that hys fayr doughter was deed. Thenne Launcelot was ryght heuy of it/and sayd Syr me forthynketh the deth of youre doughter /for she was a full fayre lady/fresshe & yonge. And well I wote she haze the beste knyghte that is now on the erth/or that euer was syth god was borne. ¶ Soo the kynge helde hym there foure dayes. And on the morowe he toke his leue atte kynge Pelles and at all the felyshypp/and thanked them of ther grete labour. ¶Right so as they sat at ther dyner in the chefe sale/they was it so that the Sangreal had fulfylled the table with all manere

of meetes that ony herte myght thynke ¶ So as they sate they sawe al the dores & the wyndowes of the place were shytte without mānys honde/wherof they were al abasshyd/& none wyst what to do/And thenne it happyd sodenly a knyghte came to the chyef dore/& knocked & cryed Vndoo the dore But they wolde not. And euer he cryed vndoo/but they wolde not. And at laste it noyed hym so moche ꝑ the kynge hȳself arose & came to a wyndowe there where the knyghte called. They he sayd Syr knyghte ye shall not entree at this tyme whyle the Sancgreal is here/ & therfore go in to a nother for certes ye ben none of the knyghtes of the queste/ but one of them whyche hathe serued the fende/and haste left/te the seruyse of our lord. And he was passyng wrothe at the kynges wordes ¶ Syr knyghte sayd the kyng syn ye wolde so fayne entre/say me of what countree ye be. ¶ Syr sayd he I am of the realme of Logrys / & my name is Ector de Marys / & brother vnto my lorde syre Launcelot. ¶ In the name of god sayd the kyng/ me forthynketh that I haue sayd for your broder is here wythin. And whan Ector de Marys vnderstode that hys brother was: there/for he was the man in the worlde that he mooste dradde & loued. And thenne he sayde A god now dowbleth my sorowe & shame/full truely sayd the good man of the hylle to Gawayne & to me of our dremes. They wente he oute of the courte as faste as hys hors myght/& so thrugh out ꝑ castel/ de Logrys / and of other aduentures whyche he saw in the waye xvij/

Thenne kyng Pelles came to syre Laūcelot & tolde hym tidynges of his brother/ wherof he was sory that he wyst not what to do. So syre Launcelot departyd / & toke his armys & sayd he wolde goo se the reame of Logrys/whyche I haue not seen in a twelue month. And therwyth cōmaunded the kyng to god/& so rode thorugh many reames. And at the last he came to a whyte abbay. And thēr they made hym that nyghte grete chere/ & on the morne he rose & herde masse/ & afore an awter he founde a ryche tombe/the whiche was newely made. and thenne he toke hede/ & sawe the sydes wryten wyth golde/whyche sayd Hēr lyeth kynge Bagdemagus of Gore/ whyche kynge Arthurs neuewe slewe & nampd hym syr Gawayne. They was not he a lytyl sory/for Launcelot loued hȳ moche more than ony other And had bey ony other than Gawayne he shold not haue escappd from dethe to lyf. And sayd to hymself A lorde god this is a grete hurt vnto kyng Arthurs court ꝑ losse of suche a man And thenne he departid & came to the abbaye where Galahad dyde the aduenture of the tombes. and wanne the whyte shelde wyth the redde crosse / & there had he grete chere all that nyghte. And on the morne he torned vnto Camelot/ where he founde kynge Arthur and the quene. But many of the knyghtes of the rounde table wer slayne/& dystroyed more than halfe. And so thre were come home agayne. that were syre Gawayne. syr Ector & syr

¶ How syr Laūcelot retorned towar:

Lyouell/ & many other that nede not to be rehercyd. And all the courte was passyng gladde of syr Launcelot. And the kynge asked hym many tydynges of his sone Galahad. And there Launcelot tolde the kyng of his aduentures that had befalle hym syn he departid And also he tolde hym of the aduen/res of Galahad/Percyuale & Bors/whiche ỹ he knewe by the letter of the deed damoysell/& as Galahad hadd tolde hym. ¶ Now god wold sayd the kyng ỹ they were al thre her̄. ¶ That shal neuer be sayd Launcelot/for two of them shall ye neuer se/But one of them shall come agayn.

¶ How Galahad came to kyng Mordrayns/ & of other materes & aduen/tures ¶ Capl'm .xviij.

NOw sayth the story Galahad rode many Journeyes in vayne. And at the laste he came to the abbaye where kynge Mordrayns was./ And whan he herde that he thoughte he wolde abyde to se hym. And vpon the morn whan he hadde herde masse Galahad came vnto kynge Mordrayns/ & anone the kynge sawe hym whe he had layen blynde of longe tyme/ And thenne he dressyd hym ayenst hym & sayd Galahad the seruaunt of Jhesu Cryst whoos comynge I haue abyden soo longe/ now enbrace me & lete me reste on thy breste/ so that I maye reste betwene thyn armes/for thou arte a clene vyrgyn aboue all knyghtes as the floure of the lely/in whom vyrgynyte is sygnifyed/& thou art the rose the whiche is the floure of all good vertue / & in coloure of fyre/ For the fyre of the holy ghost is take so in the that my flesshly whyche was of deed ol denesse/is become yong agayn. Whey Galahad herd his wordes/thenne he enbracyd hym & all his body. Thene sayd he fayr lord Jhesu Crist now I haue my wyll / Now I requyre the in this poynt that I am in thou come & vysyte me. And anone our lorde herde his prayer/ therw̄ the soule departyd from the body. And thenne Galahad put hym in the erth as a kynge ought to be/& so departyd/& came in to a perylous forest wher̄ he fonde the welle the whyche boylleth wyth grete waves as the tale tellyth tofore. And assoone as Galahad sett his honde therto it sessid/so that it brent nomore. & the hete departid. For that it brent it was a sygne of lechery/ the whyche was ỹ tyme moche vsyd/But that hete myght not abyde his pure vyrgynyte. And this was taken in the cōtre for a myracle. And so euer after was it callyd Galahadis welle. Thenne by aduenture he came in to the countree of Gore & in to the abbay where Launcelot had ben tofore honde & founde ỹ tombe of kynge Bagdemagus. But he was founder therof Joseph of Armathyes sone/and the tombe of Syme/ ay where Launcelot had fayled. Whey he loked in to a crofte vnder the mynstre/and there he sawe a tombe whyche brent full merueylously. Thenne axyd he the brethey what it was. Sire sayd they a merueyllous aduenture that maye not be broughte vnto none ende/but by hym that passith of bountee and of knyghthode all the knyghtes of the rounde table. ¶ I wolde sayd Galahad ỹ ye wold lede me therto

¶Gladly sayd they. And so they lad hym tyll a caue. And he went downe vpon gresys/& came nyghe the tombe And they the flãmynge faylled/& the fyre staũched/the whiche many a day had bey grete. ¶Thenne came there a voys that sayd Moche are ye behol de to thank our lord/the whyche hath geuey you a good houre/that ye may drawe oute the soules of erthly payne & to put them in to the Joyes of para dys. ¶I am of your kynred the why che hath dwelled in this hete this thre hundred wynter & foure & fyfty to be pourged of the sȳne that I dyde ayen ste Joseph of Aromathye. ¶Thenne Galahad toke the bodi in his armes & baze it in to ẏ mynstre. And ẏ nyght lay Galahad in the abbaye. And on the morne he gaaf hym scruyse/& put hym in the erth afore the hye awter.

¶How syr Percyuale & syr Bors met with syr Galahad/& how they came to the castell of Carboneh/& of other materes ¶Capl'm .xix.

SO departyd he from thens/& cõmaũded the brethery to god And so he rode fyue dayes tyll ẏ he ca me to the marmed kyng. And euer fo lowed percyuale ẏ fyue dayes alhyn: ge where he had bey. And so one tolde hȳ how the aduentures of Logrys we re encheued. ¶So on a daye it befell that they came out of a grete forest/& there they mette at trauers wyth syre Bors the whiche rode alone. It is no nede to telle yf they were gladde. And them he salewed/& they yelded hȳ ho nour & gode áduenture. And euerych tolde other ther aduentures. ¶Theñe sayd Bors It is more thay a yere & a half ẏ I ne laye tey tymes where mey dwelled/but in wylde forestȝ & in moũ tayns/but god was euer my comfort. Thenne rode they a grete whyle tyl ẏ they came to the Castell of Carboneh And whañe they were entred wythin the castell kynge Pelles knewe them/ Thenne there was grete Jöye/ for he knew wel by ther comyng ẏ they had fulfylled the queste of the Sangreall ¶They Elyazar kynge Pelles sone brought tofore them the brokey swer de whet̄ w̄ Joseph was stryken thruh the thyghe. Thenne Bors let his hon de therto yf that he myght haue sou/ dred it agayn/but it wolde not be./: Thenne he toke it to Percyuale/but he had nomore power therto thay he/ ¶Now haue ye it sayde Percyuale to Galahad/for & it be euer encheuyd bi ony bodily may: ye must do it. And thenne he toke the pecys & sette them togyders/& they semed that they had neuer be brokey/and as wel as it had be fyrst forged. ¶And whay they w̄: in aspied that the aduenture of ẏ swer de was encheued/theñe they gaue the swerde to Bors/for it myghte not be better sette. For he was a good knygh te & a worthy may. And a lytyll afo/ re euey the swerde arose grete & merue lous. and was full of grete hete ẏ ma ny mey fel for drede. And anone alyz te a voys among them/& sayd They that ought not to sytte at the table of Jhesu Cryst aryse/for now shall bery knyghtȝ be fedde. So they went thens all saue kynge Pelles & Elyazar hys sone/the whyche were holy mey and a mayde whiche was his nece. And so thyle thre felowes and they thre were

there nomo. Anone they sawe knygh:tes all armyd came in at the halle do re & dyd of ther helmes & ther armys & sayd vnto Galahad. ¶ Syr we ha ue hyed ryght moche for to be w̄ you at this table whēr the holy mete shall be departyd. ¶ Thenne sayd he ye be welcome/but of whens be ye. So thre of them saydē they were of Gaule/& other thre sayd they were of Irlonde. And the other thre saydē they were of Denmark. ¶ So as they sate th̄ there came out a bedde of fire of a chamb:re / the whyche foure gentyl wym̄en broughte / & in the bedde laye a good man seke/ & a crowne of golde vppon his heed. And there in the myddes of the place they sette him downe & went agayn ther way. ¶ Thenne he lyfte vp his heed & sayd Galahad knyg te ye be welcome/for moche haue I de syred your compynge/ for in suche payne & in suche angu̇yssh haue I belonge: But now I trust to god the ferme is come that my payn̄ shall be alayed that I shall passe out of this worlde / so as it was promysed me long agoo ¶ Therwyth a voys sayd/ There be two among you þ bey not in the quel te of the Sangreall/ & therfore depar te ye.

¶ How Galahad & his felowes wer̄ fedde of the holy Sangreall/ & how our lorde apperyd to them/ & of other thynges ¶ Capl'm .xx.

Thenne kyng Pelles & his sone departyd. And therwyth al be semyd them that there came a may & foure aungellis from heuen clothed in lyknesse of a bisshop/ & had a crosse in his honde/ & thyse foure aungels bare hym vp in a chayer & sette hym downe before the table of syluer wherup/ on the Sangreal was. And it semed þ he had in myddes of his forehed letters/ the whyche sayd/ Se ye here Jo/seph the fyrst bysshop of cristendom þ same whyche our lord socoured in the cyte of Sarras in the spyrytuell place Thenne the knyghtes merueyled/ for þ bisshop was deed more than thre hū dred yere tofore. O knyghtes sayd he merueyle not/ for I was somtyme an erthly man. ¶ Wyth þ they herde the chambre dore open/ & there they sawe angels & two bare candyls of waxe/ & the thyrde a towel/ & the fourth a spe re whiche bledde merueyllously/ þ the dropes felle wythin a boxe whyche he held with his other honde. And they sette the candels vpon the table/ & the thyrd the towell vpon the vessell/ and the fourth the holy spere euen vpryght vpon the vessell. And thenne the bys:shopp made semblaunt as though he wolde haue gone to the sacrynge of þ masse. And thenne he toke an vbbly whiche was made in lyknesse of brede And att the lyftynge vp there came a fygure in lyknesse of a chyld/ & the vi sage was as red & as bryghte as ony fyre/ and smote himself in to the bred So that they all sawe it that the bred was fourmyd of a flesshly man. And thenne he put it in to the holy vessel a gayn: And thenne he dyde that longed to a preest to do at masse. And thenne he went to Galahad and kyssyd him And thenne badde hym go and kysse his felowes. And ryght so he dyde ful soone/ ¶ Now sayde he ye seruauntes of Jhesu Cryst ye shall be fedde afore this table w̄ swete meetes that neuer

knyghtꝭ tasted. And whan he had sayd/he vanysshed awaye. And they set them at the table in grete drede & maide ther prayers. Thenne lokid they & sawe a man come out of the holy vessell that had all the sygnes of the passyon of Jhesu Cryst bleedynge al openly. And sayd My knyghtes & my seruauntes & my true chyldren / whyche ben come out of deedly lyf in to spyrytuall lyf I woll now noo lenger hyde me fro you/but ye shall se now a parte of my secretes & of my hydde thynges. Now holdyth & receyueth the hye meete whyche ye haue so moche desyred. Thenne toke he hymself the holi vessell & came to Galahad. And he knelyd downe/ and there he receyned his sauyour. And after hym so receyued all his felowes. And they thought it so swete that it was merueyllous to telle. ¶ Thenne sayde he to Galahad / Sone wotest thou what I holde betwyxe my hondes. ¶ Naye sayde he but yf ye woll telle me. ¶ This is sayd he the holy dysshe wherin I ete the lambe on Sherthursday/ & now hast thou seen that thou desiredest most to se. but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shal se it in the cyte of Sarras in the spyrytuell place. Therfore thou must goo hens / & bere wyth the this holy vessel. For this nyght it shal departe from the reame of Logrys/ & it shall neuer be seen more here/ & wotest thou wherfore/ for it is not serued nor worshypped to his ryght by them of this londe / For they ben torned to cuyll lyuyng. Therfore I shall dyshe ryte them of the honour whyche I haue doon them. And therfore go ye thre to morowe vnto the see where ye shal fynde your shippe redi. And with you take the swerde wyth the strange gyrdyls & nomo wyth you but syr Percyuale & syr Boors. Also I woll that ye take with you of the blood of this spere for to enoynte the maymed kynge bothe his legges & alle hys body/ & he shall haue his heele. ¶ Syr sayd Galahad why shall not thyse other felowes goo wyth vs/ For this cause for ryght as I departyd myn postles: one here & a nother ther̄/ so I woll that ye departe/ And two of you shal deye in my seruyse/ but one of you shall come agayn & tell tydynges. Thenne gaue he them hys blessyng and vanysshed awaye.

¶ How Galahad enoynted wyth the blood of the spere the maymed kynge & of other aduentures .xxi.

AND Galahad went anone to the spere whyche laye vpon ỹ table / & towched the blood wyth hys fyngres/ and came after to the maymed kynge & anoynted his legges / & there wyth he clothed him anone/ and stert vpon his fete out of his bedde as an hoole man. And thanked our lord that he hadd heelyd hym/ & that was not to the world warde/ For anone he yelded hym to a place of Relygyon of whyte monkꝭ & was a full holy man ¶ That same nyghte aboute mydnyght came a voyce amonge them / whych sayd My sones & not my chyldren yf sones my frendes & not my werryours /goo ye hens where ye hope beste to do & as I badde you. ¶ Al thanked be thou lord sayd they/ that thou wolde vouchesauf to calle vs so/ now maye we preue ỹ we haue not lost our payn̄

And anone in all haste they toke ther harnys & departed. But the thre knyz tz of Gaule/one of them hight Clau dyne kyng Claudas sone/& the other two wer̄ grete gentylmen. They pray ed Galahad to euerych of them/that yf they came to kynge Arthurs court that they sholde salewe my lorde syre Launcelot my fader & them all of the roũde table/And prayed them yf they came on that party / that they sholde not forgete it. Right so departyd Ga lahad/& Percyuale & Boꝛs wyth hy̆. And so they rode thre dayes/& thenne they came to a ryuage/and fonde the shyppe wherof the tale spekyth of to: fore. And whan they came to the boꝛ/ de they fonde in the myddes the table of syluer/whyche they had lefte wyth the maymed kynge & the Sancgreall whyche was couerd wyth redde samy te. Thenne were they gladde to haue suche thynges in ther felyshyp/& soo they entred & made gret reuerence the reto. And Galahad fell in his prayer longe tyme to our lorde/that at what tyme he alkyd that he sholde passe ou te of this worlde. So moche he prayed tyll a voys sayde to hym Galahad y̆ shal haue thy request/& whan thou al kest the deth of thy body thou shal ha ue it/& thenne shalt thou fynde the ly fe of the soule. ¶ Percyuale herde this & prayed hym of felyshyp that was bi twene theym to telle hym wherfore he alkyd suche thynges. ¶ That shall I telle you sayde Galahad. The other daye whan we sawe a parte of the ad uentures of the Sancgreall I was in suche a Joye of herte that I trowe ne: uer man was/that was erthly. & ther for I wote wel whan my body i dosed my soule shall blessid trynyte te of our lorde ge were they in sayde to Galah oughte ye to lye, ture. And so he la slepte a grete whyl wakyd he lokyd a cyte of Sarras. A: ue londed they sawe . in Percyuale had put h. ly sayd Percyuale/in the n. Wel hath my syster holde vs c. unt. Thenne toke they out of the . the table of syluer . And he toke it . Percyuale & to Boꝛs to goo tofore/& Galahad came behynde/And ryght so they went to the cite. And at the ga te of the cyte /they sawe ay olde man crokyd. Thenne Galahad callyd hy̆ & bad him helpe to bere this heuy thin ge. ¶ Truely sayde the olde man it is x.yere agoo that I myghte not go but wyth crutches. ¶ Care thou not sayde Galahad & aryse vp & shewe thy go: de wyl. And so he assayed. & fonde hy̆ self as hoole as euer he was. Thenne ranne he to the table/ & toke one part agaynst Galahad. And anone arose there grete noyse in the cyte/that a cri pyll was made hoole by knyghtz mer ueyllous that entred in to the cyte . : / Thenne anone after the thre knygh: tes went to the water/ & broughte vp in to the paleys Percyualz syster/and buryed her as rychely as a kynges do ughter ought to be. And whan the hy̆ ge of the cyte whyche was callyd Eul touale sawe y̆ felyship/he alkyd them of whens they were/& what thynge it was that they had broughte vpon the

ꝓ tolde hym ꝑ
ll/ & the pow/
te ther. Then
t/ & was come
s/ & toke them
) a depe hole.

wyth the Sanc
re in prysoy/and
made kyng La
.xxij.

..s sone as they were there
..r lorde sent them the Sanc:
../ thorugh whoos grace they we
..waye fulfylled whyle ꝑ they wer
..n prysoy ¶ So at the yeres ende it be
felle that this kynge Estouraule laye
syke & felt that he sholde deye. They
he sente for the thre knyghtes/ & they
came before hym. And he cryed them
mercy of that he had dooy to them/ &
they forgaue hym goodly/ & he deyed
anone. ¶ Whan the kynge was deed/
all the cyte was dysmayed/and wyst
not who myghte be ther kynge. Righ
te so as they were in counsell there ca
me a voys amonge them/ & bad them
chese the yongest knyght of them thre
to be ther kynge/ for he shall maynte
ne you & al yours. So they made Ga
lahad kyng by al the assent of the ho
le cyte/and elles they wolde haue slay
ne him. And whan he was come to be
holde the londe/ he lete make aboue ꝑ
table of syluer a chest of gold & of pre
cyous stones that hylled the holy vel:
sell. And euery daye erly the thre felo:
wes wolde come afore it/ & make ther
prayers. ¶ Now at the yeres ende and
the self daye after Galahad had bor
ne the crowne of golde/ he arose vp er
ly & his felowes/ and came to the pa:
lays/ & sawe tofore them the holy vel
sell / & a may knelynge on his knees
in lyknes of a bysshop/ that had abou
te hym a grete felyshyp of angels/ as
it had bey Jhesu Cryst hymself. And
thenne he arose & beganne a masse of
oure lady. And whan he cam̃e to the
sacrament of the masse / & had dony.
Anone he callyd Galahad & sayd to
hym Come forth the seruaunt of Jhe
su Cryst/ and thou shalt se that ꝑ hast
moche desyred to se. And thenne he be
ganne to tremble ryght harde / whan
the deedly flesshe began to beholde the
spirytuell thynges. Thenne he helde
vp hys hondes towarde heuey/ & sayd
Lorde I thanke the/ for now I se that
ꝑ hath bey my desyre many a daye. /
Now blessid lorde wolde I not lenger
lyue ꝑf it myght please the lorde. And
therwyth the good may toke our lordꝭ
bodi betwyxe his hondes/ & profred it
to Galahad. And he receyued it rygh
te gladly & mekely. ¶ Now sayd ꝑ go
de may Woteste ꝑ whom I am. ¶ Nay
sayd Galahad ¶ I am Joseph of Ar
mathye whiche our lorde hath sent he
re to the to bere the felyshyp. And wo
test thou wherfor he hath sent me mo
re than ony other. For thou hast resem
bled me in two thyn̄ges/ One is that
thou hast seen the Sangreall. The o
ther is in that ꝑ hast bey a clene may
den as I am. ¶ And whan he had sa:
yd thyse wordes / Galahad wente to
Percyuale & kyssed hym/ & cōmaun /
ded hym to god. And so he went to sy
re Boys/ & kyssed hym/ & cōmaunded
hym to god/and sayde Fayr lorde sa/
lewe me to my lord syr Launcelot my
fader. And assone as ye se him/ bydde

..membre of this vnstable worl:
de/ And therwith he knelyd downe to
for the table/ & made his prayers. and
thenne soodenly hys soule departyd to
Jhesu Cryste. And a gret multytude
of angels bare his soule vp to heuen/
that the two felowes myghte wel be/
hold it. Also the two felowes sawe co
me fro heuen ayr honde/ but they saw
not the body. And they it came ryght
to the vessel/ & toke it & the spere/ and
so bare it ryght vp to heuen. ¶ Sythen
was there neuer man so hardi to saye
that he had seen the Sangreall.

¶ Of the sorowe that Percyuale and Bors made whan Galahad was ded And of the deth of Percyuale/ & other materes ¶ Capitlin .xxiij.

AS Percyuale and Bors sawe Galahad deed/ they made al moche sorowe as euer dyde two men And yf they hadde not ben good men they myght lyghtly haue fallen in dis peyre. And the people of the countre & of the cyte were ryght heuy. And then he was buryed. ¶ And as soone as he was buried syr Percyuale yelded him to ay hermytage of of the cyte/ & to: ke a relygyous clothynge. And Bors was alway with hym/ but neuer chaū ged he his seculer clothyng for that he purposyd hym to goo agayn in to the reame of Logris. ¶ Thus a yere and two monthes lyued syre Percyuale in the hermytage a full holy lyf/ & then passyd out of this worlde. And Bors lete bury hym by his syster and by syr Galahad in the Spyrytuelteos. : / ¶ Whan Bors saw that he was in so ferre coūtrees as in the parties of Ba bylayne/ he departed from Sarras/ & armyd hym/ and came to the see & en tred in to a shyppe. And so it befel hȳ in good aduenture he came to the rea me of Logrys. And he rode so fast tyl he came to Camelot where the kynge was. And thenne was there grete Joy made of him in the courte/ for they de myd all he had ben deed/ for almoche as he had be so longe out of the coun/ tree. And whan they had etey the kyn ge made grete clerkes to come afor hym. that they sholde cronycle of the hyghe aduentures of the good knyghtes. ¶ Whan Bors had tolde hym of the aduentures of the Sangreall/ su che as had befalle him & his two felo wes/ that was Galahad & Percyuale Thenne Launcelot told the aduentu res of the Sangreall that he had seen Alle this was made in grete bokes/ & put in almeryes at Salisbery. ¶ And anone sir Bors sayd to syr Launcelot Galahad youre owne sonne salewed you by me/ & after you kynge Arthur & all the courte/ & so dyde syr Percy/ uale/ for I buried them wt myn owne hondes in the cyte of Sarras. Also sy re Launcelot Galahad prayed you to remembre of this vnsyker worlde/ as ye behyghte hym whan ye were togy: ders more than halfe a yere/ ¶ This is true sayd Laūcelot/ now I truste to god his prayer shal auayle me. Then Launcelot toke syr Bors in hys arms & sayd Gentyl colyn ye are right wel come to me/ & all that euer I may do for you & for yours ye shal fynde me re dy at all tymes whyle that I haue lyf And that I promyse you faythfully/ & neuer to fayle you. And wyte ye wel gentyll colyn syr Bors that ye and I

wylle neuer departe in sonder whyles oure lyues maye laste. ¶ Syr sayd he I woll as ye woll.

¶ Thus endyth the hystory of the Sancgreal/that was breuely drawen out of frenssh in to englysshe/the che is a storye cronycled for one of the trueste & the holieste that is in this world/the whyche is the.xviij.boke.

¶ And now folowith the.xviij.boke

Of the Joye of kynge Arthur & the queue had of tha / chyeuement of the Sancgreall. And how Launcelot fylle to his olde loue agayn Capitulum Primum

NOw after the queste of ỹ Sancgreal was fulfylled/& all knyȝtes that were left alyue were come agayne vnto the table rounde as the boke of the Sangreall maketh mencõy/Thenne was there grete Joye in the courte. And especyall kynge Arthur & quene Gweneuer made greate Joye of the remenaunt that wer̄ come home. And passynge gladde was the kynge & the quene of syr Launcelot & of syr Bors/for they had bey passyng

longe away in the queſt of the Sanc greal. ¶ Thenne as the boke layth ſy re Launcelot beganne to reſorte vnto ỹ quene Gweneuer agayn/& forgate ỹ promiſe & the perfeccõy that he made in the queſt. For as the boke layth had not ſyr Launcelot be in his preny tho: ughtes & in his mynde ſo ſette Inwar dly to the quene as he was in ſemyng outwarde to god/there had no knygh te paſſid hȳ in the queſte of the Sanc greall . But euer his thoughtes were pryuely on the quene. And ſo they ſo/ ued togider more hoter that they dyde tofore honde. & had ſuche preuy drauz tes togyders that many in the courte ſpake of it. And in eſpecyall ſyr Agra uayne ſyr Gawaynes brother/for he was euer open mouthed. ¶ So befell that ſyr Launcelot had many reſortes of ladyes & damoyſels that dayly re/ ſorted vnto hym/that beſoughte hym to be ther champyon. And in all ſuche materes of ryght ſyr Launcelot appli ed hym dayly to do for the pleyſure of our lorde Jheſu Criſt. And euer almo che as he myghte he wythorewe hym from the company & felyſhyp of que: ne Gweneuer for to eſchewe the ſkla undre & noyſe. Wherfor the quene wex ed wroth wyth ſyr Launcelot. ¶ And vpon a daye ſhe callyd ſyr Launcelot vnto her chambre & ſayde thus/ Syr Launcelot I ſe & fele dayly that thi lo ue begȳneth to ſlake/for thou haſt no Joye to be in my preſence/ but euer ỹ arte out of this courte/ And quarels & materes thou haſt now a dayes for la dyes & gentyl wȳmen more than euer: thou were wont to haue afore honde/ ¶ A madame layd ſyr Launcelot / in this ye muſt haue mȩrcyed for dyuer ſe cauſes/ One is/ I was but late in ỹ queſte of the Sancgreall/ and I than ke god of his grete mercy / & neuer of my deſert that I ſawe that in my queſ te as moche as euer ſawe ony ſynfull man/ and ſo was it tolde me. And yf I had not had my preuy thoughtes to retorne to your loue agayne as I doo I had ſeen as grete myſteryes as euer ſawe my ſone Galahad other Percy: uale or ſyr Boors. And therfore mada me I was but late in that queſte/ Wy te ye well madame it maye not be yet lyghtly forgoten the hyghe ſeruyſe in whom I dyde my dylygente labour. / Alſo madame wyte ye well that there be many men ſpeke of our loue in thiſ cõurt and haue you & me gretly in a: wayte/ As ſyr Agrauayne & ſyr Mor dred. And madame wyt you wel I dre de them more for youre ſake/ thay for ony fere that I haue of them my ſelf / For I maye happen to eſcape/ & ryde myſelf in a grete nede: where ye muſt abyde all that woll be ſayd vnto you. And thenne yf that ye falle in ony dyſ treſſe thrugh wylfull foly: they is ther none other remedy or helpe but by me & my blood. And wyte ye well mada: me the boldeneſſe of you & me / wylle brynge vs to grete ſhame & ſklaunder And that were me loth to ſe you dyſ/ honoured . And that is the cauſe that I take vpon me more for to do for da moyſels & maydens thay euer I dyde tofore/ that men ſholde vnderſtonde my Joye and my delyte is & my pleaſure to haue ado for damoyſels & maydens.

¶ How the quene cõmaunded ſyr Launcelot to auoyde the courte/ & of the ſorowe ỹ Laũcelot made. .ij.

All thys whyle the quene stode styll & lete syr Launcelot saye what he wolde. And whan he had all sayd/she brake out on weppynge/ & so she sobbid & wept a grete whyle. And whan she myghte speke/she sayd La/uncelot now I well vnderstond that ꝑ arte a fals recreaunt knyghte & a co/myn lechoure/and louest & holdest o/ther ladyes/and by me thou hast dys/dayne & scorn. For wyte thou wel she sayd now I vnderstonde thy falshede And therfor shall I neuer loue the no more. And neuer be thou so hardy to come in my syghte. And vpght here I dyscharge the this court that thou ne uer come wythin it/and I forbydde ꝑ my felyshyp/and vppon payn of thy heed that thou se me nomore. ¶ Righte so syr Launcelot departed with grete heupnesse/that vneth he myght sus teyne hymself for grete dole makyng Thenne he callyd syr Bors/syr Ec/tor de Marys & syre Lyonell/ & tolde them how the quene had forbode him the court/and so he was in wyll to de parte in to his owne countre. ¶ Fayr syr sayd syr Bors de Ganys/ye shal not departe out of this londe by myn aduise/ye must remembre in what ho nour ye are renōmed & callid the mos te noble knyghte of the worlde. & ma ny gret maters ye haue in hond. And wymen in ther hastynesse woll do oft tymes that sore repentyth them. And therfore by myn aduyse ye shall take your hors/& ride to the gode hermyta ge here besyde Wyndesore that sonty: me was a good knyghte/his name is syr Bralias. And there shall ye abyde tyll I sende you worde of better tidyn ges. ¶ Brother sayd syr Laũcelot wy te ye well I am full loth to depart out of this reame/ but the quene hath for bode me so hyghly / that me semyth she wol neuer be my good lady as she hath ben. ¶ Say ye neuer so sayd syr Bors / for many tymes or thys tyme she hath ben wroth with you/ & after it she was the fyrste that repentyd it. ¶ Ye say well sayd Laũcelot/for now woll I doo by your counseylle/& take my hors & my harneys/ & ryde to the heremyte syr Bralias. And there wol I repose me vntyl I here some maner of tidynges fro you. But fayr broder I praye you gete me the loue of my la dy quene Gweneuer & ye may. ¶ Syre sayd syr Bors ye nede not to meue me of suche materes/for well ye wote I woll do what I maye to pleyse you And thenne the noble knighte syr La uncelot departid wyth vpght heuy che re sodeynly/that none erthly creature wyst of hȳ where he was become but syr Bors. ¶ So whan syr Launcelot was departid the quene outwarde ma de no manere of sorowe/in shewynge to none of his blood/nor to none other But wyte ye wel Inwardly as the bo ke sayth she toke grete thoughte/ but she bare it out wyth a prowde counte/naunce/as though she felt no though te nor daunger.

¶ How at a dyner that the quene ma de there was a knyghte enpoysened / whyche syr Mador layed on the que/ne Capl'm .iij.

And thenne the quene lete ma: ke a preuy dynere in London vnto the knyghtꝭ of the rounde table And alle was for to shewe outwarde

that she had as grete Joye in all other knyghtes of the table rounde / as she had in syr Launcelot. All oñly at that dyner she had syr Gawayñ & hys brethery / ꝑ is for to saye / syr Agrauayne. syr Gaherys / syr Gareth & syr Mordred. Also thēr was syr Boys de Ganys / syr Blamor de Ganys / syr Bleoberys de Ganys. syr Galyhud. syr Galyhodyn / syr Ector de Marys / syr Lyonel / syr Palomydes / sir Safir syr La cote male tayle / syr Persaunt. syr Ironside. syr Brandyles. syr Kay le Senelchall. syr Mador de la port. sire Patryce a knyghte of Irlonde. Ly duk. syr Astamore / & syr Pynell le sa / uage. the whiche was colyn to syr Lamorak de Galys the good knyghte ꝑ syr Gawayne & his brethery slewe by treason. And so thyse knyghtes sholde dyne wyth the quene in a preuy place by themselfe. And there was made a grete feest of alle manere of deyntees / But syre Gawayne had a custome ꝑ he vsyd dayly at dyner & at supper / ꝑ he loued well alle manere of fruyte / & in especyall apples & perys. And therfore who some euer dyned or feested syre Gawayne wolde compynly puruey for good fruyte for hym / & so dyde the quene for to pleyse syr Gawayne / she lete puruey for hym all manere of fruyte. For syr Gawayne was a passynge hote knyghte of nature / & this Pynel hatid syre Gawayne by cause of hys kynnesman syr Lamorak de Galys. And therfore for pure enuy & hate syr Pynell enpoysened certeyn apples for to enpoyson syr Gawayne. ¶ And so this was well vnto the ende of the mete. And soo it befelle by mysfortune a gode knyght namyd Patryce colyn to syr Mador de la port take a poysened apple. & whan he had eten it: he swall so tyll he braste. And there syr Patryce felle downe sodeynly dede amonge them: Thenne euery knyghte lept fro the borde alhamed & aragid for wra: the nygh out of ther wyttes / For they wyste not what to saye / consyderynge quene Gwenener made the feest & dyner / they alle had suspeccōy vnto her. ¶ My lady the quene sayd Gawayñ wyte ye well madame that this dyner was made for me. For all folkes that knowe my condycōy vnderstonde wel that I louc fruyte / & now I se well I had nere be slayne / therfore madame I drede me leest ye woll be shamyd. / Thenne the quene stode stylle & was sore abasshyd that she wyst not what to saye. ¶ This shall not so be ended sayde syr Mador de la porte / for here haue I lost a ful noble knighte of my blood. And therfore vpon this shame & dispyte I woll be reuenged to the vttermost. And therupon syr Mador appelyd the quene of the deth of his cosyn syr Patryce. Thēne stode they all styll that none wolde speke a worde a yenst hym. For they had grete suspeccioy vnto the quene bi cause she lete make that dyner. And the quene was soo abasshyd ꝑ she cowde none other wyse do but wepte so hertely that she fell in a swowne. ¶ Wyth this noyse & sodeyn cry came to them kynge Arthur. And merueylled gretly what it myghte be. And whan he wyst of ther trowble / & sodeyn deth of that good knyghte syr Patryce / he was a passynge heuy may.

How syr Mador apeched the quene of

treason & there was no knyghte wold
fyghte for her at the fyrst tyme .iiij

AND euer syr Mador stode styll afore the kynge/& euer he ap:pelyd the quene of treason. for ỹ cul tome was suche that tyme / that alle maniere of shamefull deth was callyd treason. ¶ Fayr lordes sayd kyng Ar thur me repenteth of this trowble. but the caas is so I may not haue ado in this matere/for I must be a ryghtfull Juge/& that repentith me that I may not doo bataylle for my wyf/for as I deme this dede came neuer bi her. and therfore I suppose she shall not all be dystayned/but that some good knygh te shall put his body in Jeopardye ra/ther than she shold be brent in a wron ge quarel. And therfore syr Mador be not so hasti/for it may happe she shal not be all-frendelesse/& therfore delyre thou thy daye of bataylle/& she shall purueye her of some good knyghte/ ỹ shall answere you / or elles it were to me grete shame/& to alle my courte./ ¶ My gracyous lord sayd syr Mador ye must holde me excused/ for though ye be our kynge in that degree/ ye are but a knyght as we are/& ye are sworne vnto knyghthode as well as we/& therfore I beseche yow :that ye be not displeysed/ For there is none of ỹ.xx. knyghtes that were bodey to this dy/ner/but all they haue grete suspeccion vnto the quene./What saye ye all my lordes sayd syr Mador: Thenne they answerde by & by that they coude not excuse the quene/ for why she made ỹ dyner/& eyther it must come by her or by her seruauntes . ¶ Alas sayde the quene I made thys dynere for a good entent/& neuer for none yll so almyg:ty god help me in my ryght as I was neuer purposyd to do suche euyll dedꝫ & that I reporte me vnto god . ¶ My lorde the kynge sayd syr Mador I re/quyre you as ye be a ryghtwys kynge geue me a dãye that I maye haue Jus tyce. ¶ Well sayd the kynge I geue ye the day this daye. xv. dayes/that ye be redy armed on horsbak in the medow beside Westmestre. And yf so fal that there be ony knyghte to encountre wt you/there maye ye doo the best/& god spede the ryght. And yf it so fall that there be no knyghte at that daye/they muste my quene be brente/& there she shall be redy to haue her Jugemente/ ¶ I am answerd sayd syr Mador/& euery knighte went where it lyked hym ¶ So whan the kyng & the quene were togyders/the kynge askyd the que: ue how this caas befell. ¶ The quene answerde/so god me helpe I wote not how nor in what manere. ¶ Where is syr Launcelot sayde kynge Arthur/& he were here/ he wolde not grutche to do bataylle for you/ ¶ Syr sayde the quene I wote not where he is / But his brother & hys kynnesmen deme ỹ he is not wythin this reame. ¶ That me repentyth sayd kynge Arthur. for and he were here/ he wolde soone stynte thys stryfe: ¶ Thenne I woll counseylle you sayde the kynge/that ye go vnto syr Boris & pray hym to do that batayll for syr Launcelotꝫ sake. And vpon my lyfe he woll not refuse you/ For well I percepue sayde the kynge/ that none of all thole. xx. knyghtes wt oute moo that were wyth you in felyshypp togyders at youre dyner where syr Patryce was so traytourslly slayñ

that woll do bataylle for you/ nor none of them woll saye well of you/and that shall be a grete shaũdre for you in thys courte. ¶ Alas sayd the quene & I maye not do wyth all/ But now I mysse syr Launcelot. for & he were here he wolde put me soone to my hertes ease. ¶ What eylleth you sayd the kynge/ ye can not kepe syr Launcelot vpon your syde. For wyte ye wel sayd the kynge who that hath syr Launcelot vpon his parti. hath the most may of worshyp in the worlde vpon his syde. Now goo your waye sayd the kynge vnto the quene/& require syr Boorl to do batayle for you for syr Launce/ lots sake.

¶ How the quene requyred syre Boors to fyghte for her/ & how he grauntyd vpon condycõn/ & how he warnyd syr Launcelot therof Capl'in .v.

So the quene departyd from ꝑ kynge/ & sente for syr Boors in to her chambre. And whan he was come/she besoughte hym of socour. ¶ Madame sayd he what wolde ye ꝑ I dyde for I maye not with my worshyp haue ado in this matere by cause I was at the same dyner. for drede of ony of those knyghtes wolde haue me in sus: peccõn. Also madame sayde syr Boors now mys ye syr Launcelot. for he wolde not haue fayled you neyther in ryght nor in wronge/as ye haue wel preued whan ye haue ben in daunger/ & now ye haue dryuen hym out of this coun: tree/by whom ye & alle we were dayly worshiped. Therfore madame I mer ueylle how ye dare for shame requyre me to do ony thynge for you in lomo: che ye haue chacyd hym out of your coũ tree/by whom I was bory vp & hono red. ¶ Alas fayr knyghte sayd the que ne I put me hooly in your grace/& al ꝑ is done amys/ I woll amende as ye woll counseyll me: And therwyth she knelyd doune vpon bothe her knees & besoughte syr Boors to haue mercy vp on her/for I shall haue a shameful de the. & therto I neuer offended. ¶ Ryght so came kynge Arthur / & founde the quene knelyng afore syr Boors. Then syr Boors pullid her vp/& sayd Mada me ye do me grete dishonour ¶ A gen tyll knyghte sayd the kyng shaue mer cy vpon my quene curteys knyzte/for I am now in certeyn she is vntruely ꝑde: famyd. And therfore curteys knighte sayd the kynge/promyse her to do ba taylle for her/I requyre you for the lo ue of syr Laũcelot. ¶ My lorde sayde syr Boors ye requyre me ꝑ gretteste thy ge ꝑ ony man maye require me/& wy te ye well yf I graunte to do batayle for the quene / I shall wrath many of my felyshyp of the table rounde. But as for that sayd Boors I woll graunt my lorde/ꝑ for my lorde syr Launce / lots sake & for you sake I wol at that daye be the quenes champyon/onles ꝑ there come by aduenture a better knyz te than I am to doo batayle for her./ ¶ Wyll ye promyse this sayd ꝑ kyng by your fayth ¶ Ye syr sayd Boors/of ꝑ I woll not fayle you/nor her bothe But yf there came a better knyghte: than I am/& thenne shal he haue the batayll. Thenne was the kynge & the quene passynge gladde/& so departyd & thanked hym hertely. So they syr boorl departid secretly on a day/& rode vnto syre Launcelot there as he was wyth

the herempte syr Bralyas/and tolde hym of all ther aduenture. ¶A Jhesu sayd syr Launcelot this is come happely as I wolde haue it. And therfore I praye you make you redy to do batayll/but loke that ye tary tyll ye see me come as longe as ye maye/ for I am sure Mador is an hote knighte yf he be enchaufed/for the more ye suffre hym the hastyer wol he be to batayll ¶Syr sayd Boys lete me deale wh hym/ doubte ye not ye shall haue alle your wyl. ¶They departid syr Boys from hym/& came to the courte agayne/ Thenne was it noysed in all ỹ courte that syr Boys sholde do bataylle for the quene/ Wherfore many knyghtes were displeysed wyth hym that he wolde take vpon hym to doo batayll in the quenes quarell. For there were but fewe knyghtꝭ in all the courte but they demyd ỹ quene was in the wronge/ & that she had deon that treason/ ¶So syr Boys answerde thus to hir felowes of the table rounde/ Wyte ye well my fayre lordes it were shame to vs all & we suffred to se the moost noble quene of the worlde: to be shamyd openly/consyderynge her lorde & oure lorde is the may of moost worshyp in the worlde & moost crystenyd: And he hath euer worshypped vs all in all places. ¶Many answerde hym agayne/ As for our moost noble kyng Arthur we loue him & honour hym as wel as ye doo. Bnt as for quene Gwencuer we loue her not by cause she is a dyscroyer of good knyghtꝭ ¶Fayr lordes sayd syr Boys me semyth ye saye not as ye sholde saye/ for neuer yet in my dayes knewe I nor herde saye/ ỹ euer she was a dystroyer of ony good knyghte/ but at all tymes as ferre as euer I coude know/ she was a mayntener of good knyghtes. And euer she hath ben large & free of her goodes to all good knyghtes/& the moost bounteuous lady of her yeftes & her good grace that euer I sawe or herde speke of/& therfore it were shamm sayd syr Boys to vs all to oure moost noble kynges wyf/& we suffred her to be shamfully slayne And wyt ye wel sayd syr Boys I wol not suffre it. For I dare saye somoche the quene is not gylty of syr Patryce deth/for she owed him neuer none yll wyll/nor noñ of the.xx. knyghtes that were at that dyner. For I dare say for good loue she badde vs to dyner/and not for no male engyne/& that I doubte not shall be preued here after/ For how some euer that the game gooth/ there was treason amonge vs. Theñe some sayd to syr Boys we maye well byleue your wordes. And soo some of them were well pleysed/and some were not soo.

¶How at the day syr Boys made hym redy for to to fyghte for the quene/ & how a nother dyscharged hym whan he sholde fyghte ¶Capl'm .vi.

The daye came on faste vntyll the euen that the batayll shold de be: Thenne the quene sent for syr Boys/& askyd hym how he was dysposyd. ¶Truely madame sayde he I am disposed in lyke wyse as I promysed you/ ỹ is for to saye/ I shal not fayle you/onles by aduenture there come a better knyghte than I am to do batayll for you/theñe madame am I discharged of my promyse ¶Wyll ye

layd the quene that I tell my lord Arthur thus/ ¶ Dooth as it shall please you madame. Thenne the quene went vnto the kynge/ & tolde hym the answer of syr Boys. ¶ Haue ye no doute layd the kynge of syr Boys/ for I call hȳ now one of the best knyghtes of ȳ worlde & the mooste profyteste may/ & thus it paste vntyll the morn. And the kynge and the quene & alle maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme drewe theim vnto the medowe beside Wynchestre where the bataylle sholde be. And so whan the kynge was come wyth the quene/ & many knyghtes of the rounde table/ thenne the quene was put there in the Conestables warde/ & a grete fyre made aboute an yren stake. That & syr Mador de la port had the beter/ she shold be brent/ suche custome was vsed in thole dayes/ ȳ neyther for fauoure neyther for loue/ nor affynytee/ there sholde be none other but ryghtwys Jugement/ as well vpon a kynge as vpon a knyghte/ and as wel vpon a quene as vpon a nother poore lady ¶ So in this meane whyle came in syr Mador de la port/ & toke his othe afore the kynge/ that the quene dyde this treason vntyll his corps syr Patryce/ & vnto his othe he wolde preue it wyth his body honde for hon de who that wolde saye the contrary/ ¶ Right so came in syr Boys de Ganys & sayd ȳ as for the quene Gwe/ neuer she is in the right/ & tha wol I make good wyth my hondes that she is not culpable of this treason that is put vpon her. ¶ Thenne make the redy sayde syr Mador/ & we shall preue whether ȳ be in the ryght or I. ¶ Syr Mador sayd syr Boys wyte thou wel I knowe the for a good knyghte/ not for thenne I shall not fere the so gretly/ but I truste to god I shall be able to wythstonde thy malyce/ But thus moche haue I promysed my lorde Arthur & my lady the quene/ that I shal do bataylle for her in this caas to the vttermest. onles that there come a better knyghte than I am and discharge me. ¶ Is that al sayd syr Mador/ eyther come thou of & do bataylle wyth me/ or elles saye naye. ¶ Take youre hors sayd syr Boys/ & as I suppose ye shall not tary longe but ye shal be answerde ¶ Thenne eyther departyd to ther tentes & made them redy to horsbak as they thoughte best. And anone syr Mador came in to the felde: wyth his sheld on his sholder a sper in honde. And so rode aboute the place crycnge vnto Arthur Bydde your champyon come forth & he dare. Thenne was syr Boys alhamyd/ & toke his hors & came to the lystes ende. And they wal he ware where came from a wode there faste by a knyghte all armyd vpon a whyte hors wyth a straunge shelde: of straunge armys. And he came rydynge all that he myghte renne. And so he came to syr Boys/ & sayde thus fayr knyghte I praye you be not dysplealyd/ for here must a better knyghte than ye are haue this bataylle./ Therfore I pray you withdrawe you for I wold ye knewe I haue had this day a ryght grete Journeye. And this bataylle oughte to be myn/ and soo I promysed you whanne I spake wyth you laste/ And wyth alle my herte I thanke you of your ryght good wyll/ Then syr Boys rode to kyng Arthur & tolde hym how there was a knyghte

come that wolde haue the batayle for to fyghte for the quene. ¶ What knyȝte is he sayd the kynge. ¶ I wote not sayd syr Bors/ But suche couenaunt he made wyth me to be here this day. Now my lord sayd syr Bors here am I dyscharged.

¶ How syr Launcelot foughte ayenst syr Mador for the quene/ & how he ouercame syr Mador & dyscharged the quene Capl'm vij

Thene the kynge callyd to that knyghte / & askyd hym yf he wolde fyghte for the quene. ¶ Thene he answerde to the kynge wherfore came I hether/ and there syr kyng he sayd tary me no lenger/ for I maye not tary. For anone as I haue fynysshyd this bataylle I must departe hens/ for I haue adoo many materes elles where. For wyte you wel sayd that knyghte this is dyshonour to you all knyghtes of the rounde table to see & knowe soo noble a lady & so curteys a quene as quene Gweneuer is thus to be reuyled & shamed amonge you. They they alle merueylled what knyghte yt myghte be that so toke the batayle vpon hym. For there was not one that knewe hym but yf it were syr Bors. ¶ Thenne sayd syr Mador de la port vnto the kynge Now lete me wyte wt whom I shall haue adoo wyth all/ & thene they rode to the lystes ende/ and there they cowchid ther speres/ & rane togyders wyth all ther myghtes. And syr Madors spere brake alle to peces/ But the others spere helde / and bare syr Madors hors & all bakwarde to ye erthe/ & had a grete falle. But myghtily & lodenly he auoyded hys hors/ & put his shelde afore hym. And thenne drewe his swerd/ and badde the other knyghte alyghte/ & do bataylle wyth hym on fote. Thenne that knyght descended from hys horse lyghtly lyke a valyaunt may/ & put his shelde afore hym/ & drewe his swerde. And so they came egerly vnto bataylle. and eyther gaue other many sadde stroks tracyng & trauercynge/ racynge & foynynge: & hurtynge togyder wyth ther swerdes as it were wylde boores. Thus were they fyghtynge nyghe an houre / for this syr Mador was a stronge knyghte/ & myghtily proued in many strong bataylles. But at the last this knyghte smote syr Mador grouelyng vpon the erthe. And the knyghte stepped nere hym to haue pulled syr Mador flat lyng vpon the grounde. And there wt lodeynly syr Mador arose. And in his ryslynge he smote that knyghte thruh the thycke of the thyghes that the blode ranne out fiersly. And whan he felte hymselfe so wounded/ & saw his blode/ he lete hym aryse vppon his fete/ & thene he gaue hym suche a buffet vpon the helme/ that he felle to the erth flat lyng. And therwyth he strode to hym to haue pullyd of his helme of his hede. And thenne syre Mador prayed ye knyghte to saue his lyf. And so he yelded hym as ouercome / & releasyd the quene of his quarell ¶ I wol not graunt the thy lyf sayd that knyghte but oonly that thou freely release the quene for euer And that no mencon be made vpon syr Patrices tombe that euer quene Gueneuer consentid to that treason. ¶ All this shall be doon sayd syre Mador I clerely dyscharge my qua

rell for euer. Thenne the knyghtꝭ parters of the lystꝭ toke vp syr Mador/ & ladde hym to hys tente. And the other knyghte went streyght to the steyer fo te where late kynge Arthur/ & by that tyme was the quene come to the kyn. ge/ & eyther kyssed other hertely. And whan the kynge sawe that knyghte: he stowped downe to hym/ & thanked hym/ And in lyke wyse dyde the que/ ne. And the kynge prayed hym to put of his helme/ & to repose hym/ & to ta: ke a soppe of wyne/ And theñe he put of his helme to drynke . And thenne euery knyght knew hym that he was syr Launcelot du lake. ¶ Anone as ꝑ kynge wyst that/ he toke the quene by the honde/ & yede vnto syr Launcelot & sayd Graunt mercy of your gret tra ueylle that ye haue had thys daye for me & for my quene. ¶ My lorde sayde syr Laũcelot wyte ye well I ought of ryght euer to be in youre quarell/ & in my ladyes the quenes quarell to do ba tayll/ for ye aꝝ the may that gaue me the hyghe ordre of knyghthode/ and ꝑ daye my ladi your quene dyde me gre te worshyp/ & elles I had be shamyd. For that same daye ye made me knyꝫ te/ through my hastynes I lost my swer de, and my lady your quene fonde it/ & lappyd it in her trayne/ & gaue me my swerde whan I had nede therto/ & elles hadde I be shamyd amonge alle knyghtes. And therfore my lorde Ar/ thur I promysed her at that day euer to be her knight in right other in wrõ ge. ¶ Gramercy sayde the kynge for this Journeye/ & wyte ye well sayde ꝑ kynge I shall acquyte your goodnes. ¶ And euer the quene beheldе syr La: uncelot/ & wepte soo tenderly that she sanke almoost to the grounde for so/ rowe that he had dooy to her so grete goodnes where she shewed hym grete vnkyndnesse. ¶ Thenne the knyghtꝭ of his blood drewe vnto hym/ & there eyther of them made gret Joy of other And so came alle the knyghtes of the table roũde ꝑ were there at ꝑ tyme/ & welcomyd hym: And thenne syr Ma/ dor was had to lechecraft. And syr La uncelot was heelyd of his wounde/ & theñe there was made grete Joye and myrthes in that courte.

¶ How the trouth was knowen bi the mayden of the Lake. & of dyuers other materes ¶ Capitre .viij.

And so it befel that the damoy sell of the Lake/ whyche was callyd Nymue/ the whyche wedded ꝑ good knyghte syr Pelleas/ and so she came to the courte / for euer she dyde grete goodnesse vnto kynge Arthur. & & to all his knyghtes through her sorce ry & enchauntementes. And so whan she herde how the quene was ayan / gred for the dethe of syr Patryce: they she tolde it openly that she was neuer gylty. & there she dysclosyd by whome it was dooy/ and namyd hym syr Py nell. & for what cause he dyde it: there it was openly dysclosyd / & so the que: ne was excusyd/ And the knyghte Py nell fledde in to his countre. Thenne was it openly knowen that syr Pyo / nell enpoysened the apples at the feest to ꝑ entent to haue dystroyed syr Ga wayne/ by cause syr Gawayne & hys brethern distroyed syr Lamorak de ga lys/ to the whyche syr Pyonell was co syn vnto. ¶ Theñe was syr Patryce

buried in the chirche of Westmestre in a tombe / and therupon wrytten here lyeth syr Patryce of Irlonde slayne by syr Pynel le saueage.that enpoysened apples to haue slayne syr Gawayne and bi mysfortune syr Patryce ete one of those apples.and thenne sodenly he braste. ¶ Also there was wrytten vpon the tombe that quene Gweneuer was appelyd of treason of the deth of syre Patryce by syre Mador de la porte/ & there was made mencõn how syr Launcelot foughte wyth hym for quene Gweneuer / & ouercame hym in playne bataylle.And this was wrytten vpon the tombe of syr Patryce in excusynge of the quene. ¶ And thenne syr Mador sewed dayly & longe to haue ỹ quenes good grace.And so by the meanes of syr Launcelot he caused hym to stonde in the quenes grace/ and all was forgeuen. ¶ Thus it passyd vntyll our lady daye Assumpcõn/wyth in a.xv.dayes of that feest/ the kynge lete crye a grete Justes & a turnement that sholde be at that daye at Camelot: that is Wynchestre. And the kyng lete crye that he & the kynge of Scottes wolde Juste ayenst all that wolde cõm ayenst them.And whan this crye was made/thider came many knyghtes.So there came thider the kyng of Northgalys & kyng Angusshe of Irlonde / & the kynge wyth the hundred knyghtes/& Galahalt the haute prỹce/& the kynge of Northumberlond.& many other noble dukes & erles of dyuers countrees. ¶ Soo kynge Arthur made hym redy to depart to thyse Justes/and wolde haue had the quene wt hym/but at that tyme she wolde not. she sayde/ for she was syke & myghte not ryde at that tyme. ¶ That me repentythsayd the kyng/for this.vij.peres ye sawe not suche a felyshyp togyders/ excepte att a Wytsontyde whan Galahad departed from the courte. / ¶ Truely sayd the quene to the kyng ye must holde me excusyd/ I may not be there/& that me repentith. And many demed the quene wold not be there cause of syr Lañcelot du lake/for syre Lañcelot wolde not ryde wyth the kỹge/for he sayd That he was not hoole of the wounde the whyche syr Mador had geuen him/ Wherfore ỹ kyng was heuy & passynge wroth/& soo he departyd towardes Wynchestre wyth his felyshyp.And soo by the waye the kynge lodgyd in a towne callyd Astolot/ ỹ is now in englysshe callyd Gylforde.And there the kynge laye in the castell. ¶ So whan the kynge was departyd the quene callyd syr Launcelot to her/ & sayd thus Syr Launcelot ye are gretly to blame thus to holde you behynde my lord/ what trow ye what wol your enmyes & myn saye & deme noughte elles but Se how syr Launcelot holdith hym euer behynde ỹ kynge/& so dooth the quene/for that they wolde haue ther pleysure togyders/ & thus woll they saye sayd the quene to syr Launcelot haue ye no dowte therof.

¶ How syr Lañcelot rode to Astolat/ & receyued a sleue to bere vpon his helme at the requeste of a mayde .ix.

MAdame sayd syr Launcelot I alowe your witte/it is of late come syn ye were wyse/& therfore madame at this tyme I woll be rulyd by your counsell/And this nyghte I wol

¶How syr Launcelot & syr Lauayne entred in to ꝑ felde ayenst them of hȳ ge Arthurs courte/ & how Launcelot was hurt ¶Capl'm .xi.

ty his best maner to do what he migh te. Thenne syr Launcelot made hym redi/& put the redde sleue vpon his he de/& fastnyd it. And so syr Launcelot & syr Lauayne departyd out of Wyn: chester pryuely/& rode vnto a lytyl le ued wood behynde the party that hel: de ayenst kynge Arthurs party/& the re they helde them styll tyll the party: es smote togyders. And thenne came in the kynge of Scottes. & the kynge of Irlond on Arthur party. And ayen ste them came the kynge of Northum berlonde. And the kynge wyth the hū dred knyghtes smote downe the kyn: ge of Northumberlonde. And the kyn ge wyth the hundred knyghtes smote downe kynge Angusshe of Irlonde/ ¶Thenne syr Palomydes that was on Arthurs party encoūtred wyth syr Galahalt/ and eyther of them smote doune other/& eyther party halp ther lordes on horsbak ayen. So there be/ gan a stronge assayll vpon both par/ tyes. And thenne came in syr Brandi les. syr Sagramore le delirus. syr Do dynas le saueage. syr Kay le senescha l syr Griflet le fyse de dieu. syr Mord / red. syr Melyot de Logris. syr Dzan / na le cure hardy/ syr Safyr. syr Epy/ nogrys. syr Galleron of Galwaye. / All thyse. xv. knyghtes were knyghtz of the table roūde. So thyse wyth mo came in togyder/ and bete abacke the kynge of Northumberlonde & the kȳ ge of Walys. ¶Whan syr Launcelot saw this as he houed in a lytyll leued wood/ thenne he sayd vnto syr Lauay ne See yonder is a company of good knyghtes / and they holde them togy der as boores ꝑ were chaufed w̄ dog/ ges ¶ꝑ is trouth sayd syr Lauayne.

NOw sayd syr Launcelot & ye woll helpe me a lytyll: ye shal le yonder felyshipp that chaceth now thyse mey on our syde/ that they shall goo as faste bakwarde as they wente forwarde. ¶Syr spare not sayde syr Lauayne/ for I shal do what I maye Thenne syr Laūcelot & syr Lauayne came in at the thyckest of the prees/ & there syr Launcelot smote downe syre Brandyles/ syr Sagramore/ syr Do dynas/ syr Kay & syr Gryflet/ & alle this he dyde wyth one spere. And syr Lauayne smote downe syre Lucan le butteler & syr Berdenere. And thenne syr Laūcelot gate a nother spere/ and therē he smot doune syr Agrauayne. sy re Gaherys & syr Mordred. & syr Me lyot de Logrys. And syr Lauayn̄ smo te downe Dzanna le cure hardy. And And thenne syr Launcelot drewe hys swerde/ & there he smote on the ryght honde & on the left honde. And by gre te force he vnhorsyd syre Safyr/ syre Eppynogrys & syre Galleron. & theñe the knyghtz of the table rounde wyth drewe them abak after they had gote ther horses as well as they myghte. / ¶O mercy Jhesu sayd syr Gawayn̄ what knyghte is yonder that doth so merueyllous dedes of armes in the fel de. ¶I wote wel who he is sayd kyn ge Arthur/ but at this tyme I wol not name hym. ¶Syr sayd syr Gaway ne I wolde saye it were syre Laūcelot by his rydynge & hys buffettes that I se hym deale/ But euer me semyth it

sholde not be he for that he beryth the redde sleue vpon his helme/for I wyl te hym neuer beere token at no Justes of lady nor gentylwoman. ¶ Lete hȳ be sayd kynge Arthur/for he woll be beter knowen/& do more or euer he de parte. ¶ Thenne the party that were ayenst kynge Arthur were well com/ forted/& thenne they helde them togy der that beforhond were sore rebukyd ¶ Theñe syr Boors. syr Ector de ma rys & syr Lyonell callyd vnto them ỹ knyghtꝭ of ther blood/as syr Blamo re de Ganys. syr Bleoberys. syr Aly: duk. syr Galyhud. syr Galyhodyn. li Bellangere le beuse. So thise. ix. knyꝫ tes syr Launcelots kȳne threst in myꝫ tely/for they were all noble knyghtes And they of grete hate & dyspyte that they had vnto hym thoughte to rebu/ ke that noble knyghte syr Launcelot. and syr Lauayñ/for they knew them not. And so they came hurlynge togy ders/& smote downe many knyghtes of Northgalys & of Northumberlond And whan syr Launcelot sawe their fare so/he gate a spere in his honde. & there encoũtred wyth hym all at ones syr Boors. syr Ector & syr Lyonel. and all they thre smote hym at ones with ther speres. And with force of themsel fe they smote syre Launcelots horsꝭ to therthe. And by mysfortune syr Boors smote syr Launcelot thrugh the shelde in to the syde/& the spere brake/& the heed abode styll in his syde. ¶ Whañe syr Lauayne sawe hys mayster lye on the grounde/he ranne to the kynge of scottes & smote hym to the erthe/and by grete force he toke his hors. & bro/ ughte hym to syre Launcelot/& mau: gre of them al he made him to mount vpon that hors. And thenne Launce/ lot gate a spere in his honde. And the re he smote syre Boors hors & may to the erthe. And in the same wyse he ser ued syr Ector & syr Lyonell. And syr Lauayne smote downe syr Blamore de Ganys. And thenne syr Launcelot drewe his swerde/for he felt hymselfe so sore hurt that he wende there to ha ue had his deth. And thenne he smote syr Bleoberys suche a buffet on ỹ hel me that he fel downe to the erthe in a swowne. And in the same wyse he ser: ued syr Alyduk & syr Galyhud. And syr Lauayne smote doune syr Bellan gere that was the sone of Alysandre le orpheliy. And bi this was syr Borꝭ horsyd. And theune he came wyth syr Ector & syr Lyonell/and all they thre smote wyth swerdes vpon syr Laun / celots helmet. And whan he felte ther buffettꝭ & his wounde the whiche was so greuous/thenne he thoughte to doo what he myghte whyle he myghte en dure. And theñe he gaue syr Boors su che a buffette that he made him bowe his heed passynge lowe. And therwith all he raced of his helme/& myght ha ue slayne hym/& so pullyd hym dow/ ne. And in the same wyse he serued sy re Ector & syr Lyonell/ for as the bo: he sayth/he myght haue slayne them But whan he sawe ther vylages/ his hert myghte not serue him therto/but lefte them there. And thenne after he hurled in to thyckest presse of them all and dyde there the merueylleste dedes of armes that euer ony may sawe/or herde speke of/ And euer syr Lauayne the good knyght was wyth hym. and there syre Launcelot wyth hys swerde smote and pullyd downe as ỹ frenssh

boke makyth mencõy moo thay .xxx. knyghtes/& the mooſt partye were of the table rounde. And ſyr Lauayne dy de ful wel that day. For he ſmote dou ne .x. knyghtꝭ of the table roũde.

¶ How ſyr Launcelot & ſyr Lauayne departid out of the feld/& iy what Je operdy ſyr Launcelot was xij.

MErcy Jhelu ſayd ſyr Gawayne to Arthur/J meruell what knighte that he is with the redde ſleue ¶ Syr ſayd kynge Arthur he woll be knowey or he departe. And thenne the kyng blewe vnto lodgynge/& the pryce was geuey by herawdes to ꝑ knyꝛce wyth the whyte ſhelde that bare the redde ſleue. Thenne came the kynge wyth the hundred knyghtes/the kyn/ge of Northgalys/& the kyng of Nor thumberlonde/& ſyr Galahalt ꝑ hau te prynce/& ſayde vnto ſyr Launcelot ¶ Fayr knyght god the bleſſe/for mo the haue ye dony this daye for vs/the refor we praye you that ye woll come wyth vs/ꝑ ye maye receyue the honou re & the price as ye haue worſhypfulli deſerued it ¶ My fayr lordes ſayd ſyr Launcelot/wyte you wel yf J haue de ſerued thanke/J haue ſore boughte it & that me repentith/for J am lyke ne uer to eſcape wyth my lyf/ therfor fa yr lordes J praye you/ꝑ ye woll ſuffre me to departe where me lyketh/ for J am ſore hurt. J take no force of none honoure/ for J had leuer to repoſe me thay to be lorde of al the worlde. And therwyth all he groned pytoully/& ro de a grete waloppe awaywarde from them vntyl he came vnder a wodes ſy de. And whay he ſaw that he was fro the felde nygh a myle/that he was ſu re he myghte not be ſeey/thenne he ſa yd w̃ ay hygh voys O gentyll knygh te ſyr Lauayne helpe me that this tꝛũ cheon were out of my ſyde/for it ſtyc keth ſo ſore ꝑ it myghe ſleeth me. ¶ O myn owne lorde ſayd ſyr Lauayne/J wold fayne do that myght pleyſe you But J drede me ſore/& J pulle oute ꝑ ſtuncheon/that ye ſhall be in peryl of deth. ¶ J charge you ſayd ſyr Laũce lot as ye loue me drawe it oute: And therw̃ all he deſcended from his hors & ryght ſo dyde ſyr Lauayne/& forth wyth all ſyr Lauayne drewe the ſtun: cheon oute of his ſyde, & gaaf a grete ſhryche/& a merueyllous gaſtly grone And the blode braſt out nygh a pynte at ones/that at the laſte he ſanke dou ne vppon his buttoks/& ſo ſwowned pale & deedly. ¶ Alas ſayd ſyr Lauay ne what ſhal J do. And thenne he tor ned ſyr Laũcelot iy to the wynde/but ſo he laye there nyghe halfe an houre as he had bey deed. And ſo at the laſt ſyr Launcelot caſte vp his eyey/& ſay de O Lauayne helpe me/that J were oy my hors/for here is falſe by wyth: iy this two myle a gentyll heremyte ꝑ ſometyme was a full noble knyghte & a grete lorde of poſſeſſyons/ & for gre te goodnes he hath takey hym to wyl full pouerte/& forſakey many londeſ And his name is ſyre Bawdewyn of Bretayne/and he is a full noble ſur/geon & a good leche/ Now lete ſe/hel: pe me vp ꝑ J were there. For euer my herte geueth me that J ſhal neuer dey of my colyn germayns hondes. And thenne wyth grete payn ſyr Lauayne halpe him oy his hors/& they they ro de a grete wallop togyders/& euer ſyr

Launcelot bledde.that it ranne dowñ to the erthe.And so bi fortune they came to that hermytage ꝑ whyche was vnd a wood/ & a grete clyf on ꝑ other syde/ & a fayr water rennynge vnder it.And thenne syr Lauayne bete on ꝑ gate wyth the butte of his spere/& cryed faste Lete me in for Jhesus sake / And there came a fayr chyld to them & alkyd what they wolde.¶Fayr sone sayd syr Lauayne/ goo & pray thy lorde the heremyte for goddes sake to lete in here a knyghte that is full sore wounded/ & this daye tell thy lorde I saw hȳ do more dedes of armes than euer I herde saye that ony may dyde/ So the chylde went in lyghtly.& they he broughte the heremyte/the whiche was a passynge good man.¶Whañe syr Lauayne sawe hym/ he prayed hȳ for goddis sake of socoure./ ¶What knyghte is he sayd the heremyte/is he of the hous of kynge Arthur or not. / ¶I wote not sayd syr Lauayne what he is/nor what is his name/ but well I wote I sawe hym do merueyllously this day as of dedes of armes. ¶On whoos party was he sayd the heremyte.¶ Syr sayde syr Lauayne he was this daye ayenst kynge Arthur. & there he wanne the pryce of al the knyghtes of the rounde table.¶I haue seen the daye sayde the heremyte/ I wolde haue loued hym the wors/by cause he was agaynst my lorde kynge Arthur. For somtyme I was one of the felyshyp of the rounde table. But I thanke god now I am otherwyse dyspolid But where is he/lete me se hȳ.They syre Lauayne broughte the heremyte where as the noble knyghte syr Laũcelot was.

¶How syre Launcelot was broughte to ay heremyte for to be heelyd of his woũde/& of other maters xiij.

AND whan the heremyte behelde hym as he sate lenynge vp on his sadyll bowe euer bledyng pytously. And euer the knyghte heremyte thoughte that he sholde knowe hym. but he cowde not bryng hym to knowlege/ by cause he was so pale for bledynge. ¶What knyghte are ye sayd ꝑ heremyte.& whēr were ye borȳ.¶My fayr lorde sayd syr Launcelot I am a straunger & a knyghte auenturous that laboureth thorugh out many reames for to wȳne worshyp. Thenne the heremyte aupled hym better/ & sawe by a wounde on his cheke that he was syre Launcelot.¶Alas sayd the heremyte myn owne lorde why hyde ye youre name from me . Forsothe I oughte to knowe you of right/for ye are the moste noblest knyghte of the worlde/ For well I knowe you for syre Launcelot. ¶Syr sayd he syth ye knowe me/helpe me & ye maye for goddys sake/for I wolde be out of thys payne at onys of ther to dethe or to lyf.¶Haue ye no doubte sayde the heremyte/ye shal lyue and fare ryght well. And so the heremyte callyd to hym two of his seruauntes.And so he & his seruauntes bare hym in to the hermytage/and lyghtly vnarmyd hym / and layed hym in his bedde.And thenne anone the heremyte stauncht his blood/ and thenne made hym to drynke good wyne/ soo by that syr Launcelot was ryght wel refresshyd/and knewe hymself.¶For in thole dayes it was not the guyse of Heremytes as is now in thyse dayes/

for there were none heremytes in tho dayes but þ they had bey mey of wor: shyp & of prowesse. And tho heremy / tes helde grete houlholde / & refresshyd people that were in dystresse. ¶ Now torne we vnto kyng Arthur & leue we syr Laũcelot in the hermytage. ¶ So whan the kynges wer̃ come togyders on bothe partyes: & the grete feest shol de be holden / kynge Arthur askyd the kynge of Northgalys & ther felyshyp where was that knighte that bare the redde sleue / Brynge hym afore me þ he may haue his laude & honour and the pryce as it is ryght. ¶ Theñe spa ke syr Galahalt þ haute prynce & the kynge wyth the hundred knyghtꝫ We suppose that knyghte is myscheued & that he is neuer lyke to se you: nor no ne of vs all / & that is the grettest pyte þ euer we wyst of ony knyzte. ¶ Alas sayd Arthur how maye this be / is he so hurt / What is his name sayd kyng Arthur. ¶ Truely sayde they all we know not his his nam̃. nor fro whens he came nor whether he wold. ¶ Alas sayd kyng Arthur thyse be to me the worst tidynges þ came to me this. vij. yere. For I wolde not for all the londꝫ I haue to know & wite it were so that þ noble knighte were slayne ¶ Know ye hym sayd they all. ¶ As for þ sayd Arthur whether I know hy̆ or know hy̆ not / ye shall not wyte for me what may he is / but almyghty Jhesu sende me good tidynges of hym / & so sayde they al. ¶ By my heed sayd syr Ga / wayne yf it so be that the good knigh te be so sore hurte / it is grete damage & pyte to all thys londe. For he is one of the noblyest knyghtes þ euer I saw in a felde handle a spere or a swerde.: And yf he maye be founde I shal fyn de hym / For I am sure he is not ferre from this towne. ¶ Bere you well sa yd kynge Arthur & ye maye fynde hy̆ without that he be in such a plite that he maye not be styre hymselfe. ¶ Jhe su defende sayde syr Gawayne / But wyte I shall what he is / and I maye fynde hym. ¶ Ryght so syr Gaway / ne toke a squyre, wyth hym vpon hak neys / and rode alle aboute Camelot wythin. vi. or. vij. myles. But so he ca me agayne / and cowde here no worde of hym. ¶ Thenne wythin two day / es kynge Arthur & all the felyshyp re torned vnto London agayne. And soo as they rode by the way / it happyd syr Gawayne atte Astolat to lodge with syr Bernard / there as was syr Laũce lot lodged. And soo as syr Gawayne was in hys chambre to repose hym / sy re Bernarde the olde baron came vn: to hym / and his doughter Elayne to chere hym / and to aske hym what ty / dynges / and who dyde best at that tur nement at Wynchestre. ¶ So god hel pe me sayd syr Gawayne there were two knyghtes þ bare two whyte shel des / But the one of them bare a redde sleue vpon hys heed. And certeynly he was one of the beste knyghtes þ euer I sawe Juste in felde. For I dare saye sayd syr Gawayne that one knyghte wyth the redde sleue smote downe fo: urty valyaunte knyghtes of the table rounde. & his felowe dyde ryght well & ryght worshypfully. ¶ Now blessid be god sayd the fayre mayden of As / tolat / that / that good knyghte spedde soo well / for, he is the man in the worl de that, I fyrste loued. And truely he shall be the last man that euer after I

shall loue. ¶ Now fayr mayde sayde syre Gawayne is that good knyghte your loue. ¶ Certenly syr sayd she wite ye well / he is my loue. ¶ Thenne knowe ye his name sayd syr Gawayne. ¶ Nay truely sayd the damoysell / I knowe not his name. nor fro whens he comyth / but to saye ꝑ I loue hym / I promyse you & god that I loue him ¶ How had ye knowlege of hym fyrste sayd Gawayne.

¶ How syr Gawayñ was lodgyd w̃ the lorde of Astolat / & thet had knowlege that it was syre Launcelot ꝑ baze the red sleue ¶ Capl'm .xiiij.

Thenne she tolde hym as ye haue herde tofore / & how her fader betoke hym her broder to do hym seruyse / & how her fader lent hym her brother syr Tyrreis shelde / & here w̃ me he left his owne shelde. ¶ For what cause dyde he so sayd syr Gawayne / ¶ For this cause sayd the damoysell / for his shelde was to wel knowen a / monge many noble knyghtes. ¶ A fayr damoysell sayd syr Gawayne plese it you lete me haue a syghte of that shelde. ¶ Syr sayd she it is in my chãbre couerde wyth a caas / & yf ye woll come wyth me / ye shall se it. ¶ Not so sayd syr Bernarde to his doughter lete se sende for it. So whan ꝑ shelde was come / syr Gawayne toke of the caas And whan he beheldе that shelde / he knewe anone ꝑ it was syr Launcelots shelde / & his owne armes. ¶ A Jhesu mercy sayd syr Gawayñ / now is my herte more heuyer than euer it was to fore. ¶ Why sayd Elayne. ¶ For I haue grete caule sayd syr Gawayne. Is that knyzte that oweth this sheld youre loue. ¶ Ye truely sayde she / my loue he is / god wold I were his loue. ¶ So god me spede sayd syr Gawayne fayr damoysell ye haue ryzt / for & he be your loue / ye loue the mooste honourable knyghte of the worlde & the mayd of mooste worshyp. ¶ So me thought euer sayd the damoysel / for neuer or ꝑ tyme for ño knyghte ꝑ euer I sawe loued I neuer none erst. ¶ God graunt sayd syr Gawayñ eyther of you may reioyce other / but ꝑ is in a grete aduẽture. But truly sayd syr Gawayne to the damoysell / ye may saye ye haue a fayr grace / for why: I haue knowen ꝑ noble knighte this .xxiiij. yere / & neuer or ꝑ daye / I ne none other knighte daye I make it good / sawe / nor herd say ꝑ euer he baze token nor syne of no ladi. gentylwoman ne mayde at no Justes ne turnement / & therfor fayr mayde sayd syr Gawayñ ye aze moche beholden to geue hym thankes. But I drede me sayd syr Gawayne ye shall neuer se hym in this worlde / & that is grete pite / ꝑ euer was of erthly knyghte. ¶ Alas sayd she how maye this be Is he slayne. ¶ I saye not so sayd syr Gawayne / but wyte ye well he is greuously wounded by all manere of sygnes & by mennys syghte more lyklyer to be deed than to be a lyue / & wyte ye wel he is the noble knyghte syr Lañcelot / for by this sheld I know hy̆. Alas sayd the fayr mayde of Astolat / how may it be / & what was his hurt. Truly sayd syr Gawayne the may in the worlde ꝑ loued hy̆ best / hurt him so. & I dare say sayd syr Gawayñ / & that knyght ꝑ hurt hy̆ knewe the very cer-tente ꝑ he had hurte syr Launcelot / it

wold be the mooſt ſorowe that euer ca me to his herte. ¶ Now fayr fader ſa yd thenne Elayne I requyre you geue me leue to ryde & to seke hym / or elles I wote well I ſhal go out of my myn de / ffor I ſhall neuer ſtynte tyll that I fynde hȳ & my brod̄ ſyr Lauayn. Do as it lyketh you ſayd her fader. for me ſore repentyth of the hurte of that no ble knyght / So the mayde made her redy before ſyr Gawayne: makynge grete dole. Thenne on the morne ſyre Gawayne came to kynge Arthur / & tolde hym how he had founde ſyr La: uncelots ſhelde in the keppynge of the fayr mayde of Aſtolat. ¶ All ꝑ knew I afore ſayd kynge Arthur / and that cauſed me I wold not ſuffre you to ha ue adoo at the grete Juſtes. ffor I aſpi ed ſayd kynge Arthur whan he came in to his lodgynge full late in the eue nyng in Aſtolat. But merueyle haue I ſayd Arthur that euer he wolde kee re ony ſygne of ony damoyſell. For or now I neuer herde ſay nor knew that euer he bare ony token of none erthly woman. ¶ By my heed ſayd ſyr Ga wāyne the fayr maydey of Aſtolat lo uyth hym merueyllouſly well / what it meanyth I can not ſaye. And ſhe is rydey after to ſeke hym. ¶ So ꝑ kyn ge & all came to London. And there ſy re Gawayne openly dyſcloſyd to all the court that it was ſyr Launcelot ꝑ Jouſted beſte. /

¶ Of the ſorowe that ſyr Boys hadd for the hurte of ſyre Launcelot / And of the angre whyche the quene hadde by cauſe ſyr Launcelot bare the ſleue. ¶ Capl'm .xv.

AND whan ſyr Boys herd that wyte ye well he was a heuy & a ſorowfull may / & ſo wer̄ all his kȳ nelmen. But whan quene Gweneuer wyſte that ſyr Launcelot bare the red ſleue of the fayre mayden of Aſtolat / ſhe was nyghe oute of her mynde for wrath. And then ſhe ſent for ſyr Boꝛs de Ganys in all the haſt ꝑ myght be So whan ſyr Boys was come to fore the quene / theñe ſhe ſayde A ſyr Boys haue ye herde ſaye how falſly ſyr La uncelot hath betrayed me. ¶ Alas ma dame ſayd ſyr Boys / I am aferde / he hath betrayed hymſelf & vs all. ¶ No force ſayd the quene though he be dyſ troyed / for he is a falſe traytour knygh te. ¶ Madame ſayd ſyr Boys I pray you ſaye ye not ſo / for wyte you wel I maye not here ſuche langage of hym. ¶ Why ſyre Boys ſayde ſhe / ſholde I not call hym traytour whan he bare ꝑ redde ſleue vpon his heed at Wynche ſte at the grete Juſtes. ¶ Madame ſa: yd ſyr Boys / ꝑ ſleue bering repentith me ſore / but I dare ſaye he dyde it to noñ euyll entent / but for this cauſe he bare the redde ſleue / that none of hys blood ſholde knowe hym. For or theñe we nor none of vs alle neuer knewe ꝑ euer he bare token or ſygne of mayde lady / ne gentylwoman. ¶ Fye on him ſayd the quene. Notwithſtondyng for all his pryde and bobaunce / there ye proued yourſelf his better. ¶ Nay ma dame ſayd ſyr Boys ſaye ye neuer mo re ſoo / for he bete me and my felowes and myghte haue ſlayne vs & he had wold. ¶ Fye on hȳ ſayd the quene. for I herd ſyr Gawayñ ſay before my lor de Arthur ꝑ it wer̄ merueyll to tell ꝑ gre te loue ꝑ is betwene ꝑ fayr mayden of

Astolat & hym. ¶ Madame sayd syre Boys I maye not warne syr Gawayne to saye what it pleysed hym. But I dare saye as for my lorde syr Launce: lot that he louyth no lady gentyl wo/ may nor mayde/but al he loueth in li ke moche/And therfore madame say: de syr Boys ye may say what ye woll But wyte ye well I woll haste me to seke hym & fynde hym where some e / uer he be. And god sende me good ty: dynges of hȳ. ¶ And so leue we them thēr & speke we of syr Launcelot that lay in gret peryll. ¶ So as fayr Elay ne cām to Wynchestre/she sought the re all abowte. And by fortune syr La uayne was rydey to playe hym/ to en chaufe his hors. And anone as Elay: ne sawe hym she knewe hym. & thēne she cryed alowde vnto hȳ. And whan he herde her/ anone he came vnto her And thenne she askid her broder how dooth my lorde syr Laūcelot. ¶ Who tolde you syster that my lordes name was syr Launcelot. Thenne she told hym how syr Gawayne by his sheld knewe hym. So they rode togyder tyl that they came to the hermytage/and anone she alyghte. Soo syre Lauanye brought her vnto syr Launcelot. And whan she sawe hym lye so syke & pa/ le in his bedde/she myghte not speke: but sodenly she felle to the erthe dow: ne in a swowne/ & there she lay a gre te whyle. And whan she was releuyd/ she syghed & sayd My lorde syr Laun celot alas why be ye in this plyte/and thēne she swowned agayn. And thēne syr Launcelot prayed syr Lauayne to take her vp/ & brynge her to me. And whan she came to herself syr Launce lot kyssed her/ & sayde Fayre mayden why fare ye thus/ye put me to payne/ wherfore make ye nomore suche chere for & ye be come to comfort me/ye be ryght welcome: And of this lytyll hur te that I haue I shall be ryght hastelī hoole by the grace of god. But I mer ueyll sayd syr Laūcelot who tolde you my name. Thenne the fayre mayden told hym all how syr Gawayne was lodged wyth her fader/ & there by you re shelde he dyscouered youre name. / ¶ Allas sayd syr Launcelot me repen tyth that my name is knowen / for I am sure it woll torne vnto angre: And thenne syr Launcelot compast in hys mynde that syr Gawayne wolde tell quene Gweneuer how he bare ꝑ zedd sleue/ & for whom/that he wyste well wolde torne vnto grete angre. ¶ Soo this mayden Elaynē neuer went from syr Launcelot/ but watched hym day & nyghte. And dyde suche attendaun: ce tō hym/that the frensshe boke sayth there was neuer woman dyd more hȳ dyser for may than she. ¶ Thenne syr Launcelot prayed syr Lauayne to ma ke aspies in Wynchestre for syr Boys yf he came there/ & told hym by what tokens he shold knowe hym/by a wō unde in his foreheed. For wel I am su re sayd syr Launcelot/ that syr Boys woll seke me. For he is the good knyz te that hurte me.

¶ How syr Boys soughte syr Launce lot & founde hym in the hermytage / & of the lamentacyon betwene theym ¶ Capl'm xvi.

NOw torne we to syre Boys de Ganys that came vnto Wyn chestre to seke after his colyn syr Laū

celot. And so whan he came vnto wyn cheſtre/anone there were men that syr Lauayn̄ had made to lye in a watche for ſuche a may. And anone syr Laua yn had warnynge. And thenne syr La uayne came to Wynchestre/ & founde syr Boors. aud there he tolde hym what he was. & what his name was ¶ Now fayr knyghte sayd syr Boors I requy: re you ye woll brynge me to my lor/ de syr Launcelot. ¶ Syr sayd Lauay ne take your hors/ & wythin this hou: re ye shall se hym. And so they depar tyd & came to the heremytage. ¶ And whan syre Boors sawe syre Launcelot lye in his bedde pale & discoloured/ a: none syr Boors lost his countenaunce And for kyndnesse & pyte he myghte not speke/ but wepte tenderly a grete whyle. And thenne whan he myghte speke/ he sayde thus O my lorde syre Laūcelot god you blesse/ & sende you hasty recouere. And full heuy am I of my mysfortune aud of myn vnhappy nesse/ for now I may calle myself vn happy/ and I dred me that god is gre tely dysplesed wyth me/ that he wol: de suffre me to haue suche a shamm for to hurte you that are alle our leder/ & all our worshyp. And therfore I calle myself vnhappy. ¶ Alas that euer su che a cayteyf knyghte as I am sholde haue power by vnhappynesse to hurte the moost noble knight of the worlde where I so shamfully sette vpon you & ouercharged you. and where ye myg te haue slayne me ye saued me/ & so di de not I. For I & youre blood dyde to you our vttermunce. I merueylle say de syr Boors that my hert or my blode wolde serue me/ wherfore my lorde sy re Laūcelot I aske you mercy. ¶ Fayr cosyn sayd syr Launcelot ye be ryghte welcom̄. And wyte ye well ouermoche ye saye for to pleyse me/ The whyche pleyseth me not. For why I haue the same I soughte/ for I wolde wyth pri de haue ouercome you alle/ & there in my pride I was nyghe slayne/ & that was in myn owe defaute. for I myght te haue geuen you warnynge of my be yng there/ & thenne had I had no hur te. For it is an olde sayd saaw There is harde bataylle there as kynne & frē des do batayll eyther ayenst other. the re maye be no mercy. but mortall wer̄ Therfore fayr cosyn sayd syr Laūce: lot/ lete this speche ouerpasse/ & al shal be welcome that god sendyth/ and le: te vs leue of this matere/ & let vs spe: ke of some reioycyng. For this that is doon may not be vndoon. And lete vs fynde a remedy how sone that I may be hoole. Thenne syr Boors lened vp: on his beddes syde/ & tolde syr Laun: celot how the quene was passyng wro the with hym/ by cause he ware ỹ red sleue at the grete Justes. And there syr Boors tolde hym all how syr Gawayn̄ dyscouerd it by your shelde that ye lefte wyth the fayr mayde of Astolat ¶ Thenne is the quene wrothe sayde syr Launcelot/ & therfore I am ryght heuy/ for I deserued no wrath/ for all that I dyde was by cause I wold not be knowen. ¶ Right so excused I you sayd syr Boors/ but all was in vayne. For she sayd more larglyer to me thā I to you now. But is this she sayd sy re Boors that is so bely aboute you/ ỹ men calle the fayr mayde of Astolat/ ¶ She it is sayd syr Launcelot/ that by no meanes I can not put her from me. ¶ Why shold ye put her from you

sayd syr Boys/ she is a passynge fayr damoysel & a well beseey/ & wel tauz te. And god wolde fayr colyn sayd sy re Boys that ye cowde loue her/ But as to that I maye not/nor I dare not counsell you/ But I se well sayd syre Boys by her dylygence abowte you ꝑ she loueth you entierly. That me re pentith sayd syr Launcelot. Syr sa yd syr Boys/ she is not the fyrst that hath loste her payn vpon you / & that is the more pyte. And soo they talkyd of many thynges mo. And so wythin thre dayes or four syr Launcelot was bygge & stronge agayn.

How syr Launcelot armyd hym to assaye yf he myghte beere armes/ and how his wounde s brake out agayne Capl'ix .xvij.

Thenne syr Boys tolde syr La celot how there was sworne a geete tornement & Justes betwyx kyn ge Arthur & the kyng of Northgalys that sholde be vpon alle Halowmasse daye betyde Wynchestre. Is ꝑ trou the sayd syr Launcelot/ thenne shal ye abyde styll with me a lytyll whyle vn tyll that I be hoole/ for I fele myselfe ryghte bygge & stronge. Blessyd be god sayd syr Boys. Theñe were they there nyghe a monthe togyders. And euer this maydey Elayne dyde her di lygence & labour nighte & daye vnto syr Launcelot. That there was neuer chylde nor wyf more meker to her fa: der/ & wyf to her husbonde thay was that fayr maydey of Astolat/ Wherfo re syr Boys was gretly dysspleysed w̃ her. So vpon a daye by the assente of syr Launcelot/ syr Boys & syr La uayne they made the herempte to seke in wodes for dyuers herbes. And so sy re Launcelot made fayr Elayñ to ga dre herbes for hym to make hȳ a bay: ne. In the meane whyle syr Laun: celot made hym to arme hym at al pe ces/ and there he thought to assay his armour & his spere for his hurt or not And so whan he was vpon his hors/ he spoyrd him fyersly/ & the hors was passyng lusty and fresshe/ by cause he was not laboured a mouth afore. And thenne syre Launcelot cowchyd that spere in the reest. So that courser lept myghtely whan he felt ꝑ spoyrs & hȳ that was vpon hym/ the whyche was the noblest knyghte of the worlde/ sty red hym vygoyrously/ & he styrly and stably kepte styll the spere in the reest. And therwyth syr Launcelot streyned hymself so straytly with so grete force to gete the hors forwarde/ that the bo: come of his wounde brake both with in & without. And therwith al the blo de came out so fyersly that he felt hȳ self so feble that he myghte not syt vp oy his hors. And thenne syr Laun/ celot cryed vnto syr Boys A syr Boys & syr Lauayne helpe me for I am co / me to myn ende. And therwith he fell downe oy the one syde to the erthe ly / ke a deed corps. And thenne syr Boys & syr Lauayne came to hym makyng sorow out of mesure. And so by for tune the maydey Elayne herde theyr mornynge. And thenne she came thy: ther/ & whan she fonde syr Launcelot there armyd in that place/ she cryed & wepte as she had bey wood/ & thenne she kyst hym/ & dyde what she myght to awake hym. And thenne she rebu / ked her brother & syre Boys/ & callyd

them fals traytours/ why they wolde take hym out of his bedde. There she cryed & sayd/she wold appele them of his dethe. ¶ Wyth this came the holy heremyte syr Bawdewyn of Brytayne. And whan he founde syr Launcelot in that plyte/ he sayde but lytyll/ but wyte ye well he was wrothe: And thenne he badde them lete vs haue hym in. And so they all bare hym vnto the hermytage/ & vnarmyd hym/ and layde hym in his bedde. And euer more his wounde bledde pitoully/ but he styred no lyme of hym. Thenne the knyghte heremyte put a thynge in his noyse & a lytyl deale of water in his mouth And thenne syre Launcelot waked of his swowne. And thenne the heremyte staunched his bledynge. And whan he myghte speke he asked syr Launcelot/ why he put his lyfe in Jeoperdy.: ¶ Syr sayde syr Launcelot/ by cause I wende I had be stronge/ and also syre Boys tolde me that there sholde be at all Halowmasse a grete Joustes betwene kynge Arthur & the kynge of North/ galys. & therfore I thoughte to assaye myselfe whether I myghte be there or not. ¶ A syr Launcelot sayd that heremyte/ your herte & your courage woll neuer be doon vntyll your last daye/ but ye shall do now by my counsell/ lete syr Boys departe from you. & lete him do at that turnement what he maye/ and by the grace of god sayd the knyghte heremyte by that the turnement be: done/ & ye come hyther agayn/ syr Launcelot shal be as hoole as ye/ so that ye woll be gouerned by me.

¶ How syr Boys retorned & tolde tydynges of syr Launcelot/ & of the tor noye & to whom the pryce was geuen

¶ Capl'm .xviij.

Thenne syr Boys made hym redy to departe from syr Launcelot. ¶ And thenne syr Launcelot sayd fayr colyn syr Boys/ recõmaunde me to all them/ vnto whom me ought to recomaũde me vnto. And I pray you enforce yourselfe at that Justes that ye maye be best for my loue. And here shal I abyde you at the mercy of god tyll ye come agayn. And so syr Boys departed/ & came to the courte of kynge Arthur/ & tolde them in what plase he had left syr Launcelot. ¶ That me repenteth sayd the kynge/ but syn he shal haue his lyf/ we all may thanke god. And there syr Boys tolde the quene in what Jeoperdy syr Launcelot was whan he wolde assaye his horse. And all that he dyde madame wal for the loue of you/ by cause he wolde haue ben at this turnement. ¶ Fye on hym recreaunt knyght sayd the quene For wife ye well I am ryght sory and he shall haue his lyfe. ¶ His lyf shall he haue sayd syr Boys/ & who that wolde other wyse except you madame. We that ben of his blood /sholde helpe to short ther lyues. But madame sayd syre Boys/ ye haue be oft tymes displeysed wyth my lorde syr Launcelot /but at al tymes at the ende ye fynde hym a true knyghte/ & so he departid. And thenne euery knyght of the rounde table that was thẽ at that tyme present made them redy tobe at that Justes at all halomasse. And thyther drewe many knightes of dyuers countrees. And as all halomasse drewe nere / thyther came the kynge of Northgalys/ & the

kynge wyth the hundred knyghtes/ & syr Galahalt ꝑ haute prynce of Surluse. And thyd came kynge Angwysshy of Irlonde/ & the kynge of Scottes. So thyse thre kynges came oy kynge Arthurs party. And so that daye syr Gawayne dyde grete dedes of armes And began fyrste. And the Herawdes nombred that syre Gawayne smote: downe. xx. knyghtes. ¶ Thenne syre Boys de Ganys came in the same tyde / & he was nombred that he smote downe. xx. knyghtes. And therfore the pryce was geuen betwyxe them both/ for they began fyrst & lengest endured Also syre Gareth as the boke sayth dyde that daye grete dedes of armes/ For he smote downe & pullyd downe. xxx. knyghts/ But whan he had done thyse dedes/ he tarved not/ but soo departyd/ and therfore he loste his pryce ¶ And syr Palomydes dyde grete dedes of armes that daye/ For he smote downe. xx. knyghtes/ but he departyd sodenly. And men demed syr Gareth & he rode togyders to some maner aduentures: ¶ So whan this turnement was dooy/ syr Boys departyd/ & rode tyll he came to syre Launcelot his cosyn. And thenne he founde hym walkynge oy his fete/ & there eyther made grete Joy of other. And so syr Boys tolde syr Launcelot of alle the Justes lyke as ye haue herde. ¶ I merueylle sayde syr Launcelot that syr Gareth whan he had dooy suche dedes of armes that he wolde not tary. ¶ There of we merueylled alle sayd syr Boys. for but yf it wer̄ you or syr Tristram or syr Lamorak de Galys/ I sawe neuer knyght bere downe so many in so lytyll a whyle as dyde syr Gareth/ & anone he was gooy we wyst not where. ¶ By my heed sayd syr Launcelot he is a noble knyghte/ and a myghty may/ & well brethed. And yf he were well assayed sayd syr Laũcelot/ I wolde deme he wer̄ good ynough for ony knyghte that beryth the lyf. And he is a gentyll knighte/ curteys/ true & boũteuous/ meke & mylde. And in hym is no manere of male engyn/ but playn. faythfull and true. ¶ So thenne they made theym redy to departe from the herempyte. And so vpon a daye they tok̄ her horses/ & Elayne le blank w̄ them. And whan they came to Astolat/ there they were well lodged / and had grete chere of syr Bernarde ꝑ olde baron/ & of syre Tyre his sone/ & so vpon the morn whan syr Launce/lot shold departe/ fayr Elayne brouzte her fader wyth her & syr Lauayne. syr Tyre/ & thus she sayd.

¶ Of the grete lamentacõn that ꝑ fayr mayde of Astolat whan syr Laũcelot shold departe/ and how she deyed for his loue ¶ Capl'm .xix.

My lorde syr Launcelot now I se ye woll departe/ Now fayre knyghte & curteys knyghte haue mercy vpon me. & suffre me not to dey for thy loue/ ¶ What wolde ye that I dyde sayd syr Launcelot. ¶ I wolde haue you to my husbonde sayd Elayne ¶ Fayr damoysell I thanke you sayd syr Launcelot/ but truely sayd he I caste me neuer to be wedded. ¶ Then fayr knyghte sayd she/ wyll ye be my paramour. ¶ Jhesu defende me sayd syr Launcelot/ for thenne I rewarded your fader & your broder ful euyll for

cher grete goodnes. ¶ Alas sayde she/ thenne must I dey for your loue ¶ Ye shall not so sayde syre Launcelot/ for wyte ye well fayre mayden I myghte haue ben maryed & I had wolde/ but I neuer applyed me to be maried yet. But by cause fayr damoysell that ye woll loue me as ye saye ye doo: I woll for your good loue & kyndenes shewe you some goodnes/ & that is this/ that where someuer ye woll beset your herte vpon some good knyzte ꝑ wol wed you/ I shall geue you togyder a thousande pounde yerely to you & to your heyres/ Thus moche woll I geue you fayr mayde for your kȳdnesse/ and alwayes whyle I lyue to be your owne knyghte. ¶ Of all this sayd the mayde I wol none/ for but yf ye wol wed me/ or els be my paramour at the lest Wyte ye well syr Launcelot my good dayes are dony. ¶ fayr damoysell sayd syr Launcelot of thyse two thyngs ye must pardon me. Thenne she shryked shrykly/ & fell downe in a swowne And thenne wymmen bar̄ her in to her chambre. And there she made euer moche sorowe. And thenne syr Launcelot wolde departe/ And there he askyd syre Sauayne what he wold do ¶ What sholde I do sayd syr Sauayne but folow you/ but yf ye dryue me from you or commaunde me to goo from you. ¶ Thenne came syr Bernarde to syre Launcelot/ & sayd to hym I canne not se/ but that my doughter Elayne woll dey for your sake. ¶ I may not doo wyth all sayd syr Laũcelot/ for ꝑ me sore repenteth. For I reporte me to yourself/ that my profre is fayr/ & me repenteth sayd syr Launcelot that she louyth me as she dooth. I was neuer the causer of it/ for I reporte me to your sone/ I erly ne late profred her boũtee ne fayr behestes. And as for me sayd syr Launcelot/ I daxe do all that a knyghte shold doo/ that she is a clene mayden for me/ both for dede and for wyll. And I am ryght heuy of her dissese/ for she is a full fayre mayde. good & gentyll/ & well taughte. ¶ fader sayd syr Sauayne/ I daxe make good she is a clene mayden as for my lorde syr Launcelot. But she dooth as I do for sythen I fyrste sawe my lorde syr Launcelot/ I cowde neuer departe fro hym/ nor nought I woll & I maye folowe hym. ¶ Thenne syre Launcelot toke his leue/ & so they departyd/ & came vnto Wynchestre. And whan kynge Arthur wyste ꝑ syr Launcelot was come hole & sounde/ the kynge made gret Joye of hym/ and so dyd syr Gawayne & all the knyghtes of the rounde table/ excepte syr Agrauayne & syr Mordred. ¶ Also quene Gweneuer was wood wroth with syr Launcelot and wold by no meanes speke wᵗ̄ hym but estraunged herself from hym. And syr Launcelot made alle the meanes ꝑ he myght for to speke wyth the quene but it wolde not be. ¶ Now speke we of the fayr mayde of Astolat. that made suche sorowe daye & nyghte / ꝑ she neuer slepte/ ete nor dranke. And euer she made her complaynt vnto syr Launcelot. So whan she had thus endured a.x. dayes/ that she febled so ꝑ she nedes must passe oute of thys worlde/ Thenne she shroue her clene/ & receyued her creatour. And euer she cōplayned styll vpon syr Launcelot. Theñe her ghostly fader badde her leue suche thoughtes. ¶ Thenne she sayd Why

sholde I leue suche thoughtes: am I not an erthly woman/& all the whyle the brethe is in my body/I may cõplayne. For my byleue is/I doo none offence/though I loue ay erthly man And I take god to my recorde I loued neuer none but syr Launcelot du lake nor neuer shall. And a clene maydey I am for hym & for all other. And sythey it is the suffraunce of god. that I shal dey for ꝑ loue of so noble a knyzte: I beseche the hygh fadrr of heuey to haue mercy vppon my soule/and ꝑ myn Innumerable paynes that I suffre may be allygeaunce of part of my synnes. For swete lord Jhesu sayd the fayre maydey I take the to recorde/I was neuer gretter offencer ayenst thy lawes/but ꝑ I loued this noble knight syr Launcelot oute of mesure. And of myself good lorde I myghte not wstonde the feruent loue/wherfore I haue my deth. And thenne she callyd her fader syr Bernarde & her brother syre Tyrre. And hertely she prayed her fader/that her brother myghte endyte a letter lyke as she dyde endyte it/and so her fader graunted her. And whan the letter was wryten worde by worde/lyke as she deuised/Thenne she prayed her fader/that she myght be watchyd vntyll she were deed/& whyle my body is hote/let this letter be put in my ryght honde/& my honde bounde fast wyth the letter vntyll that I be colde/ And lete me be put in a fayr bedde walle the rytheste clothes that I haue a/bowte me/And so lete my bedde & all my ryche clothes be layed wyth me in a charyot vnto the next place whet Temple is/And there lete me beput in a barge/& but one may wyth me/suche as ye truste to stere me thyther/& that my barge be coverd wyth blacke sampte ouer & ouer: Thus fader I beseche you lete it be dooy. So her fader grauntyd her faythfully all this thynge shold be dooy lyke as she had deuysed. ¶ Thenne her fader & her broder made grete doole. For whan this was dooy/anone she deyed. And so whañe she was deed/the corps & the bedde al was ledde the nexte waye vnto ꝑ Tẽple. And there a may & the corps & alle were put in to Temple. And so ꝑ may styred the barget to Westmestre. And there he rowed a grete whyle to & fro or ony aspyed it.

¶ How the corps of the fayr mayd of Astolat arryued tofore kynge Arthur And of the buryenge/& how syr Laũcelot offred the masse peny .xx.

SO by fortune Arthur & quene: Gueneuer were spekyng togyder at a wyndowe. And so as they lokyd in to the Temple/they aspyed the blacke barget/& had merueylle what it ment. ¶ Thenne the kynge callyd syr Kay & shewed it hym. ¶ Syr sayde syr Kay/wyte ye well thet is some newe tydynges. ¶ Go ye thyther sayde the kynge to syr Kay/& take wyth you syre Brandyles & Agrauayne/& brynge me redy worde what is there./ Thenne thyse foure knyghtes departed/& came to the barget. and went in And there they founde the fayrest corse lyeng in a ryche bed ꝑ euer they sawe and a poore may syttynge in the barget ende/& no worde wolde speke. So thyse foure knyghtes retorned vnto ꝑ kynge agayn/& tolde hym what they

founde. ¶ That fayr corse woll I see sayd the kynge. And so thenne the kyng toke the quene by the honde & went thyther. Thenne the kynge made the barget to beholde faste. And thene the kyng and the quene went in wyth certeyne knyghtes wyth theym. And there he sawe the fayreste woman lye in a ryche bedde couerde vnto her myddyll wyth many ryche clothes. And al was of clothe of golde. And she laye as she had smyled. ¶ Thenne the quene aspyed the letter in her right honde and tolde the kyng. ¶ Thenne ỳ kynge toke it / and sayde Now I am sure this letter woll telle what she was / & why she is come hyther. ¶ So thenne the kynge and the quene went oute of the barget. And soo cõmaunded a certeyne / to wayte vpon the barget. And soo whan the kynge was come wyth in his chambre / he callid many knyghtes aboute hym. And sayd / he wolde wyte openly what was wryten wyth in that letter. Thenne the kynge brake it / and made a clerk to rede it. And this was the entent of the letter. : / ¶ Moost noble knyghte my lorde syr Launcelot Now hathe dethe made vs two at bate for your loue I was your louer that men callyd the fayr mayde of Astolat Therfore vnto all ladyes I make my mõõn Yet for my soule ye pray and bury me at the leest And offre ye my masse peny This is my laste requeste And a clene maydey I deyed I take god to wytnes Pray for my soule syr Launcelot as thou art pere/lesse. ¶ This was alle the substaunce of the letter. ¶ And whan it was rad The quene & alle the knyghte wepte for pyte of the dolerull complayntes.

Thenne was syr Launcelot sent for And whan he was come / kynge Arthur made the letter to be redde to hẽ. And whan syr Laũcelot herde it word by worde. ¶ He sayd My lord Arthur wyte you well / I am ryght heuy of ỳ deth of this fayr damoysel / god kno / wyth I was neuer causer of her dethe by me wyllynge / & that I woll report me to her owne brother / here he is syr Lauayne. / I woll not say naye sayd syr Launcelot / but that she was both fayr & good / and moche I was beholdey vnto her / but she loued out of mesure. ¶ Ye myght haue shewed her sayd the quene some bounte & gentylnes that myghte haue preserued her lyfe. : Madame sayd syr Laũcelot / she wolde none other wayes be answerde / but that she wolde be my wyf / other ellys my paramour. & of thyse two I wold not graunte her. But I profred her for her goode loue that she shewed me a / thousande pounde / yerely to her & to her heyres / And to wedde ony manere knyghte that she cowde fynde best to loue in her herte / For madame sayde syr Launcelot I loue not to be constreyned to loue / for loue must aryse of the herte selfe / and not by none constreynte. ¶ That is trouth sayde the kynge & many knyghtes Loue is free in hẽ / selfe / and neuer woll be bounde / For where he is bounde / he losyth hymselfe. ¶ Thenne sayd the kynge vnto syre Launcelot It woll be your worshipp ỳ ye ouerle / ỳ she be entered worshypfully ¶ Syr sayd syr Laũcelot / ỳ shal be dooy. as I canne beste deuyse. And so many knyghtes yede thyd̃ to behold̃e ỳ fayr deed mayd̃. & soon ỳ morow she was entred richely / & syr Laũcelot

offred her masse peny. And also al the knyghtes of the table rounde that were there at that tyme offred wyth syre Launcelot. And thenne the poore may went agayne wyth the barget. Then the quene sent for syr Launcelot. And prayed hym of mercy / for by cause that she had bey wrothe wyth hym cause / les. ¶ This is not the fyrste tyme sayde syr Launcelot that ye haue bey displeysed wyth me causeles / But mada me euer I must suffre you. But what sorowe that euer I endure ye take noo force. ¶ So this paste oy al that wynter wyth all manere of huntynge and hawkyng / aud Joustes & turnoys were many betwyxe many grete lordes. And euer in alle places syre Lauayne gate grete worshypp / that he was noyblyrenõmed among many knyghtes of the table rounde. ¶ Thus it passed oy vntyl Cristemasse / And euery day there were Justes made for a dyamonde / who that Justed beste / sholde haue a dyamonde. But syr Launcelot wolde not Jouste but yf it were atte grete Justes cryed. But syr Lauayne Justed there al the Cristmasse passyngly wel and beste was prayised / for there wer̃ but fewe that dyde soo well / wherfore alle manere of knyghtes demyd / that syr Lauayne sholde be made knyghte of the table rounde at the next feest of pentecoste. ¶ Soo after Cristemasse kynge Arthur lete calle vnto hym many knightes. And there they auised to gyders to make a party & a grete turnement and Joustes. And the kynge of Northgalys sayd to kynge Arthur he wolde haue oy his parti kyng Anguysh of Irlonde / and the kyng with the hundred knyghtes / and the kynge of Northumberlonde / and syr Galahalt the haute prynce. Soo thyse foure kynges & this myghty duke / toke a party ayenst kyng Arthur & the knyghtes of the rounde table. And the crye was made of the day & Justs sholde be belyde Westmestre vpon Candymas daye / Wherof many knyghtes were gladde / and made them redy to be att that Joustes in the freshyeste manere. ¶ Thenne quene Gweneuer sent for syr Launcelot / and sayd thus I warne you / that ye ryde noo more in noo Justes nor tuenementes / but that youre kynnelmen maye knowe you ¶ At this Justes that shall be / ye shal haue of me a sleue of golde / And I praye you for my sake / enforce yourself there / that men maye spehe of you worshypp. But I charge you as ye woll haue my loue / that ye warne your kynnelmen / that ye woll beere that daye the sleue of golde vpon your helmet. ¶ Madame sayde syre Launcelot It shall be doon. And soo eyther made grete Joye of other. ¶ And whan syre Launcelot sawe his tyme / he tolde syr Boors / that he wolde departe / and no moo wyth hym but syr Lauayne vnto the good heremyte that dwelled in the forest of Wyndesore / hys name was syr Brastyas. And there he thoughte to repose hym / and to take alle the rest that he myghte / by cause he wolde be freshe atte that daye of Justes. ¶ Soo syr Launcelot & syr Lauayne departed / that no creature wyste wher̃ he was become but the noble men of his blood. And whan he was come to the hermytage / wyte you well he had good chere. ¶ And so dayly syr Launcelot wolde goo to a welle faste by the

hermytage/& there he wolde lye downe/& lee the welle sprynge & burble/& sometyme he slept thet ¶So at that tyme there was a lady dwelled in ÿ forest/ And she was a grete huntresse/& dayly she vsyd to hunte. And euer she bare her bowe wyth her. And no men went neuer wyth her but alwayes wȳ men. And they were shoters/& cowde well kylle a deyr/ both at the stalke & at the trest. And they dayly bare bowes/arowes/hornes and wode knyues. And many good dogges they had/bothe for the strynge & for a bate: So it happyd this lady the huntresse had a bateyd her dogge for the bowe at a bayne hynde. And this bayne hynde toke the flyghte ouer hethes & wodys And euer this lady & parte of her gentylwȳmen costed the hynde/and chercte kyd it by the noyse of the houndes/ to haue mette wyth the hynde atte some water. And so it happed that the saȳ hynde came to the welle where as syr Laūcelot was sleppynge & slumbryng. And soo the hynde whan she came to the welle for heete she went to soylle/ and there she laye a grete whyle. And the dogge came after/and vnbecaste abowte/for she had lost the perfyghte sewte of the hynde. ¶Ryght so came that lady hūtaresse/whyche knewe by her dogge that the hynde was atte the soyle in that welle. And there she caȳ stryfly and founde the hynde. And she put a brode arowe in her bowe/& shot at the hynde/and ouershot the hynde. And by mysfortune the arowe smote syr Launcelot in the thycke of the but tok ouer the barbys. Whan syr Launcelot felt hymself soo hurte/he hurlyd vp woodly/and sawe the lady whiche hadde smyten hym. And thenne whan he sawe she was a woman/ he sayde thus ¶Lady or damoysell what that thou be/ in an euyll tyme bare thou a bowe/the deuyl made the a shoter.

¶How syr Launcelot after ÿ he was hurte of a gentylwoman came to an heremyte/& of other maters .xxi.

¶Now mercy fayr syr sayde the lady I am a gentylwoman ÿ dyeth here in this foreste huntynge/ & god knoweth I sawe you not But as here was a bayeyne hynde at the soyle in this well/and I wende to haue done wel: but my honde swarued ¶Alas sayde syr Launcelot ye haue mysche/ued me. and so the lady departed. And syr Launcelot as he myght pulled oute the arowe/and left the heed styll in his buttok. And soo he went weykely to the hermytage/euer bledynge as he went. ¶And whanne syr Lauayne & the heremyte aspyed that syr Launcelot was hurte/ wyte you well they were passynge heuy: But syre Lauayne wyste not how he was hurte/ nor by whom. And thenne were they wrothe out of mesure. Theñe wyth grete payne the heremyte gate oute the arowes heed oute of syr Launcelots buttok./ And moche of his blood he shedde att that tyme. And the wounde was passynge sore/and ryght vnhappely smyten. For the woūde was in suche a place that syr Launcelot myghte sytte in noo sadyll. ¶A mercy Jhesu sayd syr Launcelot/ I maye calle myselfe the mooste vnhappyest man that lyueth. For euer/whanne I wolde feyneste haue worshypp/ there befalleth me euer

some vnhappy thynge. ¶ Now so Jhesu me helpe sayd syr Launcelot/ & yf no may wolde but god / I shall be in the felde vpon Candelmasse daye att the Justes what some euer falle of it/ So all that myghte be gotey to heele syr Launcelot was had. ¶ Soo whan the daye was come/syr Launcelot lete deuyse that he was arayed/& syr Lauayne and ther horses as though they had bey sarralyns. And so they depar tyd/& came nygh to the felde. ¶ The kynge of Northgalys w̄ ay hundred knyghtꝭ wyth hym. And the kynge of Northumberlonde brought wyth him ay hundred good knyghtes. And kynge Anguysshe of Irlonde broughte w̄ hym ay hundred good knyghtes :redy to Juste. And syr Galahalt the haute Prynce broughte w̄ hym ay hundred good knyghtes. And the kynge wyth the hundred knyghtes brought wyth hym as many/& al thise were proued good knyghtꝭ. ¶ Thenne came in kynge Arthurs party. And there came in the kyng of Scottes with ay hundred knyghtes. And kynge Uriens of Gore broughte w̄ hym ay hundred knyghtes. And kynge Howell of Brytayne broughte with hym ay hundred knyghtes . And Chalaunce of Claraunce brought wyth hym ay hundred knyghtes. And kynge Arthur hymselfe came in to the felde wyth two hūdred knyghtes/ & the mooste party were knyghtes of the table rounde/that were proued noble knyghtes . And there were olde knyghtes sette in scaffoldes for to Iuge w̄ the quene who dyde best.

¶ Of a grete Justes doon al a Cristmasse/& of a grete Justes & torney or/ denyed by kynge Arthur/and of syr Launcelot ¶ Capl'm xxij.

Thenne they blewe to the felde And there the kyng of Northgalys encoūtred w̄ the kyng of Scottes/& there the kynge of Scottes had a falle. And the kynge of Irlond smote downe kynge Uryens. And ꝑ kyng of Northūberlonde smote downe Howel of Brytayne. And syr Galahalt the haute prynce smote downe Lalaūce of Claraunce/ And theñe kyng Arthur was wood wroth/& ranne to the kynge wyth the hundred knyghtes/ & there kyng Arthur smote hym downe And after wyth that same spere kyng Arthur smote doune thre other knyghtes. And thenne whan his spere was broken/ kynge Arthur dyde passynge well. And so ther wyth all came in syr Gawayne & syr Gaherys/ syr Agrauayne & syr Mordred. And there euerych of them smote downe a knyghte And syr Gawayne smote downe foure knyghtes. And thenne there began a strong medle. For thenne there came in the knightes of syr Launcelots blode/ and syr Gareth & syr Palompdes wyth them/and many knyghtes of ꝑ table rounde. And they began to hold the foure kynges. & the myghty duke so harde that they were dyscomfyted/ But this duke Galahalt ꝑ haute prīce was a noble knyghte . And by hys myghty prowesse of armes/he helde ꝑ knyghtes of the rounde rable straygh te ynough. ¶ All this doynge sawe syr Launcelot. And thenne he came in to the felde wyth syr Lauayne as it had be thonder. And they anone syr Bors & the knyghtes of his blood alyped sy

re Launcelot/& sayde to them alle/I warne you beware of hym wyth ỳ sle ue of gold vpon his heed/for he is hỹ self syr Laũcelot du lake. And for gre te goodnes syr Bors warnyd syr Ga reth. ¶ Jam wel apayd sayd syr Ga reth that I may knowe hym. but who is he sayd they all that rydeth w̃ him in the same araye. ¶ That is the go/ de & gentyll knyghte syr Lauayne sa: yd syr Bors. ¶ So syr Launcelot en'/ countred wyth syr Gawayne/& there by force syr Laũcelot smote downe sir Gawayne & his hors to the erth. And so he smote downe syr Agrauayne & syr Gaheryes/ & also he smote downe syr Mordred/& al thys was wyth one spere. ¶ Thenne syr Lauayne met w̃ syr Palompdes / & eyther mette other so harde & soo fyersly/that bothe ther horses fell to the erth. And thene were they y horsyd agayne. And thenne met syr Launcelot wyth syre Palompdes/ and there syr Palompdes had a falle. so syr Laũcelot or euer he stynt as fal re as he myghte gete speres/ he smote downe. xxx. knightes/& the moost par ty of them were knightes of the table rounde. And euer the knyghtes of hys blood wythdrewe them/& made them adoo in other places where syr Laun: celot came not. ¶ And thenne kynge Arthur was wroth whay he sawe syr Launcelot do suche dedes. And thene the kynge callyd vnto hym syr Gaw ayne/syr Mordred/syr Kay/syr Gry flet/syr Lucan the buttelere/ syr Pede uer/syr Palompdes/syr Safyr his bro ther. And so the kynge wyth thyse. ix. knyghtes made them redy to set vpon syr Launcelot & vpon syr Lauayne. / ¶ Al this aspied syr Bors & syr Ga reth. ¶ Now I drede me sore sayd syr Bors ỳ my lorde syre Launcelot woll be harde matched. ¶ By my heed say de syr Gareth I woll ryde to my lor: de syr Launcelot for to helpe hỹ/falle of hym what falle maye/for he is the same may ỳ made me knyghte. ¶ Ye shall not so sayd syr Bors by my coũ sell/onlesse ỳ ye were dysguysed. ¶ Ye shall se me dysguysed sayde syr Ga/ reth. And there wyth alle he aspyed a Walsh knighte where he was to repo se hym/& he was sore hurt afore by sy re Gawayne. And to hỹ syr Gareth rode/& prayed hym of his knyghtho: de to lene hym his shelde for his ¶ I woll well sayd the Walsh knyghte/& whay syr Gareth had his shelde/ the boke sayth/it was grene wyth a may dey that sempd in it. ¶ Thenne syre Gareth came dryuynge to syr Laun/ celot al that he myghte/& sayd Knyg te kepe thyself/for ponder compth hỹ ge Arthur wyth. ix. noble knyghtes w̃ hym/to put you to a rebuke/& so Jam come to bere you felyshyp for olde lo: ue ye haue shewed me. ¶ Gramercy sayd syr Launcelot. ¶ Syr sayd Ga: reth/encountre ye wyth syr Gawayñ & I shall encountre with syr Palomy des/ and lete syre Lauayne matche w̃ the noble kynge Arthur. And whañe we haue delyuerde theym/lete vs thre holde vs sadly togyders. ¶ Theñe ca me kyng Arthur wyth his. ix. knygh: tes wyth hym/& syr Launcelot encoũ tred wyth syr Gawayne/& gaaf him suche a buffet. that the arsoy of his sa dyll brake/& syr Gawayne fell to ỳ erth. Thenne syr Gareth encountred wyth the good knyghte syr Palomy: des/ & he gaue hỹ suche a buffet/that

both his hors & he dasshyd to the erth Thenne encountred kyng Arthur w syr Lauayne/and ther cyther of them smote other to the erth hors & al that they laye a grete whyle. Thenne syr Launcelot smote downe syr Agrauey ne/Sahervs & syr Mordred. And syr Gareth smote downe syre Kaye/syre Sakyr & syr Gryflet. And thenne syr Lauayne was horsyd ayen/ & he smo te downe syr Lucan the butteler/& syr Bedeuer. And thenne there began gre te thrange of good knyghts. Thenne syr Launcelot hurled here & ther/and racyd & pulled of helmes/so at ꝑ tym there myghte none sytte hym a buffet wyth spere nor wyth swerde. And syre Gareth dyde suche dedes of armys. ꝑ alle men merueylelled what knyghte he was wyth the grene shelde . For he smote downe that daye & pullyd dow ne moo than.xxx. knyghtes. And as ꝑ frenssh boke sayth/syr Launcelot mer ueylled whan he beheldе syr Gareth do suche dedes what knyghte he myg te be. And syr Lauayne pulled downe & smote downe.xx. knyghtes. Also syr Laũcelott knewe not syr Gareth/ for and syr Tristram de Lyones/other si re Lamorak de Galys had ben alyue syre Launcelot wolde haue demed he had be one of them tweyne ¶ So euer as syr Launcelot / syr Gareth & syre Lauayne foughte / and ou the other sy de syr Bors/syr Ector de marys/syre Lyonel/syr Blecberys/syr Galyhud syr Galyodyn/ syr Pellyas wyth mo other of kyng Bans blode fought on a nother party / and helde the kynge wyth the hundred knyghtes & the kȳ ge of Northumberlonde ryght streyte and ryght harde.

¶ How kynge Arthur merueylled mo che of the Justyng in the felde/& how he rode & foũde syr Launcelot xxiij

So this turnement & this Jus: tes dured longe/tyll it was ne: re nyghte. For the knyghtes of the ro unde table releued euer vnto kyng Ar thur. For the kyng was wroth out of mesure/but he & his knyghtes myght not preuayle that daye. ¶ Thenne sy re Gawayne sayd to kyng Arthur/ I merueyll where all this day syr Bors de Ganys & hys felyshyp of syr Laũ celots blood bey/ I merueyle/ I merue le alle thys daye they bey not abowte you. ¶ It is for some cause sayd syr Gawayne. ¶ By my heed sayd syre Kay/syr Bors is yonder all this day vpon the ryght honde of this felde/ & there he & hys blood doon more wor / shypfully than we do. ¶ It may well be sayd syr Gawayñ/ but I drede me euer of gyle. For ou payne on my lyfe sayd syr Gawayne/thys knyghte w the redde sleue of golde is hymself syr Launcelot / I se well by his rydynge & by his gret strokes/& the other knygh te in the same colour is the good yon: ge knyghte syr Lauayne. Also ꝑ knyg te wyth the grene shelde is my broder syr Gareth / & yet he hath dysguysed hymself/for no may shall make hym be agaynst syr Launcelot/by cause he made hym knyght. ¶ By my heed sa yd Arthur/neuewe I byleue you/ther for telle me now what is your best co unsell. ¶ Syr sayd syr Gawayne/ye shall haue my counsell Lete blowe to lodgyng/for & he be syr Launcelot du lake & my brother syr Gareth wyth

hym wyth the helpe of that good yon ge knyghte syr Lauayne/ truste me tru ly it woll be no bote to stryue w̄ them but yf we.sholde fall.x.or.xij.vpon on̄ knyghte/ & that were no worshyp:but shame. ¶ Ye saye trouth sayd the kyn ge.And for to saye sothe sayd the kyn ge/it were shame to vs/ soo many as we bey to sette vppon them ony more For wyte ye well sayd kynge Arthur/ they bey thre good knyghtes/ & name ly that knyghte with the sleue of gol: de. ¶ So thenne they blewe vnto lod: gynge. But forth wyth all kynge Ar thur lete sende vnto the foure kynges & to the myghty duke/ that the knigh te wyth the sleue of golde departe not fro them/but that the kynge may spe ke wyth hym. Thenne forth wyth al kynge Arthur alyghted / & vnarmyd hym/aud toke a lytyl hakney/ & rode after syr Launcelot/ for euer he hadde a spye vppon hym/ And so he founde hym amonge the foure kynges and ỹ duke.And there the kyng prayed them all vnto supper. ¶ And they answerd with good wyll.And whan they were vnarmyd / kynge Arthur knewe syre Laũcelot /syr Lauayne & syr Gareth ¶ A syr Launcelot sayd kyng Arthur This daye ye haue holpen me and my knyghtes. ¶ So they yede vnto kyng Arthurs lodgynge alle togyders.And there was a grete feest & grete reuell / And the pryce was geuen vnto syr La ũcelot.And by herawdes they named hym ỹ he had smyten downe.l.knygh tes/ & syr Gareth.xxxv.& syr Lauayn̄ xxiiij̄.knyghtes. ¶ Thenne syr Laun celot tolde the kynge & the quene.how the lady huntresse shotte hym in ỹ for: rest of Wyndesore in the buttok wyth a brode arowe. And how the wounde therof was that tyme.vi.ynches depe & in lyke longe. ¶ Also kynge Arthur blamyd syr Gareth/by cause he lefte his felyshyp/ & helde wyth syr Laun celot. ¶ My lord sayd syr Gareth/he made me a knyghte / & whan I sawe hym so harde bestadde/me thought.it was my worshyp to helpe hym/for I sawe hym do so moche/ & so many no ble knyghtes ayenst hym. And whan I vnderstode that he was syr Launce lot du lake/ I shamyd to se soo many knyghtes ayenst hym alone. ¶ True ly sayde kynge Arthur vnto syr Ga/ reth/ye saye well/ & worshypfully ha: ue ye don.& to yourself grete worship And al the dayes of my lyf sayd kyn ge Arthur vnto syre Gareth/wyte ye well I shall loue you/ & truste you the more better.For euer sayde Arthur/it is a worshypfull knyghtȝ dede/ to hel pe a nother worshypful knyzte.whan he seeth hym in a grete daunger/ for euer a worshypfull man woll be loth. to se a worshypfull man shamyd/and he that is of noo worshyp & fareth w̄ cowardyse/neuer shall he shewe gen / tylnesse/nor noo manere of goodnesse where he seeth a man in ony daunger for thenne euer woll a cowarde shew no mercy. And alwayes a good man woll doo euer to a nother man/ as he wold be doon to hymself. ¶ So thene there were grete feestes vnto kynges & & dukes/And reuell/ game & playe/ & all manere of noblesse was vsyd. And he that was curteys/ true & faythfull to his frende/was ỹ tyme cherysshed.

¶ How true loue is lyked to Sower
¶ Capl'm .xxv.

AND thus it past on from Candelmasse vntyl after Ester/ ye the moneth of May was come/ whan euery lusty herte begynneth to blosso/me/ & to brynge forth fruyte. For lyke as herbes & trees brynge forth fruyte: & flourysh in May In lyke wyse euery lusty herte/ that is in ony maner a louer/ spryngeth & flourysheth in lusty dedes. For it geueth vnto all louers courage that lusty month of May in some thynge/ to constreyne hym to some maner of thynge more in ye mon the thay in ony other monthe/ for dyuers causes. For thenne al herbes and trees renewe a may & woman. And in lyse wyse louers calle agayne to theyr mynde olde gentylnesse & olde seruyse and many kynde dedes that were forgoten by neclygence. For lyke as wynter rasure doth alwaye arase & deface grene somer So farcth it by vnstable loue in may & in woman. For in many persones there is no stabylyte/ For we maye se all daye/ for a lytyll blast of wynters rasure/ anone we shall deface & put away true loue/ for lytyl or noughte that coste moche thynge/ this is no wysdom nor stabylyte/ but is feblynesse of nature/ & grete dishonour who some euer vseth this. Therfor lyke as May noneth floure th & floury: sheth in many gardens So in lyk wyse lete euery may of worshyp florysh his herte in this worlde / fyrste vnto god/ And next vnto the Joye of theim that he promyseth his fayth vnto. For there was neuer worshypful may nor worshypfull woman / but they loued one beter than a nother. And worshyp in armes maye neuer be foyled/ /
But fyrste reserue the honour to god.

And secondly the quarell muste come of thy lady/ & suche loue I call vertuous loue. ¶ But now a dayes mey cay not loue. vij. nyghtes. but they must haue all ther desyres/ that loue may not endure by reason. For where they bey soone accorded/ & hasty heete/ soone it kelyth ¶ Ryght so fareth loue now a dayes/ soone hote/ soone colde./ This is no stabylytee. But ye olde loue was not so Mey & wymey cowde loue togyder. vij. yeres/ & noo lycorous lustes were betwene them/ And thenne was loue/ trouth & faythfulnesse. ¶ And lo in lyke wyse was vsed loue in kynge Arthurs dayes./ Wherfore I lyken loue now a dayes vnto Somer & Wynter/ for lyke as the one is hote/ & the other cold So fareth loue now a dayes Therfore all ye that bey louers/ calle vnto your remembraunce the moneth of May/ lyke as dyde quene Gwenever/ for whome I make here a lytyll mencōy/ that while she lyued/ she was a true louer. and therfore she had a good ende.

¶ Here endith the .xviij. boke And folowyth the .xix. boke.

How quene Gweneuer rode on mayeng wyth certeyn knyghtes of the rounde table claddall in grene. Ca .j.

NOw it befelle in the: month of May/ quene Gweneuer callyd vnto her knyghtes of the table rounde. and she gaf them warnȳ: ge. that erly vpon the morowe she wolde ryde on mayenge in to wodes & feldes beside Westmestre/ & I warne you ꝑ there be none of you but ꝑ he be well horsyd/ & that ye all be clothed in grene/ & I shall brynge wyth me. x. ladyes/ & euery knyghte shall haue a lady behynde hym/ & euery knyght shal haue a squyre & two yomen/ & I woll ꝑ ye al be wel horsid. So they made thē redy in the fressheste maner. & thyse were the names of the knyghtꝭ. syr Kay Agrauayne. Brandiles. Sagramore. Dodynas. Dzanna. Ladynas. Persaunt. Ironsyde/ and syr Pelleas/ And tho. x. knyghtꝭ made them redy in the fressheste manere to ryde wᵗ the quene/ So on the morn they toke ther horses wᵗ the quene & rode on mayeng in grete Joye & delyte. And the quene purposyd to haue ben ayen wᵗ kyng Arthur at the ferdeste by. x. of the clocke/ and so was that tyme her purpoos. Then there was a knyghte that hyghte syre

Mellyagrauuce/ and he was sone vn to kyng Bagdemag⁹. And this knyz te had at that tyme a castel of the pes te of kynge Arthur/wythin.vij.myles of Westmestre. And this knyghte syre Mellyagraunce louyd passynge welle quene Guencuer/& so he had dooy lō ge & many percs. ¶ And the boke sa / yth he had layey in awayte for to ste: le awaye the quene/But euer more he forbare for by cause of syr Launcelot. For in noo wyse he wolde medle with the quene. & syr Launcelot were in her company/other elles and he were nere honde her. And that tyme was suche a custome/ the quene rode neuer wyth out a grete felyshypp of mey of armz abowte her /& they were many goode knyghtes/& the mooste parti were yon ge mey that wolde haue worshypp/& they were callyd the quenes knyghtes And neuer in no bataylle/turment.or Justes/they baze none of them no ma nere of knowlegynge of ther owne ar mes/but playne whyte sheldes. & ther by they were callyd the quenes knygh tes. And thenne whan it happyd ony othem to be of grete worshypp by his noble dedes / thenne at the next feest of Pentecost/yf there were ony slayne or deed/as there was none yere that the: re faylle/but some were deed. Thenne was there chosey in his stede that was deed the mooste mey of worshyp ÿ we: re calyd the quenes knyghtz. And th⁹ they came vp all fyrst or they were re: nōmed all mey of worshyp/ bothe syr Laūcelot/& al the remenaunt of them ¶ But this knyghte syr Mellyagraū ce had aspied the quene wel. & her pur pose/& how syr Launcelot was not w̄ her and how she had noo may of ar: mes wyth her/but the.x.noble knygh tes all arayed in grene/for mayenge / Thenne he purueyed him a.xx.mey of armys & ay hūdred archers/for to dys troye the quene & her knyghtes. For he thoughte that tyme was beste season to take the quene.

¶ How syr Mellyagraūce toke ÿ que ne & al her knyghtes / whyche were so re hurt in fyghtynge ¶ Capl'm .ij.

SO as the quene had mayed/& all her knyghtes/All were be: dassyd wyth herbes/molles & floures. in the best manere & freshest. Ryght so came out of a wood syr Mellyagra unce/ wyth ay eyghte score mey/well harneysed/ as they sholde fyghte in a bataylle of a reest. And badde the que ne & her knyghtes abide. For maugre ther heedes they shold abyde. ¶ Tray tour knyghte sayde quene Gueneuer What cast thou for to doo/Wolt thou shame thyselfe. Bethynke the how ÿ art a kyngz sone/& knyghte of the ta ble rounde/And thou to be abowte/to dyshonour the noble kyng. that made the knyghte/Thou shamest all knyz tehode/& thyselfe. And me I let the wi te/shalt thou neuer shame. For I had leuer kytte myn owne throte in twey ne/rather than thou sholdest dyshono ur me. ¶ As for al this langage sayd syr Mellyagraunce. be it as be maye. For wyte ye well madame I haue lo: ued you many a yere/& neuer or now cowde I gete you at suche auauntage as I do now/& therfor I wol take you as I fynde you. ¶ Then spake al ÿ.x noble knyghtes at ones/& sayd Syre Mellyagraunce / ¶ wyte you well ye

are abowte to Jeoperde your worshyp to dyshonour/and also ye caste to Jeoperde oure persones/how be it we beyng vnarmyd/ye haue vs at a grete auayle. For it semyth by you. that ye haue layd watche vpon vs. but rather than ye sholde putte the quene to a shame & vs all/ we had as leyf to depart from our lyues. For & yf we other wayes dide/we were shamed for euer ¶ They sayde syr Mellyagraunce/dresse ye as wel as ye can/& kepe the quene. Then the.x. knyghtes of ỳ table rounde drew ther swerdes. And the other lete renne at them with ther speres. & the.x. knyghtes manly abode them/& smote away ther speres/ that noo spere dyde them no harme. Thenne they lasshyd togyder with swerdes. And anone syr Kay syr Sagramore. syr Agrauayne/syre Dodynas & syr Dzanna were smyte to the erthe wyth grymly woundes. / Thenne syr Brandyles & syr Persaunt. syr Ironsyde & syr Pelleas foughte longe. And they were sore wounded For thyse knyghtes or euer they were layed to the grounde. slewe. xl. men of the boldest & the best of them. ¶ Soo whan the quene sawe her knyghtes thy dolefully wounded/ and nedes muste be slayne at the last/thenne for pyte & sorowe/she cryed Syr Mellyagraunce/slee not my noble knyghtes/and I woll goo wyth the vpon this couenaunt. that thou saue them. & suffre them to be nomore hurte/ wyth this/ ỳ they bey ladde with me where some euer ỳ ledest me. For I woll rather slee myselfe. than I woll goo wyth the/onles/ ỳ thyse my noble knyghtes/ maye be in my presence. ¶ Madame sayd Mellyagraunce/for youre sake they shall be ladde wyth you in to myn owne castell/ wyth that ye wol be ruled/& ryde wyth me ¶ Thenne the quene prayed the foure knyghtes/to leue ther fyghtynge/and she & they wold not departe. ¶ Madame sayde syr Pelleas/ we woll do as ye do. For as for me I take no force of my lyf nor deth. for as the frenshe boke sayth/ syr Pelleas gaue suche buffettes there/ that none armour myghte holde hym.

¶ How syr Launcelot had worde how the quene was take. and how syr Mellyagraunce layed a bushment for syr Launcelot ¶ Capitulo .iij.

Thenne by the quenes cõmaundement they left batayl/ & dressyd the wounded knyghtes on horsbak some syttyng/some ouerthwarte ther horses/ ỳ it was pyte to beholde them. And thenne syr Mellyagraunce charged the quene & al her knyghtes/that none of her fellyshyp shold departe fro her. For full sore he dradde syr Launcelot du lake leest he sholde haue onyknowlegynge. All this aspyed the quene/& pryuely she callyd to her a chyld of her chambre/that was swyftly horsyd/ to whom she sayd Goo ỳ whan thou seest thy tyme/ and bere this tydynge vnto syr Launcelot du lake/ & pray hym as he loueth me/ that he woll socour me/and that he welcome me yf euer he woll haue Joye of me. And spare thou not thy horse sayde the quene/neyther for water ne yet for londe. ¶ Soo the chylde aspyed hys tyme/ And lyghtly he smote his horse wyth the spurys/& soo departed from theym as faste as his horse myghte renne. ¶ And whan syr Mellyagraunce sawe the chylde so flee/he vnderstode wel that it was by

the quenes cõmaundement for to warne syr Laũcelot. Theñe they that were beste horsyd chacyd hym & shott at hym. But from theym alle the chylde went sodenly. ¶ And thenne syr Mellyagraunce sayd to the quene Mada/me ye are aboute to betraye me/but I shal ordeyne for syr Launcelot that he shall not come lyghtly at you. & theñe he rode wyth her & they all to his castell/tell ỹ all the haste that they myghte. And by the waye syr Mellyagraunce layd in an embusshement the best archers ỹ he myghte gete in his countree to the nombre of.xxx. to awayte upon syr Laũcelot/Chargynge them/ that yf they sawe suche a manere knyghte come by the waye upon a whyte horse/in ony wyse/they slee his horse/ but in noo maner of wyse haue not adoo wt̃ hym bodily/for he is ouer harde to be ouercome ¶ So this was don/& they weꝛ come to his castell. But in no wise the quene wold neuer lete none of ỹ x. knyghtꝭ & her ladyes out of her syght/but alwaye they were in her presence. For the boke sayth/ syr Mellyagraunce durst make no mayntynes for drede of syr Launcelot/in so moche he demyd ỹ he had warnyng. ¶ So whan the chylde was departed from the felyshyp of syr Mellyagraunce/within a whyle he came to Westmestre/& anoñ he fonde syr Launcelot. And whan he had tolde his message/ & delyuerd hym the quenes rynge. ¶ Alas sayd syr Launcelot / now am I shamed for euer/onles that I maye rescowe that noble lady from dishonour. Thenne egerly he alyghd his armour. And euer ỹ chylde told syr Launcelot how the.x. knyghtes foughte merueyllously. And how syr Pelleas and syr Ironsyde/and syre Brandyles & syr Persaunt of Ynde foughte strongely/but namely syre Pelleas/there myghte none wythstonde hym. And how they al foughte tyll at the laste they were layed to the erth And thenne the quene made a poynte ment for to saue ther lynes/& go with syr Mellyagraunce. ¶ Alas sayd syre Launcelot/that most noble lady/that she shold be so dystroyed. I had leuer sayd syr Launcelot thay all Fraunce that I had bey there well armyd. So whan syr Launcelot was armyd: and upon his hors/ he prayed the chyld of the quenes chambre/ to warne syr Launayne/how sodenly he was departyd. and for what cause. And praye hym as he loueth me/that he woll hye him after me. And that he stynt not untyl he come to the castell where syr Mellyagraunce abydeth/ or dwelleth. For there sayd syr Launcelot shall he here of me/ & I am a may lyuynge. And rescowe the quene & the.x. knyghtes ỹ whyche he traytourlly hath take. and that shall I preue upon his heed & on all them that holdyth wyth hym.

¶ How syr Launcelots hors was slayne. And how syre Launcelot rode in a charyot for to rescowe the quene. Capitulum iiij.

¶ Thenne syre Launcelot rode as faste as he myghte ¶ And the boke sayth/he toke the water at Westmestre brydge. And made his horse to swymme ouer Temse unto Lambeth And thenne wiy a whyle/he came to ỹ same place/there as ỹ. x. noble knyghtes foughte with syr Mellyagraunce.

layne by you ¶ That is fals sayd the quene/ & that I woll reporte me vnto them al. ¶ Thenne whan the .x. knyghtes herde syr Mellyagraunce wordes/ they spake all in one voys/ & sayde to syr Mellyagraunce Thou sayst falsly. and wrongfully puttest vpon vs suche a dede/ & that we woll make gode ony of vs / chese whyche thou lyste of vs whan we are hoole of our woundes ¶ Ye shall not sayd syr Mellyagraunce/ saye nay wyth your proude langage/ for here ye maye alle se sayde syre Mellyagraunce/ that bi the quene thys nyghte a wounded knyghte hath layne. ¶ Thenne were they all ashamyd whan they sawe that blood. And wyte you well. syre Mellyagraunce was passynge-gladde/ that he had the quene at suche auauntage. For he demyd that to hyde his trealoy. ¶ So wt this rumour came in syr Launcelot/ & foũde them all at a grete araye.

¶ How syr Launcelot answerde for ꝑ quene/ & wagyd bataylle agaynst syr Mellyagraunce/ And how syr Launcelot was taken in a trappe .vij.

HA/ what araye is this sayd syre Launcelot. Thenne syr Mellyagraunce tolde hym what he had foũde/ and shewed hym the quenes bedde ¶ Truly sayd syr Launcelot/ ye dyde not your parte/ nor knyghtly/ to towche a quenes bedde whyle it was drawen / & she lyenge therin . For I dare saye my lorde Arthur hymself/ wold not haue dysplayed her curteyns/ she beyng wythin her bedde/ onles that it had pleased hym to haue layen downe by her. And therfore ye haue doon vnworshipfully & shamefully to yourself. ¶ I wote not what ye meane sayde syr Mellyagraunce/ but wel I am sure there one of her wounded knyghtes hath layne bi her this nyghte. and therfore I woll proue wyth my hond̃ that she is a traytresse to my lorde Arthur. ¶ Beware what ye doo sayd syr Launcelot: For & ye saye so & ye woll preue it/ it woll be taken at your hondes. ¶ My lorde syr Launcelot sayde syr Mellyagraunce/ I rede you bewayre what ye do. For though ye are neuer so good a knyghte/ as ye wote well ye are renõmeed the beste knyghte of the worlde / yet sholde ye be auysed to do bataylle in a wronge quarell. For god woll haue a stroke in euery bataylle.: ¶ As for that sayd syr Laũcelot. god is to be dradde. But as to that I saynay playnly/ that this nyght thet̃ lay none of thyse .x. woũded knyghtes wt my lady quene Gueneuer/ & that wol I preue with my hondes/ that ye saye vntruly in that now. ¶ Holde sayd syre Mellyagraunce/ here is my gloue. ꝑ she is traytresse vnto my lorde kynge Arthur/ & that this nyghte one of the wounded knyghtes lay wyth her. ¶ & I receyue your gloue sayd syr Launcelot. And so they were sealyd with ther sygnettes/ & delyuerde to the .x. knyghtes. ¶ At what daye shall we do batayll togyd̃ sayd syr Launcelot ¶ Thys daye. vij. dayes sayd syr Mellyagraũce in the felde belyde Westmestre. ¶ I am agreed sayd syr Launcelot ¶ But now sayd syr Mellyagraunce/ syth it is so/ that we muste fyghte togyders I praye you as ye bey a noble knyghte/ awayte me wyth noo trealoy/ nor no vylany the meañ whyle/ nor none for

you. ¶ So god me helpe sayd syr La: ūcelot/ye shal vyght well wyte/I wal neuer of no suche condycōns. For I re porte me to all knyghtes that euer ha ue knowen me/I vsyd neuer no trea/ son. Nor I loued neuer the felyshyp of no may that vsyd treason. ¶ Theñe lete vs goo to dyner sayd Mellyagra unce/and after dynere ye & the quene and ye alle maye ryde to Westmestre. ¶ I woll well sayde syr Launcelot / ¶ Thenne syr Mellyagraunce sayde to syr Launcelot Pleyseth it you to se the eftures of this castel. ¶ Wyth a go de wyll sayd syr Launcelot. And they they went togyders from chambre to chambre. For syr Launcelot dradde no perylles. For euer a may of worshypp and of prowesse/dredeth leest alway pe rylles/ for they wene euery may is as they bey. But euer he that dealyth w̄ treason/puttyth a may ofte in gret da unger. So it befell vpon syre Launce lot that no peryll dradde. As he went wyth syr Mellyagrauñce/he stadde on a trappe/& the borde vollyd/& there sy re Launcelot fell downe more than .x. fadom in to a caue ful of strawe. And thenne syr Mellyagraunce departed / & made semblaūce as though he wyst not where he was. And whan syr La: uncelot was thus mysled / they merue led whet he was become. And thenne ȳ quene & many of them demyd/that he was departed as he was wonte to do sodeynly. For syre Mellyagraunce made sodeynly to put away a syde sy re Launcelots hors/that they myghte all vnderstonde ȳ syr Launcelot was departed sodeynly. ¶ So it past on tyl after dyner/& theñe syr Lauayne wol de not stynt vntyll that he had ordey/ ned lyttires for the wounded knyghts that they myghte be ladde in them/ & so wyth the quene & them all/ both la dyes & gentilwȳmen/& other went to Westmestre. ¶ And the knyghtes told kynge Arthur / how Mellyagraunce had appelyd the quene of hyghe trey: son/& how syr Laūcelot had receyued the gloue of hȳ/& this day eyght day es they shall doo bataylle afore you / ¶ By my heed sayd kynge Arthur. I am aferd syr Mellyagraunce hath ta key vppon hym a grete charge / But where is syre Launcelot sayd the kyn ge. ¶ Syr sayde they all: we wote not where he is / but we deme he is ryden to some aduentures. as he is oftymes wont to do/ for he hath syr Lauayns hors. ¶ Lete hym be sayd the kynge / he woll be foūde/but yf he be trappid wyth some treason.

¶ How syr Launcelot was delyuerde out of prylon by a lady & toke a why te courser/& came for to kepe his day ¶ Capl'm .viij.

SO leue we syr Launcelot lyen ge wythin ȳ caue in grete pa yn. And euery daye there came a lady & broughte hym his meete & his dryn ke/& wowed hȳ to haue layne by her. And euer the noble knyghte syr Laun celot sayd her nay. ¶ Syr Launcelot sayd she ye are not wyse/ for ye maye neuer out of this prylon/ but yf ye ha ue my helpe/ & also youre lady quene Gweneuer shall be brent in your de: fawte/onles ȳ ye be there at the daye of bataylle. ¶ God defende sayd syre Launcelot that she sholde be brente in my defawte. And yf it be sayd syr La

uncelot that I maye not be there / It shal be well vnderstonde bothe at the kynge & at the quene. & wyth all mey of worshyp that I am deed / slyke / other in pryson. For al mey that knowe me woll say for me / that I am in some e / uyll caas / & I be not there that daye. And well I wote / there is some good knyghte / eyther of my blood / or some other ꝑ loueth me / that woll take my quarell in honde. And therfore sayde syre Launcelot / wyte ye well ye shall not fere me. And yf there were no mo wymen in all this londe but ye / I wol not haue ado wyth you ¶ Thenne arte you shamyd sayde the lady / & dyst: troyed for euer. ¶ As for worldes shame Jhesu defende me / & as for my dis trelle it is welcome what soo euer it be that god sendyth me. ¶ So she came to hym the same daye that the batayl sholde be / & sayde Syr Launcelot me thynketh ye are to harde herted / But woldest thou but kille me ones / I shol de delyuer the & thin armour / and the beste hors that is wythin syr Mellya: graunce stable. ¶ As for to kysse you sayd syr Launcelot. I maye do that & lese no worshyp. And wyte ye wel and I vnderstode there were ony dyswor / shyp for to kysse you. I wold not doo it. Thenne he kissed her / & thenne she gate hym & broughte hym to his armo: ur. And whan he was armyd / she bro ughte hym to a stable / where stode. xij good coursers / & badde hym chese the beste. Thenne syr Launcelot lokyd vp on a whyte courser / the whyche lykyd hym beste. And anone he cōmaunded the kepers faste to sadyll hym wyth ꝑ beste sadyll of werre that there was / And so it was doon as he bad. They gate he his spere in his honde and his swerde by his syde / & cōmaunded the lady vnto god / & sayd Lady for thys good dede I shal do you seruyse yf e / uer it be in my power.

¶ How syr Launcelot came the same tyme that syre Mellyagraunce abode hym in the felde / & dressyd hym in ba tayll ¶ Capl'm .ix.

NOw leue we syr Launcelot wa loppyng alle that he myghte / & speke we of quene Gwenuer. ꝑ was broughte to a fyre / to haue be brente. For syr Mellyagraunce was sure / him thoughte that syr Laūcelot sholde not be at that bataylle. Therfore he euer cryed vpon kyng Arthur / to doo hym Justyce / eyther elles brynge forth syre Launcelot du lāke. Thenne was the kynge & alle the cōurte full sore abas shyd & shamed / that the quene sholde be brent in the defawte of syr Launce lot. ¶ My lorde Arthur sayde syr La / uayne / ye may well vnderstonde / that it is not well wyth my lorde syr Laū celot. For & he were on lyue / soo he be not syk / eyther in pryson / wyte ye wel he wolde be here. For neuer herde ye ꝑ euer he fayled his parte for whom he sholde doo bataylle fore. And therfore sayd syr Lauayne My lorde kyng Ar thur / I beseche you geue me lycence to do bataylle here this daye for my lor / de & mayster / & for to saue my lady ꝑ quene. ¶ Gramercy gentyll syr La / uayne sayd kynge Arthur. For I dare saye All that syr Mellyagraunce put teth vpon my lady the quene is wron ge. For I haue spoken wyth all the. x. wounded knyghtes. And there is not

one of them & he were hoole & able to do bataylle/ bnt he wolde preue vpon syr Mellyagraunce bodi/that it is fal se ꝑ he puttyth vpon my quene. ¶ So shall I sayde syr Lauayne in defence of my lord syr Launcelot & ye wol ge ue me leue. ¶ Now I geue you leue sa yd kyng Arthur/& do your best/ for I dare well say there is some treason do to syr Launcelot. ¶ Thenne was syr Lauayne armyd & horsyd. And soden ly at the lystes ende he rode to perfour me this bataylle. And ryght as the he rowdes shold crye Lesses les aler. Ryg te so came in syr Launcelot dryuynge wyth all the force of his hors. And so Arthur cryed ho/ & abyde. They was syr Launcelot callyd tofore kyng Ar thur oy horsbak. & there he tolde open ly tofore the kynge & all them present how syr Mellyagraunce hadde serued hym fyrste & laste. And whan the kyn ge & the quene & all the lordes knewe of the treason of syr Mellyagraunce/ they were all ashamed oy his behalf/ Thenne was quene Gweneuer sente fore/ & set by the kynge in grete truste of her champyon. And thenne there was nomore elles to saye/but syr La/ uncelot & syr Mellyagraunce dressyd: them to bataylle/and toke ther speres & so they came togyder as thonder/ & there syr Launcelot bare hym downe quyte ouer his hors croupe. And thene syr Launcelot alyghte and dressid his shelde oy his sholder wyth his swerde in his honde. And syr Mellyagraunce in the same wyse dressid hym vnto hȳ And there they smote many grete stro/ kes togyder. And at the last syr Laun celot smote hym suche a buffet vppon the helmet/that he fel oy the one syde to the erthe. And thenne he cried vpon hym alowde. Moost noble knyghte syr re Launcelot du lake saue my lyf. for I yelde me vnto you. And I requyre you as ye be a knyghte/& felowe of ꝑ table rounde slee me not. for I yelde me as ouercome. And whether I shall lyue or dey I put me in the kyngs hon des & yours ¶ Thenne syr Launcelot wyst not what to doo. for he had leuer than al the good of the world. he myg te haue be reuenged vpon syr Mellya graunce. And syr Launcelot lokyd vp to quene Gweneuer/ yf he myght as/ pie by ony signe or countenaūce what he sholde haue dooy. And thenne the quene wagged her heed vpon syr Laū celot/as though she wolde say Sle hȳ full well knewe syr Launcelot by the waggynge of her heed/that she wolde haue hym deed. Thenne syr Launce/ lot badde hym ryse forthame/& perfo rme that bataylle to the vtteraunce. ¶ Nay sayde syre Mellyagraunce/ I woll neuer aryse vntyll ye take me as yoldey & recreaunt. ¶ I shall profre you large profres sayd syr Launcelot. That is for to saye. I shall vnarme my heed & the lyft quarter of my bo: dy/all that maye be vnarmyd/ & lete bynde my lyfte honde behynde me/so that it shall not helpe me/ and ryghte so I shal do batayle wyth you. They syr Mellyagraunce sterte vpon his leg ges. & sayd oy hygh My lorde Arthur take hede to this profre/for I woll ta ke it/and lete hym be dysarmed & bo: ūdey accordyng to his profre ¶ What saye ye sayd kyng Arthur vnto syr La uncelot/ wyll ye abyde by your profre ¶ Ye my lorde sayd syr Launcelot. I woll neuer go from that I haue ones

layd. Thenne the knyghtꝭ parters of the feld dyſarmyd ſyr Launcelot fyr ſte his heed/and after his lyft arme & his lyfte ſyde. And they bonde his lyf te arme behynde hys backe wythoute ſhelde or ony thynge. & thenne they we re put togyders. Wyte you well there was many a lady & knyghte merueyled that ſyr Launcelot wold Jeoperde hymſelf in ſuche wyſe ¶ Thenne ſyr Mellyagraunce came wyth his ſwerd all oy hyghe/ & ſyr Launcelot ſhewed hȳ openly his baze heed & the baze lyf te ſyde. & whan he wende to haue ſmy ten hym vpon the heed/thenne lyght/ ly he auoyded the lyft legge & the lyf te ſyde/ & putte his ryght honde & his ſwerde to that ſtroke/ & ſo put it oy ſy de wyth grete ſleyghte. And thenne w̃ grete force ſyr Laũcelot ſmote him oy the helmet ſuche a buffet/that the ſtro ke kerued the heed in two partyes/ :. Thenne there was nomore to do. but he was drawen oute of the felde. And at the gret Inſtaunce of the knyghtes of the table rounde/ the kynge ſuffred hym to be entered/ & the mencõy ma/ de vpon hym who ſlewe him/and for what cauſe he was ſlayne. And thenne the kyng & the quene made more of ſi re Launcelot du Lake/ & more he wal cheryſſhed than euer he was afor hon de.

¶ How ſyr Dyne came in to kyng Ar thurs court for to be helyd of his woũ des/ & how kyng Arthur wold begyn to handle hym .x.

Thenne as the frenſſhe boke ma keth mencyon/ther̃ was a go de knyghte in the londe of Hungre hiſ name was ſyre Dyne. & he was ay ad uenturous knyghte. And in all places where he myghte here of ony dedes of worſhyp/there wolde he be. So it hap pyd in Spayne/there was ay erles ſo ne/his name was Alphegus. And att a grete turnement in Spayne this ſyr Dyne knyghte of Hungry & ſyr Alphe gus of Spayne encoũtred togyder for very enuy/ & ſo eyther vndertok other to the vtteraunce. And by fortune ſyr Dyne ſlewe ſyr Alphegus the erles ſo: ne of Spayne. But this knyght that was ſlayn had yeuen ſyr Dyne or euer he was ſlayne. vij. grete woundes. thre on the heed/ & foure on his body/ & vp on his left honde. And this ſyr Alphe gus had a moder / the whyche was a grete ſorcereſſe. And ſhe for the dyſpy te of her ſones deth / wroughte by her ſubtyl craftes/ that ſyr Dyne ſholde ne uer be hole/but euer his woundꝭ ſhol: de one tyme feſtre & a nother tyme ble de/ ſo ꝯ he ſholde neuer be hoole/ vnto the beſt knyghte of the worlde had ſer chyd his woundes. And thus ſhe ma/ de her auaunt/ where thorugh it was knowen/ that ſyr Dyne ſhold neuer be hoole. ¶ Thenne his moder lete ma / ke ay hors lyttell/ & putte hym therin vnder two palfroys.. And thenne ſhe toke ſyr Dynes ſyſter wyth hym/ a ful fayr damoyſell. whoos name was Ie lyolye . And thenne ſhe toke a page wyth hym/ to kepe theyr horſes . And ſo they dyde lede ſyr Dyne thrugh ma ny countrees. For as the frenſſhe boke ſayth ſhe lad hym ſo. vij. yerel thrugh all londes cryſtenyed/ & neuer ſhe cow de fynde no knyghte ꝯ myght eaſe her ſone. So ſhe came in to Scotlonde bi the boudꝭ of Englond. & to the feſt of Pentecoſte/ at Arthurs courte/ That

at that tyme was holden at Carleyll. And whan she came there/thenne she made it openly to be knowen/ how ꝑ she was come in to that londe/ for to heele her sone. ¶ Thenne kynge Arthur lete calle that lady /& askyd her the cause why she broughte that hurt knyght in to that londe. ¶ My moost noble kynge sayd that ladi/wyte you well I broughte hym hether. for to be be heelyd of his woundes/ ꝑ of al this vñ.yere he myghte not be hoole. And thenne she tolde the kynge / where he was wounded.& of whom.& how his mod̄ had dyscouerd in her pryde/how she had wroughte that by enchaunte: ment/so that he sholde neuer be hoole vntyll the beste knyghte of the worlde had serchid his woundes. And so I haue passyd thrugh all the londes crysten. nyd / for to haue hym heelyd/excep / te this londe. And yf I faylle/to heele hym here in this londe/ I woll neuer take more payn vpon me. And that il pyte/for he was a good knyghte/and of grete noblesse. ¶ What is his name sayd Arthur. ¶ My good & gracyous lord sayd she/his name is syr Dyne of the mount. ¶ My good tyme sayd the kynge, & syth ye are come in to this lō de/ye are ryghte welcome / And wyte you wel/here shal your sone be heeled and euer ony crystey may maye heele him. And for to geue all other men of worshyp courauge/I myself woll as: saye/to handle your sone. And so shal all the kynges/dukes & erles that ben here present with me at this tyme. ther to I wol cōmaunde them:& wel I wo te they shall obeye/& do after my com maūdement. And wyte you well sayd kyng Arthur vnto Dynes syster. I shal begynne to handle hym.& serche hym vnto my power/not presumynge vpō me that I am so worthy to heele your brother by my dedes/but I woll cou/ rage other men of worshyp to do as I woll doo. And thenne the kynge com maunded all the kynges/dukes & er/ les.& all noble knyghtes of the roun/ de table that were there that tyme pre sent/to come in to the medow of Car leill. And so att that tyme there were but an hundred &.x.of the roūde table for.xl.knyghtꝭ were that tyme away And so here we must begyn at kynge Arthur/ as is kyndely to begyn at hym that was the moost man of worshypp that was crystenyd at ꝑ tyme.

¶ How kyng Arthur handled syr Dy ne/& after hym many other knyghtes of the rounde table/ca .xi.

Thenne kyng Arthur lokyd vp on syre Dyne . And the kynge thought he was a ful lykly man whā he was hoole. And thenne kynge Ar / thur made hym to be taken downe of the lytteir/and layed hym vpon the er the . And there was layed a cussyn of golde that he sholde knele vpon. And thenne noble arthur sayd Fayr knygh: te me repentyth of thy hurte/And for to courage alle other noble knyghtes. I woll praye the.softly to suffre me to handle your woundes ¶ Moost noble crystenyd kynge sayde syr Dyne Doo as it pleyseth you. For I am atte the mercy of god/and atte youre comma undement. ¶ Soo thenne kynge Ar / thur softely handled hym. And thenne sone of his woundes renewed vppon bledynge. ¶ Thenne after the kynge

Clarpaunce of Northumberlonde ser
ched/& it wolde not be. And thenne li
re Barraunt le apres/ þ was callyd þ
kynge wyth the hundred knyghtes he
allayed & kaylled. And so dyde kynge
Brycns of the londe of Gore. So dy:
de kynge Angusyll of Irlonde. So di
de kynge Mentres of Garloth. So dy
de kynge Carados of Scotlonde. So
dyde duke Galahalt the haute pryn/
ce. So dyde Cõstantyn that was syre
Carados sone of Cornewayle. So dy
de duke Challyns of Claraunce. So
dyde the erle Ulbaule. So dyde the er
le Lambaile. So dyd the erle Aristau
le. ¶ Thenne came in syr Gawayne
wythhis thre sones. syr Gyngayn. syr
florence/ & syr Louell. Thise two we
re begoten vpon syr Brandyles syster
And syr Gawayne and all they kay:
led. Thenne came in syr Agrauayne.
syr Gaherys. syr Mordred/ & the goo
de knyghte syre Gareth/ that was of
ver knyghthode worth al the bredern
¶ So came knyghtes of syr Launce/
lots kynne. But syre Launcelot was
not that tyme in the court. for he was
that tyme vpon his auentures. They
syr Lyoncll. syr Ector de Marys. syre
Bors de Ganys. syr Blamor de Ga
nys. syr Bleoberys de ganys. syr Ga
halantyn. syr Galyhodyn. syr Mena
deuke. syr Dyllyars the valyaunt. syre
Hebes le renoumes. All thyse knyght
were of syr Launcelots kynne/ and al
they kaylled. ¶ Thenne came in syre
Sagramore le desyrus. syr Dodynas
le saueage. syre Dynadan. syr Brusy
le noyre/ whyche syre Kay namyd La
cote male tayle/ and syr Kay the Se/
neschall. Syr Kay de Straunges. syr
Melyot de Logrys/ Syre Petypase of
Wynchelsee. syr Galleron of Galle/
way. Syr Melyon of the mountayne
Syr Cadoh/ syr Dwapñ les auoutres
and syr Dzanna le cure hardi. They
came in syr Astamore/ and syr Gro/
mere Grummurs sone. syr Cyrsselme
Syr Seruause le breuse/ whyche atte
that tyme was called a passyng stron
ge knyghte. ¶ For as the boke sayth/
the cheyf lady of the Lake feestyd syr
Launcelot and syr Seruause le breuse
And whanne she had feestyd them
the at sondri tymes She prayed them
to geue her a bone. and they graunted
it her. And thenne she prayed syr Ser
uause/ that he wolde promyse her. ne/
uer to doo bataylle ayenst syr Laũce/
lot du lake. And in the same wyse she
prayed syr Launcelot/ neuer to do ba/
taylle agaynst syr Seruause/ And so
eyther promysed her. ¶ For the frenly
boke sayth/ that syr Seruause had ne
uer courage nor luste/ to doo bataylle
ayenst no may/ but yf it were ayenste
Gyauntes/ and agaynste dragons &
wylde beestys. ¶ Soo we passe vnto
them/ that at the kynges requeste ma:
de theym all that were there atte that
hyghe feest/ as of the knyghtes of the
table rounde/ for to serche syr Turre.
To that entente the kynge dyde it/ to
wyte whyche was the noblest knygh/
te amonge them. ¶ Thenne came syr
Agloualе. syr Durnore. syr Tor. Why
che was begoten vpon Arpes the cow
herdes wyfe/ But this syre Tor was
begoten afore Arpes the cowherde dy
de wedde her. And kyng Pellenore be
gate all thyse knyghtes. ¶ Fyrste syr
Tor/ syr Agloualе/ syr Durnore/ syr
Lamorak/ the mooste noble knyghte
one that euer was in kynge Arthurs

dayes/as for a worldly knyghte. & syr Percyuale that was pyerles/except syr Galahad in holy dedes/ but they deyed in the queste of the Sancgreall Thenne came syr Gryflet le fyle de diu/ syr Lucan the butteler/syr Bedeuer his brod/syr Brandyles/syr Constantyn. syr Cadores sone of Corne/ waylle that was kynge after Arthurs dayes/and syr Clegys/syr Sadok/syre Dynas le seneschall of Cornewayl syr Ffergus/syr Dryaunt/syr Lambegus/syr Clarrus of Clermount/syre Cloddrus.syr Hectymere. syr Edwarde of Canaruay.syr Dynas.syr Priamus/that was crystnyd by syr Tristram the noble knyghte. & thyse thre were brethern.syr Hellayne de blank. that was sone to syr Bors/he begate hym vpon kynge Brandegorys douzter/and syr Bryan de Lystynoyse.syr Gawtere/syr Reynold/syr Gyllemere were thre brethern þ syr Launcelot wãne vpon a brydge in syr Kayes armes. Syr Guyart le petyte.syr Bellangere le Beuse/ þ was sone to þ gode knyghte syr Alysandre le orphelyn that was slayne by the treason of kynge Mark. ¶ Also that traytour kyng slewe the noble knighte syr Tristram as he sate harpyng afore his lady La beale Isoud/wyth a trenchaunt glayue/for whose deth was moche bewaylynge of euery knyghte þ euer were in Arthurs dayes/there was neuer none so bewaylled as was syre Tristram & syr Lamorak/for they were traytourly slayne.syr Tristram bi kyng Marke/and syr Lamorak by syr Gawayne & his brethern. And this syre Bellangere reuenged the deth of his fader Alysander & syr Tristram. And La beale Isoud deyed swownyng vppon the corps of syr Tristram/ wherof it was grete pyte. And alle that were wyth kyng Mark that were consentyng to the deth of syr Tristram were slayne as syr Andred & many other ¶ They came syr Hebes/syr Morganore/syre Sentraple.syr Suppynabilis.syr Belangere le orgulous/ þ the good knyghte syr Lãmorak wanne in playne batayll/syr Nerouens/ & syr Plenorius/ two good knyghtꝭ that syr Launcelot wanne. Syr Darras.syr Harre le fyse lake.syr Hermynyde brother to kynge Hermaũce/for whom syr Palomydes fought at the redde cyte wyth tweyne brethern. And syr Selyses of the dolorous toure/syr Edwarde of Orkeney syr Ironsyde that was callyd the noble knyghte of the red londes that syr Gareth wanne/ for the loue of dame Lyones. Syr Arrok de graũt.syr Degranelaunce velany that foughte wt the gyaunt of the blak lowe. syr Eppynogrys that was the kynges sonne of Northumberlonde.syr Pelleas that loued the lady Ettarde/ & he had deyed for her loue had not bey one of the ladyes of the lake/ her name was dame Nynue. And she wedded syr Pelleas & she saued hym that he was neuer slayne. And he was a full noble knyghte/ & syre Lampell of Cardyf that was a gret louer. Syr Playne de fors.syr Meleaus de Lely. Syr Robert le cure hardy/that was kynge Arthurs sone. syr Mador de la porte. Syr Colgreuaunce/ syre Heuyse de la forest Saueage. Syr Marrok the good knyghte whyche was betrayed wyth his wyfe/for she made hym leuey pere a Werwolf Syre Perlaunte / syre Pertilope hys

broder ꝑ was called the grene knygh te & syr Perymones brother to theym both/that was callyd the red knyght. ꝑ syr Gareth wāne whan he was cal lyd Beaumayns. Alle thyse hundred knyghtes & .x. serched syr Dares woun des by the comaūdement of kyng Ar thur.

¶How syr Launcelot was cōmaūded by Arthur to handle hys wound; and anone he was al hoole/and how they thankyd god ¶Capl'm xij.

MErcy Jhū sayd kynge Arthur where is syr Launcelot du la ke that he is not here atte this tyme./ Thus as they stode & spake of many thynges/there was aspyed syr Laun: celot that came rydyng towarde them & tolde the kyng. ¶Peas sayd the kyng/lete no manere thynge be sayd vn: tyl he be come to vs. So whan syr La uncelot aspyed kynge Arthur/he des/ cended downe from hys hors/& came to the kynge/& salewed hym & theym all. ¶Anone as the mayde syr Dares sister sawe syr Launcelot.she ranne to her brother there as he laye in hys lyt teir/& sayde Brother here is comen a knyghte that my herte geueth me gre tely vnto. ¶Fayr syster sayd syr Dare so doth my herte lyghte ayenst hym.& certenly I hope now to be heelyd/ for my herte yeueth vnto hym more than to alle thyse that haue serched me.:/ ¶Thenne sayd Arthur vnto syr La uncelot Ye must doo as we haue dooy & tolde syre Launcelot what they had dooy/& shewed hym theym all/ꝑ had serched hym. ¶Jhesu defende me sa: yd syr Launcelot whan so many kyn ges & knightes haue assayed & fayled that I sholde presume vpon me to en cheue ꝑ all ye my lordes myght not en cheue. ¶Ye shall not chese sayd kyng Arthur/for I woll cōmaunde you for to do as we al haue dony. ¶My moost renōmed lorde sayde syr Launcelot/ye knowe well I daze not/nor maye not dysobey your cōmaundement. But & I myghte or durste.wyte ye wel I wol de not take vpon me.to towche ꝑ wo: unded knyghte/in that entent/that I sholde passe all other knyghtes. Jhesu defende me from that shame. ¶Ye ta ke it wronge sayde kynge Arthur/Ye shall not do it for no presumpcōn.but for to bere vs felyship/in so moche ye be a felowe of the table rounde . And wyte ye wel sayd kynge Arthur/& ye preuayle not & heele hym/I daze saye. there is no knyght in this londe may heele him.& therfore I praye you/doo as we haue dony. And thenne alle the kynges & knyghtes for the moost par ty prayed syr Launcelot to serche him And thenne the wounded knyghte sy re Dare sette hym vp weykely/& pray: ed syr Launcelot hertely/sayeng Cur teys kuyghte I requyre the for goddis sake heele my woundes/for me thyn/ keth euer syn ye came here/my woun des greue me not ¶A my fayr lord sa yd syr Launcelot Jhū wolde ꝑ I myz te helpe you/I shame me sore ꝑ I shol de be thus rebukyd . For neuer was I able in worthynesse to doo so hyghe a thynge. Thenne syr Laūcelot knelyd downe by the wounded knyghte/say eng My lorde Arthur I must do your cōmaundement.the whyche is sore a/ yenst my herte. And theñe he helde vp his hondz & lokyd in to the eest.sayng secretly vnto hymselfe Thou blessyd

fader / sone & holy ghost I beseech the of thy merci/that my symple worshipe & honeste be saued. And thou blessyd Trynyte ÿ mayst yeue power to heele this syke knyghte by thy grete vertue & grace of the/ but good lord neuer of myself. And thenne syr Launcelot prayed syr Urre to lete hym see his heed/& thenne deuowtly knelynge he ransa / kid the thre woundes/that they bledd a lytyll. And forth wyth all the wounes fayre heelyd/& seuyd as they had be hoole a.vij.yeres. And in lyke wyse he serched hys body of other thre woūdes/& they heelyd in lyke wyse. And thenne the laste of alle he serched / the whyche was in his honde/ & anone it heelyd fayr. Thenne kynge Arthur & all the kynges & knyghtes knelyd doune/& gaaf thankyngs & louynges vnto god & to his blessyd mod. And euer syr Launcelot wept as he hadde ben a chylde that had be beten. Thenne kynge Arthur lete araye preestis & clerkes in the mooste deuoutest manere to bryge in syre Urre wythin Carleill wyth syngyng & louyng to god. And whan this was doon/the kyng lete cloth hē in the rychest maner that coude be thought. And thenne were there but fewe better made knyghtes in all the court for he was passyngly well made and bygge. ¶ And Arthur asked syr Urre how he felte hymself. ¶ My good lord: dede he sayd I felt myself neuer so lusty ¶ Wyll ye Juste & doo dedes of armes sayd kynge Arthur. ¶ Syr sayd Urre & I had all that longed vnto Justes I wolde soone be redy.

¶ How there was a parti made of an hūdred knyghtes agaynst an hundred knightes/and of other materes pitulum — Capitulum .xiij.

¶ Thenne Arthur made a partye of an hundred knyghtes to be ayenst an hundred knyghtes. And soo vpon the morn they Justed for a dyamond/ But there Jousted none of the daungerous knyghtes / And so for to short this tale syr Urre & syr Lauayn Justed beste that daye. For there was none of them but he ouerthrewe & pulled downe.xxx.knyghtes. And thenne by the assent of all the kynges & lords syr Urre and syr Lauayne were made knyghtes of the table rounde. And syr Lauayne cast his loue vnto dame Ielolle syr Urres syster. And then they were wedded togyder with grete Joye ¶ And kyng Arthur gaue to euery of them a barony of londes. And this syre Urre wolde neuer goo from syr Lacelot/ but he & syr Lauayn awaytyd euer more vpon hym. And they were in alle the courte accountyd for good knyghtes/& full desyrous in armes./ And many noble dedes they dyde. for they wolde haue no rest/ but euer souzte aduentures. Thus they lyued in all that courte wyth grete noblesse & Joye long tyme. ¶ But euery nyght & day syr Agrauayne syr Gawayns broder awayted queue Gweneuer & syr Laūcelot du lake to putt them to a rebuke & shame. ¶ And so I leue here of this tale/& ouerskyppe grete bokes of syre Launcelot du lake/ what grete aduentures he dyde/whan he was called Le cheualer du chariot. For as the frenssh boke sayth/ By cause of dyspyte that knyghtes & ladies callyd hym the knyzte ÿ rode in ÿ charyot lyke as he were

Jugyd to the galohous. Therfore in dyspyte of all them that namyd hym so/he was caryed in a charyot a twel/ue month. For but lytyll after that he had slayne syr Mellyagraunce in the quenes quarell / he neuer in a twelue month came on horsback. And as the frenshe boke sayth / he dyde that.xij. month more than.xl.bataylles. And by cause I haue losse the very matere of Le chcualer ou charyot/ I departe from the tale of syre Launcelot/ And here I goo vnto the deth of kynge Ar thur.& that caused syr Agrauayne.

¶ Here endyth the.xix.boke And af: ter folowyth the mooste pytous history of the morte of kyng Arthur.the whi che is the.xx.boke.

How syr Agrauayne and syr Mordred were besy vpon syr Gawayne for to dysclose the loue betwene syr Laun/ celot and quene Gweneuer Capitulum Primum

IN the sealon of May whan euery lusty hert flourysshyth & burge: neth. For as the selon is lusty to behold and comfortable So may & woman reioyce & glade of somer co mynge wyth his freshe floures / For wynter with his rough wyndes & blas tes/ causeth a lusty may & woman to coure/ & sytte fast bi the fyre. ¶ So in this sealon as the month of May/ It befel a grete angre & vnhappe/ þ styn ted not tyll þ floure of chyualry of all the worlde was dystroyed and slayne. And alle was longe of two vnhappy knyghtes/the whyche were namyd A grauayne/ & syre Mordred/that were bredery vnto syr Gawayne. For thys syr Agrauayne & syr Mordred hadde euer a preuy hate vnto the quene dam Gwencuer & to syr Launcelot. & day ly & nyghtly they euer watchyd vpon syr Launcelot. So it myshapped syre Gawayne & all hys brethery were in kynge Arthurs chambre. And thenne syr Agrauayne sayd thus openly/and not in noo counseyll/that many knyz tes myghte here it. I merueylle þ we all be not ashamyd/both to see and to knowe how syr Launcelot lyeth dayli & nyghtly bi the quene/ & al we know it soo. And it is shamefully suffred of vs all/that we all sholde suffre so no: ble a kynge as kynge Arthur is/so to be shamed. ¶ Thenne spake syr Ga wayne & sayd Brother syr Agrauay: ne I pray you & charge you/meue no suche materes nomore afore me / For wyte you well sayde syr Gawayne/I woll not be of your coũsell. ¶ So god me help sayd syr Gaherys & syr Ga reth/we wol not be knowynge broder Agrauayne of your dedes. ¶ Thenne wol I sayd syr Mordred ¶ I leue wel that sayd syr Gawayne/ for euer vn to all vnhappynesse brother syr Mor: dred therto woll ye graunt/ & I wolde that ye lefte all chis/ & made you not so bely/for I know sayd syr Gawayne what woll falle of it. ¶ Falle of it what falle maye sayd syr Agrauayne I woll dysclose it to the kynge. ¶ Not by my counseyll sayd syr Gawayne/ For & there ryse were & wrath betwe: ne syr Launcelot & vs/ wyte you well brother there wol many kynges & gre te lordes holde wyth syre Launcelot / Allo brother syr Agrauayne sayd syr Gawayñ/ye must remembre how of te tymes syr Launcelot hath relcowed the kynge & the quene. And the best of vs all had bey full colde at herte rote had not syr Launcelot bey beter than we. And that hath he preued hymself full oft. And as for my parte sayd syr Gawayne I woll neuer be ayenst syr Launcelot for one dayes dede/whañe he relcowed me from kynge Laradol of the dolorous toure/ & slewe hym/& saued my lyf. Allo brother syr Agra/ uayne/ & syr Mordred in lyke wyse/ syr Launcelot relcowed you bothe/ & thre score & two from syr Turquyn / Me thynketh brother suche kynde dedes & kyndenes sholde be remembred. ¶ Do as ye lyste sayd syr Agrauayne/for I woll hyde it no lenger. ¶ Wyth thyse wordes came to theym kynge Arthur ¶ Now brother stynt your noyse sayd syr Gawayne/ ¶ We woll not sayde syr Agrauayne & syr Mordred ¶ Wyl ye so sayd syr Gawayne/thenne god spede you/for I woll not here your ta

les ne be of your counsell. ¶ No more woll I sayd syr Gareth & syr Gahe/ rys. For we woll neuer saye euyll by ÿ may/for by cause sayd syr Gareth sy re Launcelot made me knyght/by no manere owe I to saye euyll of hym./ And therwyth all they thre departyd: makynge grete dole. ¶ Alas sayd syr Gawayne & syr Gareth/ now is the reame hooly mischeued. and the noble felyshypp of the rounde table shall be dysperplyd. So they departid.

¶ How syr Agrauayne disclosyd ther loue to kyng Arthur/& how kyng Ar thur gaue theym lycence to take hym ¶ Capl'm .ij.

AND thenne syre Arthur asked them what noyse they made. My lorde sayd syr Agrauayne I shal telle you that I maye kepe no lenger. Here is I & my brother syr Mordred/ brake vnto my brother syr Gawayñ syr Gaherys/& to syr Gareth/ How this we knowe all/that syr Launcelot holdyth your quene/& hath dooy lon/ ge/and we bey your syster sones/ and we maye suffre it no lenger. And alle we wote/that ye sholde be aboue syre Launcelot/& ye are the kyng ÿ made hȳ knyghte. And therfore we wol pre ne it that he is a traytour to your per: sone . Yf it be so sayd syr Arthur/wy se you wel he is noñ other/but I wol de be lothe to begynne suche a thynge but I myght haue preues vpon it. for syr Launcelot is an hardy knyghte/& all ye knowe/ he is the beste knyghte amonge vs all. And but yf he be take wyth the dede. he wol fyghte wyth hȳ that bryngeth vp the noys. & I know no knyghte that is able to matche hȳ Therfore & it be sothe as ye saye/ I wolde he were take with the dede. For as the frenshe boke sayth / the kynge was full lothe therto / that ony noyse sholde be vpon syr Launcelot and his quene. For the kynge had a denynge but he wolde not here of it/for syr La untelot had dony so moche for hym & the quene soo many tymes/that wyte ye well the kynge loued hym passyng ly well. ¶ My lorde sayd syr Agraua yn/ye shall ryde to mory on hunteyng & doubt ye not syr Launcelot. wol not goo wyth you. Thenne whan it dra/ wyth towarde nyghte/ ye maye sende the quene worde/that ye woll lye oute all that nighte. And so maye ye sende for your cokes/ & thenne vpon payn of deth we shall take hym that nyghtw the quene. & eyther we shall bryng hȳ to you deed or quycke. ¶ I woll well sayd the kynge. Thenne I counseylle you sayd the kynge/take with you su re felyshypp. ¶ Syr sayd Agrauayne my brother syr Mordred & I woll ta/ ke wyth vs. xij. knyghtes of the roun/ de table. ¶ Beware sayde kynge Ar/ thur/for I warne you/ ye shall fynde hym wyghte. ¶ Lete vs deale sayd sy: re Agrauayne & syr Mordred. So on the mory kynge Arthur rode on hun/ tyng/& sent word to the quene that he wolde be out al that nyghte. Thenne syre Agrauayne & syr Mordred gat to them. xij. knyghtes/& dyd themself in a chambre in the castell of Carleill/& thyse were ther names. Syr Colgre/ uaūce/syr Mador de la port/syr Gy: galyne. syr Mellyot de Logrys. syr Pe tipase of Wynchelse. syr Galleron of Galway. syr Melyon of the mounta

xx.syr Astamore.syr Gromore somor
Joure.syr Lurselayne.syr Florence.sy
re Louell. So thyse.xij.knyghtes wer̃
wyth syr Mordred & syr Agrauayne/
And alle they were of Scotlonde/ey:
ther of syre Gawayns kynne/eyther
well wyllers to his brethery. ¶ Soo
whan the nyghte came syr Launcelot
tolde syr Bors/how he wolde go that
nyghte & speke wyth the quene ¶ Syr
sayd syre Bors/ye shall not goo this
nyghte by my counsell. ¶ Why sayde
syr Launcelot. ¶ Syr sayd syr Bors.
I drede me euer of syr Agrauayn̄ that
wayteth you dayly to doo you shame
& vs al. & neuer gaaf my herte ayenst
no goynge that euer ye went to ỹ que:
ne so moche as now. For I mystrust ỹ
the kynge is oute this nyghte from ỹ
quene by cause peraucntur he hath la
yd some watche for you & the quene /
And therfore I drede me sore of trea /
son. ¶ Haue ye no drede sayd syr La/
uncelot/for I shall goo & come ayey/
& make no taryenge. ¶ Syr sayd syr
bors that me repentith. for I drede me
sore that your goyng out thys nyghte
shall wrath vs all. ¶ Fayr neuew say
de syr Launcelot/I merueylle moche.
why ye say thus/sythey the quene ha:
the sent for me. And wyte you well I
woll not be soo moche a cowarde/ but
she shal vnderstonde I woll se her go
de grace. ¶ God spede you well sayd
syr Bors / & sende you sounde & sauf
agayn.

¶ How syr Launcelot was alyped in
the quenes chambre/ & how syr Agra
uayne & syr Mordred came wyth .xij.
knyghtes to slee hym .iij.

SO syre Launcelot departed/ & toke his swerde vnder his ar/
me. And so in his mantell that noble
knyghte put hymself in grete Jeoper/
dy. And so he paste tyll he came to the
quenes chambre. And thenne syr Laũ
celot was lyghtly put in to the cham:
bre. ¶ And thenne as the frenssh boke
sayth the quene & syr Launcelot were
togyder. And whether they were a bed
or at other maner of dysportz. me lyst
not herof make no mencyon. For loue
that tyme was not as is now a dayes
But thus as they were togyder/there
came syr Agrauayne & syr Mordred/
wyth.xij.knyghtes wyth theim of the
rounde table. And they sayd wyth cry
eng voys Traytour knyght syr Laũ
celot du lake now art thou take. And
thus they cryed wyth a lowde voys/ ỹ
all the court myghte here it. And they
all.xiij.were armyd at all poyntes as
they shold fyghte in a batayl. ¶ Alas
sayde quene Gwencuer / now are we
myscheued bothe. ¶ Madame sayd syr
re Launcelot/is there here ony armou
re wythin you chambre/that I mygh
te couer my poore body wyth all/and
yf there be ony geue it me/and I shal
sone stynt ther malyce by the grace of
god/ ¶ Truly sayd the quene I haue
none armour. shelde. swerde/nor spere
Wherfore I drede me sore/our long lo
ue is come to a myscheuous ende. For
I here by theyr noyse there bey many
noble knyghtz/& well I wote they be
surely armed/ayenst them ye may ma
ke no resistence/wherfore ye are lykly
to be slayne. & thenne shall I be brent
For & ye myght escape them sayd the
quene/I wolde not doubt/but that ye

wolde relcowe me in what daunger ꝑ euer I ſtonde in. ¶ Alas ſayd ſyr Launcelot in all my lyf was I neuer thꝰ beſtadde/that I ſholde be thus ſhamefully ſlayne for lacke of myn armour But euer in one ſyr Agrauayne & ſyr Mordred cryed Traytour knyght come out of the quenes chambre.for wyte thou wel that thou art ſo beſet that thou ſhalt not eſcape. ¶ O Jheſu mercy ſayd ſyr Launcelot/this ſhamefull crye & noyſe I may not ſuffre. For bet ter were deth at ones than this to endure this payne. Thenne he toke the quene in his armys/& kyſte her: And ſayd/mooſt noble cryſtey quene/I beſeche you as ye hane bey euer my ſpecyall good lady/& I at all tymes your true poore knyghte to my poore. And as I neuer fayled you in ryght nor in wrong/ſythen the fyrſt day kyng Arthur made me knyghte/that ye woll praye for my ſoule/ yf that I here be ſlayne. For well I am aſſured that ſyr Bors my neuewe & al the remenauũt of my kynne/with ſyr Lauayne & ſyr Hyre/that they woll not faylle you to relcowe you from the fyre. And therfore myn owne lady/recomfort your ſelf what ſome euer come of me/ that ye goo wyth ſyr Bors my neuewe & ſyr Hyre. And they all woll do you al the pleyſure that they can or may/that ye ſhall haue lyke a quene vpon my londes. ¶ Nay Launcelot ſayd the quene Wyte thou well I woll neuer lyue after thy dayes/but & thou be ſlayne/I woll take my deth as mekely for Jheſus cryſtis ſake/as euer dyde ony cryſtey queue. ¶ Well madame ſayd Launcelot/ſyth it is ſo that the daye is com that our loue muſt departe/ wyte you well I ſhall ſelle my lyfe as dere as I maye. And a thouſande folde ſayd ſyre Launcelot I am more heuier for you than for myſelf. And now I had leuer than to be lorde of alle cryſtendom/ ꝑ I had ſure armour vpō me/that men myghte ſpeke of my deds for euer I were ſlayne. ¶ Truely ſayd the quene I wolde and it myghte pleyſe god/they wolde take me & ſlee me/& ſuffre you to eſcape: ¶ That ſhall neuer be ſayde ſyre Launcelot / God defende me from ſuche a ſham/but Jheſu be thou my ſhelde & myn armour.

¶ How ſyr Launcelot ſlewe ſyr Colgreuaunce/& armyd hym in his harneys / & after ſlewe ſyr Agrauayne & .xij. of his felowes .iiij.

AND therwyth ſyre Launcelot wrappyd his mantell abowte his arme wel & ſurely. And by they they had gotey a grete fourme out of the halle/& therwyth all they raſhyd att the doore. ¶ Fayr lordes ſayde ſyr Launcelot/leue your noyſe & your raſhyng /& I ſhall ſette open the doore. & thenne maye ye doo wyth me what it lyketh you. ¶ Come of thenne ſayde they all/& do it/for it auaylleth ꝑ not to ſtryue ayenſt vs al. And therfore lete vs in to this chambre/ & we ſhal ſaue thy lyfe vntyll thou come to kynge Arthur. Thenne ſyr Launcelot vnbarryd the doore/& wyth his lyft hond he helde it open a lytyll/ ſoo that but oo man myghte come in at ones. And ſo there came ſtrydynge a good knyghte a moche man & a large. & hys name was Colgreuaunce of Gore. And he with a ſwerde ſtrake at ſyr Launcelot

myghtly. & he put a syde the stroke/ & gaue hym suche a buffet vpon the helmet/that he fell grouelynge deed w̄ / in the chambre doore. And thenne syr Launcelot wyth grete myghte drewe: that deed knyght wythin the chambre doore. And thenne syr Launcelot with helpe of the quene & her ladyes / was lyghtly armyd in syr Colgreuaūce armour. And euer stode syre Agrauayne & syr Mordred cryeng/ traytour knyȝte come oute of the quenes chambre. / ¶ Leue your noyse sayd syr Launce / lot vnto syre Agrauayne/ for wyte ye well syr Agrauayne ye shall not pryse oy me this nyghte. And therfore & ye do by my counsell/goo ye all fro thys chambre doore & make not suche cryeng & suche maner of shlaundre as ye do. For I promyse you by my knyghthode & ye woll departe/& make nomore noyse/I shal as tomorw appere afore you alle before the kynge. & thenne lete it be seen whyche of you all/otherelles you al that woll accuse me of tresoy. And there I shal answere you as a knyghte sholde/that hyther I came to the quene for no manere of male engyne. And that I wol preue & make it good vpon you with my hondȝ. ¶ Fyoy the traytour sayd syr Agrauayne & syr Mordred/ we woll haue the maugre thy heed/& slee the yf we lyste/for we wol let the wyte/we haue the choyce of kynge Arthur/to saue the/ or to slee the. ¶ A syres sayd syr Laūcelot/ is there none other grace w̄ you/ they kepe yourself. ¶ So thenne syr Laūcelot sett all open the chambre doore/ & myghtely & knyghtly he strode in amonge them. And anone at the fyrste buffet he slewe sir Agrauayne and .xij of his felowes after wiy a lytyll whyle he had layed them colde to the erthe for there was none of the .xij. ȳ myghte stonde syr Launcelot one buffet. Also syr Launcelot wounded syre Mordred/ & he fledde wyth all his myghte And thenne syr Launcelot returned ayen vnto the quene/& sayd Madam̄ now wyte you well al our true loue is broughte to an ende. For now wol ky̆ge Arthur euer be my foo. And therfore madame & it lyke you/that I may haue you wyth me / I shall saue you from all manere aduentures daungours. ¶ That is not best sayd the quene. Me semyth now ye haue dooy soo moche harme/it woll be beste ye holde you styll wyth this. And yf ye se that as to morw they wol put me vnto the dethe/ thenne maye ye reskowe me as ye thynke best. ¶ I woll well sayd syre Launcelot. For haue ye noo dowte whyle I am lyuynge/I shall reskowe you. And thenne he kyste her & eyther gaaf other a tryng. And so there he lefte the quene/& went to his lodgyng.

¶ How syr Laūcelot cam̄ to syr Bors & tolde hym how he had spedde/ & in what aduenture he had ben/& how he escapyd ¶ Capl'm .v.

SO whan syr Bors saw syr Launcelot/ he was neuer so glad of hys home comynge as he was then ¶ Jhesu mercy sayd syre Launcelot/ what meanyth thys. ¶ Syr sayd syre Bors after ye were departed from vs We all that ben of your blood/ & your well wyllers/were so drenynge/ ȳ some of vs lept out of our beddȝ naked. And some in ther dremes caught na/

this peryll. in so moche she hath it for youre sake. ¶ Thenne syr Launcelot stode styl & sayd My fayr lordes wyte you well I wolde be loth to do ꝑ thyng / that sholde dyshonour you or my blood. And wyte ye well I wold be lothe / ꝑ my lady the quene sholde deye a shamefull deth. But & it be so that ye wyll counsel me to rescowe her. I must nede do moche harme or I rescowe her / & peraventure I shall there dystroye so / me of my best frendes / that sholde repente me moche. And peraventure there bey some / & they cowde wel bryng it abowte / or dysobeye my lorde kyng Arthur / they wolde soone come to me the whyche I were loth to hurt. And yf so be that I rescowe her. where shal I kepe her: ¶ That shall be the leest care of vs all sayd syr Boors / how dyde the noble knyghte syr Tristram by your good wyll / kept not he wyth hȳ La beale Isoud nygh thre yere in Joyous gard / the whyche was doon by your bothe avyses / & that same place is your owne. And in lyke wyse may ye do & ye lyste / & take the quene lyghtly away / yf it so be the kynge woll Juge her to be brent / and in Joyous garde ye maye kepe her longe ynouh / vntyll the hete of the kynge be paste. & thenne shall ye bryng agayne the quene vntyll the kynge wyth grete worshypp.: thenne peraventure ye shal haue thanke for her bryngynge home & loue / & thanke where other shall haue mau / gre. ¶ That is harde to do sayd syre Launcelot. for by syr Tristram I may haue a warnynge. For whan by meane of treatyse syr Tristram broughte agayne La beale Isoud vnto kynge Mark from Joyus garde / loke what befell oy the ende / how shamefully ꝑ fals traytour kynge Mark slewe that noble knyghte / as he sate harpynge afore his lady La beale Isoud / wyth a sharp grounded gleyue he threst hȳ be hynde to the herte. ¶ Me greuyth me sayd syr Launcelot to speke of his deth. For all the worlde maye not fynde suche a knyghte. ¶ All this is trouth sayd syr Boors. But there is one thynge shall courage you & vs all. Ye knowe wel kynge Arthur & kynge Mark. we remenber lyke of condycyons. For there was neuer yet may cowde preue kynge Arthur vntrue of his promyse. So to make short tale / they were all con / sented / that for better. other for worse yf so were that the quene wer oy that morne broughte to the fyre / Shortly they all wolde rescowe her. ¶ And so by the adupse of syre Launcelot / they put theym all̄ in ay enbusshment in a wode as nyghe Carleill as they myght And ther̄ they abode styl to wyte what the kynge wolde do.

¶ How syr Mordred rode hastely to ꝑ kynge to telle hym of the affray & dethe of syr Agrauayne & the other knyghtes ¶ Capl̄ vij.

NOw torn we agayn vnto syre Mordred. that whan he was escapyd from the noble knyghte syr Launcelot / he anone gate his hors / & mountyd vpon hym / And rode vnto kynge Arthur / sore wounded and smytten and alle for bledde. And there he tolde the kynge all how it was / & how they were all slayne / saue hymself all oonly. ¶ Jhesu mercy how may this be sayd the kynge / toke ye hym in ꝑ quenes

chambre. ¶ Ye so god helpe me sayde syr Mordred/there we foundc hȳ vn/ armyd. And there he slewe Colgrcuaunce/& armyd hym in his armour/& al this he tolde the kynge from the begynnynge to the endynge. ¶ A Jhesu mercy sayd the kynge/he is a merueylous knyghte of prowesse. Alas me so re repentyth sayd the kynge/that euer syr Laũcelot shold be ayenst me/now I am sure the noble felyshyp of the rounde table is brokeñ for euer/for with hym woll many a noble knyghte hold: de. And now it is falley soo sayd the kynge/that I maye not wyth my worshyp/but the quene must suffre the deth. ¶ So thenne there was made grete ordenaunce in this hete. ꝑ the quene must be Juged to the deth. ¶ And the lawe was suche in tho dayes/ ꝑ what some euer they were: of what estate or degree/ yf they were foũde gylty of treson/there sholde be none other remedy but deth. & eyther the mey or the takȳge wyth the dede / sholde be causer of ther hasty Jugement. And ryghte soo was it ordened for quene Gweneuer. By cause syre Mordred was escapyd sore woũded. & the deth of. xiij. knyghtes of the rounde table/thyse preues & experyence caused kynge Arthur to cõmaũde the quene to the fyre therȳ tobe brent. ¶ Thenne spake syr Gawayne/& sayde My lorde Arthur I wolde counseylle you/not to be ouer hasty / but that ye wold put in respyt this Jugement of my lady the quene for many causes. One is/though it. were so ꝑ syr Launcelot were founde in the quenes chambre/yet it myghte be so/that he came thyther for none euyll. For ye knowe my lorde sayd syr Gawayne that the quene is moche beholdey vn/to syr Launcelot more than to ony other knyghte. For ofte tymes he hath saued her lyf/& doon bataylle for her. whan all the courte refused the quene And parauenture she sent for him for goodnes & for none enyll/ to rewarde him for his gode dedes that he had done to her in tymes past. And perauenture my lady the quene sente for hym to that entent/ that syr Laũcelot shold come to her gode grace pryuely & secretly. Weuynge to her that it was best so to do/in eschewynge & dredynge of shlaundre. For oft tymes we do many thynges that we wene it is for the best & yet perauenture it torneth to the worste. For I dare saye sayd syr Gawayne/my lady your quene is to you both gode & true. And as for syr Launcelot sayde syr Gawayne/he woll make it good vpon ony knyghte lyuyng/that woll put vpon hymself vylany or shame. And in lyke wise he wol make gode for my lady dame Gweneuer. ¶ ꝑ I byleue well sayd kynge Arthur/but I woll not that waye wyth syr Laũcelot/for he thrustyth soo moche vpon his hondes & his myghte/that he dowtyth no may. And therfore for my quene he shall neuer fyghte more/ for she shal haue the lawe. And yf I may gete syr Laũcelot/wyte you wel he shal haue a shamefull dethe. ¶ Jhesu defende sayd syr Gawayne that I may neuer see it. ¶ Wherfore saye ye so sayd kynge Arthur to syre Gawayne / forsoth ye haue noo grete cause to loue syr Launcelot / For this nyght last paste/he slewe your brother syr Agrauayne/a full good knyghte. & almost he had slayñ your other brod Mordred

in the towne and the castell. Thenne came kynge Arthur & syr Gawayne wyth an huge hoost/& layed a sege al aboute Joyous garde/both at ꝑ towne & at the castel. And there they made stronge werre on bothe partyes. But in no wyse syre Launcelot wolde ryde out/nor goo out of his castell of long tyme/neyther he wolde suffre none of his good knyghtes to yssue oute/neyther none of the towne nor of the castell vntyll.xv. wekes were past.

¶ Of the comynycacõn betwene kynge Arthur & syr Launcelot. & how kynge Arthur repreued hym xvi

Thenne it befell vpon a day in Herueste tyme / syre Launcelot lokyd ouer the walles/& spake on hye vnto kynge Arthur & syre Gawayne My lordes bothe/ wyte ye well alle is in vayne that ye labour at this syege/ for here wene ye no worshyp/but dishonour & maugre. For & it lyste me to come myself out & my good knyghtes I shold ful sone make an ende of this werre. ¶ Come forth sayd Arthur vnto syr Launcelot & thou darest/and I promyse the I shal mete the in ꝑ myddes of the felde ¶ God defende me sayd syr Launcelot that euer I shold encoũtre wyth the moost noble kynge/ ꝑ made me knyghte. ¶ Fy vpon thy fayr langage sayd the kyng/ for wyte ꝑ well & truste it/ I am thy mortall foo. & euer woll to my deth daye. For thou hast slayne my good knyghtes/& full noble men of my blood / that I shall neuer recouer agayn. Also thou haste layne by my quene/& holden her mayny wynters/& sythen lyke a traytoure taken her from me by force ¶ Myn moste noble kynge sayd syr Launcelot. ye maye say what ye woll/ for wyte you well wyth yourself I woll not stryue/ But there as ye say I haue slayn̄ youre good knyghtes/ I wote well that I haue done so/& that me sore repentith But I was enforced to do batayll wꝫ them/in sauynge of my lyf/or elles I must haue suffred them to haue slayn me. And for my lady queñ Gueneuer except your persone of your hyghnes. & my lorde syr Gawayne/there is no knyghte vnder heuen. that dare make it good vpon me/ ꝑ euer I was traytour vnto your persone. And where it pleaseth you to saye/that I haue holde my lady your quene peres & wyterly vnto that. I shall euer make a large answer/& preue it vpon ony knyght̄ bereth the lyfe/ except your persone & syre Gawayne / that my lady quene Gweneuer is a true lady vnto youre persone/& that I woll make good wꝫ my hondꝫ. How be it it hath lyked her good grace to haue me in chyerte. and to cherysshe me more than̄e ony other knyghte. And vnto my power I ayen haue deserued her loue. For oft tymes my lorde ye haue consented ꝑ she shold be brent & dystroyed in your heete/ and thenne it fortuned me to do bataylle for her. And are I departyd from her aduersaryes/ they confessyd theyr vntruthes/& she full worshypfully excused. And at suche tymes my lord Arthur sayd syr Laũcelot. ye loued me & thanked me/ whan I saued your quene from the fyre. And thenne ye promysed me forʼeuer to be my good lord/ & now me thynketh ye rewarde me full yl for my good seruyse. And my good

lorde me semeth I had loste a parte of my worshypp in my knyghthode/& I had suffred my lady your quene to ha ue be brent/in somoche she shold haue be brent for my sake. For sythen I ha ue dooy batayles for your quene in o/ ther quarellis than in myn owne/ Me sempth now I had more ryght to doo bataylle for her in ryght quarell. And therfore my good & gracyous lorde sa yd syr Launcelot take your quene vn: to your gode grace/ for she is both fay re/ true & good. ¶ Fy oy the fals recre: aunt knyghte sayde syr Gawayne/ I lete the wyte my lorde myn vncle kyn ge Arthur shall haue hys quene & the maugre thy vysage / & flee you bothe whether it pleyse him. ¶ It may wel be sayde syr Launcelot/ but wyte yow well my lorde syr Gawayne/ and me lyste to come out of this castel/ ye shol de wynne me & the quene more harder than euer ye wanne a stronge batayll ¶ Fy oy thy proude wordes sayd syre Gawayne/ as for my lady the quene. I woll neuer saye of her shame. But thou fals & recreaunt knyght sayd sy re Gawayne/ what cause haddest ÿ/ to slee my good brother syr Gareth ÿ loued the more than all my kynne. A/ las/ thou madest hym knyghte thyne owne hondes/ Why slewe thou hym ÿ loued the so well. ¶ For to excuse me sayd syr Laũcelot. it helpyth me not / But by Jhesu sayde syr Launcelot. & by the fayth that I owe to the hygh or dre of knyghthode. I sholde wyth as good a wylle haue slayne my neuewe syr Hors de Ganys atte that tyme./ But alas that euer I was so vnhappi sayde syr Launcelot/ ÿ I had not seen syr Gareth & syr Gaheryes. ¶ Thou lyest recreaunt knyghte sayd syr Ga: wayne / thou slewest hym in dyspyte of me. And therfore wyte ÿ ryht well I shall make werre to the all the why le that I may lyue. ¶ That me repen teth sayd syr Launcelot/ for well I vn derstonde/ it helpyth not to seke none accordement. whyle ye syr Gawayne are so myscheuously set. And yf ye we re not/ I wolde not doubte to haue the good grace of my lorde Arthur. ¶ I byleue it well fals recreaunt knyghte sayd syr Gawayne/ for thou hast ma ny longe dayes ouerladde me & vs all and dystroyed many of our good knyg tes. ¶ Ye saye as it pleyseth you sayd syr Launcelot/ & yet maye it neuer be sayd oy me/ & openly preued. that euer I before caste of treasoy slewe no goo de knyghte/ as my lorde syr Gaway: ne ye haue doy/ & so dyde I neuer. but in my defence that I was dryuen ther to. in sauyng of my lyf ¶ A fals knyg te sayd syr Gawayne/ that thou mea nest by syr Lamorak/ wyte thou well. I slewe hÿ. ¶ Ye slewe hym not your self sayd syr Laũcelot/ it had be ouer moche oy honde for you to haue slay: ne hÿ. For he was one of the best knyg tes crystned of his aege/ & it was gret pyte of his deth.

¶ How the colyns & kynnesmen of sy re Launcelot excyted hym to goo oute to batayll/ And how they made them redy ¶ Capl'm .xÿ.

SO sayd syre Gawayne to syr Launcelot/ sythen thou enbra dest me of syr Lamorak. wyte ÿ wel I shall neuer leue the tyll I haue the at suche auayll/ ÿ thou shalt not escape

myhoudes. ¶I trust you well ynouh sayd syr Launcelot/and ye maye gete me/I gete but lytyll mercy. ¶But as the frenshe boke sayth/the noble kynge Arthur wolde haue taken his que/ne agayn/ & haue ben accorded wyth syr Launcelot/but syr Gawayne wolde not suffre hym by no maner of meane. And thenne syr Gawayne made many men to blowe vpon syr Launcelot. And all at ones they called hym fals recreaunt knight. ¶They whan syr Boys de ganys/ syr Ector de Maris & syr Lyonell herde thys out crye/ they callid vnto them syr Palomydes syr Safyrs brother. and syr Lauayne wyth many moo of theyr blood. And al they went vnto syr Launcelot/and sayde thus. ¶My lorde syr Lañcelot/wyte ye wel we haue grete scorne of ỹ grete rebukes/that we herde Gawayne saye to you/ Wherfore we pray you & charge you/as ye woll haue our seruyse/ kepe vs no lenger wythin thyse walles. For wyte you well playnly. we woll ryde in to the felde/& do batayll wyth them. For ye fare as a may that were aferde. And for al your fayr speche/it woll not auayle you. For wyte ye well/ syr Gawayne wol not suffre you to be accorded wyth kyng Arthur And therfore fyghte for your lyf & your ryghte & ye dare. ¶Alas sayde syre Launcelot/for to ryde out of this castell/and doo bataylle/I am full loth. Thenne syr Launcelot spake on hyze vnto kynge Arthur & syre Gawayne My lordȝ I requyre you & beseche you sythen I am thus requyred & conuzed to ryde in to ỹ felde/that neyther you my lorde kynge/nor you syr Gawayne/come not in to the felde. ¶What shall we do therune sayd syr Gawayne / Is not this the kynges quarell wt the to fyghte. And it is my quarell to fyght wyth the syr Launcelot/by cause of the dethe of my broder syr Gareth ¶Thenne must I nedes vnto batayll sayde syr Launcelot. Now wyte you wel my lorde Arthur & syr Gawayne/ye woll repent it whan someuer I do bataylle wyth you. And so thene they departed eyther from other. And thenne eyther party made theym redy on the morn for to doo bataylle. And grete purueaunce was made on bothe sydes. And syr Gawayne lete puruey many knyghtes for to wayte vpon syre Lañcelot: for to ouerlet him/and to slee him. ¶And on the morn atte vndorn kyng Arthur was redy in the felde wyth thre grete hostes. And thenne syr Launcelots felyshyp came out att thre gates in a full good araye. And syr Lyonel came in the formest batayle. & syr Launcelot came in the mydyl And syr Boys came out at thyrde gate. Thus they came in ordre & rule as full noble knyghtes. And alwaye syr Launcelot charged alle hys knyghtes in ouy wyse / to saue kynge Arthur & syre Gawayne.

¶How syr Gawayne Justed & smote doune syr Lyonell / & how syr Lañcelot horsyd kynge Arthur .xiij.

Thenne came forth syr Gawayn̄ from the kynges hoste. and he came before. & profred to Just. And syr Lyonell was a fyers knyghte. and lyghtly he encountred wyth syr Gawayne. And there syr Gawayne smote syr Lyonell thrugh out the body/ ỹ

he dalshed to the erthe/lyke as he had be deed. And thenne syr Ector de Maris & moo bare hym in to the castell/ Thenne there beganne a grete stoure and moche people was slayne ¶ And euer syr Launcelot dyde what he myght/ to saue the peple of kyng Arthurs party. For syr Palomydes & syr Boris & syr Safyr ouerthrewe many knyghtes. For they were deedly knyghtes/ & syr Blamor de Ganys/ and syr Bleoberys de Ganys/ wyth syr Bellangere le Beuse/ thyse. vi. knyghtes dyde moche harme. And euer kynge Arthur was nygh aboute syr Launcelot to haue slayne hym. And syr Launcelot suffred hym/ & wolde not stryke a/gayn. So syre Boris encountred wyth kynge Arthur/ and there wyth a spere syr Boris smote hym downe. And soo he alyght & drewe his swerde/ and sayd to syr Launcelot Shal I make an ende of thys werre/ and that he ment to haue slayne kynge Arthur. ¶ Not so hardy sayd syr Launcelot vpon payn of thy heed/ that thou towche hym nomore. For I wol neuer se ye moost noble kynge that made me knyghte neyther slayn ne shamyd. And therwyth all syr Launcelot alyghte of his horse and toke vp the kynge/ & horsyd hym agayn. And sayd thus My lorde Arthur/ for goddys loue stynt this stryfe For ye gete here no worshyp/ & I wolde do myn vtteraunce/ but alwayes I forbere you/ and ye nor none of yours forberyth me. My lorde remēbre what I haue doon in many places/ & now I am euyll rewarded. ¶ Thenne whan kynge Arthur was on horsback/ he lokyd vppon syr Launcelot/ and thenne the terys braste oute of his eyen/ thynkynge on the grete curtesye that was in syr Launcelot more than in ony other man. And therwyth the kyng rode his waye/ and myght no lenger beholde hym. And sayde Alas that euer this werre began. And thenne eyther partyes of the batayles wold drewe them to repose theym/ And buryed the deed And to the wounded men they layde softe salues. And thus they endured ye nyghte tyll on the morn. And on the morn bi-vndorn/ they made them redi to doo batayle. And thenne syr Boris ladde the forewarde. ¶ So vpon the morn there came syre Gawayne also brym as ony boore/ wyth a grete spere in his honde. & whan syr Boris sawe hym/ he thoughte/ to reuenge his brod syr Lyonell. of the dyspyte syr Gawayn dyde hym the other daye. And soo they that knewe eyther other feutred ther speres/ & wyth all theyr myghtes of ther horses & themselfe/ they mette togyder so furyously. that eyther bare other thrugh/ and so they fell both to the erth/ and thenne the batayles Joyned. And there was moche slaughter on bothe partyes. Thenne syr Launcelot rescowed syr Boris/ & sent hym in to the castell. But neyther syr Gawayn nor syr Boris deyed not of ther wounes/ for they were al holpen. Then syr Lauayn & syr Ore prayed syr Launcelot/ to doo his payne/ & fyght as they hadd done. For we se ye forbere & spare. & that dooth moche harme/ therfore we praye yon. spare not your enmyes noo more than they doon you. ¶ Alas sayd syr Launcelot I haue no herte/ to fyght ayenst my lord Arthur ¶ For euer me lemyth I doo not as I oughte to doo. ¶ My lorde sayde syre

palomydes though ye spare them all this daye/ they woll neuer conne yow thanke. And yf they maye gete you at auayle/ ye are but deed. So thenne syr Launcelot vnderstode. that they sayde hym trouth/ & theune he dreyned himself more thanne he dyde afore honde & by cause hys neuewe syr Bors was sore wounded. And thenne wythin a lytyll whyle by euelonge tyme. syr Launcelot & his partye better stode. For ther horses went in blood past the fyt loks/ ther was somoche peple slayn on bothe partyes/ & thenne for pytee syre Launcelot wythdrewe his knyghtes/ And so dide kyng Arthurs party also And thenne syr Launcelot & his parti entred in to ther castel. And eyther party buryed the deed/ & put salue vnto ꝑ wounded mem. ¶ Soo whan syr Gawayne was hurte/ they on kynge Arthurs party were not soo orgulous as they were tofore honde to do bataylle. ¶ Of thys werre was noyse thorugh all cristendom/ and at the laste it was noysed afore the pope. And he consider ynge the grete goodnes of kynge Arthur & of syr Laũcelot/ that was callyd the moost noble knighte of ꝑ world. Wherfore the pope callyd vnto hym a noble clerke/ that at that tyme was there present. The frenssh boke sayth It was the bysshop of Rochestre. And the pope gaaf hym Bulles vnto leed vnto kynge Arthur of Englonde: Chargyng hym vpon payn of enterdityng of all Englonde/ that he take his quene dame Gweneuer vnto him agayn & accorde wyth syr Launcelot.

¶ How the pope sent downe his Bulles to make peas. & how syr Laũcelot broughte the quene to kynge Arthur

¶ Capitulum .xiiij.

So whan this bysshop was come to Carlell/ he shewed the kynge thyse Bulles. & whan the kynge vnderstode thise bulles/ he nyst what to doo. Gladly he wolde accorde with syr Launcelot. but syr Gawayne wolde not suffre him. But as for to haue the quene. therto he agreed. But in no wyse syr Gawayne wolde not suffre the kynge/ to accorde wyth syr Launcelot. but as for the quene he consented And thenne the bysshop had of ꝑ kynge his grete seale/ & his assuraunce. as he was a true enoynted kynge/ ꝑ syre Launcelot sholde come sauf/ & goo saue/ and that the quene sholde not be reproued/ of ꝑ kynge/ nor of none other for noo thynge dooy afore tyme paste And of all thyse appoyntementes. the bysshop broughte wyth hym suraunce & wrytynge/ to shewe syr Launcelot.

¶ So whan the bysshop was come to Joyous garde/ there he shewed syr Launcelot/ how the pope had wryten to Arthur & vnto hym. And there he tolde hym the perylles/ yf he wyth helde the quene from the kynge. ¶ It was neuer in my thoughte sayde Laũcelot to wytholde the quene from my lorde Arthur but in so moche she sholde haue be ded for my sake. me seme it was my parte to saue her lyf. & put her fro ꝑ daũger tyll better recouer myght come. And now I thanke god sayd syre Launcelot. ꝑ the pope hath made her peas. For god knowyth sayd syr Laũcelot. I woll be a thousande folde more glad to bryng her ayen. than I was of her takynge awaye/ Wyth this I may be sure for me & myn to com sauf

and goo lauf/and thãt the quene thal haue her liberte as the had before.and neuer for no thynge ꝑ hath be lurmy: syd afore this tyme/the neuer fro thil daye stonde in no peryll. For elles say: de syr Launcelot / I daze auentuze me kepe her from ay harder shoure thañ euer I kepte her. ¶ It shall not nede you sayd the bysshop to drede you soo moche.for wyte ye well the pope must be obeyed . And it were not the popes worshyp & my poore honestee/to wyte dystressyd. neyther the quene / neyther in peryll/nor shamyd. And thenne he shewed syr Launcelot al his wrytyng bothe from the pope & from kyng Ar thur . ¶ This is sure ynough sayd sy re Launcelot.for full well I daze trust my lordes owne wrytynge & his seale for he was neuer shamyd of his pro/ myse. Therfore sayde syre Launcelot vnto the bysshop/ye shall ryde vnto ꝑ kynge afore me.& recõmaunde me vn to his good grace. And lete hym haue knowlege/that this same daye eyght dayes/by the grace of god/ I myselfe shall brynge my lady quene Gwene: uer vnto hym. And thenne saye ye vn to my redoubted kynge / thãt I woll. saye largely for the quene.that I shal none except for drede nor fere/but the kynge hymself & my lorde syr Gaw: ayne/and that is more for the kyngis loue thay for hymself. So the bisshop departid/& came to the kynge at Car leill. And tolde hym all how syr Lañ celot answerde hym. And thene the te res braste oute of the kynges eyen. : / ¶ Thenne syr Launcelot purueyed hym an hundred knyghtes.and al we re clothed in grene veluet/& ther hors trappid to the helys.And euery knygh te helde a braunche of olyue in his hon de/in tokenynge of peas.And the que ne had.xxiiij.gentylwymmen folow / yng her in the same wise:And syr La uncelot hadd.xij.Courlers folowynge hym. And on euery courler sate a yon ge gentylman.and al they were aray ed in grene veluet/with sarpys of gol de abowte ther quarters.And the hors trappid in the same wyse doune to the helys/ wyth many ouches y sett wyth stonys & perlys in golde/to the nom / bre of a thoulande.And the & syr La: ũcelot were clothed in white clothe of golde tyssew.And ryght soo as ye ha/ ue herde/as the frenshe boke maketh mencõn/he rode wyth the quene from Joyous garde to Carleill.And so syre Launcelot rode thorugh out Carleill. and soo in to the castell/ that all men myghte beholde. And wyte you well/ there was many a weppynge eye. And thenne syr Launcelot hymself alyght and auoyded hys hors.& toke the que: ne/and soo ladde her whẽ kynge Ar/ thur was in his seate/& syre Gawayn ne sate afore hym/and many other gre te lordes. ¶ Soo whan syr Launcelot sawe the kyng & syr Gawayne/they he ladde the quene by the arme / And thenne he knelyd downe and the que: ne bothe. Wyte you well . thenne was there many a bolde knyghte wyth kyn ge Arthur/that wepte as tenderly. as though he hadde seen all his kynne a fore hym. ¶ Soo the kynge sate stylle and sayde noo worde . And whanne syr Launcelot sawe hys countenaun/ ce/he aroose/and pullyd vp the quene wyth hym / And thus he spake to the noble kynge Arthur full knyghtly/ & lyke a man of grete honour.

¶ Of the delyueraunce of the quene to the kyng bi syr Launcelot/& what langage syr Gawayne had to syr Lancelot ¶ Capi'm .xv.

MY moost redoubted kynge/ ye shall vnderstond.by the popel cōmaundement & youres/I haue brought to you my ladi the quene as ryght requyreth. And yf ther be ony knyght of what some euer degree that he be.except youre persone/that woll saye/or dare saye/ but that she is true & clene to you. I here myself syr Launcelot du lake/wyll make it good vpon his body/ þ she is a true ladi vnto you. But lyars ye haue lystned.& that hath caused debate betwyx you & me. For tyme hath ben my lorde Arthur/that ye haue be gretly pleysed wyth me/ whan I dyde bataylle for my lady your quene And full well ye knowe my moost noble kynge/ þ she haath be put to grete wronge or this tyme. And syth it pleysed you at many tymes þ I shold fyght for her/ me semyth my good lorde/ I haue more cause/ to rescowe her fro the fyre/ in somoche she shold haue be brent for my sake. For they that tolde you tho tales were lyars.& so it fel vp on them . For by lyklyhode had not þ myghte of god ben wyth me/I myghte neuer haue endured ayenst fourtene knyghtes/& they armed & afore purposyd/and I vnarmyd & not purposyd. For I was sent fore vnto my lady your quene/I wote not for what cause / But I was nat soo soone wythin the chambre doore/but anone syre Agrauayne & syr Mordred callyd me traytour & recreaunt knyght. ¶ They called the ryghte sayde syre Gawayne. ¶ My lorde syr Gawayne sayde syr Launcelot/in ther quarell they preued themself not in the ryght. ¶ Well wel Launcelot sayd þ kyng I haue geue þ noo cause/to doo to me as thou haste doon. For I haue worshypped the and thyn more/than ony of al my knyghtes. ¶ My good lorde sayd syr Launcelot. so ye be not displeysed/ye shall vnderstonde I & myn haue doon ofte better seruyse/than ony other knyghtes haue doon you in dyuers places.& where ye haue ben ful harde bestadde dyuers tymes. I haue myself rescowed you from many daungers. And euer vnto my power I was gladde to pleyse you & my lord syr Gawayne/both in Justes & turnementes/& in batayles sette bothe on horsbak & on fote. I haue ofte rescowed you & my lorde syre Gawayne/ & many moo of youre knightes in many dyuers places. For now I wol make auaunt sayd syr Launcelot/I woll that ye alle wyte/that yet I founde neuer nō maner knyghte/but that I was ouerharde for hym & I had doon myn vtteraunce/than/ kyd be god/how be it I haue be matchyd wt good knyghtes/as syr Tristram & syr Lamorak. but euer I had a fauour to them.& a demynge what they were . And I take god to recorde sayd syr Launcelot/ I neuer was wrothe nor gretly heuy wt no good knyghte/ and I sawe hym belye abowte for to wynne worshypp. And glad I was euer whanne I founde ouy knyghte/ that myghte endure me on horsbacke and on fote/ How be it syre Carados of the dolorous toure was a full noble knyghte/and a passynge strong man & that wote ye my lord syr Gawayne

for he myghte well be callyd a noble knyght. whan he by fyne force pulled you out of your sadyll/& bonde you ouerthwart afore hȳ to his sadyl bowe And there my lorde syre Gawayne I rescowed you/& slewe hym āfore your syghte. Also I founde his brother syr Turquyn in lyke wyse / ledynge syre Gaherys your brother bounden afor̄ hym. & there I rescowed your brother. & slewe that Turquyn/and delyuerd .lxiiij. of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes out of pryson. And now I dare say sayd syr Launcelot/I mette neuer wyth so stronge knyghtes/nor so well fyghtyng/as was syr Carados & syr Turquyn/for I foughte with them to the vttermest. And therfore sayd syr Lañcelot vnto syr Gawayne/ me semyth ye oughte of ryght to remembre thys/ for & I myghte haue your good wyll I wolde truste to god/to haue my lorde Arthurs gode grace.

¶ Of the comynycacyon betwene syr Gawayne & syr Launcelot/with moche other langage xvi.

The kynge maye do as he woll sayd Gawayne/But wyte ÿ well syr Launcelot/thou & I shall neuer be accorded whyle we lyue. For ÿ hast slayne thre of my brethery / and tweyne of them thou slewest traytously & pytously/for they bare none harneys ayenst the/nor none wolde bere. ¶ God wolde they had bey armyd sayd syr Launcelot. for thenne had they bey on lyue. And wyte ye wel syr Gawayne/as for syr Gareth/I loue noñ of my kynnelmen lomoche as I dyde hym/& euer whyle I lyue sayd syr Launcelot/I woll bewayll syr Gareths deth/not all oonly for the grete fere I haue of you/but many causes cāuseth me to be sorowfull. One is/for I made hym knyghte. A nother is/I wote wel he loued me aboue al erthly knyghtes. And the thyrd is/he was passyng noble. true. curteys & gentyl/and well condycyoned. The fourthe is. I wyste well anone as I herde/that syr Gareth was deed. I sholde neuer after haue your loue. but euerlastynge werre betwyxe vs. And also I wyste well/that ye wold cause my noble lorde Arthur for euer to be my mortall foo. And as Jhesu be my helpe sayd syr Launcelot I slew neuer syr Gareth. nor syr Gaherys by my wyll. But alas that euer they wer̄ vnarmyd that vnhappy day But thus moche shall I offre me sayde syr Launcelot. yf it maye pleyse the kynges good grace & you my lorde syre Gawayne. I shal fyrste begyn at Sandwyche / and there I shall go in my shert/bare fote/and at euery.x. myles ende/I woll founde. & cause make a hous of Religyon/of what ordre ye woll assygne me/ wyth an hoole Couent. to syngne & to rede daye & nyghte in especyal for syr Garethes sake & syre Gaherys. And this shall I perfourme from Sandwych vnto Carlcill / & euery hous shall haue sufficyent lyuelode/& this shal I perfourme whyle I haue ony lyuelode in cristendom. And there is none of al thyse religyous places/ but they shall be perfourmed. furnyshed & garnyshed in al thyngs as an holy place oughte to be/I promyse you faythfully. And this syr Gawayne me thynketh wer̄ more fayrer. holyer. & more beter to ther soules/than ye my most noble kyng. & you syr Gawayne. to wer̄ on me/for therby shall ye

gete uone auaylle. Thenne all kuyghtes & ladyes that were there / wept as they were madde. And the teres fel on kyng Arthurs chekys. ¶ Syr Launcelot sayde syr Gawayne / I haue well herde thy speche / & thy grete profres / but wyte thou wel / lete the kynge doo as it pleyseth hym / I woll neuer forgeue my bretherns deth / & in especyall ꝑ dethe of my brother syr Gareth. And yf myn vncle kynge Arthur woll accorde wyth the / he shall lese my seruyse. For wyte thou well / thou art bothe fals to the kynge & to me. ¶ Syr sayde Launcelot / he beeryth not the lyf / ꝑ maye make that good. And yf ye syre Gawayne woll charge me wyth soo hyghe a thyng / ye must pardonne me for thenne nedes must I answere you ¶ Naye sayde syr Gawayne / we are past that at this tyme / & that cauled ꝑ pope. For he hath chargyd myn vncle the kynge / that he shall take his quen agayn. & to accorde wyth the syr Launcelot / as for thys sealon / and therfore thou shalt goo sauf syr Launcelot as thou camest. But in thys londe thou shalt not abyde paste. xv. dayes / suche somones I geue the. So the kynge & we were consented & accorded or thou camest. And elles sayd syr Gawayne wyte thou well / thou sholdest not haue comen here / but yf it were maugre thy heed. And yf it wer̄ not for the popes cōmaundement / I sholde do batayll wyth myn owne body agaynst thi body. & preue it vpon the / ꝑ thou haste be fals vnto myn vncle kyng Arthur and to me bothe. And that shall I preue vpon thy bodi. whanne thou art departyd from hens / where some euer I fynde the. /

¶ How syr Launcelot departyd fro ꝑ kynge and fro Joyous garde ouer seewardes / & what knyghtes went wyth hym ¶ Capl'm xvij

Thenne syr Launcelot sighed. & there with the teres fell out of his chekes. And thenne he sayde thus / Alas mooste noble crystey reame. whome I haue loued aboue all other reames / & in the I haue geten a grete parte of my worshyp / and now I shal departe in this wyse. Truely me repenteth that euer I came in this reame. ꝑ sholde be thus shamefully banysshyd vndeserued & causeles. but fortune is so vnstaunt / & the whele so mutable / there nys none constaunt abidynge. & that may be preued by many olde cronycles of noble Ector & Troylus / & Alysaundre the myghty conquerour / and many mo other. Whan they were mooste in ther ryalte / they alyght lowest. And so fareth it by me sayd syr Launcelot. For in this reame I had worshyp / and by me & myn / alle the hoole rounde table hathe be encreacyd more in worshypp by me & my blood / than by ony other. And therfore wyte thou well syre Gawayne / I maye lyue as well vpon my londes. as well as ony knyghte that is here. And yf ye mooste redoubted kynge woll come vpon my londes wyth syre Gawayne. to werre vpon me / I must endure you as well as I maye. But as to you syre Gawayne / yf that ye come ther̄ / I pray you & requyre you / charge me not with treason / nor felony. For & ye doo / I must answere you. ¶ Do thou thy beste sayde syr Gawayn̄ / therfor hygh the fast that thou were goon. and wyte ꝑ well

we shal soone come after /& breke the strongest castell that thou hast vppon thy heed. ¶ That shall not nede sayd syr Launcelot. for & I were as orgu/ lous & prowdely sette as ye are / wyte ye well I sholde mete you in the myd: des of the felde. ¶ Make you no more adoo sayd syr Gawayne but delyuere the quene fro the/ and pyke the lyghtly out of this courte. ¶ Well sayd syre Launcelot/& I had wyst of this short answere/ I wold haue auysed me twi ces or I had come hither. for & the que ne had ben soo dere to me/as ye noyse her. I durste haue kept her from the fe lyshyp of the beste knyghtes vnder he uen. And thenne syr Launcelot sayde vnto quene Gweneuer/in herynge of the kynge & them all/ Madame now I must depart from you/& this noble felyshyp for euer. And sythen it is soo I beseche you to praye for me/& sen: de me worde yf ye be noyed wyth ony fals tonges / lyghtly my lady sete me haue knowlege. And yf ony knyghtes hondes maye delyuer you by bataylle I shall delyuer you/ And therwyth al syr Laũcelot kyst the quene. And then he sayd alle openly Now lete se what he be in this place/ that dare saye/ the quene is not true vnto my lord Arthur Let se who woll speke and he dare spe ke. And therwith he broughte the que ne to the kynge. And therwyth syr La uncelot toke his leue & departyd. And there was neyther kynge/duke ne erle baron/ne knyght/lady nor gentylwo man/but all they wept as people oute of ther mynde/except syre Gawayne And whan the noble syre Laũcelot to ke his horse/ to ryde oute of Carleill/ there wās sobbyng & weppynge for pu re dole of hys departynge. And soo he toke his waye to Joyous garde. And after he callyd it the Dolorous garde And thus departed syr Launcelot fro the courte for euer. ¶ And soo whañe he came to Joyous garde / he callyd his felyshyp vnto hym: & asked them what they wolde do. ¶ Thenne they answerde all hooly togyders wyth oñ voys/they wolde as he. wolde doo. :/ ¶ My fayre felowes sayd syr Launce lot/I must departe oute of this moost noble reame. And now I shall depart it greueth me sore/for I shall departe w̃ no worshyp. For a banysshed man departed neuer oute of a reame wyth noo worship. and that is my heuynesse for euer I fere after my dayes/ that men shal cronycle vpon me/that I was ba nisshed out of this lond. And elles my fayr lordes be ye sure/and I hadd not dradde shame/my lady quene Gwe: neuer & I sholde neuer haue departed ¶ Thenne spake many noble knygh tes/as syr Palomydes. syr Safyr his brother. & syr Bellangere la beuse/& syr Drue wyth syr Lauayne/with ma ny other. Syr and ye be soo dyspoysyd to abyde in this londe/ we woll neuer fayle you. And yf ye lyst not to abyde in this londe/therīs none of the good knyghtes that here ben wol fayll you for many causes. One is Alle we that ben not of youre blood/shall neuer be welcome to the courte. And sythen it lyked vs / to take a parte wyth you in your dystresse & heuynesse in this rea/ me: Wyte you well it shall lyke vs as well/to goo in other countrees w̃ you and there to take suche parte as ye do ¶ My fayr lordes sayd syr Launcelot I well vnderstonde you/and as I say

I thanke you. And ye shal vnderston de/ suche lyuelode as I am born vnto I shal departe wyth you in this mane re of wyse/ that is for to saye/ I shall departe all my lyuelode & all my lon: des frely amonge you/ and I my self woll haue as lytyll as ony of you/ for haue I suffysaunt that maye longe to my persone/ I wol aske none other ry che araye. And I truste to god. to ma/ yntene you on my londes as well as e uer were mayntened ony knyghtes. /

¶ Thenne spake all the knyghtes at ones she haue shame ꝺ woll leue you/ for we all vnderstonde/ in this reame wol be now no quyete/ but euer stryfe & debate/ now the felyshyp of the roū de table is broken. For by the noble fe lyshypp of the rounde table was kyn: ge Arthur born vp. and bi ther nobles the kynge & all his reame was in quy: ete & in rest. And a grete parte they sa yd all/ was by cause of your grete no: blesse.

¶ How syr Launcelot passed ouer the see / and how he made grete lordes of the knyghtes that wente wyth hym :

¶ Capĩm .xviij.

TRuely sayde syr Launcelot/ I thanke you of alle your good sayenge/ how be it/ I wote wel/ in me was not al the stabilyte of this reame But in that I myghte/ I dyde my de: uoyr. And wel I am sure/ I know ma ny rebellions in my dayes/ that by me were pesid. And I trowe we all shall here of them in shorte space/ and ꝺ me lore repentyth. For euer I drede me sa: yd syr Launcelot / that syre Mordred woll make trowble/ for he is passyng enuyous/ & applyeth hym to trowble/

¶ So they were accorded. to go wyth syre Launcelot to hys londes. And to make shorte tale/ they trusted. & payed all that wolde aske theyn. And hooly ay hundred knyghtes departyd wyth syr Launcelot at ones. and made ther auowes/ that they wolde neuer depar te from him for wele ne for woo: And so they shypped at Cardyf/ and sayl: led vnto Benwyk. Some men call it Bayen. And some men calle it Beau me/ where the wyne of Beaume is .:. But to saye the soth/ syr Launcelot & his neuewes were lordes of all Fraun ce/ & of all the londes that longed vn: to Frauuce/ he & his kynred reioyced it thrugh syr Launcelots noble prow/ esse. And thenne syr Launcelot stuffed & furnysshed/ and garnysshed all hys noble townes & castelles. Thenne all the people of those londes. came to syr Launcelot on fote & on hondes. And so whay he hadd stablysshed all thyse cõuntrees/ he shortly callyd a parlea/ ment. And there he crowned syr Ryo/ nell kynge of Fraunce. And syr Boys he crowned kynge of all kynge Clau: das londes. And syr Ector de Marys that was syr Launcelots yonges bro/ ther/ he crowned hym kynge of Ben/ wyk & kynge of all Gyan/ that was syr Laũcelots owne lond. And he ma de syr Ector prynce of them alle. And thus he departed his hauour. Thenne syr Launcelot auaunced all his noble knyghtꝭ. And fyrste he auaunciꝺ tho: se of his blode. Fyrst he made syr Bla more duc of Lymolyn in Gyan. And syr Bleoberys he made hym duke of Poyters. And syr Gahalantin he ma de hym duke of Duery. And syr Ga: lyhodyn he made hym duke of Sen /

tonge. And syr Galyhud he made hȳ erle of Perygot. And syr Menadeuke he made hym erle of Roerge. And syr Dyllars the valiaunt he made hym erle of Bearue. And syr Hebes le renoumes he made hym erle of Comange. And syre Lauayne he made hym erle of Armynak. And syre Drze he made hym erle of Estrake. And syr Nerones he made hym erle of Pardiak. And syr Plenorius he made hȳ erle of Foyse. And syr Selyses of the dolorous toure he made hym erle of Malauke. & syr Mellyas de Lyle he made hym erle of Tursank. And syre Bellangere le Beuse he made hym erle of the Laundes. And syr Palompdes he made hym duke of the Prouynce. & syr Safyr he made hȳ duke of Landok. And syr Clegys he gaaf hym the erldom of Agente. And syr Sadok he gaaf hym therldom of Surlat. And syr Dynas le Seneschall he made hym Duke of Anioye. And syr Clarrus he made hȳ duke of Normandye. Thus syr Launcelot rewaded his noble knightes. and many mo / that me lenyth it were to longe to reherce.

¶ How kynge Arthur & syr Gawayne made a grete hoost redy to go ouer see / to make werre on syr Launcelot .xix.

So leue we syr Launcelot in hys londes / & hys noble knyghtes wyth hym: and retorne we agayn vnto kynge Arthur & to syr Gawayne: that made a grete hoste redy to the nōbre of thre score thousande. & all thynge was redy for theyr shyppynge / for to passe ouer the see. And so they shypped at Dardyk. And there kynge Arthur made syr Mordred cheyf ruler of all Englonde. And also he put quene Gweneuer vnder his gouernaūce. by cause syr Mordred was kyng Arthurs sone / he gaue hym the rule of his londe. & of his wyf. And so the kyng passyd the see / and londed vpon syr Launcelots londes. And thēr he brent & wasted thrugh the vengaunce of syr Gawayne al that they myghte ouer rēne

¶ Whan this worde came to syr Launcelot / that kynge Arthur & syr Gawayne were londid vppon his londes. & made a full grete dystruccōn & waste / Thenne spake syr Bors / & sayd My lorde syr Launcelot / it is shame ỳ we suffre them thus / to ryde ouer our londes. For wyte you well / suffre ye them as longe as ye woll / they woll do you no fauour: & they maye handle you.

¶ Theñe sayd syr Lyonell that was ware & wise / My lorde syr Launcelot I woll geue you this cōusell Lete vs kepe our stronge walled townes vnto they haue hungre & colde / and blowe on ther nayles. And thenne lete vs fre shely set vpon hem / and shrede them downe as shepe in a felde. that alyaūtes may take enlamples for euer how they londe vpon our londes. ¶ They spake kynge Bagdemagus to syr Laūcelot. Syr your curteysye woll shende vs all / and thy curteysye hath wakyd al this sorow. For & they thy ouer our londes ryde / they shall by processe brynge vs alle to noughte / whyle we thus in holes vs hyde. ¶ Thenne sayd syr Galyhud vnto syr Launcelot / Syr hēr bey knyghtes come of kyngs blood / that woll not longe droupe / & they are wythin thyse walles. therfore geue vs leue lyke as we bey knyghtes

to mete them in the felde. and we shal slee them/ that they shall curse the ty/ me that euer they came in to thys cōtree. ¶ Thenne spake. vij. brethern of Northwalys/ and they were. vij. noble knyghtes. A man myghte seke in. vij. londes or he myghte fynde suche. vij. knyghtes. Thenne they all sayd at o: nes. Syr Launcelot for Cristis sake le te vs out ryde wyth syr Galyhud/ for we hey neuer wont/ to couze in castels nor in noble townes. ¶ Thenne spak syr Launcelot that was mayster & go uernour of theym all/ My fayr lordes wyte you well I am full lothe to ryde out wyth my knyghtes/ for shedynge of cristen blood. And yet my lordes I vnderstonde we hey full baze/ to suste ne ony hoste a whyle. For the myghty warryours that whylom made kynge Claudas/ and my fader kynge/ Ban and myn vncle kynge Bors to obeye: How be it we woll as at this tyme/ ke pe our stronge walles. And I shal sen de a messenger vnto my lorde Arthur a treatyse for to take. For better is pe as thay alwaye were. So syr Laun / celot sent for a damoysell & a dwerfe with her/ requyrynge kyng Arthur to leue his were vppon his londes. And so she stert vppon a palfroye/ and the dwerfe ranne by her syde. And whan she came to the pauelyon of kyng Ar thur/ there she alyghte. And there met her a knyghte. syr Lucan the butteler & sayd Fayr damoysell come ye from syr Launcelot du lake. ¶ Ye syre she sayd. therfore I come hyther/ to speke wyth my lorde the kyng. ¶ Alas sayd syr Lucan My lorde Arthur wolde lo ue Launcelot/ but syr Gawayne wol nōt suffre hym. And thenne he sayd. I praye to god damoysel ye maye spede well. For alle we that hey abowte the kynge/ wolde syr Launcelot dyde best oe ony knyghte lyuynge. And so wyth this syr Lucan ladde the damoysel vn to the kynge/ where he sate wyth syre Gawayne/ for to here what she wold saye. So whan she had tolde her tale the water ranne out of the kyng3 eyen And al the lordes were full gladde to aduyse the kyng/ as to be accorded w̄ syr Launcelot/ sauf all oñly syr Ga/ wayne. And he sayd My lorde my vn cle/ what woll ye doo: wyll ye now for ne agayn now ye are paste thus ferre vpon this Journeye/ al the world wol speke of you vylany. ¶ Nay sayd Ar/ thur/ wyte thou wel syr Gawayne I wol doo as thou wolt aduyse me. and yet me semyth sayd Arthur/ his fayre profres were not good to be refused. / But sythen I am come so ferre vpon this Journeye/ I woll that ye geue the damoysell her answere . For I maye not speke to her for pyte/ for her pro/ fres hey so large.

¶ What message syr Gawayne sente to syr Launcelot/ and how kynge Ar: thur layed syege to Benwyk & other materes ¶ Capl'm .xx.

Thenne syr Gawayne sayd to the damoysell thus. Damoy/ sell saye ye to syr Launcelot/ þ it was ydle labour. now to sew to myn vncle for telle hym/ & he wolde haue made ony laboure for peas . he sholde haue made it or this tyme. For tell hȳ. now it is to late. And say that syr Gaway ne so sendyth hym worde/ that I pro/ myse hȳ by the fayth I owe vnto god

and to knyghthode. I shall neuer leue hym/tyll he hath slayne me or I him So the damoysell wept & departyd. & there were many weppynge eyen. And so syr Lucan brought the damoysell vnto her palfroy/ And so she came to syr Launcelot/ where he was among all hys knyghtes. And whan syr Lañcelot hadd herde this answere. thenne the teres ranne downe by his chekes/ And thenne his noble knightes strode abowte hym. And sayd syr Launcelot wherfor make ye suche chere Thynke what ye are/ and what men we are/ & lete vs noble knyghtes matche theym in myddes of the felde. ¶ That may be lyghtly done sayde syr Launcelot / But I was neuer so loth to do batayle. And therfore I praye you fayr syrs as ye loue me/ be rulyd as I woll haue you. for I woll alwayes flee that noble kyuge/ that made me knyghte/ And whan I maye no ferder/ I must nedes defende me / and that woll be more worshyp for me/ and for vs all/ than to compaze with that noble kynge/ whom we haue all serued. Thenne they helde ther langage/ and as that nyghte they toke ther reste. And vpon the morn erly in the dawnynge of the daye/ as the knyghtes lokyd out. they sawe the cyte of Benwyk belegyd rounde abowte. And faste they beganne to set vp laders. And thenne they defyed them out of the towne/ & bete them from the walles wyghtly. ¶ Thenne came forth syr Gawayne wel armed vpon a styff stede/ and he came before the cheyf gate with his spere in his hõde/ cryenge Syr Launcelot where art thou/ is thet̄ none of you proude knyzstes daze breke a spere wyth me. They syre Boys made hym redy / and came forth out of the towne. And there syre Gawayne encountred with syr Boys And so he smote syr Boys downe fro his hors/ and almoost he hadd slayne hym. And so syre Boys was relcowed & borne in to the towne. Thenne cam forth syr Lyonell brother to syr Boys and thoughte to reuenge hym. And eyther feutred ther speryz/ & ranne togyder. and there they mette spytefully. But syr Gawayñ was so fyers. that he smote syr Lyonell downe/ & wounded hym there passyng sore. And they syre Lyonell was relcowed/ & borne in to the towne. And thus syr Gawayñ came euery daye. he fayled not/ but ꝑ he smote downe one knyghte or other. So thus they endured halfe a yere/ & moche slaughter was of people on bo the partyes. Thenne it befell vpon a daye. syre Gawayne came afore the gates armyd atte all peces on a noble hors/ wyth a grete spere in his honde/ And thenne he cryed with a lowde vo ys Wher̄ art thou now thou fals traytour syr Launcelot/ Why hydest thou thyselfe wythin yholes & walles lyke a cowarde. lohe out now thou fals traytour knyghte/ and here I shall reuenge vpon thy body the dethe of my thre brethern. All this langage herde syr Launcelot euery deale/ and his kynne. & his knyghtes drewe abowte him. And all they sayd at ones to syr Launcelot Syr Launcelot/ now must ye defende you lyke a knyghte/ or elles ye be shamyd for euer. For now ye be callyd vpon treatoy/ It is tyme for you to styre For ye haue slepte ouer longe/ and suffred ouer moche. ¶ So god me helpe sayd syr Launcelot/ I am ryght heuy

How syr Mordred presumed ꝯ toke on hym to be kynge of englond. ꝯ wold haue maryed the quene ca .j.

SYr Mordred was ruler of all Englond he dyde doo make letters. as though ꝑ they came from beyonde ꝑ see. And the letters spe cyfyed / ꝑ kyng Arthur was slayne in batayll wyth syr Launcelot / Wherfor syr Mordred made a parlement. & called the lordes togyder / & there he made them to chese hym kynge. and so he was crowned at Cauterbury / & helde a feest there. xv. dayes. And afterwarde he drewe hym vnto Wynchestre / & there he toke the quene Gweneuer / & sayde playnly / ꝑ he wolde wedde her / whyche was his vncles wyf / & his faders wyf / and so he made redy for the feest. & at a day prefyxt that they shold be wedded / Wherfore quene Gwenevier was passynge heuy / but she durste not dyscouer her herte / but spake fayr & agreed to syr Mordreds wyll. Then she desyred of syr Mordred. for to go to London. to bye all manere of thynges ꝑ longed vnto the weddynge. & by cause of her fayr speche. syr Mordred trusted her well ynough / & gaf her leue to goo. And soo whan she came to London. & sodenly in al hast possyble she stuffed it wyth al maner of vytayle / & wel garnysshed it wyth mey. and soo kept it. Then whan syr Mordred wyst & vnderstode. how he was begyled he was passynge wroth out of mesure And a shorte tale to make. he went &

layed a myghty lege aboute the toure of Londoy/and made many gret aſ/ſawtes therat/& threwe many gret en gynes vnto them/and ſhot grete gon: nes/but all myghte not preuaylle ſyre Mordred/for quene Gweneuer wold neuer for fayr ſpeche nor for fowle.ne uer truſte to come in his hondes agay ne. Thenne came the byſſhop of Cañ terbury/the whyche was a noble cler: & an holy man/& thus he ſayd to ſyre Mordred. ¶ Syre what woll ye doo/ Wyll ye fyrſt diſpleyſe god/& ſythen ſhame yourſelf/& all knyghthode. Is not kynge Arthur your vncle.no ferd but your moders brother/& oy her hȳ ſelf kynge Arthur begate you vppon his owne ſyſter/therfore how may ye wedde your faders wyf: Syr ſayd ꝑ noble clerke/ leue thys oppynyon or I ſhall curſe ou wyth boke /belle & can dyll. ¶ Do thy worſte ſayd ſyr Mor/ dred/wyte thou well I ſhall defye the ¶ Syr ſayd the byſſhop: I ſhal not fe re me to do that me oughte to do. Allo where ye noyſe/that my lorde Arthur is ſlayne.it is not ſo. & therfore ye wol make a fowle werke in this londe.: / ¶ Peas thou falſ preeſt ſayd ſyr Mor dred. For & thou chaufe me ony more I ſhall make ſtryke of thy heed. Soo the byſſhop departyd/& dyde the cur / ſynge in the mooſt orgulyſt wyſe that myghte be dooy. And thenne ſyr Mor dred ſoughte the byſſhop of Caunter: bury for to haue ſlayne hym. Theñe the byſſhop fledde/& toke parte of his godes wyth hym/ and went nygh vn to Glaſtenbury / and there he was a preeſt heremyte in a chapell / And ly/ ued in pouertee and in holy prayers / For well he vnderſtode/that myſche/ uous werre was at honde. ¶ Thenne ſyr Mordred ſoughte oy quene Gwe neuer by letters & londes/and by fayr meanes/& fowle meanes. for to haue her to come oute of the toure of Lon/ doy/but all this auayled not. For ſhe anſwerde hym ſhort.openly.& preuely that ſhe had leuer ſlee herſelf/than to be maryed wyth hym. ¶ Thenne ca/ me worde to ſyr Mordred/that kynge Arthur hadd areyſed the lege/For ſyr Launcelot & he was comynge home / warde wyth a grete hoſte/to be auen/ ged vpon ſyr Mordred. Wherfore ſyre Mordred made wryte wryttes to alle the baronny of this lond/ & moche pe ple drewe to hym/For thenne was the comyn voys amonge them.that with Arthur was none other lyfe but werre and ſtryf/and with ſyr Mordred was grete Joye & bliſſe. Thus was ſyr Ar thur depraued & euyl ſayd of. And ma ny there were that kyng Arthur hadd made vp of nought. & geuen them lon des.myghte not they ſay hym a good worde. ¶ Lo we alle Engliſſh men.ſe what a myſcheif here was. for he that was the nobleſt kyng & knyghte of ꝑ worlde/& mooſt loued the felyſhyp of noble knyghtꝭ & men of worſhypp/& by hym they were alle vpholde: Now myght not we englyſſh men holde vs content w̃ hym. Lo thus was the olde cuſtome & vſage of this londe. And al ſo men ſaye/ꝑ we of thys londe/haue not yet loſte ne forgete that cuſtome & vſage. Alas alas/this is a gret defaw te of vs Engliſſh men. for there may noo thyng pleaſe vs no terme. ¶ And ſoo fared the people at that tyme. For they were better pleaſyd w̃ ſyr Mor/ dred than they were/ wyth the kynge

Arthur. And moche people drewe vn/
to syr Mordred/ & sayd/ they wolde a:
byde wyth hym for better & for worse
And so syr Mordred drew with a gre
te hoste to Douer./ For there he herde
saye. ꝥ syr Arthur wold arryue. & so he
thoughte to bete his owne fader from
his londes. And the mooste party of al
Englonde held wyth syr Mordred /
the people were so newe fangle.

¶ How after that kynge Arthur had
tydynges he returned & came to Do/
uer/ where syr Mordred mette him to
lette his londyng. & of the deth of syr
Gawayne ¶ Capl'm .ij.

AND so as syr Mordred was at
Douer wyth his hoste / there
came kynge Arthur wyth a grete na/
uye of shippes. galeys & carryks. And
there was syr Mordred redy awaytyn
ge vpon his londage/ to lette his owñ
fader. to londe vpon the londe that he
was kynge ouer: Thenne there was
launcyng of grete boses & smalle. and
ful of noble men of armys. And thēr
was moche slaughter of gentyll knyz
tes/ And many a ful bold baron was
layed full lowe on bothe parties. But
kynge Arthur was so corageous/ that
there myghte no maner knyghte lette
hȳ to londe. & his knyghtes fyersly fo
lowed hym. And so they londed mau/
gre syr Mordred & al his power. & put
syre Mordred abak. that he fledde &
all hys people. So whan this batayle
was dooy. kynge Arthur lete bury his
people that were deed. And then was
noble syre Gawayne fonde in a grete
bote lyeng more than half deed. Whā
syr Arthur wyste that syr Gawayne
was layed so lowe/ he went vnto hym
& there the kynge made sorowe out of
mesure. And tobe syr Gawaynñ in his
armes. and thryes there he swowned/
And thenne whan he awaked. he say
de Alas/ my systers sone/ here now ꝑ
lyest the man in the worlde that I mo
ste loued. & now is my Joye gone. For
now my neuewe syr Gawayne I wol
dyscouere me vnto youre persone. In
syr Launcelot & you/ I mooste had my
Joye & myn affiaunce/ and now haue
I loste my Joye of you bothe/ wherfo
re all myn erthly Joye is gone fro me
¶ Myn vncle kynge Arthur sayd syr
Gawayne/ wyte you well my dethes
daye is come/ and all is thrugh myne
owne hastynesse & wylfulnesse. For I
am smyten vpon the olde wounde the
whiche syr Launcelot gaaf me. on the
whyche I fele that I must deye. & had
syr Launcelot be with you as he was
this vnhappy were had neuer begon
And of alle this am I cause/ for syre
Launcelot & his blode thrugh/ther pro
wesse. helde all your/ cankeryd enmyes
in subiecciō & daunger. And now say
de syr Gawayne. Ye shall mysse syre
Launcelot. but alas I wolde not acor:
de wyth hym. And/ therfore sayde/ syre
Gawayne. I praye you fayr vncle/ ꝥ
I maye haue/ paper/ pen & ynke. that
I may wryte to syr Launcelot a cedyl
wyth myn owne hondes. And thenne
whan paper & ynk was brought. Ga
wayne was sett vp weykely by kynge
Arthur / For he was shryuen a ly /
tyll tofore/ & then he wrote thus as ꝥ
frenssh boke maketh mencōn ¶ Vnto
syr Laūcelot floure of all noble knyz:
tes ꝥ euer I herde of. or saw by my day
es I syr Gawayne kyng Lotts sone

of Orkeney.systers sone vnto the ño/ble kynge Arthur/sende the gretynge. and lete the haue knowlege That the tenth daye of May. I was smyten vp oy the olde wounde that thou gaueste me afore the cyte of Benwyk/& tho/rugh the same wounde/that thou ga:ueste me/I am come to my deth day/& I woll that alle the worlde wyte/that I syr Gawayne knyghte of the table rounde/soughte my deth/and not tho rugh thy deseruynge/but it was myn owne sekyng. Wherfore I beseche the syr Launcelot/to retorne agayne vnto this reame/& se my tombe/and praye some prayer more or lesse for my soule And that same day that I wrote this sedyll/I was hurte to the dethe in the same wounde/the whyche I hadde of thy honde syr Launcelot. For of a mo re nobler man might/te I not be slayne Also syr Lauucelot for al the loue that euer was betwyxe vs/make no tary: enge/but come ouer the see in all hast That thou mayst w̄ thy noble kuyg: tes relcowe that noble kyng/that ma de the knyght. that is my lorde Arthur For he is full straytly bestadd wyth a fals traytour/that is my half brother syr Mordred. And he hath lete crowne hymself kynge/and wolde haue wed ded my ladi quene Gweneuer. and so had he dooy/had she not put herselfe in the toure of London. And so the.x. daye of Maye last past/my lorde Ar/thur & we alle londed vppon them at Douer. And there we put ẏ fals tray: tour syr Mordred to flyghte. And the re it mysfortuned me to be stryken vp on thy stroke. And at the date of thys letter was wryte but two houres and an half afore my dethe Wryten wyth myn owne honde/and so subcribed w̄ part of my hertes blood. And I requy re the moost famouse knyghte of the worlde/that thou wolt se my tombe/

¶ And thenne syre Gawayne wepte and kynge Arthur wept. And thenne they swowned bothe. And whan they awakyd bothe / the kynge made syre Gawayne to receyue his Saupoure/ And thenne syr Gawayn̄ prayed the kynge to sende for syr Launcelot/and to cherysshe hym aboue al other knyg tes. And so at the houre of noone syre Gawayne betoke hys soule in to the hondes of oure lorde. And thenne the kynge lete entyer hym in a chapell w̄ in the castell of Douer. And there yet vnto this daye / alle men maye se the sculle of hym. And the same wounde is seen /that syr Launcelot gaaf hym in batayl. ¶ Thenne was it tolde the kynge/ that syr Mordred had pyghte a newe feld vpon Barondoune. And vppon the morne the kynge rode thy: ther to hym. and there was a grete ba taylle betwyx them. And moche peple was slayne on bothe partyes/But at the laste syr Arthurs party stode beste And syr Mordred & hys party fledde vnto Caunterbury.

¶ How after syr Gawayns ghost a: peryd to kynge Arthur/ and warnyd hym that he sholde not fyghte ẏ daye ¶ Capl'm .iij.

AND they the kynge serched al townes for his knightes that were slayne/and entered theym. And salued them wyth softe salues that so sore wer̄ wounded. Thenne moche pe ople drewe vnto kyng Arthur. & they

they layd that syr Mordred werred vp
on kynge Arthur wyth wronge. And
thenne kyng Arthur drewe hym with
his hoste downe by the see syde weste
warde to Salysbury. & there was a
daye assygned betwyx kynge Arthur
& syr Mordred/that they sholde mete
vpon a doune besyde Salysbury.and
not ferre from the see syde. And thys
daye was assygned vpon a Mondaye
after Trynyte sonday/ wherof kyng
Arthur was passynge gladde/that he
myght be auengyd vpon syr Mordred
Thenne syr Mordred arayed moche
people aboute London. For they of
Kent. Southsex & Surrey Estsex and
Southfolk. & of Northfolk ryght the
moost party wyth syr Mordred. And
many a full noble knyghte drewe vn
to syre Mordred & to the kynge. But
they that loued syre Launcelot/ drewe
onto syr Mordred. ¶ So vpon Try:
nyte Sondaye at nyghte. kynge Ar/
thur dremed a wonderfull dreme.and
that was this That hym semed he sa
te vpon a chaflet in a chayre/and the
chayre was faste to a whele/ and ther
vpon sate kynge Arthur in the richest
clothe of golde that myght be made/
And the kynge thought there was vn
der hym ferre from hym/ an hydeous
depe blacke water And there in were
alle manere of serpentes & wormes/ &
wylde beestys/ fowle & horryble And
sodenly the kynge thoughte the whe/
le torned vp so downe. & he fell amon
ge the serpentes And euery beest toke
hym bi a lymme. And thenne the kyn
ge cryed as he laye in his bedde & slep
te/helpe/ And thenne knyghtes/squy/
es & yomen awakyd the kynge. And
thenne he was so amased that he wyst
not where he was. And thenne he
fell on slombryng agayn/not slepyn:
ge nor thrughly wakynge. ¶ So the
kyng semyd/that there came syr Ga
wayne vnto hym verily/wyth a nom
bre of fayr ladyes wyth hym/ & whan
kynge Arthur sawe him/thenne he sa
yd Welcome my systers sone/ I wend
thou haddest be deed/ and now I se y
a lyue/ moche am I beholdynge vnto
almyghty Jhesu O fayr neuewe and
my systers sone What bey thyse lady:
es that hither be come with you ¶ Syr
sayd syr Gawayne All thyse bey la/
dyes for whom I haue foughte whan
I was may lyuynge And all thyse ar̄
tho that I dyde batayle fore in ryght
wis quarel And god hath geuen them
that grace at ther grete prayer/by cau
se I dyde bataylle for them/that they
sholde brynge me hyther to you/thus
moche hath god geuen me leue/for to
warn̄ you of your deth. For & ye fygh
te as to morn wyth syre Mordred/as
bothe haue assygned/doubte ye not.ye
muste be slayne/and the moost partye
of your people on bothe partyes. And
for the grete grace & goodnes that al:
myghty Jhesu hath vnto you/ānd for
pyte of you/and mān̄y moo other go:
de mey there shall be slayne God ha:
the sentyme to you of hys specyall gra
ce/to geue you warnynge/that in noo
wyse ye doo batayll as to morn. But
that ye take a treatyce for a moneths
daye/and profre you largely. so as to
morn to be put in a delaye. For wyth/
in a month shall come syr Launcelot
with all his noble knyghtes/ & rescow
you worshypfully/and slee syr Mor/
dred. & alle that euer woll holde wyth
hym. Thenne syr Gawayne & al the

ladyes vanyſſhed. And anone the kyng callyd vpon his knyghtes/ſquyres. & pomey. and chargyd them lygtly to fetche his noble lordꝭ & wyſe byſſhops vnto him. And whan they were come the kynge tolde to them his aduyſion what ſyr Gawayne had tolde hym & warnyd him/ that yf he faughte on ꝑ morn. he ſholde be ſlayne. Thenne the kynge cõmaunded ſyr Lucan the but: ler & his brother ſyr Bedwere / wyth two biſſhops wyth them. and charged them in ony wyſe and they myght/ta ke a treatyſe for a moneth daye wyth ſyre Mordred . And ſpare not/ profre hym londes & goodes/ as moche as ye thynke beſte. So thenne they departid & came to ſyr Mordred/ where he had a grymme hoſte of an hundred thou/ ſande men. And there they entreatyd ſyr Mordred longe tyme/ And at the laſte ſyre Mordred was agreed. for to haue Cornewayle and Kent by kyng Arthurs dayes. and after the dayes of kynge Arthur/ to haue all Englonde to his obeyſſaunce.

¶ How by mylauenture of an adder/ the batayll began. where ſyr Mordred was ſlayne/ & Arthur hurt to deth. ¶ Capl'm .iiij.

Thenne were they condeſcended that kyng Arthur & ſyr Mordred ſholde mete betwyx both ther hoſtes/ and euerych of them ſholde bryn ge. xiiij. perſones. And they came with this worde vnto Arthur. ¶ Thenne ſayd he I am gladde that this is don And ſoo he went in to the felde . And

whan Arthur sholde departe.he warnyd al his hoste/that & they sawe ony swerde drawey/loke ye come oy fyersly.and slee that traytour syr Mordred For ny noo wyse truste hym . In lyke wyse syr Mordred warned his hoost/ that & ye see ony swerde drawe/ loke that ye come oy fyersly/and so slee al that euer before you stondyth . For ny noo wyse I woll not truste for this tre tyse. For I knowe well my fader woll be auengyd oy me¶ And so they met as ther poyntment was/ And soo they wer agreed & accorded thoroughly.and wyne was fett/ & they dranke. Ryght so came ay adder out of a lytyll heith bussh e.and it stonge a knyghte oy the fote. And whay the knyghte felt hym stongey/he lokyd downe & sawe thad der.and thenne he drewe his swerde to slee the adder.and thought of none o: ther harme.¶ And whay the hoste oy bothe partyes sawe that swerde dra / wey/they blewe beaumes.trompettes. & hornes.& showtyd grymly. And soo bothe hostes dressyd them togyd. And kynge Arthur toke his hors. & sayde. Alas thys vnhappy day. And so he ro de to his party.and syr Mordred ny ly ke wyse . And neuer was there seey a more dolefuller bataylle ny no crystey londe. For there was but rushynge & rydynge.foynynge & strykynge/ And many a grymme worde was ther spo ke eyther to other. And many a deedli stroke¶ But euer kynge Arthur rode thrugh out the batayl of syr Mordred many tymes/ and dyde full nobly as a noble kyng sholde. And at al tymes he faynted neuer. And syr Mordred y daye put hym ny deuoyr & ny grete pe: ryll. Aud thus they foughte al the lon ge daye/and neuer stynted tyll the no: ble knyghtz were layed to the colde ez the. And euer they faughte styll tyll it was nere nyghte.& by that tyme was there ay hundred thousand layd deed vpoy the doune. Thenne was Arthur wood wrothe out of measure/whay he sawe his people so slayne from hym./ Thenne the kynge lokyd abowte hȳ. & thenne was he ware of al his hoste and of all his good knyghtz . were lef te no moo alyue but two knyghtes. /: That was syr Lucay the butler & syr Bed were his brother. And they were full sore wounded.¶ Jhesu mercy sa yd the kynge Where are all my noble knyghtes become. Alas y euer I shul/ de se this dolefull daye. For now say: yd Arthur I am comey to myy ende.: But wolde to god that I wyste whet were that traytour syr Mordred/ that hath cauled all this mischeyf. Thene was kynge Arthur vare / where syre Mordred lenyd vpoy his swerde amō ge a grete hepe of ded men.¶ Now ge ue me my spere sayd Arthur vnto syr Lucay / for yondr I haue espyed the traytour/that all this wōo hath wro: ught.¶ Syr lete hym be sayd syr Lu: cay/ for he is vnhappy . & yf ye passe this vnhappy daye/ ȳ shall be ryghte well reuengyd oy hym. My good lord remembre well your dreme thys nygh te/and what the spiryte of syr Gaw ayne tolde you thys nyghte/ Yet god of his grete goodnesse hathe releeued you hytherto/therfor for godys s my lord/leue of by this. For bl god ye haue wonne the felde. f we bey thre a lyuefand wyth sy dred is none alyue. And yf ye now / this wyckyd daye of des

¶Tyde me deth tyde me lyf sayd the kynge/now I se him yonder alone.he shal neuer escape my hondes/for at a better auaylle shall I neuer haue him ¶God spede you well sayd Bedwer Thenne the kyng gate his spere in bo the his hondes/and ranne toward syr Mordred. crienge Traytoure now is thy deth daye come.¶And whan syr Mordred herde syre Arthur/he ranne vnto him wyth his swerde drawey in his honde / And there kynge Arthur smote syre Mordred vnder the shelde wyth a foyne of hys spere thorugh ou te the body more than a fadome.And whan syre Mordred felte that he had his dethes wounde.he threfte hym sel fe wyth the myght that he had vp to the bur of kynge Arthurs spere . And rycht so he smote his fader Arthur w his swerde holden both his hondes on the syde of the hed/ the swerde per/ cyd the helmet & the brayne panne/ & therwyth alle syr Mordred fell sterke deed to the erthe.And the noble Arthur fell in a swowne to the erthe.And the re he swowned oft tymes.And syr Lu cay & syr Bedwere ofte tymes heued hym vpp. And so lyghtely they ladde hy betwene them/bothe to a lytyll cha pell not ferre fro the see syde. /And whan the kynge was there/he though te hym wel eas. Thenne herde they people crye in the felde. ¶Now goo y syr Lucan sayd the kynge/and do me wyte / that betokenyth that noyse de. So syr Lucan departyd/ was greuously woũded in ma es. And so as he yede/he sawe yd by the mone lyghte/ how lers & robbers were comen in lde/ to pylle & to robbe many a full noble knyghte of broches & bee dys/of many a good ryngc/ & of ma ny a ryche Jewel.And who that were not deed al out/there they slewe them for ther harneys & ther ryches. Whan syr Lucan vnderstode thys werke / he came to the kynge assoone as he myg te/and tolde hym all what he had her de & seen. Therfore by myn aduys sa yd syr Lucan.it is best that we bryng you to some towne.¶I wolde it wer so sayd the kynge.

¶How kyuge Arthur cõmaunded to cast his swerde Excalybur in to y wa ter/and how he was delyuerd to lady es in a barge ¶Capl'm .v.

But I maye not stonde/myn he de abyth soo. A syr Launcelot sayd kynge Arthur/ this daye haue I sore myssed the. Alas that euer I was ayenst the/for now haue I my dethe/ wherof syr Gawayne me warnyd in my dreme. Thẽne syr Lucan toke vp the kynge the one parte. and syr Bed were the other part.And in the lyftyn ge/the kynge swowned. And syr Lu/ cay the knyte fell in a swowne wyth the lyfte/that parte of his guttes fell ou te of his body. And therwyth y noble knyghtes herte braste. And whan the kynge awoke / he behelde syre Lucan how he laye foomynge at the mouth/ and parte of his guttes laye at his fe: te. ¶Alas sayde the kyuge/this is to me a full heuy syghte/to se this noble duke so deye for my sake/ For he wol de haue holpe me.that had more nede of helpe than I.Alas he wolde not cõ playne hym / his herte was so sette to helpe me. Now Jhesu haue mercy on

soule. Thenne syr Bedwere wept for ȳ deth of his broder. ¶ Leue this mornynge & weppynge sayd the kynge/for all this woll not auaylle me. For wyte thon well/& I myghte lyue myself the deth of syr Lucay wolde greue me euer more. But my tyme hyeth fast sayd the kynge. Therfore sayd Arthur vnto syr Bedwere Take thou Excalybur my good swerde/ and goo wyth it vnto ponder water syde. And whan thou comest there/ I charge the throwe my swerde in that water/and come agayn. & telle me what thou there seest ¶ My lorde sayd Bedwere/your commaundement shal be dooy/and lyghtly bryngе you worde agayn. Soo syr Bedwer departyd/and by the way he beheldе that noble swerde/wherof the pomell & haft were al of precyous stones. And thenne he sayde to hymselfe yf I throwe this ryche swerde in to ȳ water/therof shall neuer come good/ but harme & losse. And thenne syr Bedwere hydde Excalybur vnder a tree/& so assoone as he myghte he came agayn vnto the kynge. And sayd he had ben at the water/ and had throwe the swerde in to the water. ¶ What sawe thou there sayde the kynge. ¶ Syr he sayde/ I sawe noo thynge but wawes & wynde. ¶ That is vntruly sayd of the sayd the kynge. Therfore go thou lyghtly & doo my cōmaundement/ as thou arte to me leef & dere/ spare not but throwe it in. Thenne syr Bedwere retorned agayn. and toke the swerd in his honde. And thenne him thought he synne & shame to throw away that noble swerde. And so eft he hydde the swerde. and retorned agayne/and tolde to the kynge/ that he had be at the water & doy his cōmaūdement/What sawe thou there sayd the kynge ¶ Syre he sayd. I sawe noo thynge but the water wappe & wawes wanne. ¶ A traytour vntrue sayde kynge Arthur/ Now haste thou betrayed me twyes/ Who wolde haue wende/ that thou ȳ hast be to me so leef & dere/ and thou arte namyd a noble knyghte/& wolt/ dest betraye me/for the rychesse of the swerde. But now goo agayn lyghtly ffor thy longe taryenge puttyth me in grete Jeoperdye of my lyf/ for I haue takey colde. And but yf thou do now as I bydde the/yf euer I maye se the/ I shall slee the myn owne hondes/for thou woldeste for my ryche swerde/se me deed. Thenne syr Bedwere departid. & went to the swerde/and lyghtly toke it vp. And went to the waters syde/& there he bounde the gyrdle abowte the hyltes. And thenne he threw the swerde in to ȳ water as fer̄ as he myght. And there came an harme & an honde aboue the water/and mette it/and caughte it/and so shoke it thries/and brandysshed. And so vanysshed away the honde wyth the swerde in the water. So syr Bedwere came agayn to ȳ kynge/and tolde hym what he sawe. ¶ Alas sayd the kyng/helpe me hens for I drede me I haue taried ouer longe. Thenne syr Bedwere toke ȳ kynge vpon his backe/and so went wyth hym to that waters syde. And whan̄e they were at the water syde/euyn fast by the banke honyd a lytyll barge with many fayr ladyes in it. And amonge them all was a quene. & alle they had blacke hoodes. And all they wept and shryked whan they saw kyng Arthur ¶ Now putte me in to the barge sayde

the kynge. And so he dyde softly. And there receyued hym thre quenes/ wyth grete mournynge. And so they sette hym doune. And in one of ther lappes kynge Arthur layed his heed ¶ And they that quene sayde/ A dere brother why haue ye taried so longe from me. alas this wounde on your heed hath taken ouermoche colde. And soo thenne they rowed from the londe. And syr Bedwere beheelde all those ladyes go from hym. ¶ Thenne syr Bedwere cryed/ A my lorde Arthur. what shall becom of me now ye goo from me / and leue me here alone amonge myn enmyes. ¶ Comforte thyselfe sayd the kyng and doo as well as thou mayst. for in me is noo truste for to truste in. for I woll in to the vale of Auylyon. for to hele me of my greuous wounde. And yf thou here neuer more of me/ praye for my soule. But euer more the ques / nes & ladyes wepte & shryked / that it was pyte to here. And assoone as syre Bedwere had lost the syghte of ỹ barge/ he wept & wayled/ and so toke the forest. And so he went all that nyght And in the mornyng he was ware betwix two holtes hore of a chapell and an hermytage.

¶ How syr Bedwere fonde hym deed on the morn in an hermytage. & how he abode there with the heremyte La piculum .vi.

Thenne was syr Bedwer glad and thyther he went. & whañe he came in to the chapel/ he sawe where laye an heremyte grouelynge on a foure there faste by a tombe newe graue. Whan the hermyte sawe syr Bedwere were/ he knewe hym well. for he was but lytyll tofore bysshop of Caunterbury / that syre Mordred banysshyd. ¶ Syr sayd syr Bedwere: what man is there entered / that ye praye soo fast fore. ¶ Fayr sone sayd the heremyte/ I wote not verily/ but by demynge. / But this nyghte at mydnyghte here came a nombre of a ladyes. / Whyche broughte a deed corps. and prayed me to bury hym. And here they offred an hundred tapres. and gaue me an hundred besauntes. ¶ Alas sayd syr Bedwere/ that was my lord kyng Arthur that here lyeth buryed in this chapell. Thenne syre Bedwere swowned. And whan he awoke. he prayed the heremite he myghte abyde wt hym styll there to lyue wyth fastynge & prayers. For from hens woll I neuer goo sayd syr Bedwere by my wyll/ but all the dayes of my lyf/ here to praye for my lorde Arthur ¶ Ye are welcome to me sayd the heremyte/ for I knowe you better than ye wene that I do. Ye are the bolde Bedwere. and the ful noble duke syr Lucan the butler was your brother. Thenne syr Bedwere tolde the heremyte alle as ye haue herde tofore. So there bode syr Bedwere wyth the heremyte / that was tofore bysshop of Caunterbury. And there syr Bedwere put vpon hym poore clothes. and serued the heremyte ful lowely in fastynge & in prayers. ¶ Thus of Arthur I fynde no more wryten in my copy. of the certente of his deth. But thus was he ladde away in a barge/ wherin were thre quenes. That one was kynge Arthurs syster Morgan le Fay. The other was the Quene of Northgalys. The thyrde was ỹ quene of the Walt

londʒ. And there was Nynyue the chc yf ladi of the Lake/that had wedded Pelleas the gōod knyghte. & this lady hadde dooy moche for kynge Arthur for she wolde neuer suffre syr Pelleas to be in no place. where he sholde be in daunger of his lyf. And so he lyued to the vttermest of his dayes with her in grete reste. ¶ More of the deth of kyn ge Arthur cowde I neuer fynde/but ꝑ ladyes broughte hym to hys buryels/ & suche one was buryed there. that the heremyte bāt wytnesse/that somtyme was bisshop of Caunterburi. But yet the heremyte knew not in certey/that it was verily the body of kynge Ar / thur. For this tale syr Bedwere knyʒ: te of the table rounde made it playn/ ly to be wryten.

¶ Of the oppynyon of some men of the deth of kynge Arthur/& how que: ue Gueneuer made her a Nonne in Almelbury ¶ Capĩ .vij.

SOm̄ men yet say in many par tyes of Englonde/that kynge Arthur is not deed/but had by ꝑ wyll of our lord Jhesu in to a nother place And men say that he shall come ayen & he shall wēne the holy crosse. I wol not saye that it shall be so/but rather I woll say/here in this worlde he cha ungyd his lyf. But many men say. ꝑ there is wryten vppon his tombe this verse Hic iacet Arthurus rex quondā rex qz futurus. ¶ Thus leue I here syr Bedwere with the heremyte/ that dwellyd that tyme in a chapel besyde Glastynbury/& there was his hermy tage. And so they liued in prayer & fas tyngʒ. & grete abstynēnce. ¶ And whā quene Gweneuer vnderstode. ꝑ kyng Arthur was slayne/and all the noble knyghtes/syr Mordred & all the reme naunt: thenne she stale away/&. v. la dyes with her. And so she went to Al melbury. & there she lete make herself a Nonne/& ware whyte clothes & bla ke. And grete penaunce she toke as e/ uer dyde synfull lady in thys londe/& neuer creature cowde make her mery. But lyued in fastynges/prayers/& al mes dedes/ that all maner of people merueylled/ how vertuously she was chaūgyd. ¶ Now leue we quene Gue neuer in Almelbury/a Nonne in why te clothes & blake. And there she was Abbesse & ruler as reason wolde. & tor ne we from her/& speke we of syr La ūcelot du Lake.

¶ How whan syr Launcelot herde of the deth of kyng Arthur & of syr Ga wayne & other maters. came in to En glond ¶ Capĩ .viij.

AAnd whan he herd in his coū tree: ꝑ syr Mordred was crow ned kynge in Englonde. & made werr̄ ayenst kynge Arthur his owne fader & wolde lette hym to londe in his ow: ne londe. Also it was tolde syr Laūce lot/how that syr Mordred had layed syege abowte the toure of London/by cause the quene wolde not wedde him They was syr Laūcelot very wrothe & sayd to his kynnesmen Alas ꝑ dow ble traytour syr Mordred/now I repē t e ꝑ euer he escaped my hondes. for mo che shame hath he done vnto my lord Arthur. For I fele by the letter of syr Gawayne. that my lorde Arthur is ryght harde be stadde. ¶ Alas sayde

syr Launcelot that euer I sholde lyue. to here that moost noble kynge ꝑ made me knyghte/thus to be ouerlett w̄ his subgette in his owne reame. And thys dolefull letter that my lorde syre Sawayn̄ hath sent me afore his deth prayenge me to se his tombe. wyte ye well his doolefull wordes shall neuer goo from my herte. For he was a full noble knyghte as euer was borȝ. and in an vnhappi houre was I borȝ. that euer / I wretche sholde haue that vn: happe/to slee syr Sawayne. syr Garys the good knyghte / & myne owne frende syr Gareth ꝑful noble knyght Alas I may say I am vnhappy sayd syr Launcelot/ that euer I sholde doo thus vnhappely. And alas yet myght I neuer haue happe/to slee that traytour syre Mordred. ¶ Leue your complayntes sayd syr Bors. And fyrste reuenge you of the deth of syr Sawayne. And it woll be wel dooȝ/that ye se syr Sawaynes tombe. And secondly that ye reuenge my lord Arthur & quene Gweneuer. ¶ I thanke you sayd syr Laũcelot: for euer ye wyll my worshyp. Thenne they made them redy in all the hast that myghte be with shippes & galeys with syr Laũcelot & his hoste to passe in to Englonde. And so he passyd ouer the see/ tyll he came to Douer. And there he londed with. vij̄ kynges. And the nombre was hydous to beholde. Thenne syr Launcelot enquered of men of Douer where was kyng Arthur become. Thenne the people tolde him. how he was slayne. and syr Mordred & ay hundred thoulande deyed on a daye. & how syre Mordred gaaf kynge Arthur there the fyrst batayle at his londynge/and there was good syr Sawayne slayne. and on ꝑ morne syr Mordred faughte with the kynge vpon Baram doune. & there ꝑ kynge put syr Mordred to the worse. ¶ Alas sayd syr Launcelot/ this is ꝑ heuyest tydyngꝫ that euer came to me Now fayr syres sayde syr Launcelot/ shewe me the tombe of syr Sawayne And thenne certeyn people of the towne broughte hȳ in to the castel of Douer. & shewed him the tombe. Thenne syr Launcelot knelyd downe. & wept/ & prayed hertely for his soule. And ꝑ nyghte he made a doole. & alle they ꝑ wolde come had almoche flesh. fysh. wyne & ale as they myghte ete/ & euery may & woman had. xij̄. pens/ come who come wolde. Thus with his owne honde dealyd he thys moneye in a mornynge gowne. And euer he wepte & prayed them to pray for the soule of syr Sawayne. And on the morȝ al ꝑ preestꝫ & clerkes that myghte be gote in ꝑ countree were there. & sang masse of Requiem. And there offred first syr Launcelot/ & he offred an hūdred poũde. & thenne the. vij̄. kyngꝫ offred. xl. li. a pece. And the offeryng dured fro morne to nygte. And syre Launcelot laye two nyghtes on his tombe in prayers & weppyng. Thenne on the thyrd day syr Launcelot callyd the kynges. dukes/erles. barons. & knyghtes. And sayd thus My fayr lordes I thanke you all of youre comynge in to this countree with me. But we came to late/ & that shall repent me whyle I lyue. but agaynst dethe maye noo man rebell. But sythen it is so sayd syr Laũcelot I wol myself ryde & seke my lady quene Gueneuer. for as I het say. she hath had moche payne & grete dysese. and I

celot in that manere clothyng.thenne he prayed the bysshop that he myghte be in that same sewte. And soo there was an habyte put vpon hym/& ther he lyued in prayers and fastyng. And wythin halfe a yere/ there was come syre Galyhud.syre Galyhodyn. syre Bleoberys.syr Dyllyars.syr Clarrus and syr Gahalantyne. Soo all thyse vij.noble knyghtes there abode stylle. And whanne they sawe syr Launcelot had take hym to suche perfeccõn.they had noo luste to departe/ but toke su: che an habyte as he had. Thus they endured in grete penaunce.vi. yeres.& thenne syr Launcelot toke the habyte of preesthode.And a twelue month he sange masse. And there was none of thyse other knyghtes / but they radde in bokes/and halpe for to syng masse and range belles/and dyde lowely all manere of seruyse.And so ther horses went where they wolde. For they toke none regarde of noo worldly rychesse For whanne they sawe syr Launcelot endure suche penaunce/in prayer and fastynge.they toke no force what payne they endured/ for to se the noblest knyghte of the worlde take suche ab/ stynence/that he wexed full lene.And thus vpon a nyghte/ there came a vy syon to syre Launcelot. And chargyd hym in remyssion of his synnes/to haste hym to Almesbury/ and by thenne thou come there.thou shalt fynde que ne Gweneuer deed.And therfore ta/ ke thy felowes wyth the/and purueye them of an hors beere/And fetche you the corps of her/& bury it by her hus/ bonde the noble kynge Arthur. Soo this aduysyon came to syre Launcelot thryes in one nyghte.

How syr Launcelot went wyth his vij.felowes to Almelbury/ and foun/ de the quene Gweneuer deed/whome they broughte to Glastynbury .xi.

Thenne syre Launcelot rose vp or day.And tolde the heremy te. If were well dooy sayd the here myte/that ye made ye redy/ and that ye dysobeye not the aduysyon.Thene syr Launcelot toke his.vij.felowes,w hym/& oy fote they yede from Glas: tynbury to Almelbury. the whyche is lytyl more than.xxx.myle.And thyder they came wythin two dayes for they were weyke & feble to go. And whan syr Launcelot was come to Almelbu ry wythin the Nunnery/quene Gwe neuer deyed but halfe ay houre afore/ And the ladyes tolde syre Launcelot/ that quene Gweneuer tolde them all or she passyd/ that syr Launcelot had be preest nere a twelue month.And hi ther he comyth as faste as he may/to fetche my corps.And belyde my lorde kynge Arthur/he shal bury me. Wher fore the quene sayd in heryng of them all I beseche almyghty god / that I maye neuer haue power/to se syr La/ uncelot wyth my worldly eyen. And thus sayd all the ladyes was euer her prayer thyse two dayes / tyll she was deed. Thenne syre Launcelot sawe her vysage / but he wepte not gretly/ but syghed. And soo he dyde alle the obseruaunce of the seruyse hymselfe/ bothe the Dirige.and oy the mory he sange masse.And there was ordeyned ay horse bere. And soo wyth ay hun/ dred torches euer brennyng abowte ꝑ corps of the quene.And euer syr Lau: celot w̃ his.vij. felowes went about ꝑ

here syngynge and redynge many an holy & deuowte orysons. And frankensence vpon the corps encensyd. Thus syr Launcelot and hys eyght felowes went on fote from Almesbury vntyll they came to Glastynbury. And whā they were come to the chapel & the hermytage/there she had a Dirige wyth grete deuocyon. And on the morne the heremyte that was somtyme bysshop of Caunterbury sange the masse of requiem wyth grete deuocyon. And syre Launcelot was the fyrste that offred. And thenne offred all hys eyghte felowes. And thenne she was wrapped in cered clothes of reynes from the toppe to the toe in thyrty folde. And thenne she was put in a webbe of leed/& after in a coffyn of marbyll. And whan she was put in the erth. syr Launcelot swowned/and laye longe stylle whyle the heremyte came and awaked hym And sayd Ye be to blame/for ye dysplese god wyth suche manere of sorowe makynge. ¶ Truely sayde syre Launcelot/I truste I doo not dysplese god/ For he knoweth myne entent. For my sorow was not nor is not for ony reioycynge of synne. But my sorowe may neuer haue ende. For whan I remembre & calle to mynde her beaute/bountee & noblesse/that was alwel wyth her kyng my lord Arthur. as wher. And also whanne I sawe the cors les of that noble kinge & noble quene so lye togyder in that colde graue made of erthe/that somtyme were so hyely set in moost honourable places/truly myn hert wolde not serue to sustayne my wretchyd & carefull body. Also whan I remembre me. how by my defawte/myn orgulyte and my pryde That they were bo 'ayed full lowe whyche were pereles that euer were lyuynge of cristen people. Wyte you wel sayde syr Launcelot. this remembred/ of ther kyndenesse & of myn vnkynde nesse. sanke and enprest so to my hert. that all my strengthe naturall fayled me. so that I myghte not sustayne my selfe. Soo the frenshe boke makyth mencyon.

¶ How syr Laũcelot beganne to wexe syke/& after deyed/whoos body was borne vnto Joyous garde there to be buried ¶ Capl'm .xij.

Thenne syr Launcelot neuer after ete but lytyll mete. ne dranke. but contynuelly morned vntyll he was deed. For thenne he sykned more & more/and dryed/& dwyned awaye. For the bysshop nor none of his felowes myght not make hym to ete. and lytyll he dranke / that he was worey thenne by a cubyt shorter than he was/ that the people coude nōt knowe hym For euermore daye & nyghte he prayed/ but nedefully as nature requyred somtyme he slombred a brokey slepe. And euer he was lyenge grouelynge: on kynge Arthurs & quene Gwene / uers tombe. And thēr was no comfort that the bysshop/nor syr Bors/nor none of his felowes coude make hym it auaylled not.

O ye myghty & pompous lordes shynynge in the glory transytory of thys vnstable lyf/as in regnynge ouer realmes. grete & myghte countres. fortifi/ed wyth stronge castels & toures/edifi ed with many a ryche cite. Ye also ye

fyers & myghty chyualers so valyaū/ te in auenturous dedes of armes: Be/ hold beholde: se how this myghy con querour Arthur/ whom in his humay ne lyf/ all the worlde doubted/ ye also this noble quene Gueneuer/ that som tyme sate in her chare aourned wyth golde. perle & precious stones: now lye ful lowe in obscure folle or pytte coue ryd wyth cloddes of erth & clay ¶ Be holde also this myghty chappoy Laū celot/ pyerles of knyghthode: se now how he lyeth grouelynge on the colde moulde. now beynge so feble & fayne that somtyme was so terrible: how & in what manere oughte ye to be so de syrous of the mondayn honour so da ungerous. Therfor me thynketh this present boke callid La mort dathur is ryght necessary often to be radde. For in it shal ye fynde the gracious knyzt ly and vertuous werre of moost noble knyghtes of the worlde/ wherby they gate praysyng contynuell. Also me se myth by the oft redyng therof. ye shal gretly delyre tacustome yourselfe in fol lowynge those gracyous knyghtly de: des. That is to saye / to drede god/ & loue ryghtwilnes/ faythfully & coura geously to serue your louerayne pryn ce. And the more that god hath geuey you the tryumfall honour/ the meker ye oughte to be/ euer feryng the vnsta blynesse of this dysceyuable worlde. / And so I passe ouer/ & tory agayne to my matere. ¶ So within. vi. wekes after syr Laūcelot fell syke/ & laye in his bedde. And thenne he sente for the bysshop that there was heremyte/ & al his true felowes. They syre Lañcelot sayd wyth drery steuen. Syr bysshopp I praye you geue to me al my ryghts that longyth to a crystey may. ¶ It shall not nede you sayd the heremyte. & al his felowes. it is but heuynesse of your blood/ ye shall well be amendyd bi the grace of god to morn. ¶ My fa yr lordes sayd syr Launcelot Wyte ye well my carefull body / wyll in to the erthe/ I haue warnynge more thanne now I wol saye/ therfore geue me my ryghtes. Soo whan he was howselyd & enelyd/ & had all that a crystey man ought to haue/ he prayed the bysshop that his felowes myght bere his body to Joyous garde. Some men sayen/ it was Anwyk/ & some men saye. it was Bamborow. How be it sayd syr Laū: celot me repentyth sore / But I made myn auowe somtyme/ that in Joyous garde I wolde be buried. And by cau se of brekynge of myn auowe/ I pray you all lede me thyther. Thenne ther was weppyuge & wryngynge of hondꝭ among his felowes. ¶ So at a seasony of the nyght/ they al went to ther bed des. for they alle laye in one chambre. And so after mydnyghte ayenst daye. the bysshop that was heremyte / as he laye in his bedde a slepe / he felle on a grete laughter. And therwyth alle the felyshyp awoke/ and came to the bys shop/ and askyd hym what he eylled/ ¶ A Jhesu mercy sayde the bysshopp why dyde ye awake me/ I was neuer in all my lyf so mery & so well at ease ¶ Wherfore sayd syr Boys. ¶ True: ly sayd the bysshop/ here was syr Laū celot wyth me wᵗ moo aungels thañe euer I sawe men in one daye. And I sawe the aungels heue vp syr Launce lot vnto heuen. and the yates of heuen openyd ayenst hym. ¶ It is but dret chynge of sweuens sayd syr Boys. for

I doubt not syr Launcelot aylleth no thynge but good. ¶ It maye well be sayd the bysshop / goo ye to his hedde. and thenne shall ye preue the sothe. / So whan syr Boors & hys felowes came to his bedde. they fonnde hym stere: lesse deed. and he laye as he had smyled And the swetteste saouour abowte hym that euer he felte. Thenne was there weppynge & wryngyng of hondes. and the grettest doole they made that euer made men. And on the morn the bys/ shop dyde his masse of Requiem. and after the bysshop & all those. ix. knyghtes put syr Launcelot in the same horse bere. that quene Gweneuer was layd in tofore that she was buried. And so the bysshop & they all togyder wente wyth ỳ body of syr Laũcelot dayly tyll they came to Joyous garde. And euer they had an hũdred torches bren: nynge abowte hym. And soo wythin .xv. dayes they came to Joyous garde And there they layed hys corps in the body of the quere. And sange & radde many sawters & prayers ouer hym / & abowte hȳ. And euer his vysage was layed opey and nakid. that all folkes myghte beholde hym. For suche was ỳ custome in tho dayes / that all men of worshyp sholde so lye wyth open vy / sage / tyll that they were buryed. And ryght thus as they were at ther seruy se there came syre Ector de Marys. ỳ had. vij. yeres soughte all Englonde / Scotlonde & walys sekynge his bro / ther syr Launcelot.

¶ How syr Ector founde syr Launce lot his brother deed. And how Conf / tantyn regned next after Arthur. And of the ende of this boke xiij

AND whan syr Ector herde su che noyse & lyghte in the que: re of Joyous garde. he alyghted / and put his hors from hym / and came in to the quere. & there he saw men synge the seruyse full lamentably. And alle they knewe syre Ector / but he knewe not them. Thenne went syr Bors to syr Ector / & tolde him how there laye his brother syr Launcelot deed. And they syr Ector threwe his shelde. swer de & helme from hym. And whan he beheldc syr Launcelots vysage: he fell downe in a swowne. And whan he a/ wakyd / it were harde ony tonge to tel the dolefull complayntes that he ma: de for his brother. ¶ A Launcelot he sayd / ỳ were heed of all crystey knyg/ tes. And now I dare saye sayd syr Ec tor thou syr Launcelot thet thou lyest that thou were neuer matched of noñ erthly knyghtes honde. And thou we: re the curteyste knyghte that euer bare shelde. And thou were the trueste frend to thi louer that euer bestradde hors. & thou were the trueste louer of a synfull may that euer loued womay. And ỳ were the kyndest may that euer stroke wyth swerde. And thou were the goo: delyest persone that euer came among presse of knyghtes. And thou were the mekest may & the gentyllest that euer ete in halle amonge ladyes. And thou were the sternest knyghte to thy mor/ tall foo that euer put spere in the rest Thenne there was weppyng & dolour out of mesure. Thus they kept syr La uncelots corps on lofte. xv. dayes / and thenne they buried it wyth grete deuo cyon. And thenne at leyser they went all wyth the bysshop of Caunterbury to his hermytage. And there they wer̄

togyder more than a month. ¶ They
lyr Constantyn that was lyr Cadors
sone of Cornewaylle. was cholen kyn
ge of Englond. And he was a ful no
ble knyghte/ and worshypfully he ru
lyd this reame. And thenne this kyng
Constantyn sent for ỳ bysshop of Ca
unterbury/ for he herde saye where he
was. And so he was restorid vnto his
bysshoprych/ and lefte that hermyta
ge. And lyre Bedwere was there euer
styl herempte to his lyues ende. They
lyr Bors de Ganys. lyr Ector de Ma
rys. lyr Gahalantyne. lyr Galyhud.
lyre Galyhodyn. lyre Blamore. lyre
Bleoberys. lyr Dyllyars le valyaunt.
lyr Clarrus of Clermount/ all thyse
knyghtes drewe them to ther countrees
How be it kynge Constantyne wolde
haued had them wyth hym. But they
wolde not abyde in this reame. And
there they alle lyued in ther countrees
as holy men. And some englysshe bo/
kes make mencyon. that they went ne
uer out of Englonde after the deth of
lyr Launcelot. but that was but fauo
ur of makers ¶ For the frenshe boke
maketh mencyon. and is auctorysed /
that lyr Bors. lyr Ector. lyr Blamor
& lyr Bleoberys. wente in to the holy
londe/ ther as Jhesu Cryste was bo/
the quycke & deed. And anone as they
had stablished ther londes. For the bo
ke sayth So lyr Launcelot cõmaun
ded them for to doo/ or euer he passyd
oute of thys worlde. And thyse foure
knyghtes dyd many bataylles vpon
the Mysbeleuantes & Turkes. ¶ And
there they deye vpon a good fryday
for goddys sake.

¶ Here is thende of the hoole boke
of kynge Arthur/ & of his noble knyg

tes of the rounde table. That whane
they were hoole togydõ/ there was euer
ay. L. & xl. ¶ And here is the ende of
the deth of Arthur. ¶ I praye you all
gentylmen & gentylwymen that rede
thys boke of Arthur & hys knyghtes
from the begynnynge to the end ynge
praye for me whyle I am a lyue/ that
god sende me good delyueraunce. And
whan I am deed. I praye you all pray
for my soule. For ỳ translacõn of this
boke was fynysshed. the. ix. yere of the
reygne of kynge Edwarde the fourth
by lyr Thomas Maleore knyght/ as
Jhesu helpe hym for his grete myght.
as he is the seruaunt of Jhesu bothe
daye and nyghte.

¶ Thus endyth this noble & Joyous
boke entytled le morte dathur. Not
wythstondyng it treateth of the byrth
lyf & actes of the sayd kynge Arthur
of his noble knyghtes of the rounde ta
ble. theyr merueyllous enquestes & ad
uentures. thachyeuynge of the Sanc
greall. And in the ende the dolourous
deth. & departynge out of this worlde
of them al. Whyche boke was reduced
in to Englysshe by the well dysposyd
knyghte afore namyd. And deuyded
in to. xxi. bookes chapitred. & enprynted
fyrst by Wylliam Caxton / on whos
soule god haue mercy. And newely
prynted. and chapitres of the same
bryllyed at Westmestre by Wynk
Worde ỳ yere of our lord. M. C
. lxxxxviij. and ended the. xx
Marche. the same yere.